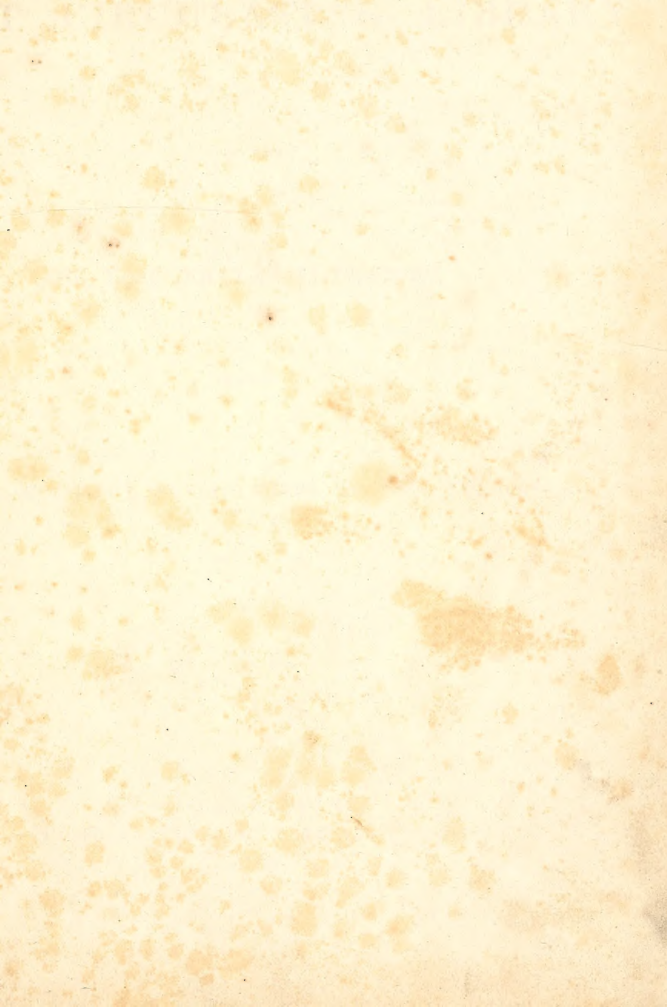


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VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE.

1833.

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NEW SERIES.—VOL. II.

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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 6, NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA—AT \$5 for 32 numbers, payable in advance.

Letters from the North of Europe;

OR,

A JOURNAL OF TRAVELS

IN HOLLAND, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, FINLAND, RUSSIA, PRUSSIA, AND SAXONY.

BY CHARLES B. ELLIOTT, ESQ.

Of the Bengal Civil Service; of Queen's College, Cambridge; and Member of the Royal Geographical Society.

From the last London edition.

INTRODUCTION.

We do not remember having perused a volume of personal narrative that afforded more satisfaction than the following tour through the north of Europe, from the pen of Mr. Elliott. His description of Norway, its *fjords and fields*, its magnificent mountain scenery and dashing torrents—the manners of the isolated inhabitants, many of them almost entirely removed from all contact with civilisation, so graphically depicted, and with so much fidelity, are highly entertaining and instructive. We have spoken of the fidelity of the narrative—of this our conviction is produced from the general character of the book. The style is vigorous and classical, the language of a gentleman and scholar—and has all the appearance of having been written, as he says, for the private amusement and information of his friend, then travelling in South America. There is a *raison-d'être* pervading the whole that will effectually screen it from the too frequently just imputation of being of the epurious breed hatched in the brains of needy authors for the benefit of London booksellers. We believe we have written little in saying that much of the ground over which the author travels is new to most American readers, and that he presents his scenes in a fresh and satisfactory manner. We should be glad to accompany such a gentleman as Mr. Elliott in other peregrinations. His views of Russian society and manners, &c. are of a late date—in fact it is the most recent work of any value on the countries he visited.

With more personal adventure, and through countries with which we are less familiar, in its graphic style and candour, it will probably remind many of Carter's popular letters from Europe—a work which still continues to be much read.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

The following letters, written, with one exception, from the place whence they are dated, and addressed to private friends, are now submitted to the public. They comprise little more than a journal, penned at moments snatched from the occupations of a traveller passing quickly through the countries he visited, and anxious to devote his time to the acquisition of information. The desire of the author in publishing this volume is to introduce to the notice of his countrymen the beauties of nature lying within their reach in the almost unexplored mountains of Norway; a tract of country which offers to the traveller, not an isolated prospect, but a succession of richly-varied landscapes rivaling those of the Alps and the Himala.

Facts submitted to the observation of the author are recorded with fidelity; but the opinions hazarded regarding national and civil institutions are not entitled to be received with equal confidence. They were the result of first impressions; and, as such, require confirmation by further experience or the concurrence of other minds.

The manuscripts have been revised and enlarged by the author, who, in the additions to his original letters, has drawn chiefly on memory and his own private notes. For the dates of several historical events, and for a few

details interesting to a general reader which escaped his notice, he has referred to the writings of earlier travellers in the north; as also to the able works of Sir Capel de Brooke, Captain Jones, &c. and Granville; his obligations to all whom he takes this opportunity of acknowledging. An occasional reference to ancient history has been inserted, as affording a means of comparing the former condition of the European world and the views of its historians with those of modern times.

The allusions to India will not be thought too frequent by those who are interested in our eastern possessions. Her political importance, the moral condition of her people, and the natural features of the country, have secured for India the attention of every one whose thoughts are occupied with politics, morals, or statistics; and in preparing for publication his private letters, the author considered it unnecessary to expand the occasional allusions to a land where the first years of his life and his manhood were passed.

Queen's College, Cambridge.

LETTER I.

Amsterdam, 24th June, 1830.

After a passage of twenty-six hours from London, we reached Rotterdam at noon on Tuesday, the 17th instant. On Saturday we went to the Hague in a *clerk of banc*, and on Monday evening embarked on a boat which conveyed us in three hours to Leyden. The following day carried us to Haarlem, and yesterday evening we arrived at Amsterdam. I have entered into these details, as you may follow me on my way, and because I intend to make my letters yet journal.

Holland is a natural marsh, transformed by artificial means into arable land. Great changes have taken place on its surface, as you will readily believe if you cast your eyes towards the *Zee in 't Oop*, as it is called to mind that in the first century of our era, it was occupied by the Batavi. Enormous mounds of earth are piled up as barriers against the encroachments of the sea, which at full tide rises, in some places, forty feet above the level of the land. The fortification of this country against the waters was undertaken as early as the time of Claudius Drusus, who constructed the first of the dykes that form the bulwark of the Hollanders; which have ever since been the wonder of Europe, and a lasting monument of industry and perseverance. As we walked at the foot of one of these artificial mountains, gradually sloping to its summit, where the breadth is about thirty feet, the sea was washing its opposite side far above our heads. There was something in the sound of the waves, and the thought of their elevated proximity, which inspired a fear that they might involve us in destruction, by breaking down the "wall rampier" which "Spreads its long arms against the wat'ry roar."

But this fear was momentary, and yielded to admiration, as we contemplated the strength and skillful design of the dyke.

The dykes vary in size and elevation according to their situation. Formed of stones and adhesive soil they are planted towards the sea with reeds which collect the sand that is thrown up. Thus receiving an annual accession of matter, the original structure is protected, while its breadth and stability increase. Where more than usual danger exists, a second and interior dyke is raised to secure the country in case the outer one should give way. The two made parallel, and the intermediate space serves as a channel, commanded by sluices, to carry off an occasional flood; or, as on one occasion, to inundate an hostile army.

The plains thus snatched from the legitimate dominion of the sea, are intersected by canals, fortified with locks. These, by a happy contrivance, allow the superfluous water to flow into the ocean, while the efforts of the insidious waves only serve to close more firmly the barriers.

The sides of the canals are frequently planted with willows; and at this season the water-lilies and field flowers render almost picturesque a country which has little to boast in the beauties of nature. To the amphibious natives the canal offers a means of conveyance, a mode of traffic, cheaper, and more agreeable, than the roads, and trekschuis, or track-boats, supplied with a few stage-coaches. In passing through the country on

one of these barges, an Englishman can hardly fail to be struck with the peculiar propriety of our poet's description, and the happy choice of his words, when he represents the ocean as peeping over the dyke, and wondering at it.

"The slow canal, the yellow-boomed vessel;
The willow-bank, the water-lily,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign."

The towns in Holland are very similar in their arrangements, so that the description of one may apply to all. The streets are broad and clean, being washed every morning; as are the fronts of the houses. Numerous canals almost stagnant water, intersecting the towns, render them unhealthy in summer, and generate the diseases peculiar to marshy lands. The style of architecture baffles description, being as varied as the houses are numerous. The upper parts of adjacent buildings are seldom of the same elevation or form, but exhibit every grotesque shape that can be imagined; and generally, a house of three stories, with four windows on the ground-floor, has but one above; having decreased in size like the gable-end of a tiled cottage in England.

Rotterdam, which derives its name from the Rotter that here flows into the Meuse, contains about sixty thousand inhabitants. It was the birth-place of Erasmus, of whom a statue in bronze stands on the principal bridge over the city. A Latin inscription points out the little house where this great philosopher was born.

"Hec est parva domus magnus quæ natus Erasmus." His tomb, if I remember right, is at Bask, in Switzerland.

In this large commercial city the canals running through the streets are so large and deep, that, when filled by the tide, vessels of six or seven hundred tons can deliver their cargoes at the door of almost any principal warehouse. They are studded with draw-bridges, divided in the centre, and whirled by machinery to the sides in order to admit vessels, as often as may be necessary.

The houses are very high, and strangely and irregularly built; there seems to be no regularity in the attempt to imitate the Grecian style, but without taste or uniformity of design. The upper stories project beyond the lower; and some of the houses are so much out of the perpendicular, that the opposite roofs are almost in contact. I rather imagine that this is attributable to the sinking of the piles which support the fronts of the buildings; the tops of which are thereby inevitably thrown forward. Great care is taken to prevent the farther depression of these piles; and with this view, small clogs without wheels, drawn by one horse, are substituted for authority for the wheels, which are prohibited, lest the vibration occasioned by their movement over a rough path should shake the uncertain foundation.

The looking-glasses, which are occasionally seen as appendages to French and German houses, seem here to form the necessary furniture of every window. They are fixed on projecting irons, and inclined at an angle, varying with the elevation of the spot, so as to reflect into the room the street with its motley groups and busy bodies. This absurd toy, contrived to promote idleness, is worthy of the Hollanders.

"But as their lakes that slumber in the storm."

The 18th of June is kept holy by the Dutch, (nearly all of whose names are Protestant,) in commemoration of the mercy of God in the result of the battle of Waterloo. I thought the English might profit by such an example.

We attended the service in the cathedral of St. Lawrence, to hear the organ, which, in the estimation of the Rotterdamers, rivals that at Hanover. There are two thousand two hundred pipes; the largest are seventeen inches in diameter. The stops are not fewer than ninety; that called the "*vox humana*," is said to be unrivalled, except by the corresponding one in the cathedral just mentioned. There is nothing remarkable in the architecture of the church, which is dull and heavy; and nothing in the interior to attract attention, except a brass balustrade, separating the nave from the choir, which exhibits skill and taste in the workmanship.

In the ride from Rotterdam to the Hague, a distance of twenty-seven miles, we passed through Delft, which

is situated half way between the two. It is a gloomy building, containing fifteen thousand inhabitants; about one fourth of the population of Rotterdam. The learned Grotius was born here: a simple monument is erected over his body, which lies in one of the churches. The sculpture represents his head, and the side of it, a child leaning on an urn with an inverted torch. Emblematic, perhaps, more significant than was intended; advertising not only to the extinction of life, but also to the perversion of talent.

The same building contains a monument to the memory of William III. Prince of Orange, who was assassinated in 1584. As a specimen of sculpture it is perfect. At the feet of the prince recumbent on a marble sarcophagus, the favourite dog is sleeping who roused him from slumber when some Spanish murderers entered his tent in the campaign of 1672. After the death of his master, the faithful animal refused nourishment, and died of a broken heart.

The Hague is the residence of the court during six months of the year. It was the birth-place of our William the Third. The population may be about forty thousand. It is a handsome and well-built town, more in the manner of the Dutch style; more like Brussels than Rotterdam. The happy union it exhibits of town and country is that which forms its chief interest. The Vourhout, or principal street, has several rows of trees in the centre with a carriage-way on either side, and the walks are in the middle covered with shells are assigned to pedestrians.

A beautiful park, well wooded and drained, affords a variety of pleasant promenades to the inhabitants, a great proportion of whom are men of property, retired from business. At the extremity of this park, which is two miles long, stands the summer residence of the princes of Orange, called the "Palace in the wood." The approach to it is through a forest of oaks, which are regarded with superstitious veneration, and never submitted to the pruning hand of the woodman.

The museum is a large and beautiful structure, but inferior to those in Paris. The royal museum has been transferred to a house built in 1540, by prince Maurice. It contains some remarkable pictures by Rembrandt, Paul Potter, Teniers, Wouvermans, Rubens, and other painters of the Flemish school. There is also a cabinet of this country, celebrated built by Potter, and Sunson, and the infant Jesus by Rembrandt, which justly merit the high place they hold in the estimation of Europe. Under the museum is a cabinet devoted to Chinese curiosities; the most remarkable of which is a model of the Great Wall of China, which the Emperor of Russia, but refused on account of the high price fixed on it. In another room is a model of the Japanese island Tesima, representing the inhabitants in characteristic costumes, either engaged in the various duties of life on land, or dipping the surface of the water in their eastern junk. In the king's palace is an elegant jasper vase, of the size and shape of a large baptismal font. It is exhibited as a present from the King of Prussia, and the most superb specimen of its kind in this part of Europe. The church in which the venerable Saurin used to preach, is now a remarkable structure.

The little village of Scheveuing on the sea-coast, about three miles from the Hague, supplies the town with fish, which is carried there every morning in trucks drawn, as we are informed, by large masts. The road is over a bed of sand. The afternoon I passed by the town; and it would be difficult to picture to you the storm; and it would be difficult to picture to you the mind a poor more dreary than Scheveuing then appeared.

A large bath-house, built by order of government, is the only building in the place, except the huts of a few fishermen.

A covered boat, like an Indian bhaliah, sets off almost an hour from the Hague to Leyden, a distance of eleven miles. It is towed by a single horse, and carries about twenty people, of all descriptions, ranged on two benches. The fare is only a few pence. In this singular conveyance we were stowed with a variety of persons of various ages and professions. The living cargo of Dutch is a singular peculiarity. The river carries the wine and the fertile country, though flat, was interesting from the novelty of its character. Here and there the banks are lined with rows of poplar and willow. The fields are studded with mills for throwing the water into canals, when long-continued rains have inundated their entire surface.

The houses are low, long, and narrow, but particularly clean. Each garden has its summer-house, where tobacco and coffee unite their fumes to lull the torpid Hollander to the sleep he covets. Some of these summer-houses are remarkable for the neatness they display;

being prettily ornamented with light wooden decorations and sylvan figures; but, like the gardens, they exhibit too much regularity and too many straight lines to suit an English taste.

Leyden is built on an ancient bed of the Rhine, a branch of which river still passes through it, and gives the name of Rhymland to the surrounding country. The town contains about thirty thousand inhabitants and a hundred and forty-five stone bridges, forming communications between the islands into which Leyden is divided by numerous canals. Every street is undermined by sewers. One of these is a mile in length, and sufficiently large to admit a boat, for the purpose of cleansing it. The gutters are covered with boards only, raised at pleasure to receive the dirt.

Leyden signalled itself in 1573, by the stand it made against the Spaniards, when the Duke of Alva had subjected the whole of Holland except this gallant town. The distress to which the besieged were reduced is scarcely surpassed in the history of Europe. Probably none but the Jews have ever suffered greater horrors. For seven weeks the flesh of dogs and horses, with a few roots and herbs, formed the only food of the inhabitants. At length the elements interposed on behalf of the sufferers; one of the dykes was burst by an equinoctial gale; the whole country was inundated; and the deluge that drove away the Spaniards, bore on the surface of the water the fleet of dogs and horses, sent from all quarters to the relief of the town. To reward their bravery the Prince of Orange offered the burghers an university, or exemption from taxes for a certain term of years. Preferring the former, they have a just reward in the rise amongst them of many who, in various sciences, are by nature, have attained an eminence on which they stand conspicuous to posterity. Foremost in this noble company is Boerhaave, whose talents and perseverance raised him to the rank of the first chemist and physician of his day. He professed these sciences, and the mathematics, in the university, and his picture is suspended with those of all who have held the office of professor here. In this venerable society we remarked the portraits of Scaliger, Salmasius, Witius, and Arminius. The painter Gerard Douw was a native of Leyden; and Rembrandt of its immediate vicinity.

The anatomical theatre does honour to the taste and science with which it was arranged by Boerhaave, who planted there two palm-trees, the living memorials of the great master: the anatomical theatre is worthy of such a patron: as are the museums of natural history and antiquities, which contain some of the finest collections in Europe. There are also cabinets of skeletons, and minerals, besides twenty-four museums.

At Catwyk, a few miles from Leyden, is the artificial embouchure of one of the branches of the Rhine, which discharges itself into the sea at low tide, through a channel far below the level of high water, and protected from the ocean by sluices, that open to let out the river as the tide falls, and close to prevent its being filled by the sea as it rises. A bold design of man has perhaps never been accomplished.

Haarlem stands on a lake of the same name, about twenty miles from Leyden. The population is about twenty thousand. It was not a little surprised to find that neither French nor English could be exchanged here. No money-changer was to be met with, and the people of the inn, who spoke only Dutch, gave us to understand that they did not know the value of our coins.

The palace of the stadtholder, for so the name of the organ is called, is the cathedral of St. Bavon, which is admitted to be the finest in the world. It has eight thousand pipes, and sixty-eight stops. The largest pipe is thirty-two feet long, and sixteen inches in diameter. One of the pieces we heard represented a band with every variety of noise, and the effect of rain and thunder, the effect of which was astonishing. The loud peals of thunder seemed to roll over the building, while drops of rain beat violently on the roof. The storm gradually exhausted itself, and all was calm.

In the town-house we saw the first books printed, in 1467, by Johann Gostor, the inventor of the art. His house, and a statue in the market-place dedicated to his memory, still exist. The latter bears the following inscription:—

MEMORIAE SACRUM.

Typographia, ætationum omnium conservatrix hic primū inventa, circa annum 1440."

It is interesting to recollect, that Linnaeus formed here the botanical system, which was afterwards matured by the study of nature in the flower-clad mountains of Norway. Two tulip-trees planted by him still survive, the

rivals in age and honour of the palms of Boerhaave in the sister garden of Leyden. Since his time, this place has been renowned for its tulips, and the temptation to buy them has not for transmission to England was so great as to be resisted. It is difficult to decide whether the late purchase of one of these flowers for a thousand pounds is an act to be approved or not. Perhaps without such encouragement the necessary stimulus to horticultural adventure would be wanting; and enterprize in the departments of natural philosophy can scarcely be too well rewarded.

Leaving Haarlem yesterday evening, we drove nine miles in a caleche to this city, of which I hope to send you an account in my next.

LETTER II.

Amsterdam, 26th June, 1830.

This city has been formed since the thirteenth century. It derives its name from the river Amstel, on whose bank it is situated, and the enormous dam that opposes the inroads of the sea on a country snatched from its lawful dominion. The whole town which is nine miles in circumference, stands on piles driven into the mud. Under the town house alone are thirteen thousand six hundred and ninety-five. Well might Erasmus say that he had reached a city, whose inhabitants lived like crows on the tops of trees! Ninety small islands, bounded by dykes, are scattered around the city, the site of the town, which contains a population of about two hundred and five thousand souls, of whom one tenth are Jews. Owing to the number of canals, and the quantity of stagnant water in the vicinity, the air would be still more prejudicially affected than it is now, were it not for the mills which revolve incessantly at work to communicate an artificial motion to the water. Several of these are employed likewise to draw up the mud brought down by the Y to its junction with the Amstel, which, but for this precaution, would block up the passage of the river.

Most of the houses in Amsterdam are built of brick, and entered by a flight of steps; but, two of the same shape and size are seldom seen together. Every variety of architecture is united, so that the whole exhibits a grotesque appearance not easily to be described. The streets are broad and clear; and the fronts of the houses do not, in any way, incline inwards, nor incline inwards, many degrees out of the perpendicular.

With the exception of the palace, a large and heavy edifice, and the collection of Dutch pictures, there is little of an individual character to attract a stranger's attention. The tout-ensemble is striking. An Englishman feels himself to be in a country different from his own, yet he can scarcely decide what marks most forcibly the distinction. The stagnant water and the low lands, connected, as they are in the mind, with their necessary concomitants miasma and sickness, are what most displease; unless, indeed, the change of scene we have been in every day, by finding sheets on the bed from which the moisture might almost be wrung in drops.

The collection of pictures to which I have just referred is the only one not removed to Paris during the reign of Napoleon.

The pictures are by Douw, Snyder, Paul Potter, Teniers, Wouvermans, and Rubens. Among the chef d'œuvres of these artists, those that most attracted us are an evening school by Gerard Douw, in which the varied characters and conflicting passions of the peccageur and his boys are strikingly exhibited; the change of a night school by Rembrandt, where the lurid and partial glare of a lamp is contrasted with the silvery and diffused light of the moon; and lastly, a repast of the confederates after the treaty of Munster, by Vander Helst, for one figure of which, the Emperor Alexander is said to have afforded three thousand pounds.

The churches are uninteresting as buildings, and very different from those of the Netherlands, whose internal decorations rival their external splendour.

The guide conducted us to the docks of the Dutch East India company. Recollecting that some of the officers of the East India company had offered to the establishment of the British dominion in the East, we were prepared for something better than a miserable shed, containing three or four worn out vessels under repair. The apology he offered for the decayed state of this commercial body is, that by the arrival of the sea, which, breaking through a dyke, inundated the town some years ago; and that half the present building was destroyed in 1822 when

the piles gave way. But the fact is, their commerce rested on a deadly blow by the injudicious opening of the trade with China. Hundreds of adventurers embarked their fortunes in this hazardous speculation and destroyed the profits of one another, so that tea is now actually selling in Holland for a less price than it costs in China.

The diamond mill is one of the most interesting objects in Amsterdam. It is the property of a Jew, whose son a clever lad, obligingly conducted us through the rooms, and explained the various parts of the process of polishing diamonds. Four horses turn a wheel setting in the number of smaller wheels in the room above, whose eggs acting on circular metal plates, keep them in continued revolution. Pulverised diamond is placed on these; and the stone to be polished, fastened at the end of a piece of wood by means of an amalgam of zinc and quicksilver, is subjected to the friction of the diamond particles. This is the only mode of acting on diamond, which can be ground, and even cut by particles of the same substance. In the latter operation, diamond dust is fixed on a metal wire that is moved rapidly backwards and forwards over the stone to be cut. Yet another method is used for cutting the rough rose diamond and a brilliant. The one is entire and set vertically; the other is divided, and set horizontally. The largest diamonds are reserved for roses, which always rise in the centre to an angle; the smaller are used for brilliants, and have a flat octagon on the upper surface.

Across the river, a road runs on the top of a dyke, far seven miles, to Saardam. In this little town, Peter the Great, disguising himself, and assuming the name of Michaeloff, worked for some years as a shipwright, that he might instruct his people in the art. From Saardam, you may remember that he went about the year 1700, to Deptford, where he perfected himself in the trade; and then exchanged for a sceptre the humble mien of a car-penter. A rude picture, which I bought on the spot, of the interior of his workshop, that was covered in 1823 by a fire, building on the wall, and in the foreground, an orange, is reserved to gratify your curiosity. In the hut are two rooms and a loft. In the first little room are a table, three chairs and a recess which served as a bedstead. The Emperor Alexander visited in 1814 this abode of his father, and ordered two inscriptions to be recorded in memory of the event. The one is "Peter Magnus—Alexander."

The other, in Russian and Dutch, "Nothing is too little for a great man."

Saardam has declined from its former splendour. Its chief wealth now consists in tobacco, paper, and sawing mills. The houses, which extend for three thousand in number are often grotesquely painted, giving a singular and novel appearance to the village. They are worked by the wind, and some of them will cut forty planks at once.

Not many miles from Saardam is a village called Brock, whose peculiar character, so different from the busy capital near which it stands, baffles all my conjectures. Perhaps your imagination may be more successful in tracing a cause sufficient to produce the effects we see. On entering the village of Brock, the traveller is struck with the neat appearance of the streets, paved with variegated bricks, pebbles, and shells; and with the houses painted blue, and the gardens green, bordering a lake which, by its discoloured waters, would enhance the beauty of the spot. Yet scarcely an individual is to be seen. Carriages are not permitted to enter. Every house is closed. The doors are locked; the shutters are shut. Silence reigns; and you might fancy yourself in a fairy people, invited by invisible spirits. Diligence and comfort seem to exist; yet the agents and recipients are alike unheard and unseen. There are about three hundred houses; many of a whimsical form. The inhabitants live entirely in the interior of their dwellings, the front doors being opened on occasion of a marriage or death; and on no pretext can a stranger be admitted within. They have no amusements that we could discover; and the only three children we saw out of school were discussing some recordant game over a piece of wood, with all the solemn gravity of a game of chess.

As we entered a school which contained about forty boys, they were rising, and the master with great solemnity offered a prayer before their dismissal. We hoped to obtain from him some clue to the real cause of a local peculiarity so striking as that which Brock presents. He either could not, or would not, satisfy us. He talked sensibly in the main, but affected to laugh

at our supposing that the people of Brock differ from other people. "The only difference," he said, "exists in this—others have their fortunes to make; these have made their fortunes; therefore the world has no attractions for them and they seek repose." Experience does not lead to the conclusion that men find less pleasure in repose than they do in activity; and they acquire the means of procuring them in a greater degree. Moreover, his observations would induce the inference, that the village is composed of the country-sets of merchants retired from business; whereas, he assured us, the inhabitants had occupied their present abodes in the persons of their ancestors for many generations, and that they seldom intermarry with those of neighbouring towns. I thought at one time that they might be Moravians; but they are not. Their creed and discipline are those of the reformed protestant church; and in their religious views seem to differ from the rest of the Hollanders only in the honorable distinction of milder manners and purer lives. I have seldom seen a spot of such interest. The veil of mystery which overshadows it perhaps enhances the pleasurable feeling, by giving scope to the imagination; and it is not impossible that the feelings of the natives, and the progress of their customs might detract something from the interest which I am inclined to feel for the unsophisticated natives of Brock.

The Dutch men are short and stout; the women fair and plump. The latter wear broad bands of gold round the temples, and long large pendulous the former small circular earrings. French is the language of the higher orders, but the lower understand only Dutch; except at the sea-port of Rotterdam, where many speak English. The national character is observant, industrious, calculating, and brave, and plebeian. All these qualities may be traced, in a greater or less degree, to their peculiar situation, in constant danger of inundation. From earliest infancy the Hollanders become attentive observers of their enemy, whose inroads they check by a vigilant foresight, and the effects of whose destructive incursions they have to deplore. The frequent loss of the labor of years compels them to be provident and frugal; and in the constant proximity of danger, they become habitually brave; while repeated disappointments and permanent distrust render them comparatively ungenerous and vindictive.

There are two elements of a peculiar character in Holland which deserve to be noticed. One is the enactment authorising husbands, wives, and children, to be imprisoned in a house of correction set apart for the punishment of offences against the laws by which the relations of husband and wife, and parent and child, are governed; and the other, a contrivance for compelling the intractably idle to work. At one end of the room is a pump, and a stream of water runs from the ceiling; so that unless the prisoner labour continually, he must inevitably be drowned. The common mode of salutation in this country curiously exemplifies the remark, that the expressions used by various nations in token of friendly greeting bear a resemblance to the object they most esteem, and bespeak their

* Griscom, in his "Year in Europe," has given some characteristic sketches of the cleanliness of this people. Of one house he says:—"The floor was covered with two, if not three carpets, one a rich Brussels. The door, as well as windows, was curtained; leather was nailed to the floor around the hearth, and on the rag were two pieces of carpet, about a foot square, to the feet upon. The other furniture was in a corresponding style." Again—"Brock is inhabited by wealthy farmers, who live in affluence upon the income of their lands. Wagons and loaded carriages are not allowed to frequent the streets; the passengers of which are kept in the best possible order; while the streets are swept as clean as scrubbing brushes can well make it, is sanded and marked out into fanciful and ornamental figures. The doors and porches are burnished, the trunks of the trees which grow before them are polished by frequent rubbing. To gain admittance into the front door is a favour not to be expected, except by a person of some consequence, there being always a very decent back way, by which people on ordinary business may find access to the apartments commonly used by the family; and the shoes of a visitor happen to be a little soiled by the dirt of the slipper, the person who precedes him which he is to use as a substitute during his stay."

The above reminds us of a lady in a country village, whose excess of nicety never allowed a back-log to be brought into the parlour, until it had been thoroughly scrubbed.—Ed.

habits or general tone of feeling. The Greek and Roman salutations, which are still in existence in point; so may the English, French, and Italian; nor can we forget the tranquillity and repose implied in the Oriental word "salaam." To these and other characteristic expressions may be added the Dutchman's "How do you navigate?" Enquired on the water or in the water, the ideas of this amiable people are inseparably connected with the element which they alone have subjected; and the words, which I have translated literally, inappropriate in any other mouth, are aptly addressed by the Hollander to his aquatic brother.

Our party has been very pleasant. You know I see the more I value him. The ladies add much to our enjoyment. Mr. R—— is full of information and vivacity; and, though seventy years of age, seems the youngest of the party. A few days I regret to say, will separate us from our friends, and I shall be obliged to my solitary steps to the black regions of the north. The undertaking is arduous, but it offers much of enjoyment and benefit. The difficulties of a foreign tongue recede before a determination to subdue them; and one soon learns to ask in any language, and in any measure of life, in terms at least intelligible, if not grammatical.

LETTER III.

Hamburg, 25th June, 1830.

On Saturday, the 26th instant, I left with much regret the friends with whom I made the tour of Holland; and embarked at Amsterdam on a steamer for Hamburg. Five weighed anchor about the middle of the morning of Sunday. Thirty-four hours brought us to the town of Cuxhaven, that stands on the bank of the Elbe, not many miles from its embouchure. On the left we passed Heligoland, now reduced from its former condition as a well peopled and rather famous island to a miserable monad, which is left to the winds and waves, and the fury of the sea. It was once covered with temples dedicated to heathen gods, and appears to have been a spot of great sanctity: this fact is commemorated by its name, signifying "the holy land."—Many of the German literati suppose that Heligoland contained one of the seven islands referred to by Lucian as worshipping Hertha, or the goddess Earth. Our own ancestors, the Angles, formed one of this number, as the English word so obviously connected with the object of worship sufficiently attests in confirmation of historical evidence.

The entrance to the Elbe in Cuxhaven Abis, is studded with an unusual number of buoys, which, as well as many landmarks, indicate the difficulty of the navigation of this river. The banks are so low that we sailed for some miles in what is called the mouth of the Elbe, without descending land on either side, except where an occasional tower, elevated for the purpose, or a very distant hill, intruded on the even line of the horizon.

Cuxhaven is a small and dirty seaport attached to Hamburg, and governed by one of the senators of that town, who succeeded to the office in rotation. It is fortified, and contains a small garrison. The English, and other foreign vessels, are here stored, and the cargoes are sent by land to their final destination. This port is a possession of great importance to the neighbouring free city, both as a depot and maritime station; since the water is deep and will receive ships of almost any burden. The day was bright and clear, and the sailing up the noble river, the sight and not unutilized coast of Heligoland, and that of Denmark on the left, lay extended before us. A range of low hills forms the background of the former view, that tells a tale of the poverty in which the dukes of Hanover would have remained, if a better fortune had not summoned them to the throne of England.

The party on the steamer exhibited a mixed group of Dutch and German. An English merchant, a French petty-maitre, a Spanish charge-d'affaires, a Russian traveller, and a Swedish count, afforded variety to the exhibition of character and the tones of conversation. The rest of our party consisted of French, Dutch, and German, formed the principal medium of communication. At eight in the evening we arrived at Hamburg. The weather was peculiarly fine. As we approached the town, the scenery, before time and flat, became almost romantic; some banks being lined with country seats, and others with the mansions of the nobles, summer dress, dispensed again and again, and seemed to smile on the strangers moving rapidly along the stream.

The hotel Belvidere stands on the margin of a lake, formed by the river Alster, which, flowing from a distance of thirty, or four-and-thirty miles through Holstein

This part of Driedo is, here expanded into a large basin, and is divided into two unequal parts. The smaller is more than a mile in circumference. It is nearly square, and three sides are surrounded with houses; while the fourth is formed by two dams united by a bridge, under which the lake flows. The water is very shallow, and the bottom is the same as the shore, except that it is lower, and the lake with the larger lake. My window commanded a view of this "glassy mirror." It is ten o'clock at night, and I am writing without a candle. The sky is gradually and reluctantly resigning the last hour of the day, and the stars are beginning to show themselves in the clouds, dimpling the surface of the lake, and to the beauty of the scene. I could almost fancy myself in Italy. We read of Hamburg and its commerce, and are apt to connect with the name ideas of large speculation and wealth. But here, in the heart of the city, I think, is the picturesque blended with such associations.

Hamburg was in the duchy of Holstein, in Lower Saxony. It was founded in the eighth century; and for four centuries remained subject to the dukes of Saxony and Holstein. After that, it obtained from the German emperors a free government in the beginning of the fifteenth century. But its independence was never being very limited, the town soon became a prey to the cupidities of the king of Denmark, who laid it under frequent and heavy contributions. In the middle of the same century Hamburg and Lubeck united their interests in a league that formed the basis of the Hanseatic confederacy, which was a sort of confederacy of political freedom; but when most of the component members of the commercial league had been compelled by the selfish fears of the sovereigns whose power held them in awe to withdraw from the union, Hamburg was again subjected by Denmark, and remained so till 1618; in 1641 it was again made a free city under the protection of the German empire.

Though usually called the second, Lübeck being regarded as the first and Bremen the third, of the Hanse towns, Hamburg has always taken the lead. It is governed by four burgo-masters, under whom is a council of twelve syndics; and this council is divided into three members, who have three estates supply respectively the vacancies that occur in their own body, but no one of the chambers can act independently of the other two. Besides the senate, there are two assemblies of elders and burgo-masters. The former consist of twelve members, and the latter of twenty. Both must approve every enactment of the senate before it can pass into a law. The latter is formed of a hundred citizens, who meet only on special emergencies. This system of government has many eulogists, and seems to correspond with that which is to be found in the constitution of the other cities of the triangle form a perfect constitution.

The territory belonging to the city is very confined. The Danish jurisdiction reaches even to the gate. In one direction, the free state extends the genial influence of its liberal government about seven, but in others only two miles. The town of Altona, which is connected by houses with Hamburg, was built in the middle of the seventeenth century. It now contains forty thousand inhabitants, and belongs to Denmark. Most of the Hamburg merchants have country seats there. These can boast of their gardens lend an air of gaiety to the place. The noblest building in the district is; but the chief interest of this spot consists in its being the burial place of the moral poet Klopstock, whose name is identified in memory with associations equally dear to the Christian and the man of taste.

Of a hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants of Hamburg, about eighteen thousand are Jews, who pay a tax for protection. The military force consists of five thousand regular troops and a national guard of six thousand besides sixteen thousand of the citizens who are liable to be called on for their services by the civic authorities.

In this town, acknowledging no government but its own, all the nations of Europe meet together, and all the languages are spoken. Its position eminently qualifies it for a trade, and among the commercial ports of Germany, it accordingly ranks the first. It is a city of great extensive, though not equal to what it was before the French took possession of Hamburg in the last war. Vessels cannot, as at Amsterdam, unload their cargoes at the doors of the warehouses; a convenience almost not to be found in any other place. The boats are pulled from the want of deep canals, as small boats are employed in lieu of barges; and the expense is not much increased. The streets are narrow, without trottoirs, and so miserably paved that a drive in one of the commonest of the place is a painful and a tedious one. There is an air of activity and of commerce pervading all the streets in the vicinity of the Bourse; and the long

handsome walk, called *Jungfraustein*, or Maiden's walk, which runs along the bank of the Alster, and forms an evening rendezvous for the citizens. The houses are high and substantial, but gloomy and inelegant; being often built in a form decreasing from the third to the fifth story, like those in Holland. Most of them have cellars underneath: these are either let to the poor, who are frequently driven out of their subterranean dwellings by the overflow of the Alster; or they are occupied by gamblers and dissolute persons of every description.

The public buildings unite the different characters of English, Dutch, and Norman architecture. The churches are peculiarly graceful. A mishapen spire is mounted on top of a red-brick tower; and the inside hands little to recommend it as the exterior. The cathedral, founded in the ninth century, is said to be one of the most ancient in Europe. It is remarkable only for its antiquity, its inelegance, and its fatality to the worshippers who ascend its perpendicular. A crucifix over the altar tells that the religion most popular (for all alike tolerated) is the Lutheran. These so-distant rigid followers of the great reformer permit the figure of the Saviour on the cross to be exhibited in relief. The senate is regarded as the head of the church. The preaching is extempore: so are the prayers. The clergy, who are few, are not in the least anxious to attract great numbers of the members of the congregation; and on these occasions they are remunerated by a handsome present.

I will not enter into a detailed account of the buildings of a city that boasts nothing of a remarkable character. The exchange, or Borsen Halle, the Stadt-house, and the bank, are almost below mediocrity in point of external appearance; but architectural splendour is seldom found in modern republics. The hospital is calculated to contain a thousand children. There is a public establishment, called the Lombard, where money may be raised by the pawning of property to any amount at an annual interest of six per cent; an institution calculated to engender prodigality and extravagance. The city is divided into three quarters, the Krankenhaus, or hospital. It contains not less than three hundred sick, and affords an asylum to all old persons who, by the payment of a very small sum, secure for themselves a comfortable residence during the remainder of their days. I have been over the whole of it, and I must confess I am much pleased with its cleanliness and arrangement.

I remember to have read in some English work an account of a curious plan adopted here for the punishment of the idle. They are said to be placed in a basket, and suspended over the table in the house of correction, while the rest of the inmates are at dinner; and to be detained in that position, tantalised by the savory fumes, till night, by which time it is presumed that they have acquired sufficient experience to induce them to work the following day. This account is perhaps correct, but I have had no opportunity of making an enquiry on the subject.

Neither the gallows nor the guillotine is used in Ham burg. The work just referred to mentions, what I have heard, on its authority, that criminals condemned to death are placed on an inclined board with their hands tied behind and fixed in the centre, while the feet are fastened at the bottom of the incline, which being then raised by pulleys and let down again by a violent jerk, dislocate the knees and shoulders, and produces death! Another mode of inflicting capital punishment is to draw the culprit backwards and forwards on a roller studded with sharp spikes that pierce the back, while his face is sprinkled with boiling sulphur!

The vendors of milk carry it about in red pails, maintaining that this is the only colour which does not communicate an unpleasant flavour. If such be the case, the peculiarly red result from ingredients composing the

peculiarity that result from impurities composing the paint. In England, where red is made from an oxide of lead, our farmers would gain little credit for a similar conclusion. But here a prejudice in favour of this colour is general. Every sail on the Elbe is red; and every house, except some few that are of stone, is built of brick of bright red complexion; the intermediate lines of mortar being distinctly defined to exhibit it in greater contrast.

The dress of the men differs in no perceptible degree from our own. Some of the trades, however, have peculiar garbs; for instance, carpenters go about in cocked hats and leather aprons; while bakers are characterised by black waistcoats; and waiters at hotels by green aprons. The costume of the women of the lower order is like that of some of the cantons of Switzerland. The straw hat is in the shape of a plate; the concave surface being applied to the head. A petticoat of coarse blue cloth depends from a dirty jacket without sleeves; and

shoes with wooden bottoms and leather tops complete the grotesque figure.

Unmarried women wear the hair braided into two tails, like those of China-men, hanging down their backs, and nearly touching the ground. Married women cut off one of these curious appendages; if they marry a second time, they cut off the other. The custom of cutting the hair is singular that Tacitus, speaking of the ancestors of the Hamburgers—for such the Sævi probably were—remarked a peculiarity in their mode of dressing the hair. He observed that they braided and tied it up in a knot; and that they were thus distinguished from the rest of the Germanic people, in that the hair of the latter, when they were young, were kept shaven or close cropped. He added that some of the other Germans braided their hair, though not only in youth; but the Sævi continued to do so even in old age; and their chiefs tied it in a knot on the top of their heads. The Sævi, however, did not themselves appear tall and very terrible to their enemies.

In former days Hamburg was well fortified. It has been the scene of much bloodshed; but now peace reigns. The wide fosse is planted with shrubs on both sides, and the centre is laid out in parterres: so that the country is literally brought into the town.

To-morrow I hope to cross the Danish promontory to Kiel, whence a steamer plies to Copenhagen, from which capital my next letter will probably be dated.

LETTER IV.

Copenhagen, 5th July. 1830.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 13th ultimo, I left Hamburg, accompanied by a Norwegian gentleman and a Swiss count, on a journey through Holstein to Kiel.

Helstien is bordered on the north by Schleswig and Jutland. The three provinces belong to Denmark, and the form what used to be called the Cimbric Chersonesus. The ancient inhabitants of this country signalled their bravery at a very early date. Tacitus, who wrote ninety eight years after Christ, speaks of them as forming a body "small in number but great in renown," and advocates to the large encampments which then existed on both sides of the Chersonesus, in testimony of the strength and numbers of the nation; three hundred thousand of whom are said by Plutarch to have made an irruption into Italy.

In eighteen hours we accomplished a journey of seventy miles over the worst road I have travelled, except in India. Deep and bad was occasionally exchanged for deep water, and mire and mud, and there was no lack of mud. It was almost incredible, the Danish government had permitted a pavé to be made. Happily this never extends over more than a few yards, or it would be impossible for any springs to survive the ordeal. The whole of the road was a succession of holes, and the holes in which the vehicle is changed. The regulations require that a carriage with three persons should have as many horses, which cost, including every thing, about fourteen pounds a mile. The first three stages were a camel and a horse, the last a horse and a camel. I was in London. But how shall I describe the last? It was a basket, about fifteen feet by five, placed on four wheels with cross benches, each adapted for two persons. The driver sat at the front, and the two passengers at the rear, the head of the wheel-horses. The driver, sitting on the first bench, wore a uniform that once was red turned up with yellow, and a hat which may have been handed down as an heir-loom through a series of generations, and which he wore with a certain pride. The horses were driven till one in the morning, we were shaken to this degree, that the muscles of my back and side suffered, and from a cruel burning. Yet this inconvenience was momentary, and the road, for every village and small post, was something new.

That which most interested us was the novelty of travelling at midnight by the light of the sun. This is decidedly the most striking phenomenon that arrests the notice of a stranger in northern latitudes, where the sun is visible throughout almost the whole circle of his course. At the pole, as the season advances between the equinox and summer solstice, the days gradually increase in length from twelve to twenty-four hours. During this period, therefore, the nearer the pole the longer the day, and the shorter the night, until at the summer solstice, when the sun reaches the tropic of Cancer, it dips so little under the horizon, that the reflected rays afford a twilight which prevents the cessation of day during its limited absence.

The soil is sandy; therefore poor. Gooseberry and currant trees grow wild in the hedges. The common abound with many kinds of heath; and with a species of silky cotton, growing out of a large pod, on a short and

slender stalk. In the East they call it "*serenit roseæ*," in token of its dubious nature between silk and cotton. Walls are constructed of mud, and the bucket of water is raised to the extremity of a long bar, balanced by a heavy stone, or mass of earth, on the other end of the lever; a machine that seems to have been formerly employed by our Teutonic ancestors as commonly as it now is in Asia.

The fowls of the fens known in India under the name of paddy-bird, from its frequenting the paddy-fens, or rice-fields, is common in the marshy lands of Holstein. This, as well as every other kind of stork, is regarded with great veneration. It is interesting to observe the alterations effected by it in the circumstances in which it is habituated to live. Among the ancient Jews these birds were held in abomination, as we learn from the two last books of the pentateuch. In the present day they are cherished, and even protected by law, in Europe, Asia, and Africa. In Holstein they are encouraged to build on the roofs of the houses, and are regarded as a propitious omen. In Calcutta they swarm on the tops of the larger buildings, and may be seen sometimes in parties of a hundred or more on the government-house; their lives being protected because they are found useful in removing filth. In Africa, the religious veneration paid to this bird is perpetuated in the superstitions of the traveller Ali Bey says that a large portion of the funds of one of the charitable institutions at Fez, is set apart for the "express purpose of assisting and nursing sick animals and storks, and of burying them when dead." Among so many reminiscences of the natural history of India, it should have been glad to meet with another dwelt on by Clarke; as it would have united a pleasing association with that loud and dissonant croaking of frogs which is one of the many unpleasant concomitants of the rainy season in India, and interesting and disgusting to all travellers, to mention that when he passed through this country, the frogs struck up a chorus so harmonious that he was induced to call them the "Holstein nightingales." He thinks their numbers amounted to millions; as they certainly do in the low-lying parts of the coast. He also mentions that, in one place, one heard singly as if as discordant as the word *croaking* imports; yet the effect produced by the whole resembled the harmonious notes of musical-glasses. Some minds have the delightful faculty of converting every object into beauty and every sound into melody. Thus the peculiar croaking of the frog is to him.

The villages are far from being neat and clean. The peasant's house is a large building like a barn, a hundred and sixty or a hundred and eighty feet in length. When ever we halted, we drove into the house without alighting, and the master, or mistress, or children, or the women, or their proprietors the other. The poultry and well-taught cats, the sparrows, and vermin which shall be nameless, have free access to every part. The women are pleasing, but not pretty. They wear no earrings; and stockings only on Sundays. The children are healthy, with beautiful complexion, and white hair. The colour is attributed to the hair being bleached by the sun; but when they grow up and wear hats, the bleaching process ceases, and the hair becomes brown. This is Danish physiology.

The Danes sleep by their apartment after midnight. It seems that the Danes, like the Dutch, have a singular power of sleeping in spite of any noise; for having gained admittance, after ringing and knocking till we thought the house must be unoccupied, we found some people sleeping in a bed placed almost against the door. The house, we were told, was divided into three parts, and was to occupy the same room. Not approving this arrangement, I determined to search for another apartment, while my Norwegian companion was satisfying the cravings of hunger, and the count was paying the postilion. At length I found one unoccupied, except by the hungry and discontented tenants of a dirty stable. In the corner of the building was a clean basket, five feet long, shaped something like a cradle. The basket was soon in the room, and some sheets with a rug in the basket. Thus I was accommodated for the night. It is a curious fact, that a bed in the part of the country where the observation applies to nearly the whole of Germany, is never made as long as the body of a man of moderate stature; while the only covering is a feather bed, four and a half feet square; so that either the feet or shoulders are protruded from under the bed. Now, the worst part of the arrangement. The heat of the feather bed induces violent perspiration, and the sleeper naturally throws it off. The sudden check which the pores experience generally manifests itself in a violent cold; and the traveller is under the necessity of submitting to the

wretched alternative of rheumatism or an exhausting sudorific every night.

The climate of this district is good. It stands on a beautiful bay, surrounded by a picturesque country; but is itself dry, and interesting only as the place where, in 1214, the treaty was signed by which Denmark ceded Norway to Sweden. About three miles off is the entrance to the canal that unites the Baltic and the German Ocean; a piece of water of commercial enterprise, whose glory, I hope, may one day be eclipsed by that of similar communications between the Mediterranean and Red Sea, and the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. This canal, begun in 1777, cost nearly a quarter of a million sterling. It is a fine sight to see the ships of the Emperor, which flows into the north sea at Evingsburen, about fifty miles north of the mouth of the Elbe.

At four in the afternoon of Thursday the 1st instant, we embarked on a steamer for Copenhagen, a distance of two hundred miles, which was accomplished in twenty-six hours. The number of passengers on board was about thirty, of whom only one was English. The languages chiefly spoken were German and Danish: English a little; but French scarcely at all. An Englishman, however, is seldom much perplexed, for he generally speaks French, and is understood by the Danes. I was acquainted with German, he will be quite at home. Entering the cabin towards dusk, I was surprised to see it occupied by eight beds, two in each corner, one above the other. These were provided with three pillows apiece, and four-and-twenty patterned quilts and blankets. I was the only Englishman on board, and I was accompanied by a traveller submits to any thing. The alternative was exposure on deck. So, securing a corner in one of the upper beds and wrapped in a cloak, I threw myself down and slept till I was roused by the arrival of two new passengers, whose names were only less noisy and discordant than their harsh tones of conversation.

From Kiel we steered between the islands of Lange-land and Laaland; and leaving Falster on the right, between Moen and Zealand. We then passed a cluster of little isles, which, united by the beauty of the coast, are distinguished by the Danes, present a beautiful coup d'œil. Continuing our course between the isles of Amak and Saltholm, Copenhagen burst on our sight.

As we sailed over the spot where, in 1801, Nelson fought the celebrated battle, and as we saw the Three-crown-tower, which was the signal for the Danes to surrender, we could not but feel that local circumstances rendered more than probable the story which the Danes circulate, that two of his vessels had been destroyed by their guns, and were actually stranded at the time he sent to the rescue. The story is, however, very far from being true; for they would comply with any terms offered by the Danes, and the success was theirs. The death of the brave Danes who fell on that occasion, is commemorated by the following motto on a monument erected by the king—

"They fell, but Denmark stood."

The Crown-battery is erected on an island formed by ships, sunk with huge stones regularly ranged in them. It is constructed on the same principle as the breakwater at Plymouth.

The view of Copenhagen from the sea is imposing. She displays within in all the grandeur of a well built capital. The steeples of the churches, of the town-hall, and of some other public buildings, are unlike all that I have seen in other countries. One of them rises in the form of three crocodiles twisted within each other's coils and raised by the muscles of the neck, so that the extremities of their heads form the top of the spire and their foreheads the base. The tower of the observatory, in which Tycho Brahe framed the system of astronomy that obtained till the splendour of a brighter genius prevailed over this lesser luminous, is equally remarkable, though less striking in grandeur than the others. It is eleven feet in width, winds round it; and the traveller is informed that Peter the Great drove his carriage to the top.

From the political causes to which I have adverted, Copenhagen is no longer what it was. The population does not exceed a hundred and eighty thousand; and the commerce of the country has greatly decreased. Its agriculture, however, is said to have improved since 1792, when Christian the Seventh liberated all the husbandmen who were slaves: an act more effectually successful than any other that has been taken. The city is a handsome obelisk erected between the city and Roskilde, the cemetery of the old Danish monarchs. The streets of the city are wide; the houses are built of stone or plastered brick; and the town ensemble is fine. There are two large squares. In the centre of each stands a

colossal equestrian figure of one of the Fredericks. The pavement is formed of flag-stones, but every house has its gutters running down the middle, which serve as cuts through the pavement and is covered only with wood. These larger drains crossing every street at the top and bottom, seem to endanger horses; but yet accidents are not numerous. The shipping coming close to the town, and the numerous islands, which its position on the sea-shore distinguishes this from every other metropolis I have visited. It commands an extensive view, enlarged by the coast of Sweden that rises above the horizon on the other side of the Baltic.

None of the churches are remarkable for any thing but their curious spires and antique forms. The interior is generally plain and unornamented; if I except one in which are models of thirteen statues, now in the hands of Thorwaldsen. These represent our Saviour, the eleven apostles, and St. Paul, who takes the place of the traitor Judas. They were executed by Thorwaldsen himself. The master completes a model in plaster, and leaves it to his workmen to chisel the marble. The design is his, the mechanical labour theirs.

The castle of Rosenberg is, perhaps, the most interesting public edifice in Copenhagen. The architecture is Gothic. The interior is a large hall, in which are candlesticks eight feet in height, three lions, a vase used in royal christenings, and other antiques in the same precious metal. Among the curiosities are two gold boxes, presented to Christian the Seventh, during his stay in the city. They were presented to him by the king; also the original diploma of doctor in civil law, a degree conferred on him by the University of Cambridge. The dresses worn at the coronation of the Danish kings are deposited after their death in the castle of Rosenberg, where they are preserved in great numbers. The crown and four thousand manuscripts. The latter are rare and valuable. Many of them are Icelandic; and prove beyond all doubt, that in days when other nations knew little or nothing of the sciences, the Icelanders possessed a considerable knowledge of them.

The museum contains an enormous specimen of native silver from Sweden, measuring five feet, and weighing more than five hundred pounds. There is also a great variety of northern curiosities. The stone axes and hatchets of earlier times; the rudely-carved sarcophagi; the bracken and the iron implements, which are the implements of war and agriculture; all these bespeak a state of society anterior to that of which we read; and in their character indicate the habits and manners of men whose native soil was ice, and their stature as the "sons of Anak." The great and small stones, which the Danes were small in size; but it is evident that some of the ancients were gigantic; for, not to mention the ponderous weapons, and the weight of the armour of past ages, (which even in our own country appears great to the present generation), the height of Frederick the Fourth, seated on a pillar at Roskilde, can scarcely be reached by a man of moderate stature; and Peter the Great, who measured his own height under it, could not have been less than seven feet, or six and three quarters, in stature.

To the museum and library, open only on Thursdays I gained admittance, and was introduced by a young man called, and introduced himself as a nephew of Dr. W—. Having been to see his family, he conducted me to the museum, where a professor, named Erasmus Rask, well known among European philologists, was reading. The young Baroness arrived at his house, and great inquiries were made of her in Persia; accordingly I addressed him in Persian. He seemed surprised, but after some hesitation replied in the same language, apologising for his bad pronunciation, and saying that some years had elapsed since he was in Persia. He then, in English, asked me the part of Livy's history, written in the tenth century, is preserved here. Copenhagen contains a collection of pictures by the best masters from every country. These have been procured with great assiduity during the last twenty years. We spent a long time in the gallery; and, though our visits to the finest collections in Europe, a common pic-

ture-gallery has not for my eye the charm that it would have for one less practised, yet here I was amply repaid for extra exertion on a day of considerable fatigue.

The deck-rider cannot be seen by a foreigner, (and surely an Englishman has no claim to privilege), unless by an express order from the king. I am inclined to think there is little or nothing to be seen there. The navy of Denmark consists of three two-decked ships, five frigates, seven sloops, and about eighty gun-boats; and sail falling off for a country that once lorded it over the seas! She has only forty thousand sailors; few for a nation of fifteen millions, and little power to resist aggression. Some more ships are on the stocks. Two eighty-four gun vessels are nearly finished; and the island of the Three Crowns is strengthened by a thick parapet and deep fosse, lately put into complete repair.

Joined by a bridge to Copenhagen is the island of Amaal, granted in the seventeenth century to some Dutch refugees on condition of their cultivating vegetables. The entire supply of this article of food is now procured from these industrious foreigners, who, having never intermarried with the Danes, still retain their purity of blood, with an original style of dress and primitive manners.

The burial-ground is distant about a mile from the city. Like the cemeteries in russulman countries, it stands on the road side. A similar position probably presented to the Saviour's view those sepulchres of the prophets, which he beheld at Northampton, in the Series and Pharisees. The cemetery of the Danish capital is a miniature of that of Pere la Chaise. The graves of the young and the aged, the warrior and the bride, are all decked with flowers whose name or character qualifies them to serve as emblems of grief or of perpetual rest. One motto consists of the simple and familiar words, "Not lost, but gone before;" another, "I shall see you again;" a third, in Danish verse, may be thus translated—"Rest, O sweetly rest, dear, in the garden of the dead, amidst grasses, and flowers, and tapers; till I come to thee, O my dear, to join thee in eternity." One grave contains the relics of a mother whose husband and six orphans are represented, in marble, exquisitely wrought, as doves brooding over their sorrows and the dust of her three loved. The ages of the little ones are represented by the number of doves. The mother is depicted with her wings the last half-dead pledge she canqueer for. The scenery around is beautiful. The cypresses and the myrtle are wanting; or, as I gazed, I could have fancied that in that spot, and over that tomb, were written those exquisite lines which tell of "the love of the turtle."* The graves are separated by a low wall, and the burying-ground, from the corpses are interred in a standing position, with the face turned towards Jerusalem.

As we returned from the cemetery to our chaise, the king and queen, prince Ferdinand and the princess Caroline his wife, drove by, courteously returning our salute. We rode behind them to the palace called Frederiksberg; and there all three walked in the garden which was filled with citizens enjoying the cool of the evening. Though absolute, yet Frederick the Sixth exercises power with lenity, and is much beloved; he encourages his people to consider him as their friend and father. What he possesses is open to his lowest subjects, and he reigns as supremely as if he were a monarch over a vast empire. Their persons and estates are equally covered by the same protection mentioned by the writer of a series of travels in illustration of the paternal character of the government of Denmark. And the monarch has brought some of his subjects to regard him as the habit of putting his head in the guillotine, "I do not know," said one of them, "if I can imagine myself in danger to life; but to my mind it is impossible, nay by the exhibition of a man's

... complained to the British minister, whether he could obtain was, that in Denmark he must not be exposed to such a risk. The King's regard for the security of his subjects' personal property is manifested by another law, which prevents a foreigner from obtaining the necessary signature to his passport till he produce a document from the landlord of his inn certifying that he is not in debt.

The town of Roeskilde is about four miles from Copenhagen. It contains the cemetery of the kings of Denmark. Here the coffins of deceased monarchs, laid side by side in parallel lines, are exposed to view in all the splendour of gold and silver embossments and heraldic

* Bride of Abydos. Happily, we can admire the unrivalled poetical beauties of Byron's works, while thoroughly disapproving the principles of the author.

emblazonry. Some of the monuments wrought in marble are very handsome. Those of Christian the Third, and Frederick the Second, executed in Italy with all the taste and elegance of that country, and that of the great queen Margaret, are the most remarkable.

An annual *h* is held at this season in the king's deer park, about ten miles from town. I saw it by accident; for having hired a horse to pay a visit to Mr. B. the secretary to the embassy, I rode into the country for that purpose. Unfortunately for my visit, the fair was on the day before yesterday, and I was obliged to hire a horse to pass it. After many unsuccessful efforts, I was compelled to resign the undertaking, and returned much mortified at the result of the expedition. The scenery in the park is beautiful. Through long vistas of well-grown trees the sea opens on the view, and the sable land of Sweden forms the horizon. I dare not guess the number of those who have assembled to witness the festival, but it was certainly vast. The royal carriage from the capital was thronged with carries of every description following close behind each other.

In every nation the costume of the higher orders is more or less accommodated to the taste of modern times; but the lower classes often retain their primitive dress. Thus it is in Denmark. The women wear bodies and skirts of different colours, in which blue and red predominate. The cap fits close to the head. It is bordered with a large fringe, and the back of it is often richly ornamented in the style of the Delhi scarfs. A coloured handkerchief is bound over the cap, and tied under the chin; while two red strings hang down behind, instead of the queues of the Hamburgers, which are here worn by children only.

The Danes are not inclined to like the English. It would be strange if they did. They cannot forget the bombardment of their citadel in 1807, in violation of the law of nations. England has taken from them Norway and their navy, and they would be more or less than men if they could cease to feel such bereavements. In the first place, they are a people of great energy, slow in conception and dull in execution, fond of money and addicted to liquor. On the whole, the first impression one receives of the national character is not of the most favourable kind: though individual exceptions may be found, as I have cause to testify, among the higher classes; and perhaps better acquaintance with the great mass of the people would enable me to form a more favourable and at the same time a more just estimate of their character.

The few objects of interest in this vicinity may be quickly seen : and I hope soon to drive from Copenhagen to the northeast point of Zealand, whence I shall cross the Sound and commence the tour of Scandinavia.

LETTER V.

Fredericksball, July 13th. 1830.

On Tuesday, the fifth of *August*, July 27, 1900, we went to Copenhagen in company with Count Gyldenstolpe and an English gentleman, in a carriage for Elsinore. The distance is thirty-five miles, which we accomplished with three post-horses driven in the unicorn mode, between six in the morning and three in the afternoon. At Fredericksburg (burg means a castle), fifteen miles from Copenhagen, we halted for an hour to see an interesting structure of the sixteenth century. It is a palace of Christian the Fourth, the architect of which was the famous Inigo Jones, who built the palace of Copenhagen, and our college of Clare Hall at Cambridge.

The king has a stud of four hundred horses here. They are ranged in rows of eight or twelve, according to their breed and colour, and exhibit noble specimens of the race. If ever one could recall with pleasure Young's highly poetical paraphrase of the inspired penman's graphic description of the war-horse, it would be on such an occasion.

"To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulness of his might;
High raised, he snuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war:
He sinks the sense of pain in generous pride,
Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side;
But heighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast
Till death: and when he groans, he groans his last."

The horses of Holstein are strong and well-formed. This country supplies the cavalry of Prussia; as Jutland does the markets of England with her less elegant but stronger breed. It is said that fifteen or sixteen thousand horses have been exported in a single year during the late war from the Danish promontory.

An incident occurred in this place, trifling in itself, but calculated to give you an insight into the character of the people. I will mention it, because trifles make up the sum of human life, and character is more developed in trifles than in greater occurrences which call forth the deliberative faculty rather than betray the natural bent of the mind. The landlord, a Frenchman, had a pair of harness fresh horses; and having declined dinner at the inn, proceeded to the stud. On our return, the carriage was ready. The landlord, who was also postmaster, demanded payment in advance for his cattle. We were surprised, but did not hesitate to comply, and put into the hands of a messenger. He went to procure the change, but returned in the evening (which was the first time he had ever been out of the house) and waited five or ten minutes till he brought the silver, when we paid him and were going out. The man stopped us rudely, and demanded four marks, or eighteen pence, for the use of the room. This, of course, we resisted. He said we had sat on the couch and occupied the room for nothing. The count, who had just returned from the house till he was paid. The count, who spoke Danish fluently, parleyed with him a long time, till words ran high; and then, refusing to pay, we left the room. In the mean time, however, the landlord closed the gates of the yard, and our carriage could not proceed; nor could we get out till the count had paid the man. Having no resource, we were compelled to submit; and contented ourselves with preferring a complaint to Mr. Fenwick, the English consul at Elsinore, who kindly said he would do what he could to have the man punished, but feared he could not succeed. A Frenchman, to whom I referred for assistance, characteristically observed, "Maitre de pension, c'est un homme dur."

Helmsing, of Elsinore, stands on the sea-shore, where the territories of Denmark and Sweden approach most near to each other. The passage is called the "Sound," or "Sound," which signifies a narrow strait. This has often been a source of dispute between the Danes and other nations. In former times they incurred great expense in fixing buoys and erecting light-houses to direct the vessels that sailed through the Sound, and to remunerate themselves, they claimed a right of taxing the vessels that entered the Sound. This right was long undisputed, and obtained the sanction of antiquity. At length, some English sailors refusing to pay the sum, discussion ensued, which induced a reference to the two governments. The subject remained in abeyance till the treaty of 1720, when England ceded the point in consideration to Denmark. Denmark, however, made no compensation for a heavy loss of private property sustained in consequence of the cruel bombardment of 1807.

The castle of Cronberg at Helsingør, where the unfortunate Matilda, sister of our George the Third, was confined, is a handsome structure of the same style as Frederiksborg. We walked over the ramparts, from which the view of the Swedish coast and the Sound, with all the Danish vessels riding at anchor, is very fine.

Close to Cronberg there is a spot called Hamlet's garden, where tradition has laid the scene of his father's murder.

A boat conveyed us hence across the sea. The distance is nearly three miles. The time occupied might have been three quarters of an hour; but though we reached Elsinour at three in the afternoon, yet the various delays to which travellers are subjected in leaving one country for another are such, that it was past nine when, having gone through all the necessary formalities of the custom-house and police-office, we gained the hotel at Helsingborg.

As soon as I landed in Sweden, I ascended a hill that overlooks the town of Helsingborg, to reconnoitre the country. The sun was setting in the northwest, and the full moon shined with rival lustre in the south. The sea was calm, and the air was so clear that I could see which I had travelled in the morning. In the distance I could descry the point of land on which Copenhagen stands, with the Northern and the Baltic seas stretched out on either hand. In the foreground was the little island of Öresund, and the town of Urianenborg. Not a single cloud was to be seen. The calm tranquility of a Swedish village below contrasted sweetly with the scene of bustle and the din of many voices which had been left behind in the Danish capital. I was so happy, so soothed, so satisfied, that I almost forgot the enjoyment of mere existence; yet I wanted a companion of congenial tastes:—

"Joy flies monopolists. It calls for two.

Reverberated pleasures fire the breast

With Denmark I have bidden adieu to gold and silver.

ther real or fancied, the earth seemed to tremble under the concussion of the continuous torrent.

At this moment the sun burst from behind a cloud, and shining upon the falling water and the playful spray, shone obliquely on the dark background of a stormy double rainbow, approaching nearly to circle. The effect was exceedingly striking. Placed in the only point where the circumference was incomplete, we saw ourselves clothed with the rainbow. Unprepared as we were for so extraordinary a position, it was too sublime; and we almost shuddered at the very idea of the scene which we were surrounded: while in the beauty and grandeur of this masterpiece of his hand, we recognised the power of Him who "weigheth the mountains in scales," and "covereth himself with light as with a garment." This phenomenon, in itself so remarkable, was rendered yet more interesting by the recollection that equal dimensions are exhibited by the rainbow of scarcely any other waterfall in the world, and never attained by the covenanted bow in the clouds. You remember that from the relative position of the spectator and the sun, and from the convex figure of the earth, the semi-circle rainbow can never be seen larger than a semi-circle, and as large only for a moment when the sun is emerging from, or dipping under, the horizon.

We had now completed the object for which we started from Christiania; but my mind was bent on proceeding, and I endeavored to persuade the several persons to which was stated to be in that vicinity; and what we had seen had whetted the appetite for a fuller enjoyment of such beauties.

The obstacle was a chain of mountains, marked in the maps as the Hardanger Field, which had never been taken into account by the travellers, and which glistened and one Norwegian. The latter is Professor Hungstein of Christiania, whom I have already introduced to you as a scientific traveller in Siberia, and the Humboldt of the north. He told us that he had bivouached through the snow, and tried to dissuade us from following his steps.

The pass we resolved to attempt was another one, quite unexplored. Should you blame, yet perhaps you have yourself experienced the feeling that makes one the more anxious to traverse ground, because it is terra incognita. According to the map, the distance from Dal to Bergen was two hundred miles, more than half of which was over the trackless mountains. No information could be gleaned from the peasants; and it was not for some time that the minds of the whole party were made up to encounter an expedition which proved to be almost insupportable. The expenses of the provisions were furnished with neither clothes nor provisions adapted to the occasion. Ignorant of the country over which we roamed, we had hitherto encouraged the belief that each day would bring us to a village where a stock of good food might be procured; but this hope had proved fallacious, and we had now nearly exhausted the little store provided at Kongsberg. Our minds, however, were better fortified than our bodies; and at length, having determined to proceed, we went forward animated by hope, and resolved patiently to persevere.

On coming to Moel, we recrossed the lake of Tind to a village of the same name at its opposite extremity. The distance was only seven miles; but, owing to a contrary wind, it was midnight ere we arrived. A farmer admitted us with some hesitation to a bed of hay; saying it was impossible for him to procure horses, or give any information as to the route we talked of.

The following morning we waited on the priest. He welcomed us with a pipe in his mouth and a bottle of ale on the table. Unfortunately, neither English, French, Italian, German, nor Latin was intelligible to him. All our communications, though our Norwegian interpreter told us that the pass if such there were, was very high and very difficult, and to the best of his belief, never attempted.

The map led us to conclude that a village, called Tessungdale, eighteen miles from Tind, lay at the foot of the Hardanger. On our way to this place, the first priest's house, we resolved to make the best of our way, and soon reached the top of the hills that overlook the lake of Tind. The same vast forests with which we had become familiar, characterised the scenery. On the heights, the fir, the spruce, and the pine predominated. By the sides of the river, the birch, and the stunted birch appeared more thinly scattered on the bleak field. At length we reached the point where vegetation ceases. It might be about three thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. Ascending still higher, it was curious to remark the inversion of objects occasioned by

our local change. The forests appeared only in the valleys, and the clouds beneath our feet seemed to say that we had invaded the fabled residence of "The cloud-inhabiting Jupiter."

Towards evening, a few wooden houses in a valley indicated that the day's journey was at an end. Some husky rye bread and hard bacon were attacked by us with a relish which a city gourmand might covet; while a girl ran off to get milk from the cows that were grazing some miles away on the mountains.

Distance, that we never get lost in the mountains in England. Towns are separated from each other by hundreds, and villages by scores, of miles. The very measure of land is gigantic; and, as though the mind could be deceived through the medium of the ear, the tenth of a degree, or nearly seven English miles, is called a distance.

The peasants told us that the Hardanger rising above their heads, opposed an insuperable barrier between them and the natives of the western districts. No man would venture to guide us over upwards of a hundred miles where no road was to be seen; and where, in many places, the snow had accumulated from the first subsidence of the waters of the flood. A transient far crossed our breasts that we might be compelled to relinquish a trip to the dangers and interest of which we were now wrought up. It proved however but transient. The party consisted of Messrs. Fowler and Gurney, and myself. The horses were four, and the man accompanied the horses. Of these we had four, one of which carried the provisions. Like the horses of Switzerland, those of Norway are very small. They seldom exceed twelve or thirteen hands in height; but they are hardy and well-footed. On the rocks they resemble like goats, sometimes, and to the alarm, and always to the surprise, of the rider.

Four miles from Tessungdale we passed a couple of huts, and then commenced the arduous ascent. Firs and birch gradually disappeared, as before. Our guide, a Norwegian, led us up the mountain by the branches which were fixed on the backs of the horses, and served afterwards to kindle a fire in time of urgent need. At four o'clock the trees were all left behind. Wild flowers, however, appeared in great profusion; especially the heart's ease, the cucubulus, the strawberry blossom, many species of chrysanthemum and campanula, and a great variety of others peculiar to Norway, with whose names I am unacquainted. We were particularly struck with a shrub resembling in its leaf the sage, and with a sweet flower like honeysuckle. The mosses and heaths were very numerous. Before five, the rein-deer appeared, and we compared us to a flock of sheep, as the beautiful animals shortly afterwards darted across our way. They were the first I ever beheld: nor is it improbable that we were the first persons who had ever intruded on their mountain privacy. At six we saw some ptarmigan; and at nine heard a cry like that of the eagle.

The sun set at six and a half. For two hours we pursued our course by twilight over a country wilder than imagination can conceive. Barren rocks and broad morasses were varied only now and then by heaths and lichens thinly scattered. Yet sometimes a hill would rise to view, gilded with rein-deer moss, like crystals of sulphur, and shining with a beauty peculiar to itself.

The weather was inclement. It rained hard, and the cold was intense. Our servant had dropped behind with fatigue; and for two successive hours the guide had been weary. The darkness was so great that we could find no shelter for the night. The minutes dragged heavily along. Hope and fear succeeded each other in rapid alternation; and the promised haven seemed to retreat before us. At length, an hour before midnight, we reached it, and perhaps never before. The darkness was so great that we could find no shelter as we did this pile of stones; for suspecting that the guide had lost his way, we were anticipating continued exposure to the tempestuous elements.

The stones forming the hut, if such a title it could merit, were rudely and irregularly put together. A hole in

the centre let out the smoke and admitted the fresh air. The former had no other exit; the latter had free entrance on every side. Four women and three children were lying on two litters which nearly filled the hut. The intermediate space was occupied by a calf. Ranged round the sides were horse, milk and cream, the produce of a herd of cows, whose lowing indicated an uncustomed intrusion. The smell and filth were almost intolerable; but our minds were braced to the encounter. Three horse blankets were laid on the wet ground, and our feet were turned towards the smoking embers of the fire. Thus, wrapped in cloaks, we slept a little; but the rain beat in so violently that it was not possible to repose for any length of time.

The morning dawned, disclosing the wild wretchedness of the hovel which darkness had covered with a friendly veil. The squall of milk and cream was exceeded, if possible, that of the naked children; and we agreed that the bleak mountains, under a sky emptying its watery freight before a cutting wind, were preferable to such a resting place.

After breakfasting on smoked bacon and some husky rye cakes, whose dress and inequality, but for a thick layer of cream, would have impeded their progress down the throat, we renewed our journey at nine in the morning. Two hours' halt was granted to the patient animals. After ten hours' of hard marching over the trackless mountains, on the limits of perpetual congelation, and a dreary and accomplished march, and twenty miles. With the exception of a herd of rein-deer, perhaps a hundred in number, who fled as we disturbed their mossy meal, and the plovers whose plaintive cry comforted well with the discomfort of our contending for a sign of animal or vegetable existence was to be seen.

Our course the preceding day was W. by S. and the mountain where we stopped the guide called Reschion. This day we travelled west, and to the spot attained at night (whether capriciously or otherwise I cannot say), we had gained the summit of the mountain.

Descending a few hundred feet, we found a pile of stones similar to that already described, but without a tenant. It was probably raised by some venturesome hunters, who, living in the nearest and most elevated village on the north-east of the Hardanger and exploring the mountains, had found a little and a cold and inhospitable field, have fixed this as the limit of their bold essay; and who, perhaps, annually pass a night here, to enjoy the chase of the deer. Whatever its origin, it screened us in some degree from the severity of the cold, which, however, rendered the snow on every side, is intense even in the day-time.

Twelve feet by six allowed but two feet of ground in breadth to each of us. This was to be shared by three saddles and the embers of a fire supplied by our birch twigs, so that we squeezed together in a manner which did not have arrested sleep less dearly earned. We gained something, however, in the development of caloric; and hailing with pleasure the moment of release from such painful incarceration, renewed our journey at four in the morning of Saturday the 24th instant.

The blackest rye bread, unleavened and full of husk with chaff and half cooked bacon, was all that we had eaten. At a distance of six miles the guide assured us we could obtain some milk; accordingly, after a march of four hours over rocks which some days ago we should have hesitated to touch on foot, and on which now we were allowed to walk with the reins over their necks, we reached a hollow pile of stones, where three women watched over, and manufactured into cheese, the produce of a herd of cows.

This was the third establishment of the kind, (for I know of no other,) we had encountered in the last three days. Each of them was situated in a kind of valley, distant fifty or sixty miles from the nearest village, and attainable only by a circuitous route known to none but the half-civilised mountaineers who occupied the hut during a few summer weeks, and who then remained in the same way, without the desire or means of exploring the surrounding world of desolation. We formed, in all probability, the only communication between the distant tenants of the mountain waste, ignorant of each other's existence.

One shed at Hærbos, as this place was called, held the milk of the summer feed brought from at great distance: another, forty or fifty bowls of milk in every degree of sweetness or sour fermentation, ranged according to the days on which they were added to the little stock. Some coarse rye flour was boiled in cream by one of these children of nature, and presented with

an intimation that this dish of "*floategroost*" was a token of their good will, and the choicest produce of the farm. It was a strange meal; but we needed the nourishment yielded by the rich cream; and felt that we were thereby fortified for a continued campaign.

The more civilised than the others, the few we had visited before. They came from the western side of the fjord; and purposed to stay two months, unless the fall of snow denied provender to their cows. They wore white woollen gowns, with drawers of the same material, but black. Under these, white socks appeared, and they were tied up with worsted. A waistcoat with metal buttons and short sleeves completed the grotesque costume. One of them attempted to stitch my glove. The apparatus might have been mistaken for a sail-maker's; so slight the work; but the very effort evinced superiority. The other unskilled beings, of a peasant's make, had a dollar, equal to one shilling and eight pence, quite overcame our hostesses, who ran out with extended hands to grasp those of their benefactors.

Pursuing our journey, a solitary bird now and then flew over our heads; and since living creatures were scarce, we attracted attention. A hawk of the smallest known species, and peculiar to Norway, a large falcon, an eagle, and a white owl were of this number. We noticed particularly some lemmings, (whose singular history may be familiar to you) running among the rocks, and the other unskilled beings, of a peasant's make, had a short round ear, small black eyes, straight whiskers, and two long cutting teeth in each jaw. The forelegs are very short; and the toes, of which there are only four, (a sharp claw or spur being substituted for the fifth), are covered with skin. The hind legs are like a horse's, with a tinge of yellow prevailing more towards the stomach, which is yellow and white. They appeared in hundreds, perhaps thousands, running in and out of holes under the rocks. Sometimes they descend from their elevated abodes, and migrate into Lapland, in swarms defying the cold and destroying the crops. They are every green thing. The Norwegians have many superstitions connected with these curious animals; amongst others, that they fall from the clouds. I object only to the *wolf*; for that they dwell above the clouds I can attest from ocular demonstration. Some of each was supported on the back of another, while the links of this living chain were formed by the *downfall* of their little legs. In this manner they constructed a continuous bridge from bank to bank, on which the Lilliputian army passed over. The one holding to land on this side then let go; and the foremost ascending on the other, crawled over the backs of their fellows, till many had attained the shore. During this movement, the rest of the line being gradually carried down the stream, like a string of boats fastened at one end, each was conveyed to opposite bank, and resumed his place in the line of march.

We succeeded in killing the first lemming we saw. Its skin, which I took off with care, is reserved to afford subject for an amusing conversation amid the pressures and comforts of our *Alma Mater*.

The more civilised than the others, the few we had visited before. They came from the western side of the fjord; and purposed to stay two months, unless the fall of snow denied provender to their cows. They wore white woollen gowns, with drawers of the same material, but black. Under these, white socks appeared, and they were tied up with worsted. A waistcoat with metal buttons and short sleeves completed the grotesque costume. One of them attempted to stitch my glove. The apparatus might have been mistaken for a sail-maker's; so slight the work; but the very effort evinced superiority. The other unskilled beings, of a peasant's make, had a short round ear, small black eyes, straight whiskers, and two long cutting teeth in each jaw. The forelegs are very short; and the toes, of which there are only four, (a sharp claw or spur being substituted for the fifth), are covered with skin. The hind legs are like a horse's, with a tinge of yellow prevailing more towards the stomach, which is yellow and white. They appeared in hundreds, perhaps thousands, running in and out of holes under the rocks. Sometimes they descend from their elevated abodes, and migrate into Lapland, in swarms defying the cold and destroying the crops. They are every green thing. The Norwegians have many superstitions connected with these curious animals; amongst others, that they fall from the clouds. I object only to the *wolf*; for that they dwell above the clouds I can attest from ocular demonstration. Some of each was supported on the back of another, while the links of this living chain were formed by the *downfall* of their little legs. In this manner they constructed a continuous bridge from bank to bank, on which the Lilliputian army passed over. The one holding to land on this side then let go; and the foremost ascending on the other, crawled over the backs of their fellows, till many had attained the shore. During this movement, the rest of the line being gradually carried down the stream, like a string of boats fastened at one end, each was conveyed to opposite bank, and resumed his place in the line of march.

The arrangements at Læctoos were similar to those at Fæelshoos. *Floategroost* and huskier live bread were all that the girls could offer. Our stores supplied but little more. We had calculated on reaching a village in three days. This time had now elapsed, and we had scarcely reached half the distance of our journey.

Urged by the necessity of the case, a *start* began at half-past seven in the evening to reach the *boe*, or pile of stones, at a distance of seven miles. The jaded horses excited our compassion; and we, only less jaded, relieved them of our weight. One of them had kicked me with a milk-bowl, and the other was not satisfied with anything to put under the stocking; and

the wound has every day grown worse and worse, still causing me much pain. Under such circumstances, however, nothing short of a broken bow arrests the traveller. It was impossible to stop; for delay might subject us to something more than inconvenience.

At this elevation, (four thousand feet, snow surrounded us on all sides. Here and there we traversed its untracked surface for a quarter of a mile together, guided only by stones that a straggling rein-deer huntsman had placed, one upon another, to enable him to retract his foot. The descent on every side was sublime and almost terrific in its wildness. Soon after the commencement of our evening march, it began again to rain. From nine to half-past nine, and from half-past nine to ten, we expected that each minute would bring us within sight of the *boe*. At length Oallah confessed that he had the way.

The sun had set with all the angry symptoms of a storm, and dense black clouds deprived us of the advantage of a northern twilight. The wind and rain increased to such a degree, that we were equally unprotected. A consultation was held, and we determined to march through the night. The man pronounced the horses unable to proceed. The alternative was to stand still for six hours, drenched as we were with rain, or to return to the abode of our guide, who had parted with us three hours.

The last was preferred; but Oallah maintained that the horses must rest. It was neither a time nor place for argument; and reason would have availed little with one who, as guide over a trackless waste, knew that power was his only weapon. The horses turned their heads, and the other two turned their horses' heads, and made some way before he discovered their purpose. He pursued, but in vain. In a few minutes the whole cavalcade was in retrograde motion, and at one o'clock in the morning arrived at the spot from which it had started.

The simple mountaineers arose at our call. A fire and some *floategroost* cheered us not a little; and when our clothes ceased to steam, we threw weary travellers, forgetful of our English gallantry, turned into the bed which the friendly peasant girls resigned to us. The next morning, however, the morning dawned in proportion. We slept at first with very weariness, but ere long awoke through actual pain. The curved position of the legs was more painful than repose was grateful, and our triple bed proved as uncomfortable as it was anomalous.

The first day of the sabbath found us in a situation preventing the possibility of the day being spent altogether as one consecrated to God. It was, however, emphatically, a day of rest. We had an opportunity of observing at leisure the surrounding country. Snow, and granite, barren as its own nature, an occasional cascade, and greiss hills covered with the rein-deer or Icelandic moss, were the only objects which the enormous masses of mountain encircling our abode presented to the view.

The three girls to whom we were indebted for a lodging, had been there for forty years. They were ordered by their parents with a herd of cows, to pass two months in the mountains. The entire desolation of the spot precluded fear. We were the first, and should probably be the last, of human kind whom they would see there. Their manners were peculiarly interesting. They were all very young, and had been little more than provisions they had they gave, refusing all payment: nor did they receive without evident pain the trifling acknowledgment we compelled them to accept.

I have since doubted whether they had ever before seen money; and Mr. Janson, a Norwegian gentleman residing in this town who has been greatly interested in our tour of discovery, inclines to the opinion that they never had. Their dress was a short striped jacket with sleeves; a loose garment from the waist with tucks all round, reaching down to the knees; and dark drawers with soles only red. Their hair was black, and a little white colour consorted with the bright healthful hue of their complexions, was neatly tied with queues which hung down to the waist. Their modesty and simplicity were equally striking. You will not believe we left them without a keepsake, however trifling in value. They were so easily pleased. Our little *floategroost* and a little but an English bible that they could not read, and a pair of shoes worn out both above and below. We were really poor and destitute. In this dilemma my broken umbrella was quite a prize. They gazed with wonder at this eastern emblem of royalty. They were so used to the simple life of the mountain, and while no radi were so many sources of admiration. Could we fail to

leave with our simple friends so appropriate a souvenir of their three adventurous guests!

It was with much regret that at six in the evening we left them pleasing scenery of a human nature to attain, if possible, the *boe* that had foiled us the preceding night. It rained again, and when we reached the mountain in question, we were all wet through. The guide left us in search of the *boe*. A storm raged furiously. The cold was intense, and the wind was so strong that it was impossible to stand. A whose projecting surface admitted a man to crawl under it and lie flat, though with his hat touching both the ground and the roof. In this state we remained, most miserably wet, till Oallah brought the joyful intelligence that the *boe* was found. He added, however, that by was ascending for the men had taken possession. We were rejoiced to find any of our race so near, for we had lost all confidence in Oallah, as he had in himself; and a hope suggested itself that the huntsmen might know the way to Bergen, and be prevailed on to act as guides. We were escorted to the spot. They permitted us to share the shelter, and sold us a haunch of rein venison which, after the wretched fare of the past week, proved most acceptable.

The *boe* was like that we occupied on Friday night. Eight men could lie with knees bent and bodies curved; but not otherwise. The ground was so damp that the horses were obliged to stand on their haunchs wet through, and we had no other covering; for we had left Christiania with clothes for three, and had already been absent ten days; nor could we guess how soon we might reach Bergen, the first place where our wants could be supplied. Yet notwithstanding hardships and dangers, there was not one of the party who regretted the enterprise. An opportunity of exploring an unknown tract occurs but once in a life; and while we expected that every mile would bring us to scenery which would reward our toil, we could also look forward to the future days which, by was ascending for the men had taken possession. We were rejoiced to find any of our race so near, for we had lost all confidence in Oallah, as he had in himself; and a hope suggested itself that the huntsmen might know the way to Bergen, and be prevailed on to act as guides. We were escorted to the spot. They permitted us to share the shelter, and sold us a haunch of rein venison which, after the wretched fare of the past week, proved most acceptable.

"Shoulder the crutch and show how fields were won."

At half past two on Monday morning, the 26th instant, we rose from the ground, and taking a little food cooked over night, began our march.

The morning lower'd,

And heavily in clouds brooded on the day."

From Kolboos, where we had passed the night, we walked a Norwegian mile, nearly equal to seven miles English, without being able to see ten yards in advance, on account of a fog. As the huntsmen were going the same way, they undertook to guide us; and want of confidence in Oallah induced us thankfully to accept their offer.

It was well that we did so; for trackless masses of snow, far larger than any we had traversed, lay directly in our route. Sometimes, the horses descended a frozen inclined plane, one false step on which would have involved the rider in certain destruction. Sometimes, the half-melted snow broke under the enormous weight, and the deeper subsidence of the animal was arrested only by the breadth of his chest. As the mist cleared away, we saw that we were passing through scenery of a highly interesting character. The mountains appeared in a less broken line, while catenades and steep edges were apparent. A high mountainous reservoir above, from which their waters were supplied. Bold peaks, rugged precipices, and extensive lakes, varied the scene.

Every thing conspired to stimulate feelings of hope and interest which had never flagged; when suddenly, descending into a valley. A dark mountain rose above us, and a staircase rolled down its left uneven side. A crown of ice reposed in grandeur on the summit, two thousand feet above. The thickness of the glacier was some hundred feet. The edges were sharp and jagged, and the ice was very much broken up. It was a very much broken up. The effect was truly imposing. In Switzerland, the glaciers are viewed from spots above, or on a level with them: here they stand on vantage ground. Their position enhances the sentiment of terror they are calculated to inspire; while their majestic aspect far exceeds the limits of sight, affords ample scope to the imagination.

Hitherto our course had been ascending; now it was occasionally in a descent, though alternating with ascents less steep and rugged. The rein-deer moss had disappeared, and in its place the animals, the proud bears of arctic fields. We now came to a succession of hills of granite utterly naked, devoid of even moss and

Jehens. They extend about ten miles, and are dreary in the extreme. The effect, however, is good. They prepare the eye to receive with a fuller force of contrast the lovely prospect that shortly opens on it.

Without the least warning or expectation we came to the edge of a mud-slope, the termination of the snow-shore. The delight we felt was ecstatic. The sun lay upon the valley stretched out three thousand feet below. At an angle formed by the meeting of a double chain of hills, four cataracts pour their waters from different elevations into a river which seeks the neighbourhood of a mud-slope. The water is so turbid that the whole forest now lay before us. In the valley the Lilliputian haymakers were tossing about the grass in all the short-lived gaiety of a northern summer. The church and parsonage smiled upon the scene. The most beautiful fold in Norway expanded itself to our view. On the other side, a ridge of mountains rose perpendicularly to the height of perpetual congelation. Their snow-clad summits now appeared beautiful, because distant from us, and formed a contrast with their richly wooded slopes and the fertile valley. A descent of some miles occupied two hours and a half. As we approached nearer to the blue water, the view of the village of Opedal, and the rural parsonage of Ulenavang seemed to multiply their charms. The view of the Skreken-foss and Kiiken-foss, (or "noisy" and "vapoury" water-falls), the two largest of the cascades, more important than below, and the view of the lake, were just appreciated. The first fall of the former from the top of the cliff, three thousand feet above the ford, may be about four hundred feet. It then rushes down a precipitous slope of somewhat greater extent, still preserving its character as a waterfall. From that point it runs along an inclined plane of forty-five degrees for two thousand feet, and is lost in the river.

I am afraid to express what we felt when standing on the summit of the cliff, surveying the scene around: but each of us thought that our labours were more than repaid. We were probably the first, except a straggling party of hunters, who had ever seen the scene, and the spectacle of nature's works. We were assuredly the first who had ever dwelt on it at the end of such a journey, with minds so prepared to receive and contemplate its beauties. It is a bold assertion, but true—that I cannot recollect any view on the Alps or the Himalayas, which, uniting the minute beauties and grand outline, the loveliness and sublimity, the varied objects, so numerous and so perfect of their kind, is altogether equal to this coup d'œil.

At the priestsgard, or parsonage, we were received with primitive hospitality. The priest, by name Kristian, a devoted and zealous Lutheran minister, was absent, but his wife welcomed us cordially. Though we could not speak a word of Norse, yet modes of evincing gratitude are easily found. The language of the heart is more universal than that of the tongue.

We were surprised to find that none of the provost's family had ever ascended the eminence overlooking the house, from which we had just descended; nor had any of them an idea of what exists above, much less on the other side of the field. In all probability, however, the provost himself is not equally ignorant. In this town he is held in high estimation as a scientific man; and he is equally well known as a naturalist and geological student. On his table we found several plates to find a number of the British and Foreign Society's bibles.* The last book we saw in the inhabited world on the other side of the Hardanger was a psalter in Oulh's hut. The first on this bible. It was a cordial to us. Our work was done, and we were not obliged to recent mercies, yet those were small, compared to the gift that book proclaimed.

We stayed under this hospitable roof till noon the following day; then embarked on a boat and were rowed to Bergen. I have already expatiated so largely on the beauty of my tour I must not most likely to interest you, that I must withhold my pen from the excursions it would gladly make into every little creek through which we voyaged. A Norwegian ford can never be described. The wind was contrary; hence, a voyage of eighty-five miles consumed three days, while in a canoe it passed to rapidly away. The mountains on both sides the ford, at first covered with perpetual snow,

* As these sheets were about to enter the press, the author received a letter from the venerable provost, favoured by a gentleman who visited Ulenavang in the following month, and he brought to England the melancholy tidings of his death.

then with broken patches, at length exhibited well wooded summits, as the gradual decrease of height brought them within the limits of vegetation. Behind a splendid ridge about twenty miles from Bergen, the glacier of Folge Fjord bursts upon the view. It was preceded by Professor Esmark, whom I visited at Christiania. He calculates that the glacier is three miles in length, and twenty in breadth; and that its summit is raised upwards of five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Its upper surface appears even, as seen from below. The ice like that of the Swiss glaciers, is green; and the non-transparent waters, which the angle formed by the horizontal and perpendicular surfaces, when the sun shines strongly in the opposite direction it acts something like a prism, and exhibits various combinations of the constituent rays of light, like fragments of a rainbow grotesquely shaken together.

The existence of glaciers in Norway and Switzerland, and their non-existence in the higher mountains of Kamtschatka, the Andes, and the Himala have often afforded me subject of curious speculation. Most men are fond of theory: knowing this, I will not venture to decide that mine is correct. It is generally admitted that glaciers consist of snow, more or less interspersed with gravel and sand, always covered with a coating of congealed snow-water, which communicates a granulated appearance to their surface. The process of formation consists in the melting of the surface of the snow and its subsequent conversion into ice. An accession of snow is received from the clouds or from impending heights, and the weight of the new snow causes the transformation into ice. In proportion to the quantity of snow falling at one time, and to the rapidity of succession of such falls, admitting or not admitting the intermediate formation of ice, must be the relative proportion of the estimation of the glacier, and thus the degree of its transparency varies. In every case, in every case, an alternation of temperature, above and below the freezing point, is essential; and such a proportion between these alternations is required as will admit of the snow-water being arrested by the frost, before it can melt, and the ice will gradually increase in extent and streams. If there be no frost there can be no snow. If the frost be perpetual there can be no ice on the snow, because no water to be congealed. If the temperature be more frequently above than below the freezing point, the snow will gradually be melted, and the glacier will gradually decrease in extent, and the glacier will cease to exist. Therefore frost must predominate in point of duration over a milder temperature. Now such a state of atmosphere can exist only near the limit of perpetual congelation, allowing the horizontal line of that limit to vary in altitude in different countries according to their respective latitudes. Above that line it evidently there can be no thaw; and very much below it there is never an excess of frost. Hence, whatever the extent of a glacier, its summit will generally be found near the limit of perpetual congelation. In certain positions, as in the glacier of Grindelwald, the base may be considerably lower; but then there will be a gradual and continual diminution of the body of the glacier, which would soon become extinct unless supplied by avalanches from the surrounding hills.

In order that glaciers may be formed in such a situation, there must be either valleys at a convenient elevation, or the summits of the mountains must attain just the height necessary for forming a permanent snow-line; the latter in Norway. Hence it is that there the glaciers are always below, or on a level with, the eye; here, always above it. In the loftier mountains of Kamtschatka, the Andes, and the Himala, attaining the height of sixteen, twenty-five and thirty-two thousand feet, above the limit of perpetual congelation, the glaciers must attain an altitude of twelve, fourteen, and sixteen thousand feet respectively, their summits cannot be crowned with glaciers, because frost is perpetual. In those latitudes the general temperature of the air is such that vegetation is attracted close to the limit of perpetual congelation; and a few hundred feet higher or lower a remarkable diminution or increase of heat is perceptible. Moreover, at the height required by our hypothesis, the mountains are steep and the valleys distant. Snow, falling from the clouds or from occasional avalanches, passes by a rapid transition from regions of frost to a warm climate, and the snow which it leaves behind it is melted, and a part of some mountain stream before it can be arrested by the cold. So much for a theory, which you are welcome to discuss and refute.

It was midnight on Thursday, the 29th instant, when we reached this town, from whose residents we have ex-

perienced great attention. Having left our portmanteaus and letters of credit at Christiania, we had yesterday to request a loan, without the usual vouchers, from Mr. Janson, the American consul, who treated us with great politeness.

Last night he invited us to a large party. The ladies sat together; so did the gentlemen. Dinner at noon admits of supper being eaten with a relish. It is consequently a substantial meal, and a glass of spirits beforehand, to whet the appetite, is considered by ladies and gentlemen a *sine qua non* for the encounter. When a meal is concluded, whether dinner or supper, the master of the table, who is always the host, thanks them for their services after which the gentlemen retire with the ladies, and coffee is served. We ought to learn from our less polished neighbours, and abolish the odious practice of sitting over the table, when those who form the charm of our social meetings have departed. On the other hand, we may congratulate ourselves that English drawing rooms are furnished by tobacco and pipes, the unfailing resource of Norwegian gentlemen.

A particular species of sweet cheese, highly prized here, is prepared on special occasions. It is called "*gammelen orse*" or old cheese, which Mr. Janson had been converted by the ingenuity of some English traveller into "*gammala Norse*," or old Norway. The mistake, on which he seemed to say some fable has been built, has afforded, as we have likewise heard in other parts of the world, a source of amusement.

Mr. Janson passed some years with Mr. Grønvold at Clapham. It was a strange coincidence that I should meet at Bergen a pupil of my quondam much respected tutor. He showed us a geographical lesson-book, well known in English seminaries, in which it is gravely stated that the Norwegian mountains are situated in a strange land are liable to fall into mistakes like that about the cheese; but a mis-statement, such as this, is an outrage on the sense of the British and the character of the Norse. He earnestly requested us to correct this falseness on our power, the erroneous impression to which his falseness has given rise.

Among the many striking provisions of nature for the wants of man, I have been interested in observing the juniper-tree. It grows where no other wood is to be found, and requires little or no drying previous to use as fuel. It is a curious provision, considering the scarcity of the peasants, who keep their cows in the summer months at a high temperature, is incalculable.

I have now brought my journal up to the present day. If its minuteness have wearied you, forgive me. It has occurred to me that in after life, these sheets will be my only record of the time I have spent in this country, and to dwell. In my future travels through Scandinavia I shall have neither servant nor companion, and must therefore talk Norse, (though as yet I know scarcely a sentence), or nothing. The road from Bergen to Christiania, considered rich in the beauties of nature than any in Norway; but it is cold and dangerous; therefore few travellers attempt it. They prefer the easier route to Trondheim, which offers little of novelty to one who has enjoyed the finer scenery of the western districts.

It has struck me o'clock in the morning, and my companion has slept. The air is cold and the waves are striking up a second to their air the water is calm. I have been under my window singing his usual chant, a Norse prayer that God may bless the city, concluded with the quater of the wind. To words of form their proper meaning may justly be appropriated when felt. Accept then the application of this watchword, I pray to yourself, as comprising my every desire on your behalf.

LETTER VIII.

Christiania, August 13th, 1830.

As I make my letters my journal, I constantly impose restraint on my pen, and confine it to matters of fact, even when I might be inclined to range over other ground.

My first was closed at Bergen, which was always considered the capital of Norway till the cession of this country to Sweden; when Bernadotte choosing to be crowned in Christiania, thus constituted it his metropolis. Bergen, however, contains more wealth and a larger population. The one has nineteen, the other only ten, thousand inhabitants. The latter is a city, and is supposed that a town so large should be provided with a single respectable hotel. Yet so it is; and private families receive the very few strangers who visit Bergen. My fellow-travellers and I lodged in the house of a Madame Danielson. She supplied us with the usual morning and

evening meal, comprising cheese in addition to our own bread and butter, and for dinner we went to the only house in this large town where it can be procured.

Norway is in a state of demi-civilisation, a century behind Sweden, which is a century behind Denmark, and at least another century behind England. The people are more simple and more honest than the degraded state of the women, who are regarded as convenient appendages, rather than as companions, to the men. Among the lower orders, they perform the hardest work. In the higher ranks their duty is to minister to their lords. The word lady no more signifies a lady than it does a mistress. When a gentleman says, "my wife," this unqualified brevity grates on an English ear; and the impression of severity thus conveyed is not diminished by observing the laconic speaker throw himself carelessly into his chair, with a pipe in his mouth, while his wife waits on her husband and his company. The Norse ladies claim the exclusive privilege of attendance on strangers. The mistress of a house seldom sits while her guests are eating. She changes their plates, and acts in every respect as a servant. She speaks when she is spoken to; and does as she is bidden. This custom at first quite deprived me of the pleasure of my meal; but it appears that the women are as happy as they desire to be: and though an Englishman may wish it were otherwise, he must conform unobtrusively to the custom of the country.

The mountains of Norway, at the junction of two fiords; and is protected from the sea by several small islands. The town is partly situated in the valley, and part of it rests on the swelling bosom of one of the hills that rise on three sides, protecting it from the inclemency of northern winds. The town is entirely of wood. The effects of the conflagration of April last, in which many hundred buildings were consumed, are sadly conspicuous. The branch of a fiord washing the foot of the mountain, divides Bergen into two parts; from each of which, the view of the blue mountains is not unimpaired, and the verdure of summer, and reflected by the tranquil surface, is exquisitely beautiful.

The houses are neat and cheerful: through the valley, ranged in one long street from which others branch off; and on the mountain's slope, scattered with pleasant villages, the houses are of wood, and in the summer gay, consoothing with the dress of nature; and in the long eight months of winter gratefully contrasting with the glare of snow. At the present season, this northern town, though spoiled of its metropolitan honours, appears to me to be a more agreeable creature than the ocean and the towering heights of mountains hoary with the snow of ages, Bergen stands an isolated outpost of the civilised world.

The Englishman who is loth to encounter the difficulties of travelling, satisfies himself with a luxurious tour through Germany, Italy, and France, and is willing to believe that the bleak regions of the north can ill repay the enterprising traveller: but he little knows the loss he sustains.

In consequence of its great distance from Christiania, the metropolis of Norway, Bergen is not so far as I can ascertain, being visited by any of the English tourists (except Mr. Everest) who have of late years entered Scandinavia. Even by the Norwegians themselves, it is regarded in general as a kind of Ultima Thule; in an extreme point they dare not hope to attain. At the same time the snow and acknowledged greatness of the surrounding scenery are such that every one admits his own loveliest spot to be inferior to this fairy land, which he recognises as the "apple of gold in the picture of silver."

Teaching the capital and ascertaining the superiority of this tract of country in point of scenery, I resolved, if possible, to overcome the obstacles and to see the west of Norway. Some account of the result you will have read in my last letter. The undertaking was arduous, but the recompense has been ample. I would not on any account forego the journey, nor would I undertake it again. Bergen is so secluded by its position from intercourse with other parts of Norway, that the inhabitants of Christiania and Trondheim are far less acquainted with it than they are with Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, and London. Perhaps there is something in this fact which invests it with a peculiar interest, and renders the pleasure one feels in having attained the spot by effecting a passage, hitherto unexplored, over a chain of mountains.

There are two castles towering the sea. They form the defence of the town, nor does it require more for its position amply secures it against any attack by

land; as the only approach is through narrow defiles, which a smaller band than that of Thermopylæ might defend against an army. The inhabitants, like those of the more northern and southern districts, eat little meat. They live almost entirely on fish. This is the chief article of their food, and the sea is so stocked with fish, that the town is so great that the air is in many parts tainted by it.

The mountains and sea alike operate to moderate the severity of winter, which in these parts is much milder than on the eastern side of the Fille field. In this protection the frequent fogs and mists, which are so common at first sight appears of the providence of Him whose mercy is over all his works. In the east of Norway, the peasants, who inhabit chiefly the high ground, are dependent on frost for the carriage of their timber to a market at a time when the usual water conveyance is blocked up. At the same time their own supplies of food and other necessities can be obtained only when the snow is sufficiently hard to enable them to drive their sledges over its surface; so that to them a mild winter is a serious misfortune. The rapidity and skill with which they glide over the snow, and even in summer wholly impassable, and regardless alike of the rivers, chasms, and rocks, whose dangers lie concealed by the snow, are scarcely conceivable by the mind of a southern tourist.

At Bergen, on the other hand, the case is reversed. The climate is supported by fisheries; and it is essential to their existence, cut off as they are from all other supplies, that the bays and creeks should be open. Accordingly, they are scarcely ever shut up by the frost. Nor is this all. It is in the depth of winter that the fish are most numerous, and the water is so cold, and cod; and thousands of both sexes are occupied every day in salting fish, which could not be properly cured if the cold were so intense that they were frozen as soon as caught. In that case some might, indeed, be preserved, as in Russia; but those to which salt is essential would be destroyed, and the supply of fish would be most abundant (but that is in the summer), is the stock-fish, of which prodigious quantities are dried in the sun, to furnish food for the crews of trading vessels.

You have, no doubt, heard strange accounts of the serpent and snake, since I have been in the country. You may probably expect from me some notice of the animal; so you shall have the result of my enquiries. It is very generally believed in Norway that there is a species of serpent, superior in size to any known on land, inhabiting the northern sea off this coast. The natives speak of it as never perishing by the cold, and they set this account for its being so seldom seen. The size is variously estimated, from fifty to eighty feet. The head is represented as long, and the two fins, or arms, (for I know not what term to apply to such anomalous limbs, as enormously powerful. These, with the tail, are its only weapons. The back is said to be scaly. Many superstitions regarding it, not worth repeating, are indulged by the ignorant. In some parts of the country this serpent is called the "Kraken;" and there seems little reason to doubt that an animal, more or less corresponding to the description, and meeting upon the coast of the west, was seen some few years since in Fjolden-fjord.

Referring to the history of Norway, written by Eric Pontoppidan, bishop of Bergen, who flourished in the last century, the writer finds the following mention of the Kraken, (Part II. chap. viii. sect. 8.) which is here inserted, as it is an interesting and curious piece of a heap of fables recorded by the learned prelate.

"One of the north traders, who says he has been near enough to some of these sea-snakes alive to feel their smooth skin, informs me, that sometimes they will raise up their frightful heads and snap a man out of the boat, and swallow him whole in folds or coils; and that he has seen, from a known distance in this case, never row towards the openings, or those places where the body is not seen but concealed under water; if they did, the snake would raise itself up and overset the boat. On the contrary, they row full against the highest part that appears of the snake, and then, when they are close to it, and thus they are released from their fears. This is their method when they cannot avoid them: but when they see one of these creatures at a distance, they row away with all their might towards the shore, or into a creek, where it cannot follow them."

"When they are far from land it would be in vain to attempt to row away from them; for these creatures shoot through the water like an arrow out of a bow, seeking constantly the coldest places. In this case they put the former method in execution, or lie upon their sides, and throw any thing that comes to hand at them. If it be but a sculler, or any light thing, they are touched, they generally plunge into the water, or take another course."

The climate on this side is said to be not so healthy as on the east of the mountains. Physiologists attribute much of the ill effects of the climate to the mists, which rise from the sea, and, being unable to attain an elevation sufficiently great to pass the Fillefield, remain on the coast, keeping the atmosphere constantly damp and insubstantial. Scorbatic and leprous affections, (particularly the elephantiasis, which is common in India,) used to prevail at Bergen; and still continue, though in a less degree, to afflict the inhabitants, who have recourse to some simple herbs said to possess sanative properties. The small-pox is little known; though occasionally it visits the town on an epidemic, and carries off numbers. It then departs, and will not be seen again perhaps for years.

As there are no public conveyances, I was obliged at Bergen to purchase a vehicle called a cariole. It is a species of gig peculiar to the country, just large enough to hold one man, and exactly fitted to the shape. The horse is triggled up to the seat, and the driver sits on an invalid, the exercise of a ride in one of these carioles, which have no springs, is an advantage that may be calculated in inverse proportion to the comfort.

Here, as in Sweden, it is necessary to send an avant-courier, called a fore-bud, to order relays of horses at every post station. When he reaches the first, he delivers one billet with the number of horses required, and the hour specified, and gives the rest to another man to carry on to the next station. The farmer, whose turn it is to supply horses, is sent for; and his boy is immediately dispatched to the post station, with a billet, sometimes a distance of fifteen or sixteen English miles, to bring the animals, which have been grazing on the mountains. Notwithstanding all this labour, the expense is covered by three halfpence a horse per mile; and the forebud is paid for as one horse.

On the contrary, I was despatched, I left Bergen at five in the morning on Monday, the 2d instant, with the two interesting friends who were my companions over the pass of the Hardanger Fjeld, for the chief village of a district called Vossevangen, fifty-six miles on the way to Christiania. The road by through valleys in Fjelds is rich all the beautiful scenery is concentrated. Sometimes the mountains rise on either side with forests of birch and fir spreading over their gentle slopes: at others, they seem like perpendicular walls of granite blackened by time, and terribly grand in their sterile loftiness. We crossed two fiords on a lake. The fiords I have already described as arms of the sea extending a great distance inland, and flanked by mountains crowned with eternal snow. Every mile some cataract or waterfall offered a beautiful accession to the constantly varying landscape. This is a country of forests and mountains, of mountains and forests. The scenery is neither Swiss nor Thibetian. It is unique. It unites many beauties of the Alps and the Himala; and if better known, would be a favourite resort of travellers. At present there are neither travellers nor inns. A bed of hay, with a blanket off the horse's back, has been all we have procured for our repose, and I am inclined to have had to lament the want of so comfortable a litter.

As my companions had no gig, they were obliged to ride on the cars of the peasants. These consist merely of boards nailed on shafts, without any more elevated seats than the horses' backs. The seats are intolerable; and as we all tried it in turn, both sitting and standing, we were sadly bruised at the journey's end.

After sixteen hours' travelling in various modes, by land and water, we reached Vossevangen at eleven at night. It had rained, as usual, the greater part of the day. We were met by a servant, and none of us could speak the language.

The churchwarden growled recusantly in answer to our scarcely intelligible application for admission; nor could we muster enough words to make him understand that he should be paid for turning out of bed. At length I contrived to get him to open his chamber door, and a wet coat and muffled min bespoke, better than words, our wants; and the sight of a gentleman stimulated his civility.

At length we secured two beds; but every thing we had with us, our bodies, our baggage, our boots, and a bundle of dirty paper, the miserable substitute for

coin, intended to defray my expenses to Christiania, was nearly destroyed by rain and the friction occasioned by the rubbing of my girth.

In the morning we received a visit from the priest, to whom a gentleman of Bergen had favoured us with a note. He talked German badly; so did my companions. He asked if I understood French, and in the affirmative, and I should be happy if he would converse in that language. The reply availed me nothing; for, turning quickly round to another of our party, he continued to speak in German, and expressed no inclination to address me. It is a curious fact, and may serve to show you how little French is understood in the country, that the people of all languages each could talk French was the last referred to: and it proved to be, with the exception of the Orientals and our native tongues, that in which all of us could most fluently converse. Mr. Unger was very obliging, and kindly asked us to sup with him at his house on Thursday when we expected to return to Vossvangen from an excursion to the Voring-foss, (which except that at Gavarne in the Pyrenees) is the largest waterfall in the world, and the lion of Norway.

You will form a just estimate of the state of the people, and the paucity of travellers, when you learn that we have heard of but one Norwegian, (Professor Hungestein, who measured it), and four Englishmen, who have seen this natural wonder.

A journey of ten miles, which my companions performed on horseback and in my carriage, was undertaken before we had so civilised a conveyance, brought us to Valsenden, a village in the district of Graven, consisting of a few huts on the side of a lake, which we crossed to its opposite bank, about a mile distant. Here we procured two horses and a guide to escort us ten miles over a field, though it was wet, and that we made ourselves intelligible to the peasants, who had never seen foreigners before, and could not conceive for what purpose (simiter no doubt) we had intruded on their mountain privacy.

It rained of course; and our journey over the field, through bye-paths of the brushwood, was painful and laborious. Towards evening we reached the village of Ulvig, situated on the Socford, and engaged a boat to carry us to a single hut on another branch of the bay, called Eidford, about ten miles off. Here, in a miserable hovel, on some dirty straw, and among the most wretched of the people who congregate there, the night was passed rather in expectation of morning than in sleep. We rose at four, and with great difficulty procured some lousy cakes from the peasants, who had refused us any the night before.

From Eidford, five and a half Norwegian, or thirty-eight English, miles from Vossvangen, the Voring is ten miles distant; but ten miles over mountain-paths occupy no little time. The foss is situated at the extreme point of a valley which becomes gradually narrower as it completes a second semi-circle in the form of an S. The river falls perpendicularly over a precipitous bank, and the rocky head hundred feet into a valley scarcely broader than itself. The effect is very grand. The body of water is perhaps equal to that of the Hardanger in Switzerland. Before reaching the edge of the precipice it has acquired such velocity from its course down a gently sloping plane that the project is dangerous, and it is a succession of falls, like flakes of snow, of an enormous size and convex figure. These seem for a moment to pause in mid-air as if supported by their own buoyancy; then, gradually sinking, they lose their peculiar character, and, joining in the rush of water, dash themselves into the sea.

We stood for some minutes contemplating with a mixture of surprise and terror this savage spectacle. In the gulf below was the blackness of darkness: a glimmering of light reflected through the sinuous valley just made the "darkness visible," and discovered shades of a white and a red, the latter being the surface of the world he mingled together in mighty fragments and in strange confusion. All is naked and abrupt. The common terms of language are lost in the description of a spot probably unrivalled in point of savage wildness and fearful sublimity. The surrounding country consists of a few barren mountains, the summits calculated to inspire. All nature stands aghast. The very mountains seem petrified by the sight. Their bare surfaces of gneiss are unvaried by a single tree or moss; and animals fly from a wild which may almost be said to terrify the vegetable creation.

It is difficult to grow nearest to this stupendous fall is the cloudberry, or *rubus chamaemorus*. It is about the size of a strawberry, of a luscious taste and yellow

colour. We ate a large quantity of this novel and wholesome fruit, found in these regions in great abundance on the limits of perpetual congelation.

Turning from this interesting scene we resumed our journey. Part of the route to be re-traversed lay over the precipitous sides of mountains impending a fearful abyss, and where the road was so narrow that it scarcely afforded the foot with firmness, and often scarcely enough to hold the toes or heel. The mountaineers had fixed a line of poles along the slippery side of the rock; and with the assistance of these, we were enabled to proceed. It was four in the afternoon when we returned to Eidford, and the people were so unwell, and the difficulty of procuring food was so great, that, notwithstanding a strong contrary wind, we resolved to cross the fiord the same evening on the way back to Ulvig, which our maps described as the residence of a priest.

The weather for four and twenty hours had been boisterous, and the arm of the sea that forms the Socford was in a state of considerable agitation. Our frail bark, though manned by three men, was little calculated to encounter a gale of wind, for it was a boat without a keel, and the men were so unaccustomed to the sea, that the men were to dip under water. After an hour and a half, however, we turned a sharp angle, passing into another more tranquil branch of the fiord; where pursuing our course for a similar period, we reached Ulvig at nine in the evening.

The weather for the day proved partially fine, and the close of the excursion most agreeable. The scenery affords a constant feast. It is only too rich; for the enjoyment almost fatigues. At this season the peasants are making hay; and their cheerful faces and singular costumes add much to the interest of every landscape. In accordance with the proverb, "rain fall the hay could never dry," if they were left on the ground, as in England. It is, therefore, hung over frames of wood, like clothes on lines, one under another. Thus the top layer protects the rest, which are all saved at the expense of one.

Ulvig was a small town, and we were met by a bustling little man, who seemed to love his pipe and his bottle. I wish it were possible to convey to you some idea of the conversation. He understood a little of four languages, but the least possible degree of any except Norse. My companions spoke German; I Latin. The priest, whose name was Rutting, and who had the reputation of being a good morian, at nine at night, had fathomed the depth of his English. Now and then a German word was dropped; and a sentence commenced in Latin was sure to end in Norse. The scene was ridiculous to a degree, and one part of it, in which the priest, who had been so kind as to mention the Latin word that admitted of no easy explanation, overcame us all. The poor man was pained; so were we. The evening, however, passed pleasantly away; and a present of a few dollars, as we bade him good night, nominally for the poor, but virtually for the priest, sealed our departure. The subject had been brought up as a subject; and in the morning we were surprised by a visit from her daughter, who brought us each a cup of coffee before we left our rooms: an attention which, from the simplicity of their national character, the Norwegian women can pay to a stranger with perfect delicacy, arising from a sense of the consequences of impropriety.

In the course of conversation with Mr. Rutting, we were confirmed in the opinion already suggested by the map, that we had been traversing the surface of the very fiord on which Ullensvang stands; and that the but we had just left was within five Norwegian miles of the personage-house where we had been so hospitably entertained on our descent from the Hardanger fiord. While there, we had made particular enquiry for the Voring-foss. Accurate information on that occasion would have saved us the present journey of two hundred miles; but, in the absence of the map, and the absence of the personage-house, the distance or direction of the waterfall, which, though within sixty miles, was wholly unknown to the simple inhabitants of Ullensvang. We have frequently had occasion to remark that the Norse know nothing of the topography of their country. A poor man told us, since we were told that the next station to Ulvig was twenty miles distant; it proved to be twenty-one; and even Mr. Unger, the kind and intelligent priest of Vossvangen, had misdirected us to the foss.

Returning by the same route to the parish of this amiable man, we fulfilled our engagement of supping with him, and he gave us a very interesting and consequently a better knowledge of the world and more popular manners than the generality of his Lutheran brethren. He interested himself greatly in the account of our pass

over the Hardanger; and was astonished to hear that we actually came from the opposite side, since no intercourse is maintained between the inhabitants of the eastern and western districts.

On Friday, the 6th instant, my two pleasing companions returned to Bergen to take ship for England. How much their intercourse, amidst dissipated and patience in the endurance of no common hardships, have tended to increase the pleasure and diminish the pains of our journey, it would be difficult to estimate; but I may truly say that I have not discovered that quality essential to a delightful travelling companion in which either of us is deficient. Parting from my friends with much regret, I proceeded in solitude towards Christiania.

Unable to talk the language, and in an unknown country of which no guide-book was procurable, I had some difficulties to encounter. On these, however, the unusual excitement would not suffer my mind to dwell. For eight and twenty miles, during which the horse was changed three times, the road lay through valleys indescribably beautiful. Some waterfalls, especially one near a village called Steilem, riveted my attention for many minutes. The height of it is about two thousand feet, and the descent so rapid, that it is difficult to dwell on it without surpassing the Voring-foss. An equal number of stupendous waterfalls probably exists no where in a similar space. The district is appropriately named from the multitude, variety, and beauty of these, the country of *foeses*, or *foes*.

From Gudvangen a boat carried me over the Teron fiord. The distance is twenty-eight miles; the time occupied was about eleven hours, the wind being contrary. It rained hard; nor could I solace myself by interchanging with the sailors observations about the weather: yet the most exciting recollection of the grandeur of the scenery cannot soon be forgotten. The fiord runs up from the northern ocean, for two hundred miles, through valleys flanked by mountains varying in height, inclination, and fertility. Here a chain of hills, and there a grand solitary peak, looms up, the summit in the clouds, and the few isolated spots in the snow. Hundreds of cascades fall into the clear waters of the fiord. Neither men nor domestic animals are to be seen for miles together. All is wild as beautiful, and beautiful as sublime.

There is perhaps nothing which strikes a northern traveller more than the singular transparency of the waters; and the farther he penetrates into the Arctic region, the more forcibly is his attention riveted to this fact. At a depth of twenty fathoms, or a hundred and twenty feet, the whole surface of the ground is exposed to the view, and the bottom is covered with a carpet sprinkled with them, and submarine forests, present through the clear medium new wonders to the unaccustomed eye. It is stated by Sir Capel de Broeke, and fully confirmed by my observations in Norway, that sometimes in the fiords of Nordland the sea is transparent to a depth of four or five hundred feet; and that, when a boat passes over subaqueous mountains, whose summits rise above that line, but whose bases are fixed in an unfathomable abyss, the visual illusion is so perfect, that one who has gradually in tranquil progress over the surface ascended wonderfully rugged steep sides, and whose eyes had been growing so used to the impression that he is falling headlong down the precipice. The transparency of tropical waters generally, as far as my experience goes, is not comparable to that of the sea in these northern latitudes: though an exception may be made in favour of some parts of the China seas, and a few isolated spots in the Atlantic. Every one who has passed over the bank known to sailors as the *Saya de Malha*, ten degrees north of the Mauritius, must remember with pleasure the world of shells and coral which the trawish water exposes to view at a depth of thirty or fifty fathoms.

It was long past midnight when the boatmen hailed Leirdalboeren, and as my journey was to be continued early that same morning, it was necessary to send off the forebode before retiring to bed. Necessity is the mother of invention. We were obliged to have the man deputed to command, I contrived to have the man de-

* The author had not an opportunity of measuring the height of this cascade, (which is not a perfect waterfall, either geometrically, or by means of a plummet). He calculated, however, from the height of the mountain, which he traversed with perpetual snow, must be at least four thousand feet. The foss seemed to commence in the upper half of the mountain's side; a fact which an eye, accustomed to measure distances in hilly countries, can decide with some degree of certainty.

patched by three o'clock in the morning, and started myself at six.

The road was very mountainous. The first twenty-one miles, running along a fearful precipice, occupied five hours; and the next no less than seven. This second part was over a mountain known by the name of Fillefeld. The acclivity is so steep, that were it not impossible for a horse to climb so precipitous an ascent, it would be deemed, under the guidance of the eye, to say that the road forms with the horizon an angle of 45°. In the ascent, trees are left below. The first birch gradually dwindle away, become thinner and more stunted, then vanish altogether. The neighbouring hills are covered at this altitude with patches of snow. Reins, dress, of which I hope to convey a specimen to England, (and strawberries, and cloudberry, from their position justly so called, grow here in abundance. This mountain is the boundary of the provinces of Bergen and Christiania, or Agderhusen.

At the summit of the western side of it, the horse's harness, and a peculiarly heavy cloth jacket like a sailor's, closely fitted to the figure and buttoned in front. To this masculine vest is appended a petticoat of blanketing. The hair is either tied in queues, or covered with a handkerchief, which has two corners projecting at the sides, and the air blowing from the west, drives a few miles of the Fillefeld, the loftiest peak of the Norwegian mountains rises their venerable head. It has only lately been discovered by men of science and submitted to trigonometrical observation, from which it appears to be nearly eight thousand feet in height. The road, after descending this, and the Fillefeld, is known under various names; and is sometimes called the *Lappland* Alps. Its natural history, in every department of that science, is peculiarly interesting. This is the grand depot of Norwegian minerals, many of which are found in no other quarter of the world. Here, too, is the source of the rivers, which descend to the sea, and die in a more temperate climate. Like a fond child, they reject a foster nurse and, clinging to their graceless parent, decorate her with their charms;

"For the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind them to their native mountains' shore."

It is not only in mineralogy and botany that this tract of country offers specimens of remarkable interest. Its entomology is equally striking. I have already made you acquainted with that singular animal, the lemming. A yearling, which I saw, yet not very far from the shore, with the labours of the ant, which is about the size of the black ant of Hindoostan, and twice as large as that of our own country. The moles these insects raise stand from four to six feet in height; and the broad straight road to the sides, and the air blowing from the west, diverge in every direction, is far larger in proportion than those that lead for several miles, through planted avenues, to some of the towns of Germany. If one of these little cities be disturbed, the alarm and distress occasioned bring into exhibition all the order, diligence, and united interests of the whole population. Every dinner, table, and wood and earth is replaced with architectural accuracy; and the insufficiency of individual strength is compensated by uniformity of design, concentrating in one point the efforts of thousands.

Timour, who is greatly fond to recall to memory the anecdote related of Timour Shah; who, as he says for some hours, during the heat of a summer's day, in a hut on the confines of the Indian empire which he was about to invade, amused himself by observing an ant that strove to carry up the wall a grain of corn. The indefatigable insect fell and fell, and succeeded at length in carrying forth. Timour's perseverance was stimulated; and in after life he used to say that to that ant he owed his conquests.

"What great events from little causes spring!"

But to return. The mountaineers of Norway say that by boiling great quantities of ants they obtain formic acid, or a species of vinegar that serves for culinary and medical purposes.

Ermines abound in this country; but they frequent only the lower parts of the mountains, with the valleys and the skirts of the hills. In the mountains and in the other outhouses, as numerous as squirrels on the thatched roofs in India. The colour of their fur inclines to dusky red, which in winter is exchanged for a coat of virgin white. The tail retains its tip of black. Two or three inches may be bought for a shilling, except in the vicinity of a price, where the demand necessarily increases the price.

* The author suspects this appellation is incorrect.

I overtook the forebaid at the foot of the Fillefeld, and should have been delayed, but the peasant who conducted me over that mountain (for one always accompanies the horse) was prevailed on, for a small additional payment, to go another stage of ten miles. The road runs through a lovely valley bordering the Mios lake, to a village called Tium, in the parish of Vang. The church and the custom of the country sanctioned the liberty, so I wrote a few Latin lines to the Lutheran priest, saying that it was my intention to pass the sabbath in Vang, and begging permission to occupy a room in his house. His name is Munster. He talks French, and is above the common level of an ecclesiastical intellect in Norway.

The following day, Sunday, the 8th instant, he was obliged to visit one of his distant hamlets. Of these he has two in addition to his chief village. I was left alone with his wife and her sister. Breakfast was sent into my room at eight o'clock. At ten I was summoned to the parsonage, and at three, and at three in the afternoon to join the family at dinner. The meal consisted of fish, and strawberries with cream, which, as well as the milk, is very luscious. As the ladies spoke only Norse, we had little intercourse. What was necessary was conducted in the few words, the deficiency being supplied by signs. We looked unutterable things in the eyes.

The priest returned in the evening, and we had some interesting conversation.

When we parted, I put into his hand a small sum, with a note requesting him to accept it, either on his own account, or in favour of the deficiency of his kind hospitality. I almost feared he might be hurt, for he is superior to the generality of the Norwegian priesthood. Yet hospitality, manifested to an uninvited guest, demands a return; and on three similar occasions money has been accepted, the priest being the servant brought back accompanied by a copy—*Monsieur, Je sais que vous ne connaissez point les mœurs des Norvégiens. Ils ont l'hospitalité sans récompense. Permettez donc, que je vous remette votre argent, priant vous de croire, qu'il m'a fait grand plaisir, de vous pouvoir rendre service.* The next day, I was presented to a young peasant, H. G. Munster. There is something manly and kind in the note; but, on the point referred to, perhaps he mistakes the "mœurs des Norvégiens." Yet others might have been as liberal, could they have afforded it. On the whole, I was pleased with my first.

On Monday, the 9th instant, resuming my journey, I drove thirty miles in my little gig to a village called Tomteveloen, where there is a tolerably comfortable farmhouse for the reception of travellers. The scenery is less wild and grand than on the western side of the Fillefeld. I was conscious of having quitted that peculiarly beautiful tract of country which the Norwegians, perhaps not unjustly, regard as the most picturesque in the world. On this side, the valleys are more like those of Switzerland; the forests like those of Sweden. The mountains are less high, and the rivers less numerous.

The following day I accomplished the same distance to Vang. Forty miles of the road lay along the banks of a lake called Reinfiorden. In one of the stages a girl of fourteen accompanied me to bring back the horse. She sat behind the carriage with great complacency, and we were not a little amused as she looked on at the efforts of others' language would admit. A boy or man usually attends the horse, and is frequently a troublesome neighbour. He is generally the proprietor of the animal, and

"In some parts the road is very dangerous. The following account of what it was in the last century is extracted from the learned Bishop Pontoppidan's History of Norway. Part I. chap. ii. sec. 6.

"The most dangerous, though not the most difficult, road I have met with in my several journeys in Norway, is the road from Vang to the most remote of the inland, the fresh-water lake called Little Mios. The road on the side of the steep and high mountain is in some places narrow and confined as the narrowest path, and if two travellers meeting in the night do not see each other soon enough to stop where the road will suffer them to pass, and the darkness is so narrow, that it appears to me, as it does to others whom I have asked, that they must stop short, without being able to pass by one another, or to find a turning for their horses, or even to alight. The only resource I can imagine in this difficulty, is the most prudent, and the most dangerous, to cling to some corner of this steep mountain, or be drawn up by a rope, if help be at hand; and then, to throw his horse down headlong into the lake, in order to make room for the other traveller to pass."

his solicitude for the beast occasionally leads to quarrels with the driver. On one occasion, the man who was with me seized the reins; and, though the horse was trotting gently, insisted on my going slower. He repeated the act, and at last stopped the gig. I was obliged to proceed; and, after remonstrating in vain, had no alternative but to try my physical force against his. This is the only instance of violence which I have met with in Norway. The people are very civil; and a traveller meets with little besides courtesy and kindness.

At Vang there is only one dirty hotel and the parsonage. A Latin line, addressed to the priest, secured a welcome to his house. He is an elderly man, named Stein, kind, courteous, and sensible. He speaks a little English, a little French, and a little Latin. Our conversation exhibited a curious medley of the three. There was a freedom and urbanity in the manner of this old gentleman that could not fail to please. I left him yesterday morning with a donation for his parish, which being less sumptuous than the priest of the village of the same name in the west, he accepted thankfully; then resuming my journey at eight o'clock, I reached Christiania again, after an absence of twenty-six days, at four in the afternoon.

In a former letter I attempted to introduce this capital to your acquaintance, and to give you some idea of its grandeur, and could only judge of what presented itself immediately to the sense of vision. I have now wandered through the most interesting and characteristic, as well as most untravellered, parts of the country; visiting at the houses of the rich and dwelling in the huts of the poor, and I can now give you a more accurate and more complete idea of what I saw, and of what I felt. I could not but leave a strange and so endeared by the beauties of nature and the offices of friendly hospitality without a few words on the national character of its government and institutions.

Norway was subject to Denmark till the year 1812, when, by a treaty of peace, it was ceded to Sweden, and the reward of her union with the allies against Napoleon. The Danes, as has too often been the case, were made to suffer for what was their misfortune rather than their fault. Previously ill-treated, and despoiled by England of their naval power, they were on this occasion plundered of the benefit of their land position. The Danes, by the arrangement less ungrateful to the parties contracted for. The Norwegians loved Denmark and hated Sweden. They would rather have died than lose their political liberty, which they considered compromised; and they were prepared to resist to the last drop of life-blood the slightest intimation of a sacrifice of their powers, by which a million and a half of men were made over, like a bale of goods, from one sovereign to another; but England's honour (or dishonour) was involved; and concession or a blockading squadron with starvation was the alternative. It was thought that the Danes, who were a brave and little doubt that the political amalgamation of two countries geographically united, separated from all others, too thinly peopled to possess individual security, and thus, from a combination of these causes, necessarily possessing similar interests, promotes the welfare of both. Sweden supplies Norway with corn and sundry manufactures. Norway yields to Sweden a race of men, sailors from the cradle, with a line of coast which places her in a condition to defend herself against Russia, without incurring the dread of a simultaneous invasion on the part of Denmark. Perhaps, too, that peculiar description of soldiers, who are fit for nothing but to be sent to the frontiers, rapidly and facility on ground over which a pedestrian would painfully toil with tardiness and fatigue, is not the least important acquisition Sweden has gained with the ceded territory.*

* As so cursory a mention is made of this remarkable body of men, I may interest some reader of these letters to form a better acquaintance with them through the medium of Sir Capel de Broke's description. The following account of the *Skilobere* is extracted from the 8th chapter of the first volume of his History of Sweden.

"The uniform of the *Skilobere*, or regiment of skaters, is light green; and in summer they are chassateurs, and armed with rifles. As soon as the snow falls in sufficient quantity, and is in a state to bear them, they put on their *skies*, and commence their career manœuvre, in this singular manner. The left ski is shorter than the right, to enable them to turn quicker in wheeling. They are covered with seal-skin, that the men may ascend the mountains with greater ease and safety; the hair preventing the *skis* from sliding backward. The speed with which they move is astonishing. They glide along the frozen surface of the snow like lightning; and go down the steepest precipices with inconceivable velocity."

"The *Skilobere* have frequently been employed with

Conscious of these manifold benefits and anxious to contribute his new subjects, Bernadotte has wisely permitted Norway to retain the ancient form of government that her people marked out for themselves; imposing on them only a Swedish viceroy, who is his own son, Oscar; so that the Norwegian is still among the most liberal constitutions of Europe.

The Storting, or parliament, is convoked every third year. It imposes taxes, regulates the courts, and audits the public accounts. The king has a veto; but this can be exercised only twice on the same proposition from the Storting; so that if that body pass an act for the third time, it becomes law. In fact, therefore, the power of the king, when opposed to that of the people, extends only to the protraction of the period of a law's first operation to the ninth year, or the meeting of the third representative body.

The Storting is now sitting. I have just been to the assembly. It presents a curious spectacle. Some of the members are dressed in coarse woollen cloth like blanketing; with hair hanging profusely over the shoulders, beard-brimmed hats of various shapes, and boots of a certain size. The whole costume, as well as their humble mode of speaking, or rather silence, is in fact, therefore, the unsophisticated simplicity of these worthy sons of our northern ancestry. They tell a tale of days once known in England, before the progress of luxury had introduced abuses which call for a corrective hand; the hand of a moderate, judicious, and Christian reformer. After the third day, the members of the assembly are lodged in a large room on the first floor of the hotel in which I lodge. The table is laid out neatly but not sumptuously; and decorated with flowers, a simple and beautiful substitute for the silver ornaments of more luxurious countries.

The constitution is purely democratic. Although the power of democracy is carried to such an extent that only three of the ancient nobility are left in Norway; and their titles will die with them, or with their sons. Moral excellence is hereafter to form the only distinction between man and man.

The established form of religion is Lutheran; nor are there many sectaries. The churches are very plain, built generally of wood, and little ornamented inside or out. Norway is one of the few countries in which no Jews are found. When silver mines were first discovered, a foolish prejudice prevailed that these lovers of money would surely turn to the traffic of the Jews. They were therefore expelled. Thus here, as every where, the sons of Judah are a "bye-word" among the people.

I have already casually expressed, on two or three occasions, my opinion of the national character of the Norse, nor can I add much to what has been said by the poet. Like all the other nations of the world, they are attached to their country; and inspire the love of liberty with the free air of their mountains. The better orders are kind and hospitable, opening to the traveller their houses and their hearts. Among the lower classes, on the contrary, there is an avidity of money with an indifference to the means of acquiring it, that reminds one of Italy. They are addicted to drinking; and the climate, rendering fermented liquor perhaps in some degree necessary, is pleaded in excuse for the indulgence of an odious vice. The men are taller than the Swedes; perhaps nearly as tall as ourselves; and the women are taller than the English. Both sexes are very fair, with teeth of ivory, light, bright, and cheeks in which the eloquent blood bespeaks health, happiness, and freedom. The general mode of salutation is by shaking hands, which they do with great cordiality. The common food of the peasantry is milk, cheese, butter, and oat or rye cake about the size of pancakes but a little thicker, (like the Indian *chipoltees*), which they call in the Norse tongue "flat-brad." To this simple diet some piquant dried fish is added, such as herring or smoked salmon. The latter, cut in slices, affords a delicious resource to the Englishman. I am told that some of the numerous mosses with which the mountains above are eaten in times of scarcity; and that that called Icelandic moss.

great success against the enemy, in the wars with Sweden. Indeed, an army would be completely at the mercy of even a small force of the enemy, if they stopped by no obstacle, and swift as the wind, might attack it on all points; and while the depth of the snow, and the nature of the country, would not only make any pursuit impossible, but almost deprive them of the means of defence; the Norse are still less able to stand them like swallows, skimming the icy surface, and dealing destruction upon their helpless adversaries."

"A pair of their skies, which I brought to England with me, are six feet five inches in length."

(*Hehen islandicus*), when boiled, yields a very nutritious gelatinous substance.

The houses of the peasants swarm with vermin which are secreted by the moss stuffed into the interstices of the logs that form the walls. Probably the mode of huddling together at night, adopted by these people, is attributed to the terror of securing themselves from loathsome insects. Something like a large box is placed in one corner of the room, with some straw and sheepskins at the bottom. In this the whole family deposited themselves without distinction of sex or age. The better classes adopt the uncomfortable German mode of sleeping between two feather beds.

The trade of Christiania consists chiefly in timber. Formerly the Norwegian timber, like the produce of almost every other country, sought the London market, and was swallowed up in that enormous gulf of commerce; but the rapid increase of late years in order to favour the importation of American timber, and the impolitic mode of levying that duty, by which small sales are made to pay much more in proportion than large planks, have checked the exportations hence to England. As the Norwegian deal is far superior to every other, and the wood of one of these is as good as that of the other is good, for the building of houses and ships. A merchant of Frederikshald told me that the dry-rot is not known in this country. His accuracy of observation can scarcely be doubted; and the fact he states, if correct, would be a subject of enquiry to those connected with our dock-yards.

Besides her foreign commerce, Christiania carries on a small inland trade with Dramen, Kongsberg, and Stockholm. Between these towns the road is passable for carriages; therefore merchandise, though in small quantities, is transported to and from Bergen, and land carriage is impracticable, there is no inland trade. The commerce is entirely foreign, consisting chiefly of lobsters and timber. The fishery off the coast is very extensive, and many thousand lobsters are shipped weekly during the season, for London. They are all brought by anticipation in the English mail, so that no lobster can be obtained at Bergen. The fishermen receive here a sum of money equal to a penny for each fish, and on their arrival in London the agent is paid three halfpence. This price appears small by comparison with the fishermen's produce, but a large deduction from the fishermen's gross profit must have been retained on that side, and by the charges of freight.

If in these details I have been too minute, it is attributable to the extreme interest I now feel in every thing connected with Norway, and to the consciousness of my ignorance on these subjects before a personal visit to the country; a consciousness which leads me to an inference, perhaps incorrect, that you may have studied, as little as myself, the modern history of Scandinavia. If such be the case, you will wish for information. If not, and you are already intimate with this vast continent, you will be surprised to find me so ignorant of its details, as notes, which may recall favourite associations, carrying you in imagination to scenes already familiar to your travelled mind.

LETTER IX.

Stockholm, 17th August, 1830.

After a delightful tour in Norway, I started quite alone on Thursday, the 12th instant, in a cariole, or Norwegian gig, from the capital of the ceded to the capital of the ruling country. Stockholm is about four hours' ride from Christiania, and I travelled forty miles through an interesting country to a village called Ous.

The road, which through Norway was bad, improved as it approached the confines of Sweden; and beds of gravel gave place to well-sorted sand. Between Christiania and Ous are two bridges, and three ferries; some of them over rivers of considerable size. The ferry is pulled across by means of a rope fastened from bank to bank, on which the boatman lays his hands, applying all his strength to impel the boat in the opposite direction.

On one of the rivers, the Glömen, an immense mass of wood was floating down the stream. You can form no conception of the quantity of timber that is thus conveyed from one part to another of Scandinavia. I

am informed that some of Sweden saw the bed of one of the large rivers in the south of Norway was completely filled up with fir sunk by the weight of superincumbent logs, which reached a height of sixteen feet above the surface of the water. The stoppage was owing to a drought that continued for three years; after which a flood came, and carried away the accumulated mass, hurling it down the rapids, with a roar like thunder, during many successive days.

My forebath had ordered a bed: so, as the man of the house expected a guest, he was prepared to supply hot water, butter, and cream. Some tea from Bergen was brought, and some of the most famous (I suppose, of the preparation); and at midnight I lay down, to rest in half past three.

It rained all night of course, and in the morning rained again. The body becomes habituated to this sort of weather, and constant motion prevents ill effects. Thirteen miles from Ous, the fort of Kongsberg rises to its venerable head. The Glömen flows majestically at its base; and the surrounding country offers to the view an interesting variety of hill and dale, rivers and cat-racts, evergreen forests and eternal snow, characteristic of the north.

At midday, between the villages of Magnor and Mo-rast, I passed the boundary of Norway and Sweden. There is no custom-house, and no demand for passports on this frontier, as on the other by Frederikshald. My honesty led to a fortunate occurrence. Passing a house fifteen miles from Ous, the proprietor of the inn concluded to be the custom-house, I stopped to see whether any one would come out; and at length called to a man at the window, asking in broken Norse if he wished to examine my portmanteau. He thought I wanted Swedish for Norwegian notes; and bringing a country, took all my money, and gave me more valuable than I could procure for it in Christiania; giving me twenty per cent. more than I had just before been offered at the post-house.

Here I bade adieu to a country where I have experienced pleasures and pleasures from the beauties of nature and more hardships than I had ever known before. With deep regret that I quitted Norway, the Switzerland and Lilliputian Himala of the North. Yet so it must be. "Joy has ever its alloy of pain;" and earthly enjoyment is as transient as it is alloyed.

There is a striking contrast between the scenery of its forests and fields, its flowery valleys and milky cat-racts. There is a striking contrast between the scenery of Sweden and Norway. This is formed by rocks rising in naked majesty, or mountains flanked by forests and crowned with eternal snow; whereas the firs ramify themselves in great numbers of great trees, sometimes contracted to a thousand yards; then, expanding themselves over the surface of a league in breadth. That consists of land here gently waving, and there broken into quick and hurried undulations, like the motion of the sea after a storm. Forests of firs form the unvaried dress of nature, and the humbler fresh-water lake, or the unvaried substitute for the majestic arm of the ocean.

It was a novelty to drive over ground gently undulating through cultivated fields. The corn is acquiring a golden tint; and the land, just sown of grass, is on the point of becoming green. The vegetation of this northern continent is singularly rapid. Were it otherwise, the crops could not be secured before the early winter set in: but this admirable provision of nature compensates for her six months' torpor. As the sun scarcely dips under the horizon during the summer, the heat of his rays is not lost at night, before his influence is again perceptible; thus, by accumulation, the temperature of the valleys increases daily, and corn is matured and stacked two months after the seed has been sown.

In the course of the journey I passed a church-bell of brass, one of the very few that is to be met with in a country where wood is the chief constituent of every building. Most of the village churches are so rude in structure that it is difficult to comprise them within any general description; but there is a something in the tout ensemble of the architecture, that is not to be described, that the stately and elegant arches he loves and reveres are unjustly called Gothic, if that term be intended to connect them with the labours of the simple artificers of Gothland. The term "Gothic architecture" is generally used with so indefinite an application, that it is difficult to attach to it any precise meaning. The restorers of the Grecian orders in Italy, in the sixteenth century, seem to have designated as Gothic every ruder style which then existed. In that sense, and with a strange confusion of ideas, the epithet is used by Sir Christopher

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 6, NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—At \$5 for 32 numbers, payable in advance.

Wren* and subsequent writers: but it seems now to be generally admitted that the term was misapplied; for the heavy and cumbersome style of architecture which prevailed over Europe from the fourth to the twelfth century was a rude and incorrect imitation of the Grecian, as handed down through Roman models. In England it was called Saxon, because it obtained during the period of the Saxon dynasty: but it is to be traced to our Roman conquerors, whose skill and science were lost in the misapplication of their descendants with the uncivilized Britons. When England became part of Christendom in the sixth century, the Pagan temples were consecrated to Christian worship. By degrees the emissaries of the Pope manifested their zeal by teaching their converts to raise superior structures of stone after Roman models. The monks, who were sent to the various islands, workmen from Rome, and themselves to have made journeys thither, for the purpose of studying the architecture of St. Peter's. When the Danes and Normans, who, as Pagans, were relentless in the destruction of Christian churches, were themselves converted, they became equally zealous in the erection of new monuments of their penitence and faith that still exist in vast numbers in England and Normandy. All the Norman bishops seem to have been skilled in architecture; for almost every cathedral church in our island was rebuilt by the order of these prelates half a century after the conquest. Their object was to unite the sublime and beautiful. Hence, on the one hand, the length and loftiness of their buildings; on the other, the elegant decorations and the series of arches which form an unrivalled masonic vista. This, which is called the "Norman style," was gradually improved by the efforts of Normans, English, and French, at a time when those people were intimately connected by political ties; and, instead of being derived from either Goths or Italians, was probably the product of Norman zeal and ingenuity, and the peculiar style of England.

But to return from this digression. In one of the first stages in Sweden I was accompanied through a forest of fir by a fine girl of eighteen. She jumped up and took her seat behind with all the confidence of a man and the innocence of a child. At the end of the stage, she motioned me to alight, and she ploughed up the soil of the farm. There is a peculiar simplicity in the Scandinavians. They are unacquainted with some of the decors and perhaps more of the evils of a higher state of civilisation. In one house I entered, a girl of sixteen or seventeen, of great beauty of feature, was cooking the family meal, with no other turb than a petticoat. In another, two men and three women were distributed in three beds. My entrance did not disconcert them. One of the women arose, and procured me some milk; while the others only stretched themselves to look at the stranger. Perhaps this was owing, in part, to a want of composure themselves for "a little more sleep and a little more slumber."

I halted after a journey of eighty miles at Strand, where nothing was procurable but milk and butter. The hotel was a wretched one, and I was thoroughly uncomfortable. The next morning I was again in a stage, but with equanimity; for I had been vexed by the bad conduct of the man who accompanied me through the last stage. Towards the end of it, I had to cross in a ferry the lake of Vermeln, from the opposite bank of which the village of Strand is distant a quarter of a mile. On arriving at the water-side, no boatmen were at hand; and I waited a long time. The owner of the horse then insisted on unharnessing the animal and returning, because it was late in the evening. As it was his duty to convey me to the next post station, I would not suffer him to go away; especially as I should have been comfortable at that hour and with my ignorance of the language, to obtain another horse. He persisted in his determination; therefore I had no resource but to take the beast by force and lead him on the ferry. On such

"* Gothic architecture is a congestion of heavy, dark melancholy, monkish piles."—Wren's *Parenthesis*.

In direct opposition to these words, in another part of the same work, Sir C. Wren speaks of it as consisting of "slender and misshapen pillars, or rather bundles of staves, after interlacing into props, to support arched roof without entablature."

occasions, inability to reason with the individual, and a consciousness that physical superiority is on the side of the villagers, who will always oppose their brother's causes, are painful to the traveller. But on these and many greater annoyances the traveller must calculate, placing them in the scale against much enjoyment.

The next morning I started at half-past six, and accomplished nearly twelve Swedish, or about seventy-five English miles by eight in the evening. The road lay through forests of fir, and was not strikingly beautiful in any part. Incessant rain through the day necessarily detracted from the pleasure of a drive in an open gig. Under less unfavourable circumstances, the surrounding country might have worn a better aspect.

In the course of the day I passed through two towns, Carlskrona and Wernmeland. Carlskrona is situated on an island at the northern extremity of the lake of Wenner, one of the largest in the world, whose ample surface presents an unbroken horizon to the eye of the inland citizen. The town is named after Charles the Ninth of Sweden, by whom it was built. The streets are long and straight, the houses though not strikingly beautiful in wood, sometimes attain the height of three stories, and have an imposing appearance. Most of them, however, are roofed with turf, as is the case with the houses in the vicinity; and these elevated grass-plots, which attract the eye of the stranger, produce an effect not altogether displeasing, were it not associated with the dirt of the interior. Carlskrona is the capital of Wernmeland, and contains a population of two or three thousand. It is the residence of the governor of the province, and a bishop's see.

The surrounding country abounds with mines of iron, lead, and copper; while the Wenner affords an easy means of transportation to Gothenburg, and thence to England. The forests of fir and birch in this neighbourhood are now and then interspersed with alders and aspens, which afford a greater variety of aspect than is observed in Norway. In these woods there is a great quantity of game, with many wild animals. The caribou, or cock of the woods, (now peculiar to Scandinavia, though, in former days, it used to be known both in Scotland and Ireland), abounds in Wernmeland more than in any other province of Sweden. Its plumage is exquisitely beautiful, almost bearing comparison with that of the hill-pheasant of the Himala; nor is its size inferior, as it averages from ten to twelve pounds. Woodcocks and blackcocks are not rare. Hares are found in great abundance. So are foxes, wolves, bears, and lynxes. There are a few ladders, wild cats, gluttons, and elks. In the southern and central parts of Sweden, however, the elk is scarcely ever seen, as he does not often descend below the sixty-fourth or sixty-fifth degree of latitude.

The costume of every district has its peculiarity. The dress of the peasants of Wernmeland is generally black. Their coats are cut straight behind, and have no buttons. Their hats are low in the middle, and broad brimmed. The tout ensemble is ungraceful and triste. At Christchurch, which is a smaller town than Carlskrona, I took the precaution to lay in a stock of bread, so that I might reach Stockholm; and it was well that I did so, for some baggage and an omelet were all that the house where I lodged at night could supply; yet they were enough for one who had lately bivouacked four nights in the region of snow, with provender not so good.

In the neighbourhood of Christchurch, and, indeed, the observation applies more or less to the whole line of road from Kongsvinger to Westeros, masses of rock are scattered over the surface in great confusion. Here, enormous blocks of granite, in an isolated position, extend for miles into the sky, and are not less conspicuous to the traveller. These smaller boulders lie scattered in profusion, and partially rounded, as if by the influence of water. A heathen might fancy that the sons of Terra had prepared them as offensive weapons against the gods.

It was Saturday, I stopped at the gate of the priest's house in the village of Wall, and sent in a note, as on many former occasions, to say that, with my permission, an English traveller would take shelter under his roof for the night. This request was worded as politely as my unburnished store of Latin would admit, and prefaced with an observation that the priesthood are

constituted by their office the friends of mankind at large. National hospitality sanctions what might otherwise be deemed an intrusion; for here, as in India, every gentleman's house is open to a traveller. To my surprise the note was returned, with an answer that the priest was out. I construed this into an intimation that the priest did not understand Latin, and went to the post-house, where a better room awaited me than I had expected. A firebrand was immediately despatched all the way to Stockholm, nor was I soothed that my body should enjoy the day which, in no less measure to our physical than spiritual necessities, is set apart as a season of rest.

On Sunday morning I attended divine service. The language, it is true, was unintelligible; yet there is a pleasure in being within the walls where God's people are met together to honour his holy day. There is little difference, as you are aware, on essential points, between the Lutheran and English churches. The priest wears a long robe trailing on the ground, with a lapel behind, resembling that of the under-graduates at Cambridge. The service is conducted much like our own; but there is more singing, and some part (I suppose the psalms) is chanted by the minister alone, who does not join the congregation in the rest.

The ceremonies of marriage and baptism are also similar to ours. In the one, however, no ring is given, as far as I could observe. In the other, water is placed thrice on the head of the infant, instead of the forehead being thrice marked with the cross.

The parishes are very large. Twenty, thirty, and even forty miles is the common extent of one. The people have necessarily to go a long way to church. At Wall the environs of the building were crowded with little cars; and four or five hundred men were collected in the church-yard, though the village itself does not appear to contain more than a hundred souls. It has been a still larger assembly but it rained nearly the whole day.

On Monday I quitted my resting-place at four in the morning. A long journey was before me; and as the time of arrival at each station was fixed, it was necessary that it should be punctually observed. At the third post-house, only twenty miles from Wall, I had the mortification to learn that the forebode, who ought to have arrived on Saturday night, had preceded me by a few hours only. There is no redress and no possibility of ascertaining, without the sacrifice of a week, to whom blame attaches, since the men is charged with the horse at each relay. Accordingly, I quietly pursued my way, assured of soon overtaking the courier, and resigned all hopes of reaching Stockholm on the morrow.

At noon I halted at Orebro, a little town, where I procured some meat and bread. It was not except because I had tasted since entering Sweden six weeks ago; unless at Bergen and Christiania, where I dined four days; and on the Hardanger field, where we were so fortunate as to obtain from a huntsman the haunch of a reindeer. Orebro is a neat town, with a market-place and regularly built houses. At the third post-house, which I elected the present king as crown prince of Sweden. I had a letter of introduction to a man at this place, who proved to be a bookseller. He spoke English; and it was quite a relief to meet with one who, though but for five minutes, with whom I could interchange an idea.

When a man travels in the north, he must make up his mind to part with many comforts, and to be content even when ground for dissatisfaction exists. On his arrival at an inn, instead of the officious attentions of an English host, he must expect a very respectful cold as he ascends on the mountains. He may have to wander himself in search of the half-dressed girl on whom the work of the establishment devolves; and when he has found her after a painful search, he must not be angry at the assurance that neither bed nor food can be obtained.

To travel alone in a gig, by the way, is not so pleasant to unharness the horse himself, and take charge of the tackle till the morning. When the gig is to be cleared, he must at least stand by and overlook the operation, thankful that a substitute can be found to save his personal labour. Delicacy of taste and feeling will suffer an hourly martyrdom. He will often be tried by negh-

gence, perverseness, or obstinacy; yet his temper must remain unruined. Without such a constitution of mind, travelling in the north will be a source of constant trial, vexation, and pain.

After I overtook the forebuck at Koping; but I had arrived within the influence of the capital of Sweden. Horses are kept waiting at each post, and an avant-courier is unnecessary. I had also learned that from Westeros, a town fourteen miles beyond the proposed limit of my day's journey, a steamer plies every Tuesday to Stockholm. Thus, what appeared a misfortune proved an advantage; for, being unshackled by the forebuck, I was enabled to urge each little nag to a faster pace, and arrived at Westeros at ten o'clock at night, having accomplished a hundred and ten miles in seventeen hours and ten minutes.

Westeros is recognised at a great distance by the lofty steeple of its cathedral, which is no less picturesque than interesting from historical associations. Here repose, in the traveller's resting-place, the weary mortalities of Eric the Fourteenth, whose follies and cruelties are almost forgotten because the penalty was paid by his misfortunes. Westeros is the capital of Westmanland; the residence of a bishop and the governor. A long street forming the main part of the town is wretchedly paved; the inn, too, is as uncomfortable as can be imagined; so that the town has little of intrinsic merit. I should have liked to notice, but its situation is beautiful. Standing on the bank of the Malar, it commands a view of the blue waters, now contracted within the limits of a river, and now proudly expanding themselves into a lake whose smooth surface is broken by innumerable little islands.

This morning I embarked on the steamer, and sailed seventy-five miles to Stockholm, down the Malar. As in Norway, it is called a fard, but, alas! the name alone is Norwegian. The mountains and valleys, the flowers and cataracts, the picturesque and the sublime, are all wanting. I could only see forest and forest, and a treasure of beauties, a pinnacle, whence one cannot fail to look with awe and admiration from nature up to nature's God:

"O fortunatum nimum, sue sal bona norim!"

The banks along which we sail are altogether Swedish. They are neither plain nor mountainous; but undulate gently, and are covered with forests of birch and fir, sometimes interspersed with elms and alders. The party on board was entirely native. I formed the only exception. At first I suspected that they were all foreigners, but I was mistaken. They were all Swedes. Besides, he looked proud, and seemed to regard the rest as his inferiors. The conclusion was, he must be English! Happily it proved to be erroneous.

We arrived here at six this afternoon, and to-morrow I shall proceed to explore the city.

My journey from Christiania has been as pleasant as a solitary drive could possibly be. Perhaps you will wonder how, with neither servant nor companion, I can travel in a foreign country without any knowledge of the language; indeed, I wonder also. Sometimes I am reduced to necessities, but my intellect is so strong, and I am so full to do in any way or country. A man cannot travel a fortnight alone in any country without learning enough of the language to get his wants supplied. This I found in Norway, and it was rather tantalising that, just as I began to enjoy the benefit of experience and catch a little of the mystery of the English language, I passed into Sweden and had to commence another grammar. I am without a companion from necessity; without a servant from choice. It is not here as in France, Switzerland, and Germany, the beaten route of travellers, that you meet your countrymen every day and in every inn; for the contrary, you travel miles and miles without seeing a rational being. A traveller for pleasure is a rarity. Except in Christiania I did not meet one in the whole of Norway, unless unwittingly on the road. I make this exception, because I passed a gentleman on the Fillefjeld who spoke the English language as well as his own. I fancied, too that I recognised his features; and, on examining the post-books, I found my conjecture borne out by the name. I have not engaged a servant, because experience has led me to the conclusion that travelling servants, as a body, are as bad a set of men as exist—the very creatures who are the most despised and least observed to me about the Indians'—more clever, more knave." They are generally a source of trouble rather than comfort; and the man who can do without one is happy."

Posting is very cheap. It costs little more than a penny a horse for each mile, including something for the

ostler and postilion, who are grateful for a donation of a penny or three half-pence each. As no horses are kept on the way, it is necessary to send an avant-courier twenty-four hours beforehand to order relays; and that you must continue within an hour the period of your arrival at each station, or pay for your lack arithmetic. On the punctuality and speed of this forebuck depends the comfort of the journey: for if he sleep and you overtake him, which is the case three times out of four, you have to wait for him at the post-house, and the relays are brought from the neighbouring farms, or the more distant commons. Every land owner is obliged in turn to supply horses to the post station. Some of them live at a great distance; consequently, as the remuneration is so small, the obligation is considered a hardship, particularly when the owner has to have his cattle and sheep required to get in the grain, and the fine weather is so short that the loss of a day is of material importance.

The Swedish horses are yet smaller than the Norwegian; generally not above thirteen, and often not above twelve hands high. In England they would be called ponies. Their manes and tails are kept uncured, and the creatures are as wild as the forests in which they graze. They get no corn to eat; and are never cleaned. When not employed, they are turned loose into the woods, to pick up what they can find. Their masters are almost always accompanied by a dog, which is brought along as a companion, to take back his animal, shows his affection in a variety of ways. If he thinks his beast is over-driven, he will interpose by force or by tears, according as he calculates the driver's strength compared with his own. No bearing-rein is used, and I have never seen a horse blink. This, I have heard, is the result of about five hundred, (a hundred and thirty of which I have driven harnessed to my gig,) is a high testimony to their surefootedness. Their mouths are very hard, nor can any force of the arm applied to Swedish bits arrest their progress; but this matters little, since they are so much attached to the postilion, that they are free to fall full gallop in obedience to the *hurr* of the driver. The tackle consists generally of ropes; and is sometimes large enough to go over two of these diminutive creatures; while, at others, its deficiency for one is supplied by pieces of girth. Yet maligned as they were, we saw, in the morning, the Swedish horses do well, and go up down hill at the full gallop of their little legs, so that you may make six miles an hour through the day. It is a mistake to suppose that a traveller moves quickly in Sweden. The smallness of the horses, delay of the forebuck, and the necessity of waiting for the relays, are all owing to these causes I never effected more than a Swedish mile, which is equal to six English miles and eleven hundred and forty yards, in an hour.

The roads are particularly good. They are made and kept in repair, like those in the interior of India, by the landholders, who are responsible for that which passes through, or skirts, their estates. A portion is allotted to each peasant. This is marked by red posts engraved with his name and placed by the way-side, at a distance of eighty or a hundred yards from one another. A superintendent pays periodical visits to each post station, and immediately punishes the holder if he is found to be one that rapidly imbibes moisture, rain has no sooner fallen than it is absorbed. On Saturday last, though during my journey it rained for twelve hours incessantly, yet, after an hour's interval, the roads exhibited no signs of the torments that had washed them. This is a great curiosity, for with our excessive rains it never rains since the 13th ultimo, when first I entered Norway.

Good inns are scarce. They must necessarily be so while the number of travellers is small. At present the accommodations are generally very poor, and the houses always dirty. The people are for the most part civil and honest, and very courteous to the stranger, so to believe. A book kept in every inn for the entry of complaints is a security to the foreigner, although its revision by the magistrate is a matter of mere form. On one occasion, a woman, who had charged me three times the proper price for my volage, and had refused to give me any more, was grieved by the innovation. Travelling as I did, the charges for food and lodging amounted to about five shillings a day, which is probably four times as much as a Swede would have paid under the old regulation.

Still the expense is very trifling, and even were it

high, it is a privilege to be able to obtain good accommodations, whatever they may cost. In the other half of Scandinavia, the ground will often be your couch, and your knapsack the pillow. Undeveloped, far, inferior to Indian civilities, yet more of husk than of the floor of rye, is all the farmer's cottage can supply. His cows are in the mountains, to save the grass of the valleys; and the stock of summer milk is reserved to supply cheese for the winter. Of animal food you find none, because the peasant eats none, except occasionally a hare or a rabbit, or a bit of the hare's meat. Many a sturdy, who last year formed one, and not the least important, of the family group. Thus the sense of taste finds little to minister to its pleasure. But this is a trifling drawback. Even the greater privations he experiences would be rivaled by the enjoyments of the tourist derived from the scenery of Norway. It is indescribably beautiful. But in former letters I have dwelt so much on this subject, that I must now impose a check on my pen.

LETTER X.

Stockholm, 24th August, 1830.

On the evening of Tuesday, the 17th instant, I reached the capital of Sweden. The view of the metropolis from the bay down which I sailed was *riante* and picturesque. The Malar, an anomalous existence between a lake and a river, divides the city of Stockholm into islands in the centre of the town: thus, standing on the main bridge, you have salt water on one hand and fresh on the other. Before reaching the city, the Malar divides itself into two parts enclosing an island; which, as well as the adjacent banks, are built up, and surrounded by handsome buildings. The little bay that runs up thus far is the only salt water visible, so that in this respect the situation of Stockholm yields to that of Christiania and Copenhagen.

The site of Christiania, indeed, is perhaps as beautiful as the capital of Sweden in Europe. Unfortunately, the internal are inferior to the external recommendations. You enter it with an impression that a plague has lately swept away the great mass of the population: you leave it with a conviction that the plague still rages. I never beheld so melancholy a city. The sombreness of "Night Thoughts" or "Meditations among the Tombs" smiles at the pall that Christiania wears.

But to return to Stockholm. There is little to detain a traveller in this regularly built modern city, which stands on the site of the ancient towns of Sictona and Alva. The parallels and perpendiculars of houses, public edifices, and open spaces, are beautiful to the eye, and are frozen within the sixtieth degree of latitude; but they cannot interest a southern tourist.

The palaces, the glory of Scandinavia and pride of the north, has attained a premature old age. A miserable coat of plaster intended to hide the shabby brick now craves a cleaner coating to conceal its own shame. The interior is by no means pre-eminently grand. There are gilding and dirt in abundance, but there is little appearance of either taste or wealth: and a few worthless daubs form the royal collection of paintings. Still, the Swedish are proud of the kind of art in some degree of a latitude. The Swedes deserve credit if they follow us at the respectful distance of two centuries.

A church, dedicated to the Seraphim, contains the dust of a long line of kings. The vault is open. Depending, you find yourself in the presence of what was the throne of the first king of the Third and Fourth dynasties. The clothes are exhibited in which the first of these great kings and warriors was shot at Frederikstein. From that place I carried away a portion of the rock on which he leaned at the moment, and which now forms his monumental stone. Historical associations, however, are peculiarly dear to me. They are fraught with classic interest, without carrying the mind back to periods where she is lost in the wide expanse of the past.

It would be neither profitable nor interesting to enter on an account of each public building in Stockholm, or to describe the numerous churches, and the host of travellers. It is better to dwell chiefly on objects that stand out in the high relief of scientific or moral interest, touching but lightly on some few others of a pleasing character, which have dropped unnoticed, as full ears of corn, from the sheaves of former generations.

In a literary point of view, perhaps, nothing so interesting in the capital of Sweden, as two manuscripts in the king's library. I have no doubt they are mentioned by Dr. Clarke, whose travels in Sweden I have not at hand. He will have given their history after a thorough investigation. I will therefore only mention them, in order to refer you to your volume.

progress of true religion. He clasped my hand, and held it for nearly a quarter of an hour in earnest conversation. Amongst other things he said with great fervour, "Mon ami l'évêque m'a écrit beaucoup pour vous; mais ici, vous n'avez pas besoin d'un évêque de recommandation; c'est assez d'être un Anglais et d'être regardé à la maison de la bible." It is remarkable that, with the exception of a few Moravians and a sect to whom the name of "Readers" is applied, because they have no specific form of worship and only read and pray, there are scarcely any dissenters in the country. This is the account for this peculiarity, because all forms of Christian faith are equally tolerated here, though Jews are permitted to reside only in the three largest towns.

To-day I have received a visit from one of the most intelligent foreigners I have met. Count de Voyna is the Austrian ambassador to the Swedish court. During his visit, England was the topic of conversation. He is quite enamoured of her public institutions, and the liberal opinions of her sons. Her tenure of India, with all the civil and political arrangements dependent on it, is the object of his highest admiration. He delights in her literature and in her poetry. Yet, notwithstanding this high opinion of our country and her moral emanations, there are some things he strongly reprobates. "I cannot," said he, "approve by any means your social laws. You are proud and haughty towards each other, and towards the poor. However, in Sweden, during the conversation, if a man belong not to a particular coterie, he is not a desirable acquaintance. This lord has not received him, or that lady has frowned on him; or he is not admittance to Almack's. Such a disaster is sufficient to keep a man of merit out of view. I cannot approve the system. Rank, high office are mere names, and it is mind that makes the man. I have a few private friends in England; but they are all among the country gentlemen. I hope to realise my ardent wish of visiting your country in the ensuing year; and as soon as I can obtain release from public duties, I shall retire into the country, and pursue my intellectual pursuits. During the visit, I shall, from those stores I may enrich my own." In this strain he spoke at length. It was gratifying to listen to his just encomium on what I hold so dear. It was interesting to hear a man, the representative of the third sovereign of Europe, place mind and mental treasures above rank and office. He was, however, desirous to persuade him that those amongst us, whose sentiments he would value, held opinions on this point coinciding with his own. Time stole away rapidly during this interview, which was curtailed by a man entering to receive me of an engagement. As the ambassador was put into my hands, I made of introduction to the Austrian ambassador at St. Petersburg, whom he represented as one of the few kindred spirits he has met. Count de Voyna is a Pole by birth. His person and manners are peculiarly engaging. He talks English like an Englishman; and told me he is equally at home in French, German, and Swedish. He spoke with great feeling of his country, and of the sufferings and moral degeneracy of his countrymen. They bear reluctantly, he says, the yoke of Russia, which has smothered but not quenched the fire of their spirits: at the same time, the liberality of her powerful system has exerted a pernicious influence over the expansion of the public mind, and fostered hatred in the hearts it has enslaved.

To this interesting individual I was introduced by Lord Blomfield, the British plenipotentiary, for whose very obliging attentions I am indebted to the letters of both Almack and Mr. Money, the consul at Venice. Lord Blomfield is beloved by every class of persons in St. Cuthbert. There is but one opinion regarding him. His kind and affable manners ensure affection, while his moral excellence and public character command esteem.

It is no advantage whether to consider it a misfortune or an advantage that I have no books giving an account of the scenery, statistics, and government of the kingdoms of Scandinavia. On the one hand, perhaps I remain ignorant of some things I might learn; on the other, I impute no prejudices. In a foreign country, it is the custom with the intelligent to carry with them a correct source of information. Of this I have availed myself to the utmost, particularly in connection with intelligent men at the tables of the ambassador and Count Rosenblad, to whom I am much indebted. When not otherwise engaged, I have dined at the noblemen's tables, which I have found to be a most agreeable and a meal soon despatched, and the company often disperses as early as five o'clock; so that one sees little of any body in the ordinary course of a party. A fashion prevails throughout the North of taking a glass of spi-

rits with anchovies, or something equally piquant, to stimulate the appetite before entering the dining room. This is a vile system, equally bad in theory and practice.

Every facility is afforded to a traveller through Sweden. I was scarcely surrounded by queries regarding a passport that he is in a foreign land; but on his arrival at the capital he is greeted with a paper containing a formidable list of queries, enough to make him suspect himself. After stating his name, nation, and profession; his age, religion, and residence; he is asked, "In what service have you been? What year, and at least every month did you leave home? To what place did you first go? Thence to what place? The first place of your arrival in Sweden? By land or sea? (One might have thought their geography would have led to a certain inference on this point.) Where do you now intend to go? Your business here? How long shall you stay at Stockholm? How long in Sweden? State your acquaintances and addresses, &c." The preparations for a Russian tour are expensive and troublesome. Nobody seems to know accurately what is necessary. I believe I have at length obtained the documents required; but it has not been without numerous petty vexations.

One of the greatest annoyances to which a traveller is subjected arises from the dirt of the people. They are insufferably unclean. After travelling some days with a Swedish count, I had to tell him three times that some dirt in his coat or hat had been observed, and ever since we had been together, before I could effect the removal of the offensive, but kindred, matter. The houses also are filthy. I have two rooms for ten shillings a week, under the roof of an aged demoiselle who keeps a "parlour;" and I cannot persuade the maids that they ought to sweep the floor every day, and at least every other day. They are content to allow the mass to accumulate for a week before they think right to remove it. Rooms cannot be obtained in Stockholm for less than a week. Even at the hotels, it is necessary to engage the room for that term, though the traveller occupies the room only for a few days.

To a dabbler in languages, the observation of eastern words in this northern tongue affords matter for curious speculation. The Swedish, in its origin, we know to be purely Teutonic; yet there is a mixture, though scanty, of Asiatic words that strike harmoniously on an eastern ear.

In writing this letter the train of my ideas has been broken by repeated interruptions. The king has passed under my windows. The guns have been firing. The hurrahs of the sailors on the yards of the frigate, and the shouts of the officers in the town, have served to dissipate my thoughts, and to make me reflect so much that I wished to say. I have taken a berth on a Finnish packet, which sails for Finland to-morrow. The *Norwegian carole*, bought at Bergen, has been sold here for nearly two thirds of the cost price, and will be replaced at Abo. I have now been travelling so long across the sea, that I have now been travelling so long across the sea, that I have now been travelling so long across the sea, that I am not sorry to have met an English gentleman who is going to St. Petersburg and will be my companion.

LETTER XI.

Kyrola, in Finland, 1st September, 1830.

At five in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 25th of August, I embarked on a packet which carried me across the gulf of Bothnia to the shores of Finland.

As we sailed down the bay, the view of Stockholm was highly picturesque. Her Grecian buildings, her domes and spires; the shipping in front, and the forests behind, above the clear blue sky; and beneath, the azure sea, reflected in the water. At length the land formed a coup d'œil such as Stockholm alone presents.

Our party was large, and many friends had come on board to prolong the parting hour and make an eternity of moments. Their boats, rowed by women whose tender nature became the touching office, kept alongside to carry their friends on board. At length the last of our party arrived. Tears, real or feigned, were shed in abundance; and eyes only half sufficed would have been thought to indicate a want of sympathy, had they not been taught, on such occasions, to speak unutterable things in a minute the doer's hands were ministered the handkerchiefs restored to the pockets; the women rowed hard; sorrow gave place to mirth; and "Voilà, le rôle est fini!" Evident insincerity threw an air of ridicule over the farce. A Finnish cæcra, or councillor of state, with his family, had engaged the only good ac-

commodation in the vessel; and I was obliged to put up with the captain's berth, a crib without a cabin. An English gentleman occupied the opposite mattress. The *camero* spoke scarcely a word of French; but, fortunately, one of our companions, a priest named Heisingfors, the capital of Finland, was able and willing to act as my interpreter; and evinced additional kindness by giving me letters to a count and countess, both Fins, whose houses are on the road through Finland to St. Petersburg.

In the morning of the 26th we crossed the gulf of Bothnia, and at five in the afternoon threw out an anchor off the islands of Åland, where the first Russian custom house is stationed. The ancients justly regarded this sea as sluggish and almost stagnant; but we need not give equal credence to their popular opinion, that the sun rose out of the top of the gulf; and that they not only heard the sound of his sinking again into the waters, but that they also saw, on very clear days, the forms of his horses crowned with halos of glory!

In arranging for passports at Stockholm I had great trouble; for no one seems to know exactly what is required. Forms are multiplied for the sake of the pocket of a tribe of hungry, ill-paid secretaries; and there, as in England, I heard that the rigidity of the Russian custom and police was unparalleled in Europe. Expectations grounded on such information could not well be exceeded, or the result. They might, however, be amazingly nullified; and such was the case. For, instead of a search, I was invited, with other passengers, to take coffee on shore with the superintending officer; and had an opportunity of observing the manners of a Finnish family. For this kindness we are all indebted to the officer, who was a friend of the consul-general. The hospitality of our host detained us a couple of hours after which we resumed our course. Passing many islands well wooded, and some a little cultivated, we arrived at Åbo at one in the afternoon of Friday, the 27th of August. The distance from Stockholm is about two hundred and sixty miles.

The population of the islands, which form almost the entire line between the two shores, is calculated at only six thousand. They live by fishing, and by the carriage of wood to the two neighbouring countries. The Fins and Laps have a common origin, as their features, form, and language indicate. Throughout both the Finns and the Laps are numerous, and these are Fins who support themselves exclusively by fishing. In our employment of this last Teutonic word, we use the whole for a part; and thus lose the clue which the word *fin* affords to the generic appellation of a race of fishermen.

Åbo is situated on the river Åura that flows through its principal street. This is said to have been, before a late dreadful conflagration of its wooden buildings, the largest street in Europe; a statement I repeat with doubt of its veracity. The town is of great antiquity; and was the capital of Finland till the emperor of Russia determined to raise Heisingfors to that rank, on account of his brilliant talents. Heisingfors removed to his own residence. The fire of Åbo afforded a favorable pretext for removing the university; and the population of the town is now reduced to about ten thousand souls. There is a floating market here, like that of Stockholm, for fish and vegetables. The women and kneaders enter the water, and with various pieces of the river, serves to secure the market from being carried away by the stream, while it affords a dry walk for the customers.

The cathedral is an old building of brick, in a rude style of architecture, without a single external decoration. It is under repair, and the means would not be so well entered to the temple of the gods, as interest in the interior, namely, the tomb of Catherine, the wife of the unfortunate Eric XIV. The observatory is quite modern, as yet scarcely finished. It is in the sixty first degree of latitude, and is the most northern in the world. It is situated on a high rock, commanding an uninterrupted view; but such a one, satisfying the first sight. The surrounding country is a mass of barren granite resembling the environs of Delhi. Finnish and Indian rocks are much alike, and equally uninteresting. There is one peculiarity in this respect. The eye is attracted to the numerous windmills, and some windmills, which lead one to suppose that every person grinds his own corn; for they are evidently not required, as in Holland, to drain the fields of superfluous water.

It is a happy circumstance that man is so constituted

that the only charm required to attach him to any country is that it should be his own. The Fins would not exchange their country and their servitude for the freedom of England, much less for the freedom of the New World, or of Switzerland. Their patriotism has been the theme of admiration among all nations and all ages. A Roman historian, speaking of their entire destitution of arms, horses, and settled abodes; of their hardships, toils, and dangers; concludes with observing that the people of the Finns, better sheltered from cold, winds, beasts and storms, than a covering of branches twisted together. "This," he says, "is the resort of youth: this the receptacle of age. Yet even this way of life is in their estimation happier than groaning over the plough; toiling in the cultivation of the soil; toiling for the fortunes and those of others to the agonies of alternate hope and fear. Secure against men, secure against the gods, they have attained that most difficult point, not to need even a wish."

The contrast between Finland and Sweden is very striking. I could fancy myself in Asia. The peasants wear long loose robes of a coarse woollen manufacture, secured by a ribbon cincture like the *kummbund* of the Mussulmans. Their beards are thick and long. Their dress, except the European hat, resembles that of Boeotians from Cabul. Two churches in Abo, with Byzantine domes and minarets, are the only places where people now profess the Lutheran faith, they are subjected to a government which, till lately, acknowledged as its ecclesiastical head the eastern patriarch of Constantinople. Their cupolas are shaped like those of a Mahomedan mosque, and are covered with the favorite colors of red, yellow, and green. Hassan and Hussein, Nay, more! a crescent glitters on the top of the dome; and the delusion would be complete, if the emblem of Mahomedanism were not surmounted by a cross, which proclaims the triumph of Christianity over the fallen crescent.

The carriages are to be seen in Abo. The droshki is the commonest vehicle. A bench, across which two persons can sit, come a cheval, one behind the other, is placed on four low wheels; over which a broad circular board is fixed to secure the riders from dirt. The driver is seated with his back to the horses, and holds the reins. The head of the animal is a singular contrivance to supply the place of a bearing rein. A thick piece of wood, the extremities of which are fastened to the end of the shafts, rises in a circular form two feet above his ears. From the top of this a rein is attached to each side. The reins are supplied with the hair of the horse, consequently a perpendicular instead of (as with us) a diagonal. He can scarcely trip, or if he do, he must recover himself, with the assistance of such a mechanical power. The apparatus appears awkward at first, but the apt eye soon becomes habituated to it. Most of the droshkis have only one horse, while those of a superior order are furnished with two. The second, however, is intended solely for ornament. It is harnessed on the near side, and made to canteer with its neck bent, not ungracefully, in a curve towards the left knee. The shaft horse draws the carriage and trots while the *forshak* capers.

With the kind assistance of the Swedish consul-general, I was enabled to reach the tedious committee of the pass-port office by noon the following day. I joined his family circle in the evening in order to see something of Finnish manners. Such opportunities are not to be lost, though they are not always of an agreeable nature as the want of some medium of communication renders the interview frequently nothing more than that word literary imports. In the present instance, however, the consul talked French, and gave me much information. After leaving him, I had a curious meeting with a merchant who exchanged my Swedish for Finnish money. He spoke Finnish, and understood three languages, and we had a general deal of business to transact. A spectator would have been amused by observing the expedients to which we mutually had recourse. My little knowledge of Swedish was drawn on to the utmost, and served in good stead of greater proficiency; for at last, when Swedish was required was done; and more could not be desired.

The worthy camera, our fellow passenger from Stockholm, left Abo an hour or two before us. I had won his affection by telling stories in a jargon of German and Swedish, mixed up with French, to his little girl. Accordingly, he came to me in the yard of the inn, and talked of his profound love for the French language. But he turned in kind and courteous. Approaching near, he took my hand and uttered sundry incomprehensible words. To these I replied by bows. A further ap-

proximation of his face to mine terminated in a salute of my right cheek, and then the left, which astonished me not a little. Perhaps the Finns are not so much bound; for the good man's chin, not "newly reaped," was like a stubble field at harvest-home."

"Was like a stubble field at harvest-home," and wounded me sensibly! I had not anticipated such a welcome to the Finns.

As my English companion was travelling to St. Petersburg, we joined purses and bought the best of two calesches offered to our choice, for eighty banco dollars, or six pound fourteen shillings sterling. It is a miserable conveyance, and the repairs last morning had been so bad, that it required it only to carry us to St. Petersburg, a distance of four hundred and twenty miles, our hope was that it might last till we reached our final destination. We travelled all night, and on the morning of Sunday, the 25th ultimo, arrived at Helsingfors. There we passed the remainder of the day. The road is good, and the country flat, like Sweden, but of a wilder character; the foreground being chiefly rocky, with forests in the distance. The horses are small. They go at a full gallop; and the velocity with which a carriage generally moves down hill cannot fail to amaze the traveller. That of any country in the world from Abo to St. Petersburg. He can talk only the language of the country; and when my companion calls out to him, which he does repeatedly, and always with increased energy, to drive slower, the man conceives that we are urging him to greater speed, and flogs the horses more and more, till the weak fabric of the carriage swings fearfully from side to side. However, with or without danger, we have been making rapid progress, and as nothing is to be gained by delay, that is what we desire. Travelling in Finland is superior to travelling in any other part of the world. The coat, including every thing except carriage and coachman, is one shilling per horse for ten miles English, or less than two pence half-penny per mile for two horses. There is no need of an additional horse for a forebush, as in Sweden, since horses are ready at every station, and change companies with the utmost facility.

We passed several gentlemen's seats, and smaller well-looking houses. Such campaigns are seldom met with in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. In Zealand I saw not one respectable house between Copenhagen and Elsinore; scarcely one between Helsingborg and Christiania; none between Bergen and that capital; and only two on the road to Stockholm. The peasantry are not so poor here as in the richer, so the peasantry are more depressed than in Scandinavia. Their subdued expression of countenance and the mildness of their manners accord ill with the idea of ferocity which we are apt to associate with large mustachios and shaggy boards. I am inclined to think their state of vassalage differs but little from that of slavery. I speak, however, without sufficient knowledge; as inability to communicate with those around and an entire destitution of books leave no source of information open to me except careful observation.

In Finland, as in Sweden, the steeples are generally built apart from the churches. Were these erected on some neighbouring hill, one might suppose the object to be an extension over the whole scattered parish of the circle within which the bell is audible; but they are frequently on lower ground, and always quite close to the building, the top of whose pent roof is sometimes high above the tops of the steeples.

Helsingfors is a handsome modern city. The public buildings are ornamented with a profusion of pillars and pilasters, chiefly of the Corinthian order. None of these are of stone; but the stucco is well worked and covered with a thick coat of colouring. Additions continue to be made to the town, and the number of the houses in the finest of the northern capitals. At Abo there is an inn called "La Societe;" but here, as in most of the towns in the North, travellers are conducted to an indefinite sort of an establishment, half private and half coffee-house, where little comfort is to be found.

The Russian government liberally allows the whole of Finland, and even it is to be regarded as within the limits of the country. The Fins have a council of their own, and none but a native can fill any office of trust. At first, I am told, they regarded their annexation to Russia as a hardship; probably because they remembered that Peter the Great had conquered a portion of their territory, and that he had been their king. But the kindness of the emperor has now reconciled them; and so long as he treats them with consideration, there can be no doubt that it is an advantage to the Fins to be

attached to a nation which has the power to protect them against foreign enemies.

At an early hour on Monday morning we continued our journey. The only towns on the road are Borgo and Lovina. Eighteen miles on this side of the latter is the river Alberfors, the boundary between old and new Finland, or that conquered by Peter the Great and that ceded by Sweden in consideration of Russia's guarantee of Norway and the succession of Oscar to the throne of Bernadotte. In Russian, or Old Finland, the peasants wear a cloak or caftan, sometimes called a *khakui*, resembling in form, as well as name, the eastern dress. It is tied round the waist by a cincture of serge. The hat is broad-brimmed, the trousers are of linen; and the boots excessively wide and cumbersome. The men could not possibly be mistaken for civilised beings. The hair is sometimes in youth bright auburn, and generally in maturer years of a light brown colour; but always disgustingly dirty. Here, as in Scandinavia, it seldom even falls off. The men wear it quite covering the ears, and as long in front, but shaved off the back of the head. Their necks are left bare, and their faces are untansured. Less pleasing objects are not often presented to the eye. The women wear their hair in a bun, and it is submitted to a curl, sometimes ornamented with a piece of coloured cloth.

It is curious to observe the various modes which nations are apt of dressing the hair. The Saracens wore it long, having "faces as the faces of men (that is, unshaven), and hair as the hair of women." The men cut the hair off the rest of the head, but wears it on the scalp, where it is cherished till it will form three cues, substantially plaited and reaching to the ground. The Hindoo holds only one cue orthodox, and that a small one, by which he hopes to be dragged up into heaven. The hair of the head is submitted to a heavy tonsure. A Catholic priest, on the other hand, shaves only the little spot on the crown, where the Hindoo allows the hair to grow. The Mussulman, inverting the Russian mode, and adopting a style peculiar to himself, shaves the upper half of the head and preserves a semicircular tuft of hair behind the ears.

We reached Fredericksburg at night, having accomplished a hundred and seventy versts, or a hundred and fourteen miles, from Helsingfors. This, like almost every town in the north of Europe, has some tale of fire connected with it. Fredericksburg was destroyed by a conflagration in August 1824; and it still sadly isolated, only a part having been rebuilt. Since, in this state, it offers no attraction to the traveller, we started again at seven the following morning.

About two-and-twenty miles hence is the quarry of Peterlar, from which the stone is quarried for the church of St. Isaac, now building at St. Petersburg. They are fifty-six feet in length and nineteen in circumference. If the whole structure be in proportion to these colossal pillars, the edifice, when completed, will be of enormous dimensions. The granite of this quarry is softer and therefore more easily worked than any other in the country.

A hundred and ten versts, or seventy-three miles, brought us, at five in the afternoon of yesterday, to Viborg. The intermediate country is woody and interesting. The road, over a hard silicious soil, with large fragments of granite, is a succession of hills and valleys, and rests forests of small firs. The approach to Viborg is picturesque. The immediate access to the town, which is fortified and said to have been used as a military station in the thirteenth century, is by two wooden bridges, the usual length, thrown across the river. The houses are large and handsome, with green roofs. The churches, like those before mentioned, have green cupolas, and are surmounted with a St. Andrew's cross over a crescent. An excellent inn, the only good one I have seen since leaving Hamburg, is in the hands of a Russian, who, however, speaks no Russian. My letter he filed over my shoulder and picked our pockets. It was quite a treat to meet a man with whom we could converse. Conscious of his fascinating powers, he contrived to detain us till the following morning by delaying the arrival of the *podarok*, or order for post-horses, without which we could not pass the Russian frontier, or obtain horses when past. Viborg being the last town in Finland where an officer of sufficient authority resides, it was incumbent on us to secure this document before proceeding further. The old style of conveyance was now abandoned, and the mode of my letter should be dated (30th August), 1st September, 1830.

It was past seven this morning when we left Viborg. Our carriage, which had given daily symptoms of increasing debility, and had been supported from stage to

stage by tonics administered at the blacksmith's shops, was seized in the course of the day with a fit of palsy that terminated in a fall and the fracture of a limb. In other words, the wheel broke in half, and we are now at a stand. We have travelled thirty-two miles to a small town called Kyyrola, and have fifty-four more to go, before we reach the capital of Russia. A blacksmith and carpenter are busy at the wheel, and a second party, of oriental, and give us hope that, before they have been employed six hours, they will accomplish the work of two.

The church before the windows of the post-house, which I have spent a great part of the morning, is a curious building. It is painted yellow, with perpendicular lines of white. At either end is a dome silvered over, and surmounted by a square room, like a pigeon-house, above which are a large gilded cupola and an enormous cross. But for this emblem, the Christian church might easily be mistaken for a Mahomedan mosque. Nor is it in externals only that the resemblance obtains. In the worship of the interior there is scarcely less of superstition; perhaps more of senseless mummery; and the members of the Greco-Russian church have the same mode of prostrating themselves in prayer, and touching the ground with their heads, that is adopted by the Mussulmans.

But I must conclude. The progress of the wheel leads us to believe that we shall reach Rajakoi, the last station in Finland, twenty-seven miles hence, before midnight. At an early hour we shall pass the Russian frontier. We were treated so kindly by the custom-officers in the islands of the Gulf of Bothnia, that we expect similar courtesy to-morrow. Throughout my tour I have met, with nothing else, and have invariably received from foreign gentlemen much kindness and attention. The recital of some instances of hospitality may amuse you in our winter evenings. In the mean time, if my letters serve to beguile an occasional half-hour of your leisure, I shall be gratified; though I sometimes fear that they are too much in the form of a journal to interest any but the writer.

LETTER XII.

St. Petersburg, (1st), 13th September, 1830.

My last letter was dated from Kyyrola, where we were detained some hours during the manufacture of a new axle for the carriage. We reached Rajakoi, the frontier station in Finland, that night; and the following morning, Thursday, the 2d instant, we entered the Russian territory at a place called Bellostrok. The custom-officers examined strictly, but politely, the contents of our boxes; and as they produced the *potroskine*, or order for post-horses, with which we were furnished at Viborg, no impediment was offered to our ingress. Here, for the first time, a postilion insisted on driving, while the coachman, who possessed us all the way through Finland, took up a humble post behind the carriage. A third man and situation. The road runs through deep sand; and, after travelling thirty-four miles, of which is marked by a tall obelisk of red granite substituted for the wooden posts of Finland, at one in the afternoon we entered the capital of Russia.

Nothing of the same nature can be so imposing as the first view of St. Petersburg. We approached, through a wild and desert tract; and the city, owing to its low situation, visible at a distance. There are neither country seats nor gardens in the faubourg to announce the proximity of a large town. With one exception, the steeples are not sufficiently high to be seen at a distance. The centre is a vast unobstructed common; a barrier; and for a mile the traveller drives through street formed of small wooden houses. Turning a sharp angle, he finds himself on a bridge considerably longer than that of Waterloo, in the Strand. The Neva rolls its blue waters, as if with conscious dignity, on either side, and there him in the distance, a tall obelisk of red granite, the Marble-palace, and a succession of buildings extending the whole length of the granite quay, each of which might be a royal residence. This façade, the opposite front with its six towers, and massive buttresses, the floating bridges, and the summer gardens, form a magnificent iron palisade with glittering tops, form a coup-d'œil surpassing every other of the same kind in Europe.

There is nothing in St. Petersburg that can arrest the mind, or the force of the imagination. There is nothing there is nothing in the surrounding country which can enhance the pleasure of the spectator by bringing into combination with an architectural display the pic-

turesque beauties of nature. You are called upon to contemplate the splendor of a city, the triumph of art over nature; a superb metropolis in the midst of a marsh. Every building is an exhibition to which the various Grecian orders have lent their elegant forms without destroying the uniformity or impairing the harmony of the whole. No dirty lanes nor paltry huts are to be seen. The ground is the property of the emperor or of nobles at his beck; and at his fiat houses are destroyed and palaces erected. The poorer class of buildings observable in English towns does not in St. Petersburg offend the eye, because a practice prevalent of letting out the accommodation of the lower order, the cellars of large houses, to the poor.

The site of the city is thought to have been injudiciously chosen. It stands near the mouth of the Neva in a marsh, since drained, which, in the time of Peter the Great, was constantly under water. Notwithstanding the obstacles opposed by soil and climate, the czar accomplished his great design; and his perseverance, no less than a keen penetration into future consequences, commands our admiration. It was necessary that the new capital should be near the coast, because it was to become the centre of trade with foreign nations; and the czar, in order to acquire the empire, had acquired dominions, in order that he might the more securely retain and protect them by concentrating his forces in the vicinity. It was his policy, likewise, to attract foreign settlers: and there was no spot in his dominions so well combined these requisites so well as the one he selected.

It would be impossible to convey within the narrow limits of a letter any idea of this city. So detailed and graphic a description of it has lately been published by Dr. Granville, that I refer you to his work rather than make an attempt to transport you to St. Petersburg, or to place the great capital on your breakfast table; will, therefore, simply sketch an outline, which, in after years, may serve to recall to my own mind objects now vividly impressed.

The first hut in St. Petersburg was raised by Peter's order in 1703. It is now protected from the influence of the elements by a brick covering collected over it. A few wooden sheds gradually collected round this nucleus, and a small citadel with six bastions was erected. In 1710, the first brick house was built. In 1712, the residence of the emperor was transferred from Moscow to the new city, and the emperor, the great saint of the royal founder, and called after him St. Peter's town. Most of the original edifices have been destroyed by time or fire. Now, none in the principal streets are permitted to be built of wood. The usual material is brick, well stuccoed, and the proprietors are forbidden by law to retrace the outer wall once a year, the buildings always look new. The modern houses are built on piles, because the ground is too marshy to sustain their foundation. They are lofty and generally handsome, with roofs nearly flat and sheeted with iron, and red or green tiles are laid round, and the nature of the proprietor is made of stone or brick. The ground floors are chiefly used as shops; the cellars are left to the poor; and the family occupy the first and second stories. The panes of glass in the houses of the rich, are of an extraordinary size, measuring often six feet by four feet, and the windows appear to appear like separate windows, and the combination of several such panes in one frame imparts to a building an air of great magnificence.

The streets are for the most part straight, broad, and long; intersecting each other at various angles. The larger boulevards are paved with cobblestones; the smaller streets immediately after Alexander's visit to England. At the corner of each, in a sentry-box, a police-man is stationed with a halberd. The Neva flows through the city, the largest portion of which is on its left, or southern bank; though a considerable space on the opposite bank is occupied by the city, and the city is composed of buildings. The Nevka, a branch of the Neva, forms the northern and northeastern boundary, while the opposite quarters are defined by the town ditch. The circumference of these limits, though not yet filled up, is said to be nearly twenty miles; and the population about four hundred thousand. The city is divided into quarters, smaller canals studded with bridges, some of cast-iron and many of granite, yield an air of gaiety to the town and promote the carriage of goods between its distant quarters.

There is a great charm that, independent of its architectural beauties, distinguishes St. Petersburg from every other city, is the presence of the noble river whose waters, unlike those of the rivers on which other European capitals

stand, are quite blue and transparent; these, reflecting the lower line of Grecian pillars that rear their stately forms upon its banks, present a secondary view. The Neva, at its broadest part, is about three quarters of a mile in width. It is deep, and would admit ships of heavy burden to come close to the wharfs, but a bar across the embouchure prevents those that draw more than seven fathoms from going higher up the river. On one side, a quay of granite, about ten feet above the level of the water, extends nearly two miles and a half in length. This is furnished with landing steps at stated distances and stone benches for seats. A broad handsome carriage-road with a double pavement runs along it; while a superb quay of granite, on the opposite side stands the fortress, the academy of sciences, the museum, the college of miners, and a whole line of public buildings, the profusion of whose splendid pillars and pilasters almost fatigues the eye. Near the centre of the city, the Admiralty is the Isaac bridge, on one side of which runs the English, on the other the Imperial quay* the one named from the palaces, the other from the merchants, occupying the respective quarters. In a street behind, and parallel to the English quay, stands the English church, called *Galeryn Ouliza*, is the comfortable inn in which I am lodging. It is kept by a man named Reay and his daughter, Mrs. Crostwith, a pleasing woman of superior intellect and education.

From the Isaac bridge, under the band of a skilful architect, the great church is rising up, for which I have mentioned in a previous letter, granite columns of enormous size are procured from Peterlag in Finland. Close to this stands the famous bronze equestrian statue of Peter the Great. He is represented checking his steed that he may not attain the summit of an arduous career. I thought he was, and his rider looks calmly round seeking to triumph in the consciousness of power and security. Beneath him is a serpent, while the charger tramples to Death. The simple inscription is

PETRO PRIMO
CATHARINA SECUNDA.
1782.

The statue, weighing sixteen tons, rests on a piece of granite supposed to be the largest ever moved by art. It was brought out of a morass four miles from St. Petersburg, and placed in the spot where it now lies, it weighed fifteen hundred tons.

The admiralty, whose façade is fourteen hundred feet in length, in the centre of a line of buildings that face the river, exhibits an ambitious spirit covered with a thin sheet of gold. From it, as from a focus, three principal streets diverge on the opposite side which are called, *Propektizes*. The largest of these is the Nevski Prospektive, so named from Saint Alexander Nevski. This street is two English miles in length; and a hundred and eighty feet in breadth. The houses are of stucco brick, and the shops are tolerable good; but in their external appearance nor in the furniture of the interior can they be compared with our own. The Nevski Prospektive is as inferior to Regent Street as the public buildings and quay above described are superior to the corresponding objects in London. In the centre of the Nevski Prospektive stands the "Church of the Blood," the construction of which occupied ten years, from 1801 to 1811, under the superintendence of a native architect who was originally a serf of Count Strogonoff. The plan of the interior is borrowed from that of St. Peter's at Rome; but the semi-circular colonnade that forms the Roman piazza is here made to embrace the portico, and to act as a façade to the church. This consists of a hundred and thirty-two pillars of the Corinthian order, distributed in four concentric curves; each pillar being thirty-five feet in height formed of yellow stone. At the extremities of the Colonnade are large portals, which give a finished appearance to the entrance, and add to the grandeur of them to the other sides of the building. The interior of the church is in the form of a cross, each arm terminating in a Corinthian portico. The aisles are flanked by pillars of spotted granite bearing a high polish, and ornamented with gilded capitals. The pavement is composed of marbles of various colors, and resembles mosaic-work on a large scale. The great altar presents a blaze of gilding that would dazzle the eye if an ordinary quantity of light were diffused through the church; but owing to the bad arrangement of the windows and dirty condition of the

* On these quays no shops are allowed by law; nor in the large and handsome street called the Great Morskoi.

glass, the interior is shrouded in a sombre and mysterious gloom not ill consoing with the dark views and blind credulity of the religionists who worship there. The altars, and the walls of the choir, are covered with various trophies of a similar nature, decorate this temple consecrated to the Lord of Hosts." The symmetry of the structure is aided by the swiftness of the dome, which seems as if intended for a building of inferior dimensions. Among the trophies is a baton said to have belonged to Duncan, the chief of our Lady of Kazan, the emperor proceeded in his carriage to the monastery of the saint at the end of the Prospekt. The sight was very imposing. The street was lined with carriages; and the church was crowded to excess. As the emperor entered, the folding doors of the nave of the "Bowlot" (or screen which separates the nave from the altar,) were thrown open, and the archbishop came forth arrayed in a gorgeous dress of gold and purple. In each hand he held a chandelier, and uttered some sentences rendered inaudible by the full peals of a sacerdotal choir, who were singing in the choir of the church, together with reiterated cries from the people, "*Gospodi Pomolet, Gospodi Pomolet*;" creating a volume of sound that overpowered all others, and conveying, I trust, to heaven the prayers of many a heart, "Lord have mercy upon us!"

The religion of the Greek Church was adopted by the Russians in the tenth century; being established without opposition by an order of the grand-duke Vladimir, the first convert to Christianity, sent emissaries to various churches of Christendom for the purpose of observing the forms of each. Since his object was to select the most moral through the most simple, his sense, his choice was not injudicious; for there is something in the service of the Greek church that rivets the attention far more than that of the Roman Catholic. There probably is not more real religion, but there is a greater appearance of devotion. The Greek Church has more in it that is calculated to have more personal faith in the virtue of the rites they celebrate. This may arise in part from the ignorance and intellectual debasement of the Russians compared with that of the Catholics one has seen in more enlightened countries; but it is, doubtless, attributable to the difficulties which the Greek service presents in which no one who has been in the habit of attending Greek and Romish services can fail to sympathise. Is it that, in the former, instrumental music is excluded, while words of prayer and praise arrest the mind, chaunting in the deep sonorous voices of the priests; and that to sounds of definite import we are led to attach ideas which impregnate the reality of feeling and the veracity of sacred functionaries: while, in the latter, full bursts of the organ overpower the voices and give to the whole the effect of a display of sacred music? Or is it that in the Greek Church the sacred is performed in the language intelligible to the congregation, while in the Romish learned jargon is adopted always incomprehensible to the people, and often to the illiterate priesthood? Or is it, possibly, that here there is no bowing down to carved and graven images: and though worship scarcely takes the form of prayer, yet the Greeks use incense and canvases, yet being familiar with such productions of art exhibited in our own temples and regarding them with an interest which the subjects render almost sacred, we are reluctant to believe that the Russian devotee converts his gaze into sin, by the admittance of an irrational and idolatrous sentiment. It is that it is that we are more disposed to resign ourselves to sacred feelings inspired by the ceremonies of a Church tolerating our own dissent creed than to those that might otherwise result from the services of one which marshals our strongest energies in array against itself by presenting us with heretics and accused. Something, perhaps, is due to each of these causes; much to the union of all; and not a little to the fact that the Greek church, though itself scarcely purer, holds in equal abhorrence with ourselves the abominations of that apostasy against which our own church has so often been called to contend, and still maintains an incessant spiritual warfare.

The doctrines of the Russian Church are precisely those of the Greek; and so is its constitution, except that the former has cast off all allegiance to the patriarch of Constantinople and acknowledges no head but the emperor. I said session from the eastern church took place under Peter the Great, who found that the patriarch possessed more influence in his dominions than

consisted with his own autocracy. The ecclesiastical government is now in the hands of a synod held periodically at Petersburg, and formed of clergy under the presidency of a layman.

The Greek, like the Romish clergy, are divided into secular and monastic. The former are generally men of low birth and very illiterate. Possessing no influence from either rank or erudition, they seldom rise in their own estimation above the lowest orders of society. The profession usually descends from father to son; consequently, men are brought into the church by the mere contingencies of birth, devoid of all religious feeling, and even against inclination. Hence their immoral lives and total neglect of their country and society. While single, he is not admissible to ordination; but once in orders, he is not allowed "the husband of one wife;" if she die, he is not reman to wed another. The priests are paid by the produce of lands appropriated to them by the crown in the middle of the eighteenth century; by gratuity for the celebration of mass in the houses of the *seigneurs*; and by fees on occasions of marriages and births. They wear hood-brimmed hats and loose robes of any colour. The hair is allowed to flow down the back and cherished with Israelitish pride on the chin.

The religious subjects are subject to rules similar to those by which the same body is governed in the Romish Church. They are distinguished by a high conical cap, long veil, and black gown. The discipline of monasteries is very severe, and vows once entered into are never relaxed. The religious clergy are divided into seven grades, through which they rise according to merit or interest. The first is that of monk; then prior, *hegumenos*, (or abbot of a smaller institution), and archimandrite (or abbot of a large monastery); to these succeed the higher orders of bishop, archbishop, and patriarch. The latter is held in great veneration, and is greatly superior to the secular clergy; and, no doubt, as so; but their ignorance of foreign languages, if I may judge from three whom we encountered in the monastery of St. Alexander Nevski, the principal monastic institution in St. Petersburg, forbids us to suppose that the general acquaintance with other tongues displayed by the Russians as a nation. The three monks referred to were addressed by our party, anxious to elicit some information regarding the monastery, in French, Italian, German, Latin, and English; but the only reply we could obtain was a sentence in Russian, "I am not permitted to discuss the liberty to change his religion under pain of banishment to Siberia;" at the same time great liberality is exercised towards Fins, Livonians, and foreigners in general; and it is an interesting fact bespeaking the religious toleration of the government, that in the six in which the Greek church of the Virgin of Kazan is situated, Catholics, Armenians, Lutherans, and three other sects of Protestants, have their respective places of worship. Till lately, Jews met with equal indulgence; but about three years ago some of their tribe were found guilty of an infringement of the custom, and were banished from the city. Since the year 1812, Jews have been allowed to reside in St. Petersburg and Moscow. Only forty-eight hours were allowed for the disposal of their property, though many possessed large houses and an extensive stock in trade. The necessity existing for immediate sale induced cruel purchasers to bid only half the value; and the clause was arbitrary and cruel. The order was subsequently modified with regard to Moscow, where Jews are allowed to remain forty-eight hours at a time for the purposes of trade. An understanding with the police officers has converted this into a permission of permanent residence; for those who have houses in the city take a walk outside the gates every second day; and, violating the spirit of the law, punctually obey its letter. Roman Catholics, except Jesuits, are tolerated equally with Protestants; but the late emperor banished the Jesuits from his dominions, and attempting to proselyte members of the Greek Church.

Numerous festivals are observed by the Russians, and celebrated with much religious pomp and pageantry. Each Wednesday and Friday is nominally a fast day; but the four great annual fasts, namely that of August, those of Whitstide, Christmas, and Lent, are rigidly observed by all good Christians. The last two of these continue during six and seven weeks respectively. That of Lent, with the ensuing carnival of Easter is the most festive. For an account of it I am indebted to the information and such books as chance to fall in my way.

During seven weeks preceding Easter the Russians

are prohibited from eating the flesh or produce of animals; the restriction extending even to milk, butter, and eggs. A single exception is made in favour of nobles, soldiers, and most commonly of military officers who are required to fast during the last two weeks only; the imperial family keep holy but seven days in Lent. This previous abstinence prepares all parties for the enjoyment (if enjoyment it can be called) of a week of revelry and gluttony, which is the last of the year. The excess of excess; as though the uncurbed license of the appetites were no less a matter of religious duty than the fast previously observed. The Sunday before Easter the churches are adorned with boughs and artificial fruits. In the following Thursday, they indolishly assemble a large body of monastic clergy, and exhibit to a crowded congregation a representation of the Saviour washing the apostles' feet; himself acting the part of our Lord, while twelve priests supply the place of the apostles. On Easter-eve a model of the holy sepulchre is presented to the people. During the night, which is the last of the fast, the markets are filled with vinds of every species. The only business performed is that of buying and selling the components of the morrow's feast. Large carts full of meat, vegetables, fish, and sweets, are seen in the streets; and night is awaited with all the ardour of enthusiasm and gluttony indulged in. Some while before midnight the people crowd to the churches which remain full of anxious expectants, bearing in their hands tapers whose concentrated blaze diffuses a brilliant light around. A priest informs them that the bishop is gone on search of the "Christ," the stone which is the stone of the resurrection. The doors of the sanctuary are thrown open; the bishop, sumptuously appareled and decked with a profusion of jewels, marches forth. A long rinue of priests, similarly dressed, follows; and the bishop proclaims to the audience "*Christos vosreset*;" that is, "Christ is risen." During this declaration is received by the shouts of exultation; the bells ring a joyful peal; and the choir strikes up a hymn of praise in honour of the risen Saviour. When this is concluded, the bishop and priests throw themselves on their hands and knees, and crawl all round the altar, kissing the pictures of saints and other sacred relics. The Christians follow the bishop; but preferring living to inanimate objects of adulation, they set about kissing one another: then, leaving the church, commence an inordinate meal which lasts, with little intermission, for a week.

During this period the same custom of salutation is continued; nor is it confined to equals, but prevails among acquaintances however different in birth, education, age, or sex. A noble lady cannot refuse a kiss from the meanest peasant, if he advance with an egg in his hand in token of the conclusion of the fast, and the words "*Christos vosreset*" on his tongue. She is obliged by her religion to receive the egg with courtesy to return the kiss in kind, and to reply, "*Vies tyni vosreset*," "Verily he is risen." The habit of personal saluto continues more among the Russians than any of the other continents. During the fast of a gentleman of a lady, he kisses her hand whenever they meet, while she gracefully returns the compliment on his check.

The festivities of Easter continue with almost savage exuberance for a week; but there are few or no breaches of the fast observed. The Russians are very fond of the natives, that amidst all their boisterous sports and licentious revelries, they never quarrel; and whenever anger is excited, seldom as it is, it vents itself in words. Their language contains a remarkable variety of terms of abuse, with which they are satisfied, without having recourse to the more brutal expressions of other nations.

But to return to St. Petersburg. It may emphatically be called, as Burke with less propriety designated Calcutta, a "city of palaces;" for the royal residences are very numerous, and most of the public buildings might, from their architectural grandeur, be taken for palaces. The Marble Palace of Her Majesty the Empress, the imperial Taurida and Anichkov, is in the interior of the capital; those of Oranienbaum, Yelagine, Kammenoi, and several others, are outside the town. I have visited many, and have found them elegant and picturesque as the country of the East, and more extensive than the metropolises of Asia. Besides these, there are three of a highly imposing character, which peculiarly attract the traveller's notice, being all situated together on the same quay of the Neva, in a straight line with the long facade of the Admiralty; they are called the Winter Palace, the Marble Palace, and the Hermitage. The Winter Palace. The first of these derives its name from the material of which the columns are formed. The lower part of the wall is built of granite; the upper of a dark

stone, which is either marble or gray granite. A peculiar splendour is communicated to this structure by the massive capitals and basements of the pillars which, as well as the balconies, are composed of bronze richly gilt. It is originally the Count's collection, the favourite of Catherine the Second; and afterwards tenanted by the last King of Poland, who here terminated his unfortunate career. It is now uninhabited; and, for some reason, strangers are not admitted.

Separated by a little space from the Marble-palace is the Hermitage, which Catherine the Second set apart for the emperor's cousin, the Count of Saxe-Coburg. Of the world has contributed to supply this superb edifice with something valuable in the departments of art or science. Besides the collection of cameos, jewels, statues, antiquities, and books, there is a gallery of paintings* which would be selected for good even in Rome or Florence.

One long room is furnished with four hundred portraits of the chief officers of the Russian army, painted by the late Mr. Dawe, an English artist of great merit in the service of the Emperor Alexander. Ascending the staircase, we were conducted into a spacious apartment, one door of which leads to a conservatory of trees called the Winter-garden; beyond this is another called the Summer-garden, four hundred feet in length, formed of soil elevated on masonry to a height of more than forty feet. This artificial garden must have been the result of prodigious labour; but at St. Petersburg, all public works are distinguished by the magnificence that fills a stranger with astonishment. Under a despotic monarchy no one dares to find fault with demands made by government on the purse of the people. To enter on a description of the Hermitage would be to involve myself in the labyrinth of a month; and I have never referred you to a work wherein all that is worthy of remark in this capital has been described with interesting minuteness. I will only add that I never before visited a building which excited such sentiments of pleasure, admiration, and astonishment.

The Hermitage, a superb building, is attached to, and considered as forming part of, the Winter-palace, which was built in the middle of the last century. This is the largest royal residence in Europe, occupying an area of forty-five thousand square yards, and capable of accommodating a thousand inmates. The basement and upper stories are of the most magnificent style; and so that the exterior is cumbersome and inelegant. The most splendid apartment, probably unrivalled in the world, is the great hall of St. George, a hundred and forty feet by sixty, surrounded by forty marble columns of various orders, and capitals and pedestals richly gilded with flowers, and enriched with arabesques.

Before describing the partition that there is one at a village called Tzarskoe Celo, or the emperor's village, twenty-two wersts from St. Petersburg, to Monsieur Djankorski, one of the counsellors of state, from whom I have received great kindness, drove me in his carriage the day before yesterday. In our way we stopped at the establishment of an enterprising English quaker who has been engaged for some years under government in draining the morasses around the capital. He has succeeded so well that his house now stands in the midst of luxuriant corn-fields, in a spot which was probably once a swampy bog. A little further on, we passed through two villages, allotted to a German colony, whose industry has diffused an air of comfort that contrasts strongly with the general appearance of a Russian village. I will not weary you with a description of the palace at Tzarskoe Celo, which exhibits the same profuse magnificence as the royal dwellings at St. Petersburg, but contains only two rooms strikingly characteristic; the one, covered from floor to ceiling with amber; the other lined, half way up its walls, with lapis lazuli; the floor being inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The rooms are very grand and airy, and the furniture the chief business of his empire, as well as the bed-room with the hard mattress on which he slept, cannot fail to be regarded with great interest. This suite of apartments is said to remain in the state in which he left them. His shoes and gloves are on the chair, his boots by the door; and his pocket-handkerchiefs and gloves are hanging on the wall, as if they were consecrated to the memory of the deceased. There are some who object to such memorials of the dead. To my mind they are pleasing. They serve to maintain the connection between those who live on earth and those who have preceded them in departure hence.

We drank tea at the palace with General Merder's

family. He is a favourite of the emperor and empress, and preceptor to the young heir apparent, the archduke Alexander Nicholasvich. These three interesting personages we saw; as also the little archduchesses, whose names are rather indistinct, and a great number of ladies. Walking round the gardens with our kind hosts and some other Russian ladies, we encountered many groups assembled there to see and be seen, and to pay their respects to the emperor in the course of his usual promenade. The officers were in full uniform; the ladies in handsome attire, dressed in the latest style of the English; and that with a fluency which the Russians generally display in all the languages of Europe. My companions gave me some interesting details of the Persian ambassadors sent over a year or two ago by Shih Abbas; speaking of them as men of polished manners and finished education, thoroughly at home in the languages and diplomacy of the various European courts.

In a large institution, standing close to Tzarskoe Celo, for the instruction of children of the Russian nobility, my friend pointed out two young princes from Georgia and one from Cashmere who have been sent to St. Petersburg for education. I was surprised to find they do not understand Persian. One of them has picked up a little French, and was pleased at the opportunity of displaying his fancied proficiency. The elegant form of his hands and refined features, the vigour of his countenance so characteristic of an eastern child, contrasted strongly with the hardy and broader structure of the young Russians.

The mint at St. Petersburg is well arranged. The machinery is superintended by an Englishman. The former was made by Bolton and Watts of London, after the model of that used in our own mint. Wherever an Englishman goes, he cannot fail to remark the preference given to the artificers, machinery, and manufactures of his country. In nearly all the large institutions of this kind, the English are the most successful. The machinery and their steam-engines, as well as most other articles of machinery, have been imported from England. The labourers in the mint are serfs of the emperor. We were detained till their dinner hour, and witnessed a painful process, derogatory to the dignity of more civilised Europe. All the workmen were clothed in the same white jackets and linen trousers without pockets. As they moved in files from the laboratory to the dining-room, each serf was examined by a police officer, who passed his hands over the whole of the man's body, from the crown of the head to the feet, to ascertain if he had any concealed arms. The order was given to the workmen leave the house, they are stripped to the skin and go out in other clothes; at the end of the year they have been in the habit of wearing are burnt, to obtain the particles of metal adhering to the fibres of the cloth. While a manifestation of respect shows the teaches men to respect themselves, habitual distrust necessarily engenders disregard of that virtue in which the party is supposed to be deficient. Hence the Russians are faithless.

The coin commonly current is a ruble, divided into a hundred kopees. The paper and the silver ruble; the former nearly equal in value to eleven pence of our money; the latter to three shillings and four pence. Originally, the one was merely a representative of the other, as our one-pound notes were of twenty shillings; but latterly, paper has been so much in demand, that it is used as a medium of exchange, its value has been diminished in the proportion just stated. In the middle of the seventeenth century bars of silver were used instead of coins. These were marked at regular distances with notches, (*rubli*) according to which a greater or less portion of the bar was cut off to make an account. The word *ruble* is derived from *ropek*, a spear, because formerly the copper coin was stamped with an impression of St. George spearing the dragon. I have seen no gold in the country. A platinum coin, called an "imperial," has been lately struck. Its value is generally four rubles. The first piece of money that has ever been coined from platinum. The metal is generally found as oxides. Dr. Wollaston was the discoverer of a mode of combining it with chemical agents so as to render it tractable and fit for coinage. In his death-bed he disclosed this secret to Mr. Herschel, the celebrated optician. The metal is now coined by Johnson, was employed in the preparation of the metal; and when the Russian government sent to England for some one who could undertake the superintendence of a platinum coinage at St. Petersburg, this man was selected for the purpose. The metal was prepared, and a coin struck with great skill and neatness: but, in the mean

time, the value of platinum had been much depreciated by a large importation from America; and it was considered inexpedient to put into circulation a metal that would be liable to very great fluctuations in value. Hence the "imperial" has never left the mint, except when purchased by visitors as a curiosity.

The museum of the Academy of Sciences contains figures of the inhabitants of various uncivilised countries, attired in their national costumes. Among these are dresses of several of the tribes of Siberia, the Samoyeds, the Kamtschats, the Laplanders, Chinese, Koriaks, and Japanese. There are also several natural curiosities. The chief of these is the skeleton of a mammoth that was found buried in an iceberg on the bank of the Obi, in Siberia. As the ice gradually dissolved in a summer more than usually warm, bars attacked the flesh, which was in a state of high preservation, and destroyed the skin; but the skeleton was secured with the exception of a single foot. It now stands in the museum close to that of a large elephant; and though the one is not much less in height than the other, a comparison of their joints shows how superior the mammoth must have been in strength and bulk. From a part of the skin which is preserved it appears that the animal was furnished with long hair; a fact affording strong presumptive evidence that it inhabited the cold latitude in which the body was discovered; and that it was not, as some theorists have supposed, a creature of a tropical region. Another produce of Siberia exhibited here is a piece of native iron weighing nearly seventeen hundred pounds.

I have visited with great interest the prison, a refuge for the destitute, a cotton manufactory in which eight hundred foundlings and two thousand adults are employed under the superintendence of a Scotch general, and the China, plate glass, and iron manufactory. In all these institutions admirably arranged, which cannot fail to recompense a foreigner for some trouble he may encounter in gaining admittance. I have been delighted with St. Petersburg. Every thing here is novel; every thing is interesting. I have never before witnessed a place that is perfectly astonishing. To describe all that is worthy of note would fill a volume; and as books have been published containing detailed accounts of this capital, I refrain from minute particulars.

The houses and lower orders are made chiefly of wood, having projecting eaves, and decorated with narrow balconies with ornamented balustrades. Those of the higher classes are built of stuccoed brick, much like our own, but on a larger scale, and with a profusion of Grecian pilasters and pilasters. In all, the principal double windows are decorated with iron. This consists of four walls of brick, cased outside with wood, and inside with which rise to a height of five or six feet, and sometimes to the top of the room. The inside is well furnished with flues, so that the air of the whole room is equally heated by the large radiating surface presented to it. A fire is kept on in twenty-four hours, and when the wood has ceased to blaze, the heated air is confined within the stove. In large houses, one of these conveniences may be found in almost every room, and always in the hall.

But the careful distribution of heat is not the only precaution rendered necessary by the Russian climate of winter. External air must be excluded. For this purpose every house is furnished with double windows. In the month of September, after a succession of fine warm days, the outer windows, which had been displaced with sudden gusts, blowing in, and the interstices caked with snow. A layer of sash, five or six feet thick, is then strewed between the two frames to absorb all the moisture; and the inner ones are secured so that no communication can take place between the external and internal atmosphere. The use of stoves deprives the dwelling of the fresh air and the comfort of an English fireside, and windows constantly close, render the rooms dark and sultry; but these means preserve an equality of temperature, so that in the severest winter thermometers throughout the dwelling generally stand at 60° of Fahrenheit.

The climate of Russia is not so prejudicial to foreigners as might be supposed, because the extreme cold of winter and the heat of summer compel them to be observant and careful. Among the natives, too, catarrhs, consumptions, rheumatisms, and other diseases resulting from the cold are not so prevalent as in countries where the rigour of winter is less severe. In the summer, however, extraordinary precautions are not considered essential to the preservation of life. The natives become careless of the changes of weather, and negligent of themselves; hence the bad effects which ensue. Here every peasant is a strict observer of the thermometer,

* The well known Haughton collection that belonged to Sir Robert Walpole was, to the disgrace of our country, refused to be carried away to enrich the treasures of the Hermitage.

and can talk with as much accuracy of the degrees of heat and cold that have been exhibited during the season, as a philosopher in England. He dresses accordingly. In warm weather he wears a shallow broad-brimmed hat, and a caftan, or robe like the Persian's, tied by a cincture of silk round the waist. His beard is always long, and his hair close shorn behind, level with the bottom of the ears. A shirt hangs outside his loose trousers, and his hands are bare. His longings are regarded as a needless luxury. In winter his hat is exchanged for a fur cap, wrapping over the ears and sides of the face; his light trousers for thick cloth or blanketing; and, instead of the caftan, he wears a cloak of sheep, wolf, or bear's skin, with his hair turned inwards. His hands are similarly protected by shaggy gloves, which he uses four fingers together, allotting a separate motion to the thumb; and, when he comes to the door, he is coming up to the knee in a flowing beard and long *moustaches* form a natural guard to the lower part of the face, so that the eyes and nose alone are exposed.

This equipped, a Russian walks or rides on a sledge, almost unconscious of cold, though cutting rapidly through a bleak wind when the thermometer shows 50° of Fahrenheit below freezing point. The only object of solicitude is his nose. This is occasionally frost-bitten. Having lost all sensation in that part, the sufferer is made to quiver by the accident of some one else's nose, who rubs its natural colour to be changed. He immediately rubs his nose with snow, which imparts some of its own heat to the flesh previously reduced to the temperature of the air. This, together with friction, restores circulation, and the nose is saved. If the remedy be not quickly applied, or if he approach the fire, the part mortifies and falls off. The same observation applies to the fingers and toes. Considering the amount of cold in the air, the multitude exposed to its influence, it is a matter of surprise that so few are seen with mutilated members.

The dress of the higher orders of Russians resembles that of similar classes among other European nations. In winter, they, like the peasants, are furnished with stout cloaks lined with fur, but of superior quality and foreign manufacture. In the selection of fur the Russian gentlemen are very particular. Fifteen or twenty-five pounds is a price not uncommonly paid for a single collar. The ladies follow French fashions; while the lower class of women differ little in appearance from those of Finland, except that they tuck up their hair; and many wear caps richly ornamented with gold.

One peculiarity in the climate of Russia is remarkable. There is neither autumn nor spring. Summer passes away and it is winter. Winter was yesterday : to day is summer.* The first intimation of the setting in of frost is the appearance of the first snow. It is not far from considerably north of St. Petersburg, is frozen before the Neva. The river is generally frozen in November, though sometimes not till December; and the event is preceded by unsettled weather, thick fogs, and strong winds. As soon as masses of ice begin to float down the lake, the labourers who stand by the wharves, where the large barges, are opened in the centre and allowed to swing round to either side. But few boats, and those only of a large size, are suffered to cross, for fear of the heavy blocks of ice. By degrees, these close up the river, which likewise freezes; when, a sudden storm of wind, blowing from the north, sweeps the surface, the ice is declared passable, and is soon covered with passengers, horses, skates, sledges, and carriages, exhibiting a scene of great gaiety and amusement. The bridges are replaced; and the communication, previously cut off, between different parts of the city, is renewed. The boats are again allowed to pass, and the barges are deprived of their wheels and placed on sledges, gliding over the hard and even surface of snow with a rapidity and security highly interesting. Stoves are lighted in the principal squares for the benefit of the poor, and the streets are covered with a layer of snow, which compels them to stand still in the open air. The roofs of the houses are covered with the same unvaried dress of virgin white, and studded with crows, which assemble in groups as numerous as those that may be seen throughout the year in California. All this is the effect of a few days. The ice has passed away like a dream, and with it has set in.

But a Russian winter has not the gloom of that season

in any other country. On the contrary, it is a time of gaiety and enjoyment, not only to the rich in the festivities of the drawing-room, but to all classes in manly out-of-door exercises. Nor is the shortness of the day a source of great inconvenience. Long after the sun has set, his refracted rays, reflected from every object white with snow, afford a protracted twilight; darkness is frequently dissipated by a welcome aurora; and night is always enlivened by a sky which, exhibiting a brilliant illumination of starry lamps, seems to participate the joy of the city.

On the seveneenth of January the priests, marching in solemn procession to the bank of the Neva, bless its frozen waters. The rite, like that celebrated at Easter (which resembles the ceremonies that Plutarch says were used by the heathens in search of Osiris), seems to have a pagan origin. A wooden building is erected on the ice. In the centre is suspended a visible emblem of the Holy Spirit. The metropolitan, followed by priests, enters the temporary edifice, and, having blessed the ice, dips a crucifix into the holy and sprinkles the water in the direction of the crowds who line the banks. The emperor makes a point of being present on this occasion, as during most other grand religious ceremonies.

The Neva remains frozen till about the middle of April. In the beginning of that month snow disappears from the more frequented streets; and the breaking up of the ice, an occurrence hailed with intense interest, is calculated by some with singular accuracy. They are seldom mistaken in the day. Police officers are sent out to ascertain the exact time of the melting. The bridges are removed, and multitudes flock to the river to be spectators of the great event. At length, indistinct murmurs indicate a partial cracking of the ice. Masses begin to disengage themselves in the centre, and are carried under by the current. At last, a general crash is heard, like the roar of distant thunder; and the whole ice-field is broken up. The icebergs, which are now moving down the Neva, striking against each other and against the banks with destructive violence. For two or three days the river continues to be covered with similar masses which float in from the Ladoga. During this period all communication is cut off between quarters of the city on opposite banks. A salute from the citadel intimates a reinstatement of the bridges, and a grant of permission for the boatmen once more to ply their long-forgotten oars.

This event it allowed to pass without an appropriate ceremony. The governor of the fort, attended by his staff, solicits permission to pay his respects to the emperor, and presents him with a glassful of the pure waters of the fountain, which he has been restored to in their liquid state, and that a more genial season has arrived. The priests, too, perform their part, and bless the returning vegetation. Plants and trees now put forth their flowers, leaves, and blossoms. Nature rises with fresh energy from her long torpor, and seems to sport with a gaily exultant air, as if she had been restored to her former state of youth and vigour by the ministrations of the gods. What in England is the work of a season is here performed in a week or two; and the sudden transition from the depth of winter to the full verdure of summer is as astonishing as it is delightful. In these observations I give you the result of my enquiries from the natives, and from the few Europeans who I have witnessed the festivities of that season, nor the magical transformation of nature.

During September and October, and still more in the month of November, St. Petersburg is liable to inundations of the river, produced by strong winds setting in from the gulf of Finland and checking the current of the Neva. The severest calamity of this nature which has happened of late years will be fresh in your recollection. It occurred in November 1824, when the river rose fifteen feet, and threatened the whole city with destruction. Many lives were lost, and many buildings destroyed. A broad red line on all the houses keeps in constant remembrance this dreadful visitation of Providence, and marks the height attained by the water.

Twenty miles from St. Petersburg, close to the mouth of the Neva, is the island of Cronstadt, the station for Russian shipping. A steamer leaves the capital at an early hour every morning during summer, and returns the same evening, so that the docks can be inspected with very little trouble and difficulty, provided only that care has been taken to secure the necessary signatures to the passport, which is always a matter of great importance, and generally costs a good deal of money. Cronstadt is well fortified towards the sea, and surrounded by little isles furnished with batteries. Its chief protection is the shallow water investing it on all sides, and leaving only

one narrow channel, from which, in case of invasion, the boats would be removed. About fifteen thousand sailors are kept here, trained like soldiers, to act as a marine corps against an enemy. The navy of Russia is not large. Having so small a coast to guard, and so little facility for the maintenance of a fleet, it is not her policy to do more in this department than may be sufficient to protect her German provinces and Finland against Sweden. As her commerce is entirely in the hands of foreigners, her merchants are likewise few. Most of the ships in the docks are English or American. It is somewhat curious that at the inn where I lodge there is not a guest of any other nation; and more than half our party are captains in the merchant service of England or America.

As all large ships are built at St. Petersburg in a dock yard off the granite quay already referred to, where the water is shallow, a number of camels are kept at Cronstadt for the purpose of carrying them down the river. Camels are hollow cases of wood so constructed as to embrace the keel and sides of the vessel, and are filled with water and sunk, in order to be fixed on. The water is then pumped out, and the specific gravity of the whole mass being decreased, the camels and vessel gradually rise. The process is continued by an addition of camels till the ship is raised sufficiently to enable it to pass the shoals. Since my arrival, two of the largest ships, the *Rurik* and *Admiral* Janko, have been raised in this manner, in the presence of the emperor, with all the parade which invariably attends similar events in this great capital.

There has been no levee this month ; but Lord Heytesbury, the English ambassador, to whom I am indebted for some obliging attentions, has offered to present me at the first that is held after my return from Moscow, for which city I purpose to set out to-morrow.

LETTER XIII.

Moscow, 23d (11th,) September, 1830.

Before making up St. Petersburg it was necessary that I should qualify up my mind as to the route to be pursued from Moscow, because a traveller is obliged to advertise his name in the public newspapers three times before he can obtain permission to leave the country. This form occupies nearly a fortnight, and the final passport can be obtained only after the advertisement has been published. As the standing camp, the chief object of interest at Warsaw, has been removed for the winter, and as the road through that part of Poland is as tedious as a monotonous bed of sand must always be; while, on the other hand, the German provinces of Russia, with their fertile soil, and the extensive territories of Prussia, offer much of novelty and interest, I resolved to return to St. Petersburg and pursue the road by Riga, Polangen, and Koeningberg, to Berlin, though it is five hundred miles longer than that by Warsaw to the capital of Prussia. Accordingly, having put things in train to secure a passport as soon as I could, I started on my journey on the morning of Tuesday, the 14th instant.

The distance is six hundred and ninety-eight wersta, or four hundred and sixty-five miles. The journey occupied four days and nights. I was alone in the inside. There were three outside passengers, one of whom was a young man, a Georgian, who had been driven from his family migrated during the troubles of their ill-fated land. He said he knew a little of the ancient Greek; and though he could not understand my pronunciation, yet when I wrote a few words, he answered readily, and I was enabled to get on tolerably well. As the journey proceeded far before it appeared that one of my companions, an obliging young adventurer of much general information, spoke Italian. Thus considering that I was travelling in a foreign and half civilised country, ignorant of the language, I wrote him a few lines in Italian, as a reason to complain. On one occasion, I met a native of Georgia, naturalised as a Russian. The rencontre was very interesting. His name was John Mortlock. He had been a slave, and was redeemed by a benevolent gentleman of my acquaintance, well known in London and Russia, to whose name he adopted in the Christian rite of baptism.

Leaving St. Petersburg for Moscow, the traveller makes up his mind to resign all comfort till he reach the end of his journey. At the post-houses he can procure scarcely any thing but tea, bread, and butter; except here and there a kind of soupe maigre, called *tschec*, consisting chiefly of cabbages and the water in which they have

been lost. The filth of the rooms is such that even those who travel with post-horses and can command their time prefer the filthy but unimpaired nature of a long sojourn in one of these nondescript abodes. The state of the people in the interior seems inconsistent with their proximity to such a city as St. Petersburg. The shaggy peasant, rivaling in hairiness his own sheep-skin cloak, lying asleep with his corner of the road; the bold, legless man gazing with an unmeaning stare from a hole in the wall, which serves as the only window of the house; and the wild appearance of the children, the cattle, and the buildings; force upon a stranger's mind the conclusion that civilisation has been left behind. However, every thing is new and strange to the eye. In spite of many annoyances and great discomfort, four days and nights passed quickly away, while memory was busily occupied in recalling the wonders of St. Petersburg, and imagination no less engaged in picturing fairy visions of Moscow.

The first twenty worsts carried us over the same road that I had travelled only a day or two before, to visit the palace of Tsarskoe Celoe. At Sophia, contiguous to which little town the palace stands, our progress was arrested for three hours by a review of the troops. The peasants had scrambled, without distinction of age or sex, to the tops of the trees, and were gazing at the military display. I followed their example, seating myself across the gable end of a cottage, to the infinite amusement of many a Russian boy who passed his dull joke on the foreigner. The emperor and empress, with the imperial family, were present. Thirty thousand troops were assembled to go through the manoeuvres of a mock fight. Their volleys were fired with an irregularity which would disgrace an awkward squad; otherwise, as far as a civilian can judge, the duties were performed in a soldier-like manner. The scene was very stirring, and every opportunity, as affording me a sight of the Russian army.

The Hussars and Cossacks were a peculiarly martial appearance. To the disappointment of a foreigner's curiosity, the latter have been disbanded of their national costumes, and vacancies in their troops have been supplied almost instantly with native Russians. They are now distinguished from European Lancers chiefly by the length and weight of their spears, and by the skill with which they wield them. The word Cossack is a corruption of the Turkish, (*kuzzak*), a robber. The predatory tribes inhabiting the banks of the Don were called the Cossacks of the Don, because of their constant depredations. The word Cossack, however, in consequence of corruption, has been converted into Don Cossacks. The term Hussar may be traced nearer home. It is Hungarian, signifying twentieth. The name was first applied to a corps formed by a selection from various regiments of the finest men in every tent; and being imported into other countries, was used with a more general and less accurate signification.

After three hours we obtained permission to proceed. En route, we passed through one or three large towns. The first was Novgorod, a hundred and twenty miles from St. Petersburg, built about the year 1000. The *Krem*, or fortress, erected in the eleventh century was repaired by the celebrated architect Aristotle,* of whose taste and science it remains a deserted monument, "are perennius." The church is constructed after the model of St. Sophia's at Constantinople, which I long to see. Moscow, about the year 1500, is one of the finest hundred miles; and a water conveyance would carry me speedily thence to Istanbul. But as duty calls me home, inclination must be sacrificed. Novgorod once contained a population larger than St. Petersburg now does; but it has sunk into insignificance and possesses no object of interest except the tomb of Vladimir, and the brass gates he brought away from the Crimea in his expedition against Greece. Whether or not they are the identical gates I will not venture to decide; but some learned historians, among whom is Gibbon, think there is just ground to credit the story.

About two hundred and ten miles from St. Petersburg, and ninety from Novgorod, we crossed a little range of hills, designated by the lofty title of the Waldai mountains, though scarcely twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea. They form a water plateau, or elevated space whence rivers descend in opposite courses. The drops which have been congregated in the same cloud,

and fall within a few yards of each other, are transported, some to the commercial Baltic, and some to the Frozen Sea, or the Arctic Ocean, and others to the Gulf of Bothnia, Black Sea and Mediterranean. The capacious mind of Peter the Great formed a design of completing the communication, by means of a canal cut through this gently rising ground, between the Baltic and the Caspian. Many and great difficulties were to be encountered, but at length we succeeded in visiting the Matsa of the Tver, the former joins the Volkoff that communicates through the lake of Ladoga and the Neva with the Baltic; the other is lost in the Wolga which flows into the Caspian. The fall towards the Matsa is very great; and the quantity of water which descends, is so great, that it is insufficient to fill the canal so as to enable vessels to take advantage of the falls, called the Borovitski. Water is therefore collected in a basin and the locks are opened only once a week, when all boats waiting for a passage are mustered, and shot the falls. In the descent they are generally so sheltered as to be good for little afterwards; and since it is impossible for them to reascend the cataracts, they are broken up at St. Petersburg. The canal is two miles in length, and admits about four thousand vessels annually. By its means one of the most extensive inland navigations in the world is accomplished; the boats of the Tver, which are sent to the Caspian, and the rivers reversed for being, upwards of three thousand miles.*

A hundred and four miles from Waldai stands Torjok, famous for a manufacture of shoes and sashes embroidered with gold and silver, and for the peculiar mode of preparing leather, which in every country gives the name of *Russian leather* to such as has undergone the process. I recollect, when travelling some years ago in the Himala mountains, to have been presented by one of the petty rajah with a whole skin of leather thus prepared, the only article of the kind I saw in the mountains. It was a problem to me how he procured it. Information lately obtained leads me to believe that he must have got it from Ladak, the country of the Grand Lama, (which was near at hand) where a large fair is annually held for the barter of goods between Casimerians and Tartars, who form a medium of communication between the merchants of China and Russia; Russians carrying from the fair of Nijni Novgorod home produce, which they exchange with Chinamen for tea. Torjok leather is tanned with the bark of oak, and coloured red with cochineal, which is a small insect gathered on the opuntia and dried. Some vegetable oil is used in the process. To locate its origin, I found that at each station where the horses are changed, the diligence halts for an hour; and a foreigner must possess great self-command who can abstain from laying in a stock of souvenirs of Russia from the collection of curiosities exposed for sale. These consist chiefly of sashes, caps, pillows, slippers, pocket-books, and writing cases, of Torjok or Russian leather, richly embroidered with gold and silver.

Tver, a large and handsome town, the capital of the government of that name, stands on the bank of the Volga, twenty miles beyond Torjok, and is a hundred and fifty-eight miles from St. Petersburg. The population exceeds twenty thousand. Here the real character of Russian architecture is clearly marked. The churches, which are numerous, are built in the oriental style. Their cupolas of green and gold, surmounted with massive crosses of silver, with many more distant towers described by the deep azure of the sky; and presented a view, to a certain degree oriental, yet strangely blended with what is peculiarly European. When Napoleon invaded Moscow, such conformation was diffused through the country, that Tver, which is only a hundred and seven miles from that city, was, with many more distant towns, described by its inhabitants, who carried off their moveable property to remote villages. Tver derives its name from the Tvertsa that here disembores itself into the Volga.

There is something indescribable in the feelings with which for the first time we look on things and places remote from our native land, and without reflecting on the position, conceded either to their individual grandeur, or to historical or geographical associations. In youth, especially, such sentiments are excited when the objects in question are remote, and the probability of seeing them but small; and even in after life all are more or less conscious of the same feelings.

* Mr. G., a Scotch missionary, a year or two since, made a voyage by the route referred to from St. Petersburg to Astracan.

From an official paper published at St. Petersburg, in 1826, it appears, that the value of the ruble is four and a half millions sterling passed through this canal, called Voichni-Volotchok, in the year 1824.

scious of magnifying to themselves what is distant and unknown. It was under the influence of some such feelings that I was so much attracted to the banks of the Ganges. I experienced similar feelings on the banks of the Ganges. But here I muscled on a much larger river, the largest of Europe; a river navigable nearly to its source, through a space of more than two thousand five hundred miles; and I dwelt on it with a kind of respect and admiration. A British gentleman carried me quickly across the wide river, my ideas was interrupted by other objects of novelty and interest.

The approach to Moscow is characterised by an increasing resemblance to oriental costumes, as well as to the eastern style of architecture. Women wear long shawls covering the head and pendant to the feet, like the eastern *caftan*, which probably resembles the veil that Ruth wore, when, in the simplicity of primitive times and the innocence of her heart, she presented herself to her kinsman Boaz. The gown is generally of some bright colour, except that it has a blue skirt and is covered with tinsel, might bear comparison with the Indian *sari*. The men carry in their girdle a hatchet that answers the purpose of a knife as well as of an offensive and defensive weapon. Their large clumsy shoes are made of the inner bark of the lime-tree; and, instead of the strong leather stockings of the west, the natives are twisted in a grotesque manner round their legs.

Many of the villages and small towns through which we passed are not paved, but boarded with planks; the houses also are built of logs, in the fashion already described as prevalent in Norway, with large chimneys and ornate balconies. The statue of the Virgin is suspended in every room. In this, each person, as he enters, pays respect by crossing himself quickly and bowing, before he salutes the master or mistress of the house. The picture is generally covered with a blue cloth, and the altars of the churches it is sometimes of pure silver, which has holes to show the face and hands. This practice of covering the object of worship may have been adopted in order to preserve it from injury, when the art of multiplying copies was little known in Russia. It is now retained only as a mark of respect. The pictures are of the Virgin. Sometimes, when we stopped to change horses, women would crowd round us with biscuits, of the size and shape of a bracelet, strung, thirty or forty together, on a piece of hemp. These they insisted on our purchasing for a halfpenny or two, nor would they take a refusal. The reason of the usual is more easily than the picture of good-will than the result of a desire to make money. In the course of our journey we passed several tumuli, supposed to have been raised at an early date over fallen warriors. Every now and then we encountered a caravan of carts proceeding to the capital, each drawn by two or three oxen, and laden with sugar. The wagons were shaped like boxes, fitted on two low wheels, and covered with matting. Their rude structure reminded me of the eastern *hakris*.

The greater part of our road was a level, the level of the soil was that of a plain, and the extent of the country was about two hundred *versts** the old one, though half broken up, remains. In this part the motion of a carriage becomes almost insupportable. Though the diligence is as well arranged as it can be, and thickly wadded with cotton, yet the contusions received are neither slight nor few. The importance of the road is evident from the number of pillows. Not expecting that the agitation of the coach would render such a precaution absolutely necessary, I failed to do so; and had it not happened that my Greek companion carried with him three, I think I should scarcely have reached Moscow without an accident. The road was originally made of trees placed side by side. Some of these exist no more. The gap remains unfilled; and incessant jolting gives one a speedy surfeit of travelling in this half civilised country. On each side a space of a hundred and fifty yards is kept clear as pasture for cattle travelling from the south of Russia. This space is not cultivated, and they are not able to effect such tedious marches. Nothing can well be more dreary than the country through which we passed. On the west of the little elevation called the Waldai mountains, the long plain is scarcely broken by a single hill, and the soil is so level, that it is not possible to effect such tedious marches. Nothing can well be more dreary than the country through which we passed. On the west of the little elevation called the Waldai mountains, the long plain is scarcely broken by a single hill, and the soil is so level, that it is not possible to effect such tedious marches. Nothing can well be more dreary than the country through which we passed. On the east of the Waldai there is more cultivation, with some variety in the foliage, but

* Alberti Aristotle, otherwise called Ridolfo Fioravanti, was a celebrated architect and mechanician of Bologna, who flourished in the fifteenth century. He is said to have invented a machine which he kept thirty-five years in his native city to the last thirty-five years distant!

* A *verst*, or *verst*, equals five hundred *ajens*; and a *ajens* is a Russian mile. Hence a *verst* is about two-thirds of a mile. The Russian archer equals twenty-eight miles English.

workmanship, in filigree gold, surmounted by a cross of the same metal and ornamented with precious stones, was sent as a present by the sovereigns of Byzantium to those of Kioff in the year 1116, and was used at the coronation of the tzars from that period till the time of Ivan and Peter. Another crown of the same price in polished gold is supposed to be still more ancient, and to have been given by the Greek emperor to the grand princess Olga in 946, when she went to be baptised at Constantinople.

The crowns of the tsar Ivan Alexivitch and Peter the Great are ornamented, each with upwards of eight hundred diamonds and a single ruby of extraordinary dimensions.

The crowns of Kazan and Astrachan were in oriental style, and that of Siberia, set with precious stones of great value and variety, shine in all the dazzling splendour of diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, topazes, and pearls.

Each of these seven crowns is bordered with sable and shaped like a helmet with its crest cut off.

That of Catherine the first differs from these I have described. It is an imperial crown surmounted by a cross, and studded with two thousand five hundred diamonds, besides rubies and other precious stones, some of which were plundered from the crown of Peter the Great.

The crown of Poland is of unwrought gold, surmounted by a cross of the same metal, and without any ornament. No free man can see without a sigh this crown within the walls of the kremlin. The blood of Stanislaus is still crying for vengeance; and those cries will be heard by Him who has declared 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay.'

Amongst a number of thrones, the most interesting is that of Ivan and Peter Alexivitch, made at Hamburg of massive silver. It is ornamented with Arabian twisted columns, and divided in the centre into two equal seats for the young emperors. In the lower part of the throne is a cushion with a thin sheet of gold, behind which their sister Sophia used to sit and prompt what they should say on special occasions.

The number and variety of ornaments and modern regalia in this treasury is such that one can scarcely fail to be struck by the quantity of gold and silver, but the chief bulk is evidently of bell metal, or a composition of copper and tin. They also affirm that the bell was once suspended, but such an assertion carries its own contradiction. Comparing the size of this bell with that of the famous bells of Eritri and Pekin, it appears that the former is much smaller than the latter, and half as large again as the latter. The height and thickness being in proportion, it is evident that those of Saxony and China are small by comparison with this colossal Moscovite.

I have now conducted you through the kremlin, an assemblage of buildings commanding, probably, more universal veneration and interest than any other in the world. In some parts there are real grandeur, splendour, and elegance. In others barbarism, ruin, and dirt. The debris of much rude magnificence is strangely contrasted with more tasteful buildings of a lighter complexion, and now 'The spider weaves his web in the hall of the Cæsars.'

Leaving the kremlin, the first building that attracts attention is the church of Vassili Blagennoi opposite the *Spassko* gate. It was built in 1554, under Ivan the Terrible, and was said to be the eyes of the architect saying, 'I wish this to be a solitary *ch'oeuvre*.' It contains nineteen chapels; and is, beyond all doubt, the most extraordinary structure that the mind of man could devise. Its fantastic pyramids of domes; the number of its bulbous cupolas, differing from each other in the details of their shape and decoration; the strange variety of colours; its architectural inconsistencies, novelties, and contrasts; all unite to inspire a sentiment of unusual interest and astonishment. This singular building, which (if one dare venture a comparison to any thing), is not unlike an artificial group of irregular skeletons, stands isolated in position as in character. On one side are some Gothic edifices allotted to the tribunals, and a military guard house of modern construction. On the other, the lofty walls of the kremlin. In front, the *Gostinnoy Dvor*, or grand market-place, ornamented with a bronze statue of Ivan the Terrible and Pojarskoj, two valiant defenders of their country.

In the market-place are several stalls under a prodigious roof, or succession of roofs, forming a variety of streets, in which vendors of the same commodities herd together. The melange of articles for sale is so heterogeneous, and the number of the dealers so unparallelled in any city of the world. Pearls from India, sent

from America, cloth from England, images from Italy, china from Saxony, coffee from Arabia, brooms from Holland, iron from Sweden, furs from Siberia, and various kinds of meat from the Crimea, tea from China, skins from Lada, fish from Archangel; sporting dogs, carrier pigeons, Persian cats, singing birds, psittacines, white mice, cockatoos; Tartars, Siberians, Italians, Calmucks, Georgians, French, Cossacks, Armenians, Moscovites, English, Persians, and Jews, all are to be seen in the market.

Amongst these are some of the objects, animate and inanimate, that contribute to the remarkable variety of a Russian bazaar.

In summer, fish markets are held in the water. I have not seen any here; but at St. Petersburg a large bulk is divided into two compartments, one for carp, and the other for fresh, and some with salt water. There the fish are arranged according to their kinds; and as they swim about, purchasers make their choice. The favourite species, one of which the landlord of the inn procured us yesterday, is the sterlet. It is caught only in the Caspian and the Volga, and must be preserved alive till within a few hours of being dressed; otherwise it is good for nothing. The sterlet is a species of sturgeon, measuring generally about two feet and a half in length. The flavour is delicious.

During winter, all provisions brought to Moscow are kept in a large hall. Fish from Archangel and the Caspian, some weighing a thousand pounds, and beef from the southernmost part of Russia, are conveyed to the capital in ice, in which they are preserved for many months. All the cellars in many of the streets are thus used; for the very rainy season is so late in Russia, that the cold season has been congealed before it is submitted to a kitchen fire.

Merchants have a sort of hand-arithmetic by which they usually make calculations. Something of the same kind has of late years been introduced into infant schools in England, and consists of a number of wires fastened to a frame with nine little globes of wood on each wire. The lower range represents units, the second tens, the third hundreds and so on.

Among the curiosities of Moscow, I have been conducted to a military riding school, and exercise hall, which is a sort of gymnasium, and the world unsupported by pillars. It is five hundred and thirty feet long by a hundred and seventy broad, and forty feet high. The angle in the arch of the roof is so obtuse as scarcely to be perceptible from without; while within, there is an unevenness of surface.

It is pleasing to observe the numerous moral institutions established by the late empress. In both capitals these monuments of her maternal care attract attention by their outward magnificence, and excite admiration by the excellence of their internal arrangements. I have visited most of them with extreme interest; an interest which the detail on paper must fail to convey to another. I cannot, however, refrain from referring to the Foundling, where six thousand children are educated, and provided for. They are left at the gate with a billet specifying only whether or not they have been baptised. No further information is sought. It was formerly said, 'No child is forenoon of yesterday; and three children had already been admitted that morning. The internal economy of the nursery, school, manufactory, cuisine, dormitory, and hospital, is admirable. Even in England it could not be surpassed. The policy of this institution, with such a variety of admission, is, to prevent the child from having an evil tendency: nor is it difficult to believe that where the claims of maternal solicitude are so amply satisfied, one great check to immorality is removed. It happens frequently that an indigent mother leaves her child at the gate and then returns herself to pursue in the Foundling, where by a little management, she secures the charge of her own child. As the children grow up they are instructed in some trade. The more clever are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic; and when they attain a proper age, the girls are put out to service, and the boys are sent as cultivating youths to the noble villages. A young colony of these foundlings is now rising up in the government of Smolensk, where they have cultivated a tract of country that has hitherto been waste. Attached to this institution by the same maternal hand is another for the protection and comfort of females the poor house, as it were, of the capital. Admission is required but that of necessity. Every candidate for admission is kindly received and provided for till able to return to the daily duties of life.

The two largest hospitals are those founded by Prince Galitzin and Count Sheremetoff, whose names they bear. Each of these presents an extensive and fine palace. It is to be regretted that sums of money spent on decoration

of the palace, and the expense of the building, have been expended in a manner that has not been productive of any real benefit to the poor. The palace is a fine building, and the grounds are well laid out, but the expense of the building, and the expense of the palace, have been expended in a manner that has not been productive of any real benefit to the poor.

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the nobility; nor is there an order of gentry with whom they may associate. Their intercourse is therefore confined to their own body. The principal shopkeepers, many of whom are foreigners, chiefly Germans, are included among the merchants. The third class consists of the slave peasantry. These distinctions prevail throughout Russia; except that in the interior of the empire the number of merchants is so small that they can be said to distribute themselves into two classes, nobles and serfs.

The population of Russia, including all the subjects of the emperor, amounts to fifty-five millions. Of these thirty-eight millions profess the Greco-Russian faith: ten millions are Roman Catholics; three and a half protestants; two millions Mohammedans, and a million and a half Pagans. The superficial area of the empire is three hundred and seventy-three thousand square miles, allowing on an average a square mile to one hundred and fifty-five persons. Comparing the density of the population of Russia with that of the most inhabited Europe, it appears that it is as nine to forty. If Russia were populated as well as Sweden, it would contain ninety-five millions of inhabitants; if as well as Germany, four hundred and thirty-two millions. The population of the provinces of the empire would admit an increase of population to the amount of two hundred and seventy-five millions, without subjecting them to inconvenience from a want of subsistence. Of the present inhabitants, forty-five millions are of the Slavonic race, by which I mean Russians, Poles, Belarussians, and Serbians; three millions are Finns; two millions Lithuanians; and four millions are composed of Samoides, Mongols, Turks, Moldavians, and Armenians. The rest are European foreigners, in the following proportions:—Germans, 380,000; Swedes, 56,000; Danes, 21,000; Poles, 10,000; French and English, 4,000; Jews, 460,000—935,000.

In many of the conquered provinces slavery has either never existed or it has been abolished. In those where it does exist, the nobles are calculated at seven hundred and fifty thousand; the serfs at thirty-six millions. The nobles are divided into three ranks, viz. the great nobles, the middle nobles, and the small nobles. By a charter of nobility they are exempt from military conscription and corporal chastisement; and, as fine and imprisonment are punishments comparatively unknown, if a noble be guilty of a crime, the emperor degrades him, banishes him to the Siberian mines. He is then civilly dead, and is liable to pay for his vessels, privileges; so that, if again criminal, he may be flogged or otherwise punished, or even be subjected to execution. The nobility are divided into three classes; hereditary, official, and those raised for military exploits. There are eight principal classes of nobles, viz. three registers preserved among the public records. They are also arranged in another mode, according to which they take rank and precedence. Instead of our titles of baron, viscount, &c. there are fourteen grades: and a man is called a noble of the third class, or fourth class, &c. In the eight principal classes rank descends to the serfs, who (as soon as enrolled among the population of the country) are nobles of the fourteenth class, and gain a step every third year, unless pushed on more rapidly by interest or merit. These rise as a matter of course from the lowest to the highest rank; but two, the two first being the most numerous, are stated to be the least. The created nobles cease to rise when they have attained the ninth class, unless specially promoted by the emperor. The difficulty, therefore, is to pass the limits between the hereditary and non-hereditary nobles. This effected, the nobles are generally raised to the third class. In one sense the nobility may be said to be the caste of the country, for the emperor exercises arbitrary power over them in many respects; especially in the choice of a wife and a profession, on neither of which occasions can a nobleman act without permission from the crown, though that permission is commonly given without restriction.

Russians of the higher orders are intelligent and well educated. It is by no means uncommon (I might almost say it is the general case in a large party) to hear four languages, and often five, spoken at the same time; the majority of the party understanding French, and many speak English. The Russians are jealous of our power; the more so because they consider us to be jealous of theirs; but they respect and admire us as a nation. A trifling incident may illustrate the feelings of the Russians. One day, when I was at the Privy Council, a Russian gentleman, whom I met at the first meeting, introduced me to one of the first men in Moscow, almost apologised for doing so, saying, "But indeed the character of an English traveller is a sufficient

introduction to any society." The same gentleman observed, "I consider the English to be the finest nation in the world, and the administration of India to be the master-piece of its prowess. It is a political miracle. It is not in the ages of darkness, but in the nineteenth century, that England has driven from their eastern possessions the French, Danes, Portuguese, and all other Europeans; and that, with the exception of a distance of four thousand leagues, she holds in subjection more than a hundred millions of men. It is justly incomprehensible!" This enlightened Russian concluded by saying: "I would not on any account that England should lose India. India adds greatly to her power, and she will be the master of the East. Europe that England should be powerful." I may observe, by the way, that an acquaintance with India is sometimes very serviceable to a man abroad. The children are amused by accounts of wild beasts; the ladies like to hear of Indian manners and customs, and the gentlemen are interested in eastern politics.

The number of orders instituted as rewards strikes a traveller in Russia as being almost ridiculous. Nearly every common soldier has three or four. Many have six or seven. Civil orders and those of knighthood are numerous, and the presentation of medals, orders, honours, with snuff-boxes and similar presents, are bestowed, as we might absurd. Last month a snuff-box, with the emperor's portrait, was forwarded to the duke of Devonshire, merely because he had taken the trouble to give a ticket for some public building to a young Russian traveller on his return from his travels. Such favours are generally granted as so trivial, that what was intended as an honourable distinction has almost ceased to be such.

With regard to slavery in Russia, it may be observed that in a condition of mild restraint, but man's life will be compared with that of the West Indian. Masters can legally inflict only a slight corporal chastisement; and the law directs that attention be paid to complaints of vassals against their masters. Thus, nominally, the owners have not power of life and death, and there is no cruel and excessive punishment; but, virtually, they are absolute in their domains, and there is no redress. Still, considering the authority possessed, I am inclined to think that less tyranny is exercised than might be expected. Excess of anger is not characteristic of a Russian. Compared with the native of a southern clime he is more temperate, more patient, more forgiving, and less flogged. Slavery, however, can never be divested of her real character; and her moral influence is here but too evident. The serfs are an appendage to the soil, and cannot legally be alienated from it; but this law is frequently evaded, and they are bought and sold like other personal property. An owner is entitled to the labour of his male slave three days in the week without any remuneration. If he employ him during the other four days he must furnish him with food and clothing. Mutual interests generally induce a contract between the parties; and the serf is allowed to work on his own account, and receive a certain share, or a rent, to his master. This varies in proportion to the trade he may pursue, and it is raised from time to time as his circumstances prosper. Some of the native merchants in this city pay hundreds, and even thousands of rubles each year to the owners of the soil, for the privilege of allowing their serfs to refuse, the nobleman has power to summon them to the estate of which they are an appendage, and to compel them to work. If a serf do not aspire to trade, but continue to cultivate the soil, his master provides him with land and a hut. As the nobles have an opportunity of watching narrowly the condition of their peasantry, and as they are in the habit of raising the *abrok* in proportion to the ability to pay, while the emperor demands and receives a fixed amount from serfs of the crown, these are always in a condition far superior to that of our serfs. No slave is allowed to leave the village to which he belongs, without a permit from his owner, so that it is difficult for any to escape from the grasp of a master: and as the power of holding slaves is one of the privileges of nobility, no unmanumitted serf can himself purchase, or otherwise obtain, a slave.

It is a curious circumstance, that in Russia, and the intimate connection between a man's desires and enjoyments, I am not inclined to think that the great mass of Russian slaves are less comfortable than the free-born Indians. It is true that they have nothing, but then they want nothing. I have been credibly informed that a Russian gentleman, who was carrying on a journey from St. Petersburg, will pass a night at an inn and not spend three halfpence among them, because they cannot muster so large a sum. Wretched as their condition is,

if estimated by our ideas of happiness, it is less so in reality, because they see and know no other state. Their masters are raised too far above them to excite jealousy or ambition; and between him and them there is no third class. So long as they can satisfy the present cravings of nature, they wish for nothing more. Devoid of foresight, they have no anxiety for the future. The stripe inflicted on one is forgotten the next, and not dreaded for the following.

It is in moral rather than in physical effects that the baneful influence of slavery, and of that ignorance which slavery promotes and perpetuates, is manifested. All slaves are a serf possessors, even his wife, is the property of his lord. A conviction that the licentious gratification of passion would in most cases lead to his own murder, acts as a check on the superior in the absence of law: but the mere existence of the power alluded to, though seldom exercised, renders comparatively insecure that sacred tie on which the whole fabric rests, social charities. The serf lives like an animal, and habituated to act, learns in some respects almost to feel, as one. Since his *abrok* will be raised with prosperity he conceals his gains, and the first lesson he is taught with the dawn of reason is to deceive his master. To effect this, he must deceive his lord in the slave's slavish manner, and in the manner of falsehood are engendered. Self-interest is always the mainspring of exertion; and since the labour of a serf enriches chiefly his master, the motive to industry is removed, and a slave is habitually idle. Determined idleness is the chief feature of his character, and even his physical faculties are cultivated little. He has no reputation to lose. Unrestrained by others, he respects not himself; and if he have an opportunity of stealing, what should prevent him? If discovered, he is beaten; but he is accustomed to be beaten; and a temporary enjoyment in the stolen goods is the only satisfaction he derives from conscience or violated principle. This is a sad picture, but true; and so it must remain till light and liberty dawn on this benighted land.

The debased condition of the people is the necessary result of slavery. It arises from no want of moral or intellectual qualities in the Russian people, but is imposed by the peasantry in a very remarkable degree. Were not this the case, their state could not possibly be so good as it is. The Russians are eminently gifted with the elements of the Christian character, though deformed and almost concealed by ignorance, superstition, and the influence of the slave system. I have been informed by a friend who has passed the greater part of his life here, that a deep-rooted conviction of original and personal sin, and a simple dependence (as far as their knowledge admits) on the merits of the Saviour, characterise the Russians. In no class of the people are these more deeply imprinted, than in the serfs. The serfs are ever dissipated, do you ever meet a serf. Whenever the subject of religion is broached, even in the midst of mirth and revelry, it will be treated with solemnity, or respectfully disposed of as unsuited to the occasion. Great attention is conceded to religious instruction, and a bible is the most valuable relic that can be offered to a poor man. My friend informs me that some of the scenes he has witnessed, when visiting the prisons with a man who, as a native of England and a resident in Russia, is a blessing to the one and an honour to the other country—I mean Mr. Venning, the Howard of the East—has been such, as to excite his indignation. The sudden hush and devout preparation of the prisoners and soldiers of the guard when Mr. Venning has proposed to read the Bible; the look with which a solemn whisper passed from one to another, "the word of God is going to be read;" the fixed and motionless attention of all the listeners; the earnest petition for the Bible urged by some of the soldiers, and accompanied with an assurance that they wanted to read it to one another while on duty; and the bitter disappointment they expressed on hearing that government had forbidden the book they sought with avidity, and many more particulars, all of which, I am persuaded, are prepared to receive the gospel with alacrity, whenever it may be proclaimed to them; and encourage a hope, not enthusiastic, but sober and well founded, that when it pleases God to remove the darkness which now overshadows the country, the convicts will be the first to be converted, and the country, among isolated individuals, far separated in time and place, but by whole masses of men throwing off the trammels of a degrading superstition, and worshipping in spirit and in truth.

My friend mentioned an interesting fact. Shortly after the discovery of the *Arcturion*, passing over the Neva with a large party of bores in a common ferry-boat, he was attracted by their conversation, which ran somewhat in this strain: "Well, this is a dreadful visitation,

that we have had." "Yes, but we deserve it richly. Look, what sinners we are." "To be sure, that is true; and moreover, we know better. Why, there is not one of us who is not a sinner, and we are all equally wicked. Nobles and slaves, we are all equally bad." "Yes, and I tell you what, I should not be surprised if we have something still worse; and we deserve it, for we do not lay our wickedness to heart, nor God's chastisement, as we ought." The arrival of the ferry at the mouth of the river prevented any further conversation on this interesting conversation, maintained by two boorish peasants, whom a stranger would have supposed to possess scarcely two ideas beyond providing for the necessities of life. He assures me that this is not an uncommon case; but that the general character of the people is received at first from those of the natives in general. It seems to be a remarkable trait of national character, that the first ideas imbibed are of a religious nature; and that the Russians having no other, by cultivating these, have obtained a certain knowledge of religion, on which it only requires that the truths of the gospel be grafted, to make it bring forth spiritual fruit. It is in spite of a natural tendency to moralise that slavery prevents the Russian from rising to the point to which morality would elevate him.

The real nature of this bondage, which might more justly be termed *servitude* from its nature of character, and the impediments it offers to moral and intellectual advancement, would form subject for a little volume, and can only be properly treated by one whom long residence in the country, and intimate acquaintance with the language, have supplied with the necessary information. The opinions I have formed are, I confess, incorrect. Such as they are, I offer them to you: and if you detect any inconsistency, it arises from a wish to give you always my first impressions. Sometimes these are favourable, sometimes otherwise, according to the character of the incident on which they depend. Apparent inconsistency of this kind may be easily reconciled; and it is only by a careful consideration of the various effects produced on the same mind, and a comparison of these with impressions made on others dissimilarly constituted, that a man can hope to form a just estimate of national character placed beyond the liants of his own personal impression.

In the hey-day of life, with unlimited power, health, and every inducement to seek his own pleasure, the present emperor devotes his whole time to his subjects. From dawn of day till the afternoon, he is engaged in public affairs. Nor is his attention confined to the administration of the empire; his engagements; on the contrary, the moral state of the people, the prisons, almshouses, and similar institutions, are objects of his special regard. Unhappy for the country, the aristocracy are not as disinterested as the emperor. Their aim and their attachment are to keep him in comparative ignorance, or to convert his efforts for the improvement of the present state of things. A determination on his part to carry into execution the desire of his heart for the liberation of the serfs, would excite among the nobles a conspiracy which would probably end in the loss of his crown. It is the power of an illiberal aristocracy which prevents Russia from rising to the elevation she would otherwise attain.

The emperor, or "Autocrat of all the Russias," is as absolute as a monarch can be. He has no hereditary advisers and no chosen counsellors. The prime minister of the empire is styled the Chancellor. Each of the departments has likewise its peculiar minister, all of whom are ex officio members of a council consisting of thirty-five, who superintend the public offices. Imperial ukases are issued through a body, called a senate, who are employed as a mechanical instrument, and have no deliberative power, except when they sit as a judicial court of appeal from inferior tribunals. Governors are deputed to the provinces of this extensive empire, who carry on the duties of their governments by means of subordinate employes, and a host of gens-d'armes, who correspond to the *Ukash* with which a civil functionary is surrounded in France. But with all these means and duties of these, all resemblance ceases. The talent, patient investigation, laborious assiduity, and undeviating integrity, which characterise British civilians in the east, are for the most part wanting in the Russian government. Money is the sole passport to justice. To obtain money is the main object of almost every man. This evil will never be remedied so long as the present inadequate stipends are continued to public servants, whose salary seldom amounts to a quarter, and often not to a tenth, of what they are expected and obliged to spend. In some offices it remains nearly the same as it was a century

ago, notwithstanding great changes in the relative value of money and in the habits of the people. The whole system of government is to be traced to the same source. At the present time the Russians are in a state to feel most keenly the effects of an absolute monarchy, a cruel aristocracy, and the want of a middle class. They are too civilised not to be conscious that they are slaves. They are too little advanced in civilisation to exercise the right of free thought and action, and the medium of public opinion. Government, conscious that knowledge must burst the chains which now gall the people, has imposed a strict censorship on the press. A miserable minority policy is pursued to prevent men from speaking what they think, or knowing what they think. Every foreign newspaper is prohibited, and it contains an account of a mutiny or a sentiment favourable to liberty. In short, mind and body are alike enslaved in Russia, and despotism is complete.

I have made the courts a subject of particular enquiry, and, strange to say, I have not been able to speak with any legal mind who could inform me of the legal mode of recovering a debt or prosecuting a criminal. The only answer I have obtained is unsatisfactory indeed. "If n'y a point de loi, il n'y a que des ordonnances (ukases)"¹⁷² Nor is this an exaggerated statement. A gentleman who has shown me much kindness is now poor, because there is no legal mode by which he may recover large debts due to him from Russian nobles. This deficiency in the system of jurisprudence cannot fail to influence commerce prejudicially. Here a man's word is worth nothing without a bond; a bond is useless without law; and since there is no law there is neither force, nor faith, neither credit nor enterprise. The whole external commerce of Russia is conducted by foreigners. Ships are commanded by Germans, insured and freighted by English, and often manned by Swedes or Fins. To remedy this state of things, the emperor has ordered that the laws be arranged by the ukases of his predecessors, and laws to be framed in accordance with them: but the nobility retard, as much as possible, this desirable work, because its completion will involve a restriction of their power.

The revenue of the country is derived from a capitation tax on the serfs, and another tax on the vassals of the crown. A census is made every fifth or sixth year; when males above twelve years old are endowed by government with seven acres of land, for which they, or their masters, are taxed at the rate of three rubles per annum. This will give you some idea of the enormous quantity of waste land in the empire; far more than sufficient, if cultivated, to supply food to the population of England and India in addition to her own. The male serfs amount to about eighteen millions, of whom seven millions are vassals of the crown, paying an annual tribute of ten rubles a head. Besides these, there are six other principal sources of revenue: first, the monopoly of brandy and salt; second, customs; third, Siberian mines; fourth, the mint; fifth, stamps; and sixth, a duty on merchants, who, according to the *guild*, or rank, in which they enroll themselves, pay a certain per centage on the capital employed. The merchant ranks such as follows: you some idea of the proportion these sources of revenue bear to each other.

Millions of Rubles.

Capitation	70
Abrok	54
Brandy and Salt	98
Customs	50
Mint	10
Stamps	8
Merchants	6

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When there is no extraordinary call for money the receipts and expenses of government are nearly balanced, but the smallest extra disbursement turns the scale against the country. The interest of the national debt swallows up forty millions; the marine twenty-four millions; diplomatic charges twenty-two millions; and the army a hundred and fifty millions of rubles, annually.

The present army is calculated at eight hundred and seventy thousand men. Of these, five hundred and twenty thousand are infantry; two hundred and thirty thousand are cavalry; fifty thousand are light-guards, pioneers, sappers, and Cossacks. Every third year two men in five hundred are enlisted. This makes a constant supply of soldiers is yielded to

¹⁷² There is no law—only ukases.

the state. Every serf becomes free from the moment he is enrolled in the imperial army; his long beard is cut off, and he is clothed in a citizen's dress; but the change in his condition is regarded as a subject of condolence, rather than congratulation. His friends consider him as dead, because every social tie is ruptured; and, sometimes (I am informed) they even put on mourning. The pay of a private is thirty rubles, or twenty-seven shillings a year. Besides this, he receives clothes, and a certain quantity of salt and grain. The salary of officers is equally insufficient to enable them to live in a style suited to their rank. Hence gambling, dishonesty, and a whole train of evils.

I have long been convinced of the improbability of our Russia ever possessing being a great power, with India. This conviction is confirmed by observation during my short sojourn here. There is a want of system in every public department; in none, perhaps, more than the military; and there is a surprising ignorance of every thing connected with the east. Between Russia and Persia there is no connection. It is not to be expected that that should ever exist; but even could the latter be induced to favor an invasion of India by Russia; could the difficulty of procuring sustenance for an army on the route be overcome; and could the constitutions of the soldiers be fortified against the climate; yet Russia is too ignorant, too weak, too unwarlike, to enable her to send an efficient army through the territory occupied by the warlike nomade hordes of Afghanistan and of neighbouring countries. National power consists neither in money nor men, but in the relative proportion of these to the territory occupied, and in the ability to apply these to practical purposes. Tied by the weight of the wealth of Russia will be found to be less, and her disposable military force smaller, than that of any of the kingdoms with which she is likely to be embroiled; and greatly inferior to that against which she would contend in the event of her ambitious heart grasping at India. Such is the case at present: but who shall venture to conjecture what may be her power a century hence?

It is impossible to visit this country, and to think of what she was a hundred years ago, without being astonished at what she is now. The rapidity of her progress is extraordinary. Every new invention in mechanics has been introduced into the country, and the corner of the world originated, is immediately adopted or tried at St. Petersburg. An absolute monarch never wants money, and many expensive failures weigh in the balance against one successful experiment. With arts and manufactures, the moral condition of the people has undergone great changes. There can be little doubt that improvement of the intellectual faculties is the first step to moral elevation. Education must precede a change of habits, and the mind's fetters be struck off before moral obligations can be fully appreciated.

Impressed with this conviction, it is pleasing to observe in Russia many institutions for the instruction of youth. There are six universities in the country, containing three thousand students and one hundred and ninety professors. Besides these, are fifty-nine colleges for the education of priests, containing twenty-six thousand students and four hundred professors. There are also several medical schools, and a number of schools, with some of a purely medical and district schools, (independently of private academies) under the protection of government.

In this city are two institutions, founded by the empress Catherine the Second, of a peculiarly interesting character: "Le convent de jeunes demoiselles," and "L'institut de Saint-Catherine," the marine twenty-four thousand girls, for the education of eight hundred girls. It is divided into two parts, for the daughters of nobles and of citizens, who pass here nine and six years respectively. Fifty or twenty-eight pounds sterling are paid annually for each girl. For this sum she is boarded and clothed, and taught not only the usual school, arithmetic, music, drawing, and natural philosophy. An annual exhibition is held, at which the late empress-mother made a point of being present. To this the *corps diplomatique* and chief officers of government are invited, with several ladies, who are not permitted to wear any article which the empress has distinguished themselves receive appropriate rewards, and those who leave the convent with a distinction a female can obtain. The other hundred girls, of a similar nature, but open only to daughters of the nobility.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 6, NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA—AT 25 for 32 numbers, payable in advance.

Unfortunately, I arrived at Moscow a few days too late to attend the fair of Nijni Novgorod, which is held annually in August and September. It is well known as the largest in the world, being superior in numbers and traffic to that of Hurdwar in Hindoostan. Merchants from all parts of Europe and Asia assemble there. The English trader is introduced to the remote Kamtchade; while the tall Afghan traffics with the dwarfish Laplander. Tartars, Chinamen, Turks, Indians, Greeks, Italians, Icelanders, Danes, Germans, Swedes, and French, carry the produce of their respective countries to Nijni Novgorod; the mart through which tea finds its way from China to the interior of the Russian empire. Another large fair is held in Ladak, on the borders of the plateau of Tibet, to which the Chinese carry tea, where they barter it for cloths and furs brought from Nijni Novgorod. The Tartar merchants, who take it back the following year to that town, whence it is dispersed throughout the empire. The flavour of this tea is far superior to that of our own; owing probably to the land conveyance; for a sea voyage is prejudicial to tea. But, independently of this advantage, there is an aromatic fragrance in the Russian tea, which is evidently extrinsic; arising, if it be rightly informed, from its being packed by the Chinese merchants for a land journey with flowers and leaves of the *olea fragrans*. In the market-place yesterday I examined what was called the Muscovite trade in the flower of tea, for which he demanded twenty-eight shillings a pound. It was full of little white particles, like dried flowers, and very fragrant. When infused in water, the flavour is strong and grateful. The price usually paid for the article in this part of the country is not less than that which the value would demand from the Chinese.

The commerce of Russia is gradually increasing. Her maritime trade is chiefly in the hands of the English. The principal articles of exportation are iron, corn, flax, hemp, wood, hides, tallow, wax, and cordage. In exchange for the Muscovite trade in the flower of tea, for which he demanded twenty-eight shillings a pound. It was full of little white particles, like dried flowers, and very fragrant. When infused in water, the flavour is strong and grateful. The price usually paid for the article in this part of the country is not less than that which the value would demand from the Chinese.

The mines of Siberia have been a source of wealth to the empire ever since the subjugation of that country in the sixteenth century. They now yield the crown annually about two and a half millions sterling; but, till the year 1821, only two gold mines were known. In the great Oural mines a solid mass of native gold was discovered, weighing twelve-seven pounds. One of the most interesting institutions in St. Petersburg is called the Hotel des Mines. Besides a collection of mineralogical specimens, probably unrivalled, containing, amongst others, a piece of sea marine weighing eighteen pounds, and another of malachite weighing thirteen hundred pounds, there is a model of the whole of the part of the Oural chain of mountains, and of several mines. These models, (in the study of which one might pass many profitable days,) exhibit Lilliputian miners at work in exact conformity with the reality; and the whole process, from the excavation to the smelting of ore, is represented in the institution. The miners of the Oural mines is educated in every branch of the science; and at the end of each year a party duly qualified is sent to Siberia to conduct the mining establishment. For their practical instruction, a subterranean gallery of considerable length has been excavated, showing the various geological strata; thus they are familiarized with the objects, their knowledge of which is to be called forth by future duties. I was conducted through the rooms and mines by an intelligent lad of sixteen, who is expecting to be shortly commissioned to Siberia.

At the mouth of the Siberia and Botany Bay, the mind almost involuntarily adverts to hard labour and galling chains; but good information from the one and the other sanctions a combination of more pleasing ideas. When chains and labour are not annexed to the sentence, it may be doubted whether banishment to Siberia is a very heavy punishment to a Russian. At Tobolsk there are

so many noble families, so many merchants, and so many serfs, all united by sympathy as brother exiles, that a society exists as large as in any town of Russia, except St. Petersburg and Moscow. Provisions are exceedingly cheap. Amusements are numerous. The inhabitants are renowned while living for luxury; and yet, upon permission to remain when their period of banishment has expired. All the Russian punishments are not equally mild. Disgraceful as it is to their national character, the knout is still in vogue. Culprits suffering this punishment frequently die in consequence. Women, as well as men, are subjected to it; and instances are recorded of ladies of high rank who have been publicly flogged in the Nevski Prospektive. The instrument consists of a twisted lash, two feet long, attached to a stick about half that length. At the end of the lash a leather thong is attached, which is twisted in mill and cord, and exposure to the sun, previous to the infliction of punishment. When softened by the sufferer's blood, the thong is changed for a new one, and many may be used on the same subject. Happily, however, human nature can endure only a limited degree of pain. Owing to this merciful provision, cruelly often debate her own object. Thus it is with the knout. The first stroke generally takes away sensation, and seeds of death are deposited in the deep bleeding furrows of the insensible culprit.

If the excellence of the police be estimated by the number of crimes that reach the public eye, it is very deficient. But in a country where commerce restrains the public expression of truth, a different test must be resorted to. Policemen parade the streets day and night. I have frequently been walking at a late hour, yet I never saw a single person who was detected by the police by the item of espionage is carried to a length which foreigners are watched as though they were spies. Every *laissez de place* is said to be in the pay of government. He keeps a regular diary of your proceedings, and most travellers might find a more correct journal of their conduct than in the papers deposited with the police, than in their own writing-case. Sometimes the *laissez* reports with more cunning than truth; so that to offend him may involve a traveller in serious difficulties. A gentleman of my acquaintance was seized and detained at the frontier because the police understood that he had written a letter to a good friend, and that was all that was clear. He was plotting against the state! Inkeepers, English, German, and native, are so completely in the hands of the police, that not one of them is to be trusted. A person taking out a licence to keep a hotel virtually cultivates himself; *ipsa facto*, among the public spies. A man dares scarcely to confide in his own brother. If Napoleon's saying be true, that every one has his price, he ought not; for the government will give any price to a spy. Neither the highest rank nor official situation secures its possessor against the operation of this corrupt system. It is rumored that when a Russian ambassador to this court, he found the look of his writings had been tampered with; and so conscious of her insecurity was the late unfortunate queen of Prussia, that during her residence at St. Petersburg, she invariably carried on her person all her secret papers.

The Russians, like the Indians, are partial to bathing; but a Russian bath is a thing *en genere*; and, as a correct notion of it can be obtained only by undergoing the operation, I resolved to pay the price, and have accordingly taken a bath both here and at Moscow. A bath, in this institution, is a room, the second apartment, three, in each of which is a stove; the second apartment is heated to a higher temperature than the first, in which the thermometer may stand at 100 degrees of Fahrenheit; and a third to a higher than the second. In the inner room is a series of benches from the floor to the top, bathed with the steam of the one below. The temperature of the highest could not, I should think, be less than 140°; it might be more. To these baths hundreds of persons flock every day, especially on Saturday. A few years ago the sexes bathed indiscriminately together. Now houses this is scarcely more than a vulgar notion, being either paid off his hinges, or not filling the doorway. The price paid at public institutions is equivalent to two pence; at private baths, to three and eight pence. The process is as follows. You enter the second apartment, having undergone in the first: by degrees, the tempera-

ture of the body rises, so that you find the heat of the inner room supportable; at the same time you are quite content to sit on the lowest bench that the head may be in a stratum of air lower, and therefore less heated, than when you stand. The attendant then approaches; and, desiring you to lie down, he rubs the whole body with a handful of the inner bark of lime-tree dipped in soap suds, previously prepared, and shampoos every limb. This part of the operation is very grateful, when he throws over your head successive showers of hot water; after which, you make your seat on the second or third bench from the bottom, gradually ascending as you are able to bear the heat. The skin soon becomes hot, the head feverish, and the tongue parched. The sensation is dreadful, and you regard with horror the upstaring operator who insists on your ascending to the uppermost bench. As soon as you are able to rise, the water of four or five buckets of water into the vessel. In a moment the room is filled with steam; and the attendant proceeds to the last part of his duty, which is to brush you rather smartly with a bunch of birch twigs covered with leaves, during this agreeable flagellation perspiration bursts forth from every pore, and actually runs down in little streams. The effect is inconceivable. A state of extreme enjoyment succeeds to that of oppression. The skin, head, and respiration are relieved; and the muscles of the mouth relax into a smile from mere animal pleasure. Still, at least, a great relief is produced on me. Having descended to the floor and dried the body, you enter the next room and find the sofa a necessary resort. An hour's repose affords the body time to recover from its state of relaxation; and the Russian bath, which is regarded as a panacea for all diseases, is concluded. The natives adopt a more speedy, and, perhaps, more efficacious mode of recruiting the system. While perspiration is flowing profusely from the skin they run into the cold air, and rub their bodies with snow, or throw cold water on their heads. The pores are instantly closed, and every fibre is braced; while the previous draught on the vessels of the cuticle has been so effect, likely, under other circumstances, to result from such a transiency. I tried the experiment, and found it act as a delightful tonic, from which I experienced no subsequent ill effects.

The principal varieties of food among the peasantry are rye bread of a dark colour, approaching to black, and *techer*, or vegetable soup mixed with sour curd. To these they add porridge, pickled cucumbers, water melons, buckwheat, eggs, and fish. The national physiognomy is not prepossessing. The Russians have flat features and sallow complexion. The men are dark, brawny, and short; the women only less dark, and seldom pretty. The teeth of the natives are generally good; and it is rather remarkable that the soundness of these is essential to the admission of a recruit into the army.

I have not been long enough in Russia to learn any thing of the language. I only know that such is the Persian or Arabic; and it is so different from every European tongue, that without application to books it cannot easily be picked up. It is purely Slavonic, and has no affinity to the Teutonic tongues. Eight of the letters are Roman, and the most of the consonants is sounded as v, and employed something like an Æolic digamma; Greek names, too, such as Plato and Nicom, are in common use. Three of the double consonants resemble in power, though not in form, the Persian *ch*, *sh*, and *shen*, each of which is expressed by two letters in the Teutonic languages; and the *ts* is, I rather think, formed by *ks*, not unlike the possessive case in Hindoostanee, as *Tsarkor Celo*, the czar's village. The other sixteen letters completing the alphabet are peculiar in form and power to the Russian language, which is indebted to them for its singularly harsh and laboured character. As it contains no literary treasures, there is little encouragement to a resident, much less to a traveller, to bestow pains on its acquisition; nevertheless, one cannot but feel many a regret to lose entirely that information which may be gleaned from incidental conversation.

In regard to scenery, there is little to be enjoyed in Russia. The two capitals are the only objects of interest in this part of the country; but a short residence in either of them amply compensates for all the toil and inconvenience which may have been encountered during a

journey. The country is flat and dull. The soil, where not sandy, is rich and well cultivated in proportion to the number of hands employed; but a much larger population is required to clear away the woods and to convert the space they occupy into arable land. It is curious that in Russia, as throughout the whole extent of Scandinavia, fire and birds are almost the only pests. Oaks are cherished as cedars, and never seen in a state of nature. The same may be said of elm, ash, willow, and all the *minima* family, which add so much to the beauty of our English forests and gardens.

But I must conclude. Russia is a country rising rapidly in the scale of nations, and one in which it is peculiarly interesting to watch the movements of the human mind progressing towards a higher and more enlightened state of civilisation. Its moral, as well as political and physical, phenomena are novel to a traveller is, therefore, peculiarly able, in the observations he makes, to fall into error, for, however good the opportunities he may enjoy of investigation, his time is generally too short to admit of any degree of certainty in the correctness of his conclusions. Minds, too, are differently constituted. Hence, the different reports in circulation regarding the same men and occurrences. Some men are endowed with a faculty of regarding every object through a prism that transmits in a direct line only the *couleur de rose*, while other rays are refracted at an angle that throws them off the moral retina. But each crystal has its peculiar angle, and the observations he makes, though of Russia, not so favourable as ours; others, too, favourable; and, after all, perhaps each of us is wrong. Convinced that this is highly probable, I neither fear correction, nor will hesitate hereafter to admit, if necessary, that I have seen cause to change my opinions.

LETTER XV.

Berlin, 15th October, 1830.

From St. Petersburg the road runs for some miles along the Gulf of Finland, commanding a fine view of the city, the ships, and the surrounding country. At Narva, ninety-eight miles distant, it passes out of Russia proper into Esthonia, the northernmost of the provinces conquered by Peter in the last century, when Charles of Sweden lost the battle of Pultawa, and strove in vain to rally his forces at this very spot. The road, crossing and entering Livonia at the northeast point, crossed diagonally to its southwest extremity. In our route we passed Chudleigh, once the residence of the Duchess of Kingston. Her house is now converted into a farm. For some miles the country is very fertile, and the soil is rich. For some miles it is eighty miles in length, and ranks as the largest in Europe, after those of Ladoga, Onega, Aral, and the Caspian. It abounds in fish, large quantities of which are annually transmitted in a frozen state to St. Petersburg.

A hundred and eighteen miles from Narva, at Derp or Dinkau, there is an university founded by Gustavus Adolphus in 1632, said to contain within its walls some of the best astronomical instruments now existing. The famous astronomer Struve, who has received medals from the Royal and Astronomical Societies in London for his great relations to the science of astronomy, is at this university. Soon after midnight on the second instant we arrived at Riga, having accomplished, at a wretched pace, three hundred and seventy-seven miles in the diligence in eighty-eight hours. The road is good except over the last thirty miles, where it passes through a bed of mud.

I had three pleasant companions. One of these, the Baron von Kittlitz, has travelled with me as far as this place; and, after a fortnight's collision in a close carriage, which could not fail to exhibit a man's peculiarities, whether pleasing or repulsive, I have acquired a tolerably good and agreeable companion. He has made the tour of the world. He resided some time in Kamtschatka and the northwest of America, where he was employed by the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg to collect specimens of natural history. With good talent and much information, used to an obliging disposition, he cannot but prove an acquisition as a fellow traveller, especially as he talks Russian and German, the languages of the countries through which we have journeyed.

Riga is precisely situated on the Dwina. At this point the river expands itself into a width of one thousand feet, and hundred and twenty feet deep. The bridge of planks, said to be the largest in the world. Riga was built by Albert in 1200. From 1551 to 1710 it remained subject to Poland, and was then conquered by Russia. It has all the appearance of a large German commercial

town. The streets are narrow and dirty; nor are there any public buildings of note.

As we arrived a little after midnight on Saturday, I passed Sunday there, and attended divine service. The English have a factory and a chaplain, as at St. Petersburg. After church I was surprised by a visit from Mr. B. a friend of mine, who kindly accompanied me to the evening with him. Here the modern style of Russian architecture entirely disappears. The language is spoken only by coachmen, who are chiefly Russian; and the government is cordially disliked, except by a few camp-followers and landowners.

On Monday morning I took the diligence from Riga to Mittau, the capital of Courland, whose frontier is crossed a few miles from the former town. The distance is twenty-seven miles. Mittau is of considerable size, and carries on an extensive trade, favoured by its situation on the Aa, only three or four leagues from its embouchure. Here the baron, who had preceded me on Sunday night, had hired a carriage to convey us to Polangen, the frontier town of Russia, which we reached at two in the afternoon of Wednesday. The road from Mittau to Polangen, a hundred and thirty miles, is better than any I have yet met with, because it was obtained at Riga had led us to believe that our asstee would be generally buried in sand, whereas this was the case during the last stage alone.

The provinces of Esthonia, Livonia, and Courland, were formerly by the name of the *Gēti*, whose name is preserved in the modern appellation of the first of these districts. They long retained the Scythic-Celtic language that prevailed in our own country; and it was probably this fact which gave rise to the observation of a Roman historian, that their language resembles the British; or the dialect they speak is intelligible to neither Russians nor Germans. It is thought to be a compound of the Slavonic of the aborigines and the language of the Teutonic knights who long held these provinces in subjection. The *Gēti* used to carry about with them figures of white stone, which they called *idols*, and which in the month of February, when a festival was celebrated in honour of Freia, the mother of the gods. They fancied that this symbol of superstition served instead of armour, and kept them secure in the midst of foes. It is a curious fact, in confirmation of the opinion that the *Gēti* were a Celtic people, that in the same time these people are mentioned in history, it is as cultivators of corn, and as endowed with a larger share of diligence than falls to the lot of the indolent Germans in general. At the present time corn is the chief article of commerce in these provinces, and the inhabitants retain the habit of wearing the pointed cap, which is still worn to the south of Esthonia very few Greek churches are to be seen. The appearance of the people differs greatly from that of the Russians: they resemble more the Swedes. Like them, too, they are free. In the southern parts of Livonia and in Courland the country is far more woody than in Ingria and Esthonia. We drove through prodigious forests, almost rivaling in extent, and far surpassing in variety of foliage, those of Scandinavia. Here and there villages, consisting of five or six houses, are scattered at a distance from each other, and surrounded by a wall, the height of which is only one foot. The plains of sand. The houses afford miserable accommodation to a traveller. A bedstead swarming with vermin, covered with a mattress stuffed with leaves, and a single sheet like sail-cloth, is the usual nightly resting-place. Light is supplied by a bit of green fir saturated with its own turpentine. The floor is sprinkled with juniper twigs, to which I am now so habituated that I rather enjoy the smell. Thus in many respects the habits and modes of the people, as well as the general character of the country on this shore of the Baltic, resemble those of the opposite coast.

The general constance attracts peculiar notice. It is very remarkable; and seems to tell of a time when either the whole north of Europe was covered by the ocean, or else the present bed of the Baltic was dry land. Large boulders of rock are seen in every direction lying on plains of sand, and distant hundreds of miles from their source. These consist of granite, and of other hard crystalline rocks from the mountains of Norway. Detached masses may be traced thence in a direct line through Sweden to its southern coast; the farther they are from their parent mountain, the more they are rounded, and the more they resemble stones. Whether or not they exist in the bed of the Baltic is unknown; but on this side they are found again, being still more scattered and rounded. Their peculiar composition refers them at once to the southern part of the Scandinavian chain, whence it would seem

that they have been broken off by some tremendous convulsion of nature, and rolled through the intervening country, becoming rounder and rounder in proportion as their lengthened journey subjected them to friction.

Polangen, as the name indicates, is a Polish village, inhabited principally by Jews. Their dress is as peculiar as their physiognomy. They wear the loose Turkish robe with a cincture, and a conical cap turned up with fur. The smaller portion of the inhabitants are Catholic; yet the unhappy sons of Judah are the weaker party. In every spot tainted with the Romish superstition one expects to see symbols of idolatry; but here the crucifix can scarcely be numbered. They are suddenly erected, not to gratify the enthusiasm of the people, but in mockery of those who mocked the Saviour whom they crucified. Within the precincts of the small church-yard I counted nine crosses, seven crucifixes, and three wooden monuments of the scourging and burial of the rejected king of the Jews.

Within a short distance of this place we passed the frontier between Russia and Prussia, and pursued our course by post for five hours to Memel. The Prussian *Douanier* was not strict; and the Russian forgot a part of his duty, and scarcely troubled us. The latter is taken out of the country. This prohibitory law originated in an extensive exportation of copper by the Jews, who sold it at a high premium, because that metal is of greater value in all other countries than in Russia. The *Kopeck* is a piece as large as a half-penny, and there is no silver coin in circulation. The trade therefore could not fail to be profitable.

Having left my carpet bag in the carriage at Polangen, an accident which I discovered on our arrival at the custom-house only two or three miles from that town, I returned to the barriers and begged permission to go in and fetch it. The Russian *Douanier*, however, maintained that that privilege could not be granted without a new passport. A German nobleman who witnessed our conference, and who, holding the Russians in detestation, was actually leaping with joy because he was not a Russian, and who, moreover, was waiting for a bribe, and begged me to dis appoint them, by sending back my position on one of the horses. This I did and succeeded in regaining the bag. I could wish to have left the great empire of Russia under circumstances permitting the last impression of national dislike to be a rationalising one.

At Memel an hotel is kept by a naturalised Englishman. We enjoyed his comfortable rooms the more, as they formed a pleasing contrast to those in Courland, where the two preceding vigils had been passed. That town is situated on the sea coast, at the entrance of a fine and noble gulch called the noble Gulf. The River Memel is the principal channel by which wood growing in Livonia and Courland is brought to the sea. The accumulation of amber on the southeastern coast of the Baltic is accounted for by supposing that substance to be turpentine (that has exuded from fir trees which have been buried in sand) and that, in the course of length of time it has lain buried in the *huffs*, or lowlands. The ancients called it *gēlinia*; a word evidently derived from the German *glas*, signifying the same as our own word *glass*, and applied to amber on account of its transparency.

The road from Memel to Königsberg is so sandy that a wagon is generally pulled. A trader carried us from one end of the *half* to the other in eighteen hours, at the rate of four miles an hour. A wagon, the best conveyance we could procure, and the only one that dare encounter the road, took us at the same pace in five hours to Königsberg, the second town of Prussia where I spent a Sunday and rested two days and a half.

This pace was refreshing to mind and body. It afforded me an opportunity of reflecting on the interesting tour I had just concluded in Russia, and the blessings which attended me in painful and laborious travels through that country. The only language spoken at Königsberg is German; therefore there is no French church. The London Jews' Society has a missionary in this town, with whom I passed an evening on purpose to ascertain the progress of Christianity among the Hebrew population. As in India, the work of conversion advances slowly.

Some of the principal of natural instruction exist here, formed chiefly by the exertions of the present director, Mr. Vanselow, under the patronage of government. A letter from a friend at Tottenham informed me to at once his school, his heart, and stores of opinion. Had my visit to the town been paid

exclusively to this interesting individual, I should consider myself well recompensed. He was sent to England for the purpose of learning the Lancasterian system. My object was to see the school, and also the school of the British and Foreign Society in the Borough Road; then returned to undertake the supervision of a similar institution in his native town. This is the first attempt to introduce the Lancasterian system into Prussia, where a more general interest on the subject of education has been excited, but also extends to any country except the United States. In one of the periodical papers circulated by the English society, which, (when he can procure them), Mr. Vanselow exhibits with patriotic interest, it is justly observed under the head of Koenigsberg, "The education of the poor in the protestant state of Germany has been an object of attention with the government from the earliest period of the reformation, and extensive provisions were made for this purpose; a school being established by law in every parish. In Silesia and Saxony scarcely an uneducated child is to be met with, but many districts and large towns the population has far outgrown this provision. In East Prussia and the Polish provinces especially, the number of uneducated is very numerous, so that at the present time, when the government is contemplating the supplying this deficiency, and attempting to supply it, it is not without reason, that the establishment of a model school on the British system in the centre of the Prussian dominions is an important measure. The Dutch system called the *simultaneous*, and the Pestalozzian, have of late prevailed in the Prussian dominions, so that the British system will in the present state of the country, be perhaps the best adapted to its merits, if fairly exhibited, will establish its superiority."

"The subject of education generally, is at the present time extensively claiming the attention of the public, and is informed that there are several weekly and monthly publications circulated in Prussia, entirely devoted to information respecting education, and which report the state of the various establishments for public and private instruction, and the merits of the different systems pursued."

"The town of Königsberg contains a population of eighty thousand; a large number of whom are Jews; and many of the inscriptions in the streets and neighbourhood are in Hebrew characters. The town is one of the most irregularly built in Germany. It is unlike any other, except in the dirt of its streets and the unfortunate absence of water. It is picturesquely situated on the river Pregel, the ancient Outback, that flows into another salt-water lake called the Frische Haif, into the opposite extremity of which the Weichsel, or Vistula, discharges itself. Standing on one of its bridges, you have on your right an antique town of the thirteenth century and, on your left a pretty country and a prospect not unlike that on the banks of the Thames at Teddington. A castle still exists here, built by the Teutonic Knights, whose head-quarters it formed. The style of architecture is rude, massive, and unsightly; so that the interest of the building is entirely extrinsic and not historical."

In the hotel I found a contrivance for obviating the inconvenience of standing outside the door to await the arrival of a *garçon*, as is necessary in inns where one bell is common to many rooms. I have seen the same in some of the northern capitals, but in smaller towns this contrivance has not yet been introduced."

"A broad circular board marked with the numbers of the rooms is placed in the centre of each passage. The bell rope hangs by it. When you ring, you turn the hand of this clock-faced apparatus to the number of your own apartment, and the waiter, referring to it, ascertains where he has sent you, and is required."

On Monday, the eleventh instant, I left Königsberg, and travelling three days and nights arrived at Berlin on Thursday morning. The distance is seventy-seven and a half German, or three hundred and sixty-two English miles. The whole road is Macadamized. The excellence of the Prussian diligences is proverbial. It is impossible for them to get better, and they are, at the time of arrival at each post station is fixed, with the number of minutes allowed for changing horses, for meals, &c. and a single deviation renders the conductor amenable to the law. The *cabriolet* carries three or four passengers, there is a cushion projection, which serves as a resting place for the feet, and a gentleman sitting in the corner, so that each of the passengers has the full benefit of a corner. Six large pockets and a netfold ample room for books, and all necessary items. The

baron, with another gentleman and myself, occupied one side of the *interieur*. The opposite was secured by a lady and her two daughters, the eldest of whom was a French lady, and the youngest a young girl, of an interesting girl of seventeen, full of vivacity, good sense, and simplicity; having, the day before, left her native town for the first time in her life. I almost envied her the delight which the novelty of each object afforded. She could not believe that the charm would wear away; and she would wish to release her from the pleasing delusion?"

The road from Königsberg lies through a country rather picturesque than otherwise; and through many towns of considerable size and importance. One of the most interesting of these is Marienburg, eighty-three miles from Königsberg; where a castle, inhabited by the Teutonic knights, still rears its sombre towers, recalling to mind tales of chivalry and blood. Dantzic, one of the first commercial towns on the Baltic, containing little of scientific interest, is only six German miles from Marienburg. The ancient inhabitants of that part of the coast, are said to have worshipped, under the name of Aclis, those electric phenomena that sometimes appear in the neighbourhood during a storm, like meteors on the masts of ships; to which the Roman Catholics still pay religious veneration, and call it the fire of St. Elmo. It is curious fact that the name of the old divinity is still preserved by northern nations under the corrupted form of Alfi, or Alp, a designation they apply to the presiding geni of the mountains."

From Marienburg the road, deserting the coast of the Baltic, runs in a southerly direction through the part of Poland which fell to the share of Prussia when the iniquitous division of that injured country between the three great neighbouring powers was effected. A large proportion of the population is Jewish. They are distributed in small villages, distinguishing them at Polangen, except that the conical cap is exchanged for a broad brimmed slouched hat. Their persons are filthy in the extreme. The squalid appearance of a Jew elsewhere will bear no comparison with that of a Jew in Poland. Most of the inns are in their hands. In this country, the Jews are not only the most numerous, but act as a ruling passion among those who, without country, rank, or character, feel that money is the only thing that can secure to them even the outward tokens of respect. At Friedberg we halted some time. I availed myself of the opportunity to visit the cemetery. It is a large, open, freely exposed tract of ground, but yet filled with tombs. All the inscriptions are in Hebrew characters; a peculiarity which gives this burial ground a novel and interesting appearance."

Landsburg and Custrin are large fortified towns, well built in the German style, but wearing an appearance of modern manners and refinements more than those in the south of Prussia. This country was formerly inhabited by a tribe of Germans called *Semnones*, described as the most ancient and noble of the Suevi. Two curious facts connected with their superstitious rites are recorded by the German historians. The Semnones, the German representatives of all the tribes who claimed one common origin were in the habit of meeting periodically in a wood, rendered peculiarly sacred and terrific by some fearful legend, and of slaughtering there a human victim to propitiate the deity. The next is, that no person was permitted to enter this wood till the day after the victim had been laid in the tomb, and the body of the slain man had been in the chain of his body in token of entire submission to the deity presiding there; and that, if he fell, (as with such an incurrence it was not improbable he should), he might not rise again, but was compelled to roll along the ground, till he reached the place of burial."

It was five in the morning of the 14th inst. the 14th instant, when I entered this capital, whose fortunes and reverses might furnish subject for a tragedy. Though out of twenty days, passed since leaving Moscow, sixteen days and ten nights were spent in a carriage, yet I had seen more of the new city, with its palaces, museums, gardens, and boulevards. Three days have now been busily occupied in this way, and it is with difficulty and a jealous gleaming of minutes that I am able hastily to put together these lines, which I present, as they are, to the world. During my wanderings in Russia, Sweden, Finland, and Riga, I have sent you detailed accounts of all I saw, because those countries are little known by comparison with more southern kingdoms. None of your personal friends have travelled there; and I know the different interest with which you would read the details of a northern journey, the narration of one with whose mind we are familiar. Two productions may be equally good; but the value of either is greatly enhanced when we are intimately acquainted

with the construction and minute operations of the machinery employed. I am now moving in a well beaten track. Berlin, with the cities in my future route, are already known to you through the studies of the classic travellers; I shall, therefore, only sketch the outline, and trust to your recollection to supply minutiae. Here I am so near home that I have lost the sensation, sometimes painful, of a wanderer in remote and half civilised regions."

"I ought, perhaps, to give some account of the city; but I can add nothing to the information you already possess concerning it. It stands on the Spree, which yields health and comfort in its course through the metropolis. The circumference of Berlin is calculated to be eleven English miles; its population two hundred thousand. On the whole, it is a fine city. The streets are all wide; many unusually so, and rivalling in length the Nevski Prospekt of St. Petersburg. One of these is named *Unter den Linden*, or the avenue of lime trees, affords a delightful promenade in summer. In the centre of the street double rows of trees form two parallel avenues a mile in length. Outside each of the exterior rows are a pave for carriages and a raised pathway for pedestrians. The houses are built with regularity; and being well stuccoed, have the appearance of stone. The Brandenburg gate, which is the principal entrance to the city, is a fine structure, consisting of two colonnades of massive Doric columns supporting a flooring on which Victory, in a triumphal car, brandishes the Prussian eagle."

Yesterday the king's youngest son, Her introduced his bride to his father's loyal subjects. Half the population of the city was assembled in the *Unter den Linden* to witness the procession as it entered the Brandenburg gate. A regiment of hussars preceded. The first carriages were filled with some of the chief officers of state. The main body consisted of the king, queen, and the bridegroom, drawn by six horses richly caparisoned. The prince looks young, and cannot be more than twenty-two. His bride seems older. The occurrence was particularly interesting to a traveller, because it collected in one spot all classes of society, and afforded an opportunity of observing their various costumes, modes, and equipages. But I confess towns have less charms for me than country; the gaiety of a metropolis fewer attractions than the unsophisticated habits of the simple Nordlanders. Art bears no comparison with nature; and the cities of Germany sorrowfully contrast with the scenery of the Swiss mountains."

The two royal palaces, the museum, academy, and arsenal, are buildings handsome in their way; but to an eye familiar with the architecture of St. Petersburg every town appears comparatively deficient. The interior of the king's residence contains not a single article worthy of notice, except an astronomical clock, wound up only once a year, which works an orrery giving the motions of the seven larger planets of our system. The museum of natural history is not a good one; if I except the collection of birds, that cannot be too much admired, containing nearly eight thousand specimens, many of which were very uncommon. The anatomical museum is one of the first of its kind. The preparations are numerous, choice, and well arranged. For the Egyptian museum, which is superior to every other in Europe, except that at Paris, Prussia is indebted to the Egyptian scholars, who, in the reign of the Emperor Sigismund, resided in the picture gallery many originals of the Italian school have a place; but none of the first rate pieces which form the basis of Rome, Florence, Vienna, and Dresden. The antique statues are well arranged; and their dismembered bodies have been supplied with modern limbs. The number of houses in the town is seven thousand. Of these six thousand five hundred are insured. As there are few wooden buildings, it is difficult to account for the greater than ordinary dread of fire manifested by the insurance of so large a proportion. The hotels are good; at least the best of the class, and the city has long been long accustomed; but a German inn affords poor accommodation to those who have enjoyed the comforts of travelling in the south."

The Prussian government has been peculiarly considerate of foreigners; for that of every thing they require, they have authority to supply. Only a few posts for post-horses, but that for a *laquais de place*, apartments at an inn, food, and firing, is appointed by a public officer, who sees that a *tariff* is suspended in every chamber, so that no extortion can be practised."

"Some towns, the most interesting, are dispersed about the town. The first are those of Balow, Blucher, and Scharnhorst, who stand before an admiring posterity, monuments of their own mortality and imperishable

fame. On the most frequented bridge is an equestrian figure of Frederick, the last elector of Brandenburg, and father of the first king of Prussia, who was crowned, if I remember right, in 1709. His son, Frederick the Great, his son's Frederick William; and his grandson succeeded to the throne under the name of Frederick the second, which an approving people commuted to 'Frederick the Great.' The fourth king was Frederick William the Second, father of the present sovereign, who bears, as I have transmitted to you, the same favourite name. Their pictures, with those of the old electors, are ranged round the walls of the "Salle blanche" in the palace, and form pendants in this sister kingdom to those of the emperors and tsars in the Kremlin of Moscow.

The religion is various, but the great majority are Protestants; himself often to his subjects; imposes as few taxes as possible; manifests a laudable desire to raise Prussia in the scale of nations rather by moral than military progress; and in consulting the happiness of his people, secures his own. There is no country of Europe where so much attention is paid to education as in Prussia. Even a Bible Society exists under the express sanction of government. By some means the Bible used by our Charles the First on the scaffold has found its way into this country, and is preserved in the royal library, forming by far the most interesting object in that gallery.

The tomb of the late unfortunate Queen Louisa stands in the gardens of Charlottenberg, about three miles out of the city. As a piece of sculpture the monument is considered exquisitely beautiful. But it is historically interesting, and gives rise to objects of this nature, and their chief interest. Suffering excites compassion; and when the sufferer is a female, young, virtuous, and royal, the heart that does not sympathise must be callous; and no less odd if it dare to acknowledge its obduracy.

The trade of Berlin consists chiefly of silks, wool, Prussian blue, and copper. By means of canals, the Spree to the Oder and the Elbe, a direct water communication exists with the German Ocean and the Baltic. The iron trinkets manufactured in this capital, which have been so much worn of late in London, are pretty much sold in the same manner, and are sold at a large assortment, and collected a few specimens as souvenirs of the noble-minded women who voluntarily laid down their jewels at the feet of the defenders of their country.

The military force, consisting of two hundred thousand men, is supposed to be an annual expense of four millions sterling, about half the whole revenue of the state. Every soldier is obliged to wear mustachios. No corporal chastisement is inflicted. Imprisonment, degradation, and other moral punishments are substituted, and the army is under excellent discipline. I passed two hours with Mr. G—, a Lutheran minister of the established church, from whom I hoped to gain information as to the state of religion in Berlin. His report was not favourable. It seems that the union between Calvinists and Lutherans was effected, not by a political, rather than religious cause; and, as must be expected, it is less real than nominal. When will the rancour of "theological hatred" be exchanged for that "charity" which is not easily provoked?

LETTER XVI.

Dresden, 22d October, 1830.

You must be so much in the habit of receiving letters rich in information from the Italian nursery of the arts and sciences, that a ramble through the less fertile regions of the north feels he has little by comparison to offer. You will have read of my wanderings over the lowlands of Holland, the sandy plains of Denmark, the mountains of Norway, the forests of Sweden, the undulating fields of Finland, and the half civilised provinces of Russia. My last letter traced my homeward route from Moscow, through the Teutonic provinces of the Baltic, skirting the coast of Poland, to the capital of Prussia. From Berlin I went to Potsdam, the favourite residence of Frederick the Great. So far on the way to Dresden, I could not resist the temptation of visiting this town to see the finest collection of pictures in Germany.

Potsdam is nineteen miles from Berlin. Frederick's suite of apartments and the furniture are shown, it is said, in the state in which he left them at his death; but many tenants have occupied them since that event. Happily, implicit faith in such a tale is unnecessary to the gratification of great associations. Here he lived and thought. Here he planned schemes in which realised the glory of his country and the defeat of her enemies.

His fine mind has cast a lustre on the spot; and Potsdam will be venerated as long as the history of Prussia is read. Several places, and, particularly, the description of battles, are generally uninteresting; I will therefore avoid them, only recalling to your mind that in one of these Napoleon died before the battle that subjected Prussia to his arms; and that another is the retreat in which the celebrated philosopher of Ferney sojourned, the favoured guest of the illustrious and the Saxon's sword.

The distance from Potsdam to the capital of Saxony is a hundred and ten miles, which we accomplished in twenty-two hours. En route, I enjoyed the society of a gentleman of pleasing manners and general information, who, on the arrival, put me in the way of getting a ticket of admission to a public reading-room, and requested that I would join his family at tea in the evening. I find that he is one of the principal men in this little kingdom, the president of a court whose jurisdiction extends over all ecclesiastical affairs and moral institutions. His wife is a celebrated beauty, now admired by Napoleon seventeen years ago, when she was in the full bloom of adolescence. She is now rich in the love of a devoted husband, and the caresses of a little cherub-group of innocents.

The country between Berlin and Dresden was formerly occupied by a race of people, called Hermandi, mentioned in history as being the only one permitted to traffic freely within the Roman territories; a privilege granted on account of their exemplary fidelity. It is recorded by their historian, that they were allowed to pass the Rhine, from east to west, and from west to east, while the Romans displayed to other nations their camps and their arms, this favourite tribe was permitted to enter their town-houses and country-seats, which they did without coveting the luxuries of their more refined and wealthy neighbours. The country is flat, but well cultivated, and the soil is fertile. From the east, there has an appearance of comfort which offers a happy contrast to the squalid condition of the debased serfs of Russia. In all the northern countries on this side the Baltic, guard-houses, barriers, and other public buildings, are marked as the property of government by broad stripes of red and white, and in Prussia the red and white alternate with each other. In Russia a third stripe of red is added; and our entrance into Saxony was manifested by an enormous barrier which stretched across the road its lengthened streaks of green and white.

The road was crossed by a bridge, the nineteenth instant, when we reached Dresden, which stands on the Elbe, in the midst of a picturesque valley, surrounded by hills at this season blushing with the rich and purple clusters of their vineyards. Under Augustus the Third, the Saxon metropolis was regarded by the civilised world as the Athens of modern times. Music, poetry, and painting, were cherished by that prince with zeal and munificence such as the brightest days of ancient history can scarcely boast. But times are changed. Dresden is not what Dresden was. Perhaps some part of the distress she has subsequently known may be traced to the first of these changes. Dresden, this town is handsomely built, though small. Its usually peaceful appearance is just now interrupted by a number of men wearing a semi-military costume, with a handkerchief round the left arm, distinguishing them as the military guard, or militia, raised in the month of June last, in consequence of the disturbances which you have doubtless read in the newspaper, and in anticipation of others that are supposed to be ripening against the 30th instant, a fête in honour of the great reformer. Whether or not a riot may then occur it is difficult to decide; but the public mind is in a state of great agitation, induced by the judicious conduct of the king, who is a slave to the priests.

Ever since the early part of the last century, when the elector of Saxony changed his Lutheran queen to obtain the hand of the queen of Poland, the Saxons have been dissatisfied with their royal family. Some evils which perhaps first arose in the reign of Augustus, the second, smallness of the kingdom, and others existing only in imagination, are attributed to the despotism of a Catholic hierarchy and the foolishness of the sovereign. Imprudent measures lately adopted by the king, kindled into a flame the fierce members, which, though smoothed, still continued to smoulder. The people, in consequence of the very loudly for an exemption from taxes for the support of Romish priests. The Irish rule is reversed. Protestants refuse to pay for Catholic chains. In the disturbance of last month, they demolished the police-house, and set fire to the prison, and, in consequence, the government would ensure them against further evils by taking as his assessor on the throne his nephew, Frederick Augustus, the heir presumptive, who is less' bigoted to a heterodox

creed. Following the example of his predecessors in the great empire of which he is but a Lilliputian member, he complied; and now Anthony and Frederick are joint kings of Saxony.

The palace in which they live resembles a prison rather than a royal residence. It consists of a range of buildings round a sombre courtyard, flanked with towers which tell a tale of many centuries. The windows of these, defended by iron gratings, are parallel to the flight of stairs within; and, forming an angle with the outer lines of the building, wear an aspect singularly grotesque. As I walked through the square, my guide was the only person I saw. Dirt and desolation rival each other.

The Zwinger contains a cabinet of natural history and artificial curiosities. Many singular specimens of art are collected here, particularly such as are of microscopic workmanship. Amongst these are exhibited the Lord's prayer written legibly in German, French, and Latin, on a circle the size of a grape; twenty-eight figures carved on a cherry-stone; and several other diminutives of a similar nature. There are also pianos of peculiar construction, and organs with tubes of paper and glass, instead of metal.

The Zwinger, however, as well as the arsenal which contains the most perfect collection existing of armour of every variety, is an object of minor importance when compared with the picture gallery. This is a building consisting of four long rooms, each forming one side of a square. Three walls in every room are covered with pictures, while the fourth forms the framework of a series of windows, extending from top to bottom, and so furnished with blinds as to allow every possible variation in the admission of light. The most celebrated production in this collection is "The Assumption" by Raphael. The Virgin is in the act of ascending to heaven with the infant Jesus in her arms. On the left, the pope is kneeling to St. Barbara, who stands with her arms crossed over the breast in an attitude of devotion. On the right, the pope with uncovered head, and the tiara by his side, kneels before the "mother of God," at whose feet two little angels spread their joyous wings. The expression of every countenance, and the life-like features of the figures, invite the spectator's hand. One part of the performance, however, seems in bad taste. An iron rod is represented as holding a curtain which is drawn back to exhibit the Virgin. The supposition of a physical impediment to the eye of faith involves an admixture of sense and spirit, which is entirely inconsistent with the sacred character of the picture, perhaps incorrectly called the Virgin's assumption, because that event was subsequent to the period when her offspring was an infant. It is sometimes called the Sestina Madonna, in honour of the pope who requested Raphael to paint it. As there are many engravings, you may probably recognise it under this name.

Another *chef-d'œuvre* is from the hand of Titian. It represents our Saviour holding the tribute money, and commanding the subtle Pharisees to render "unto God the things that are God's." There are also a "Venus" by Titian; a "La Nativité" by Correggio, with a representation of the Virgin, the Venetian portico by Raphael, the "St. John the Baptist" by Veronese, and two landscapes by Claude; which rank as the jewels of this treasury of the arts. But a mere enumeration of names is uninteresting; and no description can convey an adequate idea of a fine painting. I can help remembering that in "La Nativité" the conception of the Virgin is particularly fine. The centre of the picture is illumined by a blaze of light proceeding from the incarnate God; and the darkness of night is made to disappear before the glory of the sun of righteousness. At the same time, distant objects, artfully thrown into shadow, exhibit the blackness of the gloom which his beams have banished. The figures, which are so numerous and of specimens, are allotted to originals of the Dutch and Flemish schools.

Next to this interest is the collection of antiques, comprising many medals, busts, and marble statues, from Hercules, Pompeii, Rome and Naples. Some are perfect; but others, injured by time, have been unskillfully restored. The collection of coins is also valuable, and affords me a rich feast for two hours. The director of the Académie des Antiquités, brought yesterday an ancient seal, with a request that I would endeavour to decipher the inscription. On examination, it proved to be Arabe and Hebrew, and, on enquiry, I ascertained it to be a name, an Arabic sentence, and four Persian verses, of which I submitted a translation in English, and in the more universal language, Latin; together with a transcript of the original in the

common oriental written character; which are now deposited with the seal, in the cabinet of antiquities.

The church of the virgin is an ugly stone building with a high dome in the centre, whose orbicular form threw off the balls and shells which the king of Prussia fired in the hope of destroying it in the middle of the century. The interior is formed into a large amphitheatre, round which four galleries are ranged, one above the other in an elegant mode. The organ stands over a projection allotted to the communion table; an arrangement peculiar to this church. In no other do I recollect to have seen the organ at the middle of the choir. The seats are circular and face the communion table. From the tower of this church we enjoyed a beautiful view of the town and the surrounding country, with the heights of Räcknitz, where a simple monument is erected to the memory of Moreau.

The diamond which is so called from the green diamond it contains, well known as unique of its kind. The collection of jewels and precious stones here deposited is perfectly astonishing. I will not attempt a description to which none but a scientific lapidary could do justice. Besides the green diamond, a white one, whose size is preserved here; its superiors being in the Brazils, St. Petersburg, London, Paris, Vienna, and Rome. Among the treasures are also a Madonna in enamel, three feet and a half long, an onyx seven inches, and two oval sapphires three inches in length, with a collection of pearls far exceeding in value that of every other court in Europe. My attention was attracted by a curious representation in enamel of the court of the Great Mogul sitting in state, with a hundred and fifty gold and silver courtiers and servants. The learned professor, who demanded and obtained three dollars previous to our admission, descended largely on the accuracy of the model: perhaps a full assurance that none of his audience could contradict him, would have converted the enamel face into an exact likeness of the present incumbent of the throne of the Great Mogul, to the great mortification; and pitied the chagrin with which he heard that I had repeatedly attended the *durbar* of the living pageant.

Within a few miles of the town is a spot known by the name of "the valley of rocks." Here I spent an afternoon with my kind friend and the presiding magistrate, who, by his local knowledge, would enhance the pleasure of the trip, and therefore volunteered to act as my guide. The valley is highly picturesque, being enriched by nature with her choicest gifts. It is the defile through which Napoleon's army marched, and the defence to the separate heights of the mountains of Prussia, ranged on the rugged summits, and on opposite sides, of the rocks which form the valley. Two miles farther off, my companion has a country seat, where his wife and children remained, while he, from the window of his house at Dresden, watched the battle which terminated in the triumph of the allies. When they entered the town, he hastened to rejoin his family; but, descending into this ravine, filled with the carcasses of the French, he observed a number of gentlemen seized and compelled to assist in the sepulture of the offensive mass. Rank afforded no protection to the gentlemen, who, so resolved to attempt a dangerous bye-path, trodden only by an occasional forester. His successful essay, and the historical facts connected with it, added greatly to the interest with which we traversed this romantic valley.

Fifteen miles from Dresden is a district of twice that extent, known by the name of Saxon Switzerland, which, tempting the traveller by its name, rewards him with its beauties. It is Switzerland in miniature. A chain of hills and fragments of hills of every form and size, thick forests, smiling valleys, and naked rocks, are blended together and interspersed with the green fields in all the variety of southern Helvetia. This morning I started, in company with two gentlemen, to visit the justly celebrated district. One of them is a German, with whom I became acquainted at Berlin; the other, Mr. Curzon, a fine young Englishman, whom I met at our first journey. We reached the king's palace at Pillnitz, which is only superior to that in Dresden. The roof is covered with little wooden boxes surmounted by spires in the Japanese style, while the lower part of the building aspires to nothing higher than the German taste in the taste of a singularly grotesque and outlandish, nor would it ever attract attention but as the spot where the confederation against France was formed in 1792. Pursuing our course along the banks of the

Elbe, we entered at an early hour La Suisse Saxonne; and ascending, by a circuitous route, a gigantic rock, found ourselves in the ruins of an ancient fortress, called the Bastoi. This was inhabited in the thirteenth century by a band of those half-barbarous European knights, or less robbers, who lived by the conquest of some and by the plunder of all. The *burg*, or fort, commands a beautiful view of the surrounding country. The Elbe washes with its tranquil stream the foot of the rock, round which forests of firs expand their dark green awnings; the rapid current of sand and pebbles, and through the lengthened windings of the valley. In front, arises the sister, or the rival, fort of Lilienstein (the lily's stone). On this solitary hill, in the form of a truncated cone, the knights of Donna defied the forces of the emperor, and held in tribute the peasantry of Saxony. The town *burg* of Koenigsstein, which stands on a similar rock, is impregnable. The sides of the mountain are almost perpendicular; and the only access is by a draw-bridge impending over a fearful gulf. Thus fortified by nature, every effort to subdue the fort has been unsuccessful; and Koenigsstein remains the single virgin citadel of Germany.

It is generally admitted that the character of the country in Saxon Switzerland, which is on the frontier of Bohemia, is unique. For many miles masses of sandstone rise to a height of seven and eight hundred feet, assuming not the appearance of rocks, but of the pillars of some vast fabric which time has worn into a variety of grotesque forms. The gorges between these are deep, narrow, smooth, and perpendicular. It seems as if they were the effect of little rivulets which flowing for ages have intersected the soft rock with lengthened furrows. The walls thus formed are themselves cleft in places by some unknown agent, and their fearfully dark and irregular fissures, doomed to perpetual banishment from the light of day, present recesses black, dreary, and terrific, to which some imaginative mind has plausibly compared the caverns of the earth. Here, on beds of sandstone, large masses of granite are found, which must have been projected from a distance of many miles by some convulsion of nature. The species of rock is the same as that traced through the German provinces of Russia to the mountains of the Caucasus; but there is little probability that fragments have been detached from the grand depot of the opposite side of the Baltic.

One curiously shaped rock goes by the name of *Kuhstall*, or the cow-stall, from some fancied resemblance to that animal, or from a legend connected with the spot. A Saxon citizen once found himself on the summit of this mountain, and, in the midst of the solitude, his vision inspired him; he sought a prophetic muse; and his prolific mind produced a sublime effusion, which translated runs thus:—

I have seen it,

I have seen it,

I have seen the divine cow-stall!

The next visitor, struck with the absurdity of the lines, completed the stanza in a happier strain, writing under the above,

I have read it,

I have read it,

There has been a calf in the cow-stall!

This specimen of vanity, with the severe castigation it received, remains a perpetual record on the *Kuhstall* to the amusement of travellers.

It is interesting to observe the use of the word *burg*, connected with a fortification, in German, as in almost all the Teutonic languages of Europe. In Arabic, the same term, with the alteration of a letter, signifies primarily a bastion, and is consequently retained by all northern nations who have borrowed the word; and we, with the rest, name our towns once fortified, *burgs* or boroughs. There are some, I know, who think we derive the word from the Greek *pyrgos*, a citadel; but this is less probable, because the Arabic etymology can be traced through another channel, which cannot by possibility be Grecian, in all the southern countries of Europe. In Arabia, throughout the east, the *caravanneries*, or resting places for travellers, are surrounded by walls, sometimes flanked with towers; and each is crowned with a fort, or tower, which the Italians borrowing the term, without sufficiently considering its definite meaning, apply it generally to all houses of accommodation for strangers; hence their word *Albergo*. The French, who always change *l* between *a* and a consonant into *v*,

as in the words *aumones, avel, autre*, and others, call an inn *auberge*. The Spaniards and Portuguese have likewise made a similar application of the Arabic word, whose prefixed article decides its Saracenic origin.

But with this digression I conclude my letter. I had not intended so abruptly to quit Saxon Switzerland for a tour through Europe and an excursion into Asia. However, as it is past midnight, and as I leave Saxony at an early hour in the morning, perhaps it is better to quit the train of thought I have been pursuing, and to turn to other matters. Otherwise I might have detained you still longer in musings on the connection of our Saxon conquerors with this interesting country.

LETTER XVII.

Cuzhaven, 29th October, 1830.

On the twenty-third night I left Dresden, where I had experienced much enjoyment, and arrived at an early hour in the afternoon at Leipzig. The distance is sixty miles. The roads through Saxony are particularly good; and this runs through a picturesque district, for the most part on the banks of the Elbe. It is the season of vintage, and the peasants are busily engaged in robbing the hilly slopes of their mantling clusters. In many parts the grapes are already gathered; in others, the vines still bend over their rich and purple pendants, yielding to the eager hands of the labourer. On the right, we left at some little distance the town of Wittenberg, consecrated by the faith and works of our great reformer. Here, from the cell of an Augustine monk, issued the thunders of truth which shook the papal hierarchy; here, the sacred place, the bull of excommunication committed to the flames proclaimed as irreconcilable the hostilities subsisting between the enemy and the defender of religious liberty; and here repose the mortal remains of the German Boanerges and of his friend the amiable Melancthon.

We passed through Meissen, celebrated for its china manufactory, its ancient monastery and towering steeple, and its romantic situation on the bank of the Elbe. This is the only town of note between Dresden and Leipzig. None of my companions in the *schnell-post*, or diligence, talked French, and I conclude the most interesting objects in the town; but for a young student of the Leipzig university, who understood Latin. As the public conveyance to Hamburg leaves Leipzig only twice a week, I was compelled to start again the following morning; and the few remaining hours of daylight only sufficed to enable me to visit the most interesting objects in the town; the house where Luther disputed with Dr. Eck, and the spot where Poniatowski fell. The former, situated in the public market place, is now occupied by a petty grocer, who was surprised at my visit, and still more at the interest his house excited. It is singular that in a town where the champion of reformed faith is greatly venerated, the theatre of one of his most famous discourses should be so little known that a stranger has to hunt it out by tedious enquiries.

You, doubtless, recollect the circumstances of Poniatowski's death. The Russian Napoleon, long before he was completely defeated in Leipzig against the allied forces, resolved on flight, he ordered a bridge across the Elster to be blown up as soon as he was safely landed on the other side. The faithful Pole kept the Swedes at bay while his master fled; when, following with his division, he found the expected means of his escape destroyed. Closely pursued, he sought a spot where the river is narrow, and boldly leaped in. His charger gained the opposite bank, but not having strength to ascend its steep acclivity, fell backwards on the rider and involved him in its own destruction. The brave soldier, who had been the first to reach the bank, Reichenbach; whose name, notwithstanding his fallen fortunes, it still retains. A simple stone erected on the spot from which he leaped bears the name, itself a sufficient eulogy, of Poniatowski. A few months since, in a distant part of the world, I stood on the ruins of a small castle, Reichenbach; whose name, notwithstanding his fallen fortunes, it still retains. A simple stone erected on the spot from which he leaped bears the name, itself a sufficient eulogy, of Poniatowski. A few months since, in a distant part of the world, I stood on the ruins of a small castle, Reichenbach; whose name, notwithstanding his fallen fortunes, it still retains. A simple stone erected on the spot from which he leaped bears the name, itself a sufficient eulogy, of Poniatowski.

Leipzig is rather a good specimen of German towns. Some of the houses, very old and richly ornamented with carved wood-work, give an air of antiquity to the place. Others, however, are built in more modern style, are lofty and not ungraceful. The town was crowded to excess, for an annual fair had just been held. It is the largest in Germany; attended by representatives of the principal merchants from all the chief cities of the continent, and even from London.

heartedness in the execution, sufficient to throw discredit on any cause, and to postpone, perhaps indefinitely, the chance of any general and vigorous effort in behalf of Italian freedom. In the fate of the actors in these ill-advised explosions it is difficult to detect any general principle. If they will set their lives on a cast, they must abide the hazard of a die. But exceptions do occasionally occur, and it is the very nature of these which must make every man of calm judgment regard with an unfavourable eye all such pretensions and actions. The most common, and the more so, the more scheming and worldly associates were not worthy, and who, by their firmness and passive fortitude under adversity, captivity and exile, shed a redeeming lustre upon a cause which has little else to recommend it. It is the misfortune, we say, of these rash mortals, that in general, they are not men, but boys, against their better judgment, many virtuous and amiable men, who, had they been left to themselves, would never have attempted, with means so inadequate, and minds so unprepared for a serious and lasting struggle, to precipitate the country into one of the certain miseries which must in the onset accompany every revolution, and with scarcely even a probable chance of ultimate success. The wise and rational attachment they feel for liberty, as being but another word for the happiness of the community, would have taught them how little the interests of Italy, in the face of such a prospect, are promoted by the attempt;—the failure of which would only afford to their stern masters a justification of their iron system of coercion, and an opportunity for increasing its rigour. But when once the cry of liberty has been set up, the very generous and uncalculating nature of such men prevents them from hanging back; and they cannot refuse their support when called on to aid their countrymen in a desperate struggle; and their reward too often is, that while the scheming agitator, who had set the whole in motion, and who, by the aid of his friends, has first made fortune, the disinterested and intrepid, who have adhered to a hopeless cause through good report and bad, are ultimately the victims on whom the vengeance of their successful antagonists descends.

Among such as these, whose natural disposition is avowed from the troubled elements of revolution, who, left to themselves, would have pursued the quiet path of philanthropy, of science, of literature, but who have been involved by the force of circumstances in the movement which rather heads or more intensifies than originates, and who are promoted by the vicissitudes and Pellicos of suffering Italy, we feel that interest and sympathy which a generous, though mistaken, self-devotion must always awaken. When Pellico, therefore, lays before us the narrative of his imprisonments, in this simple and beautiful volume, with scarcely a loud complaint, and a single invective, with no political disquisition whatever—and where the mild, benevolent, and pure-hearted character of the author shines out in every page,—men of all parties and political opinions must equally yield to the charm which it possesses; and, whether the eye of a liberal or an absolutist, the reader must equally regret that one whose nature seems so opposed to conspiracies or political struggles, should have been their victim.

For our own part, we will candidly say, that this little volume is so calculated to excite the sympathy and sympathies of mankind against Austria, to expose the cold-blooded and relentless character of its Italian administration, and to prepare the way for its downfall, than any revolutionary movements to which it is likely to be exposed, or the political invectives by which it has been assailed. It is far more direct and effective than any of the Neapolitan and Piedmontese revolutions, we should say there was more peril in one of Pellico's pages than twenty of their words. Neither has she much to apprehend from the resources and external tone of these political works in which the character of her Italian government has usually been attacked; for these have in general been so questionable in their facts, or at least so distorted and overcoloured by the violence of political and national prejudice, that in the minds of the countrymen to whom they are addressed, they produce directly the reverse of that which was intended. But here is a work which appeals, not to party feeling, but to the general sympathies of humanity,—which does not deal in vague generalities, or doubtful anecdotes, but sets forth the truth in the way that the world has seen in an individual case: instead of exaggeration there is rather a studied exclusion of every thing approaching to violence of thought or expression; and yet no one

can peruse it without feeling his heart revolt, and his indignation rise, at the system of mean, paltry, and persevering cruelty, which it develops. There might have been some excuse for violent indignation, if the scenes in the minds of the rulers, by the supposed discovery of an extensively ramified conspiracy; but what can be said in defence of a system, which, when the danger and the excitement are past, labours with stupid ingenuity to deprive the victims of salutary instruction for life, by exposure to cold and damp in winter, and to the suffocating heat of leaden roofs in summer;—by coarse and revolting food;—by labour;—by the load of chains;—by the want of medical assistance, save on particular days;—by the exclusion of all communication with relatives and friends;—by the rejection of all relief, which can render the sufferings of the prisoner more intolerable? To us it seems a matter of no moment in the consideration of such a system, whether the victim was guilty of the crime which was imputed to him or not. In any civilised country in Europe, and for any crime whatever, above all, for political offences, such a system should exist in the nineteenth century, is matter of astonishment; and if the Austrian government does not wish to place itself beyond the pale of humanity altogether, and to stand conspicuous as a monument of barbarism, it should surround its civilised life, by assuredly avail itself of the disclosures which have now been given to the world in so affecting a shape, to abolish at once that disgraceful apparatus of moral and physical torture to which we have alluded.

The chief charm of this book of Pellico lies in the singular calmness and placid beauty of its tone. It is one long tragic monologue, and the scene is but a succession of prisons. And yet it presents a picture so interesting of a refined and amiable mind labouring against the most trying of earthly calamities, and under so painful mental exertion, or the weariness and sickness of hope delayed,—of the influence of sceptical doubt creeping in upon despondency, or the revival of courage and courage, and the triumph of a noble and generous will, interesting glimpses—glimpses of existence, as it were, seen through prison bars; it is instinct throughout with so kindly a spirit towards mankind, so anxious a desire to discover good even in evil, and benevolence beneath the outward garb of harshness or selfishness, that it is almost impossible to be displeased with the truth of reality. It is at once a historical document and a psychological picture, drawn, as the author himself says, from no motive of personal vanity, but left as a legacy to those who may be placed under circumstances as trying, and with the hope "that the detail of his sufferings, and of the consolations which even amidst the deepest misfortunes he still found attainable, might impart comfort to their minds: with the view of bearing testimony to the fact, that even amidst all that he had endured, he had not found humanity so wicked, so destitute of nobility and grandeur, as he had been led to believe; and encouraging all noble spirits to love many, to hate none, to reserve their irreconcilable hatred for mean imposture, cowardice, perfidy, and every moral degradation,—and of inculcating the once well known, but now too often forgotten truth, that religion and sympathy are the only bonds which unite mankind and cannot be broken; and that without their union there can exist no justice, no dignity, no certain principle of action." A worthy and elevated object, and worthily accomplished!

It may no doubt be possible that something of the subdued and almost morbid character of this production may be owing to the fact that it appears under the surveillance of a Piedmontese censorship; and if so, we are disposed for once to consider the influence they have exercised as advantageous to its character. Had the work been an ordinary invective against Austria, against oppression, conceived and written in the usual perjured manner of Italian partisanship, it would have been forgotten in a fortnight; but this calm, classical, and moving picture of suffering insinuates itself irresistibly into the heart, and will long maintain its hold on the memory.

It may be said that Pellico must be peculiar to every reader of Italian poetry, as one of the most distinguished of the modern dramatists of Italy. The glowing and yet gentle spirit, the pure and elevated imagination of the author is reflected in all his writings. With more of tenderness than Foscolo, and more of calmness than Alfieri, and more of the grandeur of *Macbeth*, than *Macbeth*, founded on the tragic episode of Dante, given one of the best specimens of a native Italian drama, constructed on the freer and deeper principles of the English and German

schools. His *Eufemio da Messina* is scarcely inferior. Beloved and respected by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances, and admired by the public as a rising ornament of Italian literature, his arrest, which took place at Milan in October 1820, on the charges of being implicated in a conspiracy against the Austrian government, excited a deep and general sensation of sympathy and regret. After undergoing an examination, as to the particulars of which he is silent—"being," he says, "an ill-used fool, determined to bear without injury, and with politeness, to leave politics alone,"—he was conducted to the prison of St. Margherite, and consigned to a room on the ground floor, looking out on a court surrounded on all sides by loggias.

The first day of his imprisonment passed wearily indeed. The jailer, who had studied the philosophy of imprisonment after his way, advised Pellico to kill time by taking some wine with his meals, and when Pellico informed him that he drank none, "I pity you," said he; "you will suffer doubly from solitude." He was left to gaze out of the window into the court, to listen to the sound of the jailers' feet as they walked the passages of the prison, and to the half-frenzied songs which at times rose from the different cells. He tried to amuse himself by contrasting the purposes to which the building, which had once been a monastery, had been originally devoted, with its present gloomy application. But the consideration of his own position could not be long excluded; the recollection of a father, mother, two brothers and two sisters, left at Turin, recurred to him; and Pellico felt the truth of the observation, how certainly, in moments of sorrow, the remembrance of any sympathy unkindness to those who should have been dear to us, is sure to rise up in judgment against us, and to haunt the mind with unavailing regret. He had visited his family about three months before at Turin, but occupied by other business, he had not been able to see them. He had, however, observed his mother, who probably perceived the difference on this occasion, "I see our Silvio does not now come to Turin to visit us." This observation of his mother now occurred to him; he reproached himself with not having shown more visibly, ere it was too late, his affection to his mother, and he thought of the little child till evening darkened about him, and he laid himself down on his hard couch, not expecting to sleep. Weariness, however, overpowered him, and he slept soundly for a time.

His first feeling on awaking, which he did some hours later, he described as one of despair. "Frightful visions of his own fate, and that of his family, pursued him in the darkness. He wished they had been in their graves before the news of this stroke should reach them in Turin." "Why," he asked, "will enable them to bear it?" At this moment the idea of an overruling God, of the consolations of religion, first became seriously impressed on his mind; hitherto it had exercised but little practical influence on his thoughts, but now, in the gloom and solitude of his cell, he began to dwell upon it long and earnestly, and as he did so he felt his mind grow calm, and a ray of hope seemed to break upon him. He felt at first appeared to be despair. The very turnkeys observed the difference in his appearance next morning, and congratulated him upon it. "Yesterday," said one of them, "you had the look of a basilisk, but to-day I feel glad to see you looking so cheerful." "I feel glad," he also looks "worse the second day than the first." Pellico had been allowed the use of a copy of Dante and the Bible. Of the former he used to commit a canto to memory every day, till at last the exercise became so mechanical that it ceased to afford any interruption to the train of his thoughts. He had also been permitted the study of the Bible; for though his attention at first wandered often, yet by degrees he became capable of meditating on it with fixed attention, and of absorbing himself in its pursuit to the exclusion of every other intrusive thought. The precept, "pray without ceasing," particularly made a deep impression on his mind, and he determined to realise it, by keeping the idea of the Deity constantly present to his thoughts, and conforming every purpose (for there was little room for action) to the Divine will. Thus a tranquil hope and confidence that he was now left alone in the world, seemed to grow upon him day by day.

Meantime he thought it his duty to preserve his spirits and his cheerfulness, by finding some objects which might afford interest or occupation to the mind. He was then in the first year of his imprisonment, and he found a friend. This was a deaf and dumb child of five or six years old, whose father and mother had been robbers, and had fallen victims to justice. The poor orphan was brought up here by the police, with other

times, by disposing of his allowance of food to one of his friends, could procure a sheet, and a few papers in return, and endure the pains of hunger till the evening, when he would request that the *Siora Zanze* (Angela) would make him some coffee stronger than usual. The effect of the liquid, acting on an empty stomach, was to produce a glow of heat and desire of intoxication. But Silvio Pellico, having once experienced its soothing influence, could not resist the temptation of repeating, even when he was not under the necessity of famishing himself during the day. Frequently he would abstain from food, merely to enjoy the state of pleasurable excitement which followed the desire of food. And grievously was he sometimes disappointed, when, instead of the strong cordial beverage which Angela used to send him, he received only some weak and watery potion, manufactured by her mother. How important are trifles to a prisoner! These occasional disappointments seemed to Pellico a punishment in return for an imprisonment itself; and poor Angela on her next visit was sure to encounter a torrent of reproaches for having broken her word.

A scene of this kind one day extracted from the poor girl the confession that she was in love;—not with Pellico, but with a young man of her own age. "The course of true love" had, however, at the moment been interrupted by a quarrel, and she came to seek a comforter, or at least a patient listener, in Pellico. The result of this conversation was, that she gradually Pellico begins to find that Angela was less plain than he had at first thought, nay that at times she had even some pretensions to beauty; her visits began to be anxiously longed for—the touch of her hand confused him; and at last, one day, when the poor girl, in return for some words of consolation and hope which he had spoken to her, threw her arms in a transport of gratitude about his neck, and embraced him as if he had been her father, the agitation he experienced was such, that he was obliged to request that she would not again honour him with such marks of filial confidence.

Angela, however, was taken ill, and here her story much to the disappointment of the reader, breaks off as abruptly as Cambrascas's. Some hints dropped by the turnkeys as to the cause of her disappearance, were of no use to understand, but Pellico was left in suspense. So it was, however, she returned no more; and now the solitude of his dungeon pressed upon him more desolately than ever. It felt, he said, like a tomb.

A somewhat singular incident, however, occurred to disturb his thoughts. One day, the turnkey, who came with a letter, presented him with a letter. It bore to be written by a person whose name Pellico conceals, who described himself as an admirer of his genius, and requested him, by means of the friendly turnkey, to correspond with him. Pellico at first naturally suspected this to be a mere scheme to entrap him into a correspondence which might be turned against him, but the fact turned out to be otherwise. The most singular part of the business, however, was the strain which the unknown letter writer chose to adopt. His letters, instead of touching on his own situation, and the various attacks on the Christian religion; and when Pellico, determined not to be guilty a second time of the moral pusillanimity he had shown in the case of the *sai-dant* Duke of Normandy, frankly avowed in his answers the various pretensions, and the various misdeeds, and the rivalry of this modern Julian (so he chose to term himself) had caused him, he only became more impious and indecent in his replies, till at last Pellico allowed the correspondence to drop. Had it been worth any one's while to divert himself with the misfortunes of a poor prisoner, he could not have been so desirous to drop the whole of this letter-writing episode as a mystification. At a subsequent period of his captivity, however, he obtained some information which seems to have considerably modified his unfavourable opinion of this singular correspondent.

Another change of apartment now took place. It was not without feelings of regret that Pellico quitted even his former dreary residence—for here were his ants, his spider; here the kindness of the gentle Angela had helped to wile away many a tedious hour; here, in the presence of his companions, he had been able to forget he had often forgotten his misfortunes. The new room, which was also under the *Piombi*, but two windows, the one looking out on the palace of the patriarch, the other, small and high up in the wall, could only be reached by passing a chair upon the table, but, when attained, commanded a view of great part of the city and the Lagune.

Here, too, Pellico soon found some human objects of interest. In some small apartments opposite the larger window lived a poor family, who soon evinced, by their kind gestures, the sympathy they felt for the prisoner.

"A little boy of nine or ten," says Pellico, "raised his hand towards me, and I heard him say, 'Mother, mother, what more shall I ask?' And a woman, whom I supposed to be their mother, and who stood half concealed behind them, suggested kind expressions to the children, who repeated them, and I thanked them with the warmest tenderness."

These consolations were renewed every morning and evening; when the lamps were lighted, and the windows about to be closed, the children used to call from their window, "good night, Silvio!" and the mother, emboldened by the darkness, would repeat, in a voice of emotion, "good night!"

But his own anxiety, which he had now endured for nearly a year, began to produce their natural effects upon his health. His nerves had become so shattered, his frame so weak, and his sleep so broken, that his mind also to a certain extent gave way. He fell into a state nearly resembling that of Tasso in his prison at Ferrara.

Yet do I feel, at times, my mind declined,
But with a sense of its decay: I see
Unvoiced lights along my prison chain,
And a strange-demon who is vexing me
With plinking pranks and petty pains, below
The feeling of the heedful and the free;
But much to one who long has suffered so,
Sickness of heart and narrowness of place.

"My nights," says Pellico, "became more and more sleepless and feverish. In vain I gave up taking coffee in the evening; my restlessness continued the same. I was sometimes tormented by a restless desire to be anxious to write letters, the other to do something else. Well," said I, "let us compromise matters; let us write the letter, but let us do it in German, and thus we shall learn the language." So for a time I continued to write only in bad German, and even in this way I made some progress. But, alas! in the morning, after a night of wakefulness, sleep would fall upon my weary brain. Then I dreamt, or rather raved, of seeing my father, my mother, or some other dear relative, despairing of my fate; I heard their sobs in my sleep, and would awaken, sobbing and terrified."

"Sometimes, in these short dreams, I thought I heard my mother comforting the rest, entering my prison along with them, and addressing to me the most consoling words on the duty of resignation; then, when I was rejoicing at the prospect of my own resolution and their courage, she would suddenly burst into tears, and all would vanish with her. I cannot describe the agonies which these visions caused me."

"Sometimes, to escape these miseries, I tried not to go to bed at all. I kept my light burning all night, and sat reading or writing at my table. But the time always came, when my mind grew exceedingly tired, and, notwithstanding nothing, and not being able to direct my thoughts for composition. Then I would try to copy something, but I copied, thinking of any thing except what I was writing, thinking only of my misfortunes."

"Another time, when I went to bed it was worse. Every position in which I lay was intolerable to me. I moved about convulsively; I was obliged to rise; or, if I dropped asleep, those fearful dreams shook me more than want of sleep. My prayers came with difficulty, yet I repeated them often, not in many words, but in invocations to God, and thus I had united myself with man, and was acquainted with his woes."

"In these terrible nights, my imagination was so excited, that, even when awake, I seemed to hear groans, or the sound of stifled laughter in my prison. From infancy I had been under a belief in witches or spirits, and now the groans and the sounds of laughter terrified me. I knew not why, till I began to doubt whether I were not the sport of some unseen and malignant being. Several times I took the light, and looked if any one had concealed himself in the bed to torment me. Sometimes I thought I had removed him from the former room to this, because it contained some trap door or

secret aperture in the walls, through which my jailers might inspect my movements, and find a cruel amusement in my terrors. Even when standing at the table, I thought I felt some one pull me by the coat, or a push given to a book on the table, or that some one behind me blew upon the light to extinguish it. Then I sprang upon my feet, looked around me, walked about the room, and asked myself whether I were in my senses or not. Of all I saw I no longer knew what was reality and what illusion, and used to exclaim with agony, 'My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?'

"This mode of attack, which, however prolonged, must soon have terminated in madness, was brought to a crisis by a violent convulsive attack, from which Pellico recovered, exhausted, indeed, but freed from the harassing visions which had been the offspring of his disease. A fire, which about this time took place in a building adjacent to the prison, and which destroyed the safety of the prison itself is described with a force and animation that makes us feel, as if in our own case, the awful situation of a prisoner awaiting, without the power of escape, the approach of that devouring element. But another change of situation was now awaiting Pellico."

On the 11th of January, 1822, he was informed that he was to be transported to the prison of St. Michele at Murano, to receive the sentence of the commission. He entered the gondola that was to bear him across the Lagune with mixed sentiments; the pleasure of breathing once more the refreshing air upon the sunny Adriatic, of seeing the lovely picture of the city and the water without the gloomy framework of prison bars around it, was mingled with a feeling of regret at quitting even the dreary *Piombi*, where some affectionate recollections were blended with many sufferings; and with the idea that he could not have been so long confined, even in the past, it was yet possible that worse was to come. At St. Michele, while awaiting his own sentence, he contrived secretly to obtain some intelligence of the fate of his companions, who had been arrested along with him. Count Camillo Laderchi, he learned, had been liberated, as well as Professor Tommaso, Count Romagnoni, and Count Giovanni Arrivabene. Maroncelli now occupied the prison which had been inhabited by Laderchi; Rezia and Canova were confined together; Professor Ressi was dying in a neighbouring cell; some weeks afterwards he learned that he was dead.

On the 21st of February, Pellico was conducted to the hall of the commission to receive the announcement of his sentence. The president rising with an air of dignified commiseration, informed him that the sentence had been a terrible one, but that it had been mitigated by the kindness of the emperor. "The sentence has been death; the mitigation was imprisonment for fifteen years in the fortress of Spielberg, in Moravia. Pellico answered, 'The will of God be done!'" "To-morrow," said the inquisitor, "I am sorry the sentence must be read in public; but the formality is indispensable." "Be it so," he replied, "I will not evince any will; you will allow the society of your friend;" and Pellico was conducted from the hall to embrace once more his friend Maroncelli.

Next morning they were put into a gondola, and reconducted to the prison at Venice. The scaffold from which the sentence was to be proclaimed was in the centre of the square, and the prisoners were drawn up from the foot of the Giant's stair-case, down which they descended, to the foot of the scaffold, along which they walked. An immense multitude surrounded it, on whose countenances sat marks of terror and pity, though the consciousness of every part of the square was commanded by cannon, with lighted matches ready of course controlled the expression of their feelings. A curious recollection at that moment flashed across the mind of Pellico. On that very spot, in September 1820, a month before his arrest, a beggar had said to him, "Ah! signor, I have seen many strange strangers admire this place. It is an unfortunate spot!" The observation had indeed been verified, and Pellico glanced his eye over the multitude, to see whether the beggar was there to witness the fulfilment of his prediction. At that moment, however, the prisoners were directed to turn round and look at the palace which appeared on the balcony with a paper in his hand: "to see the sentence," he read it aloud, and the deepest silence prevailed, till he came to the words, *condemned to death*, when a general murmur of compassion arose. It subsided when the crowd perceived there still remained something farther to be read, and the prisoners were again directed to look at the scaffold.

"Condemned to the *carcere duro*, Maroncelli for twenty

years, and Pellico for fifteen." The prisoners were then reconducted to St. Michele, to await their removal to the Austrian fortress.

Before they set out, they received from the German commissary, who had just arrived from Vienna, the consoling information that he had had an interview with the emperor, and that his majesty had graciously announced that the days of their imprisonment should be counted by twelve hours instead of twenty-four—a roundabout way of saying the simple fact, that their actual imprisonment would be of only half the duration of the nominal. This was not officially announced to them, but as the information was given publicly, there was no reason to doubt that the promise had been made. If so, it will be seen that in Pellico's case it was violated. Every where on their route the prisoners were received with kindness. Pellico had feared that this would cease when they had crossed the Alps; but it was not so; in Germany, as well as in their native Italy, they were every where received with the exclamation, "*Armi! Herren!*"—Poor gentlemen!

"Sometimes," says Pellico, "our carriages were forced to stop as we entered a village, before deciding where we were to be lodged. Then the people would gather round us, and we heard on all sides expressions of compassion that burst from the heart. The kindness of these poor people affected me more than even that of my own countrymen. How grateful I am to all! How delightful is the sympathy of our fellow creatures! How delightful to love them!"

"The consolation I derived from this mitigated the anguish I felt towards those whom I had called my enemies. We know, they thought I, I could see them more narrowly—if they could but see me—if I could read in their souls and they in mine, who knows but I should be forced to confess there was no villainy in them, and they to admit that there was a little in me! who knows but we might feel ourselves compelled mutually to pity, and each other." The often misapprehensions, however, they do not know each other; and could they but exchange words, they would extend the arm of confidence towards one another."

They reached their destination on the 10th of April. Unwell when he left Venice, the journey had exhausted Pellico's strength. "He often awoke with pain and fever; a continual cough preyed upon his constitution. Maroncelli and he were placed in two separate cells; and the imperial commissary, on parting, impressed upon them the necessity of the most implicit submission to all the rules of the prison."

On the half an hour Pellico had taken possession of his new dungeon, the door opened, and the head jailer entered. The character of this man, who bore the renowned name of Schiller, unfolds itself with singular beauty, and is one of the most delightful parts of the book. On his first entrance, Pellico suffering from pain and irritation of mind, received him rather rudely. He came to bring him a pitcher of water to drink.

"'To-morrow,' said he, 'I will bring the bread.' 'Thanks, good man.' 'I am not good.' 'The worse for you,' added he. 'Is this chain (pointing to one on the floor) for me?' 'Yes, signor, if you would not be so much idle or so violent.' 'I am sensible I shall only put a chain on your feet. The smith is preparing it.'

"He walked slowly up and down, shaking a vile mass of large keys, and with angry looks I watched his old, gigantic and meagre figure, and in spite of some lines marked on his forehead, I read in his countenance nothing but the odious expression of the most brutal harshness.

"How unjust are men, when they judge by appearances and according to their own hasty prepossessions. The man who I had thought so rattling and brave joyfully for me the purpose of making me feel his power—whom I had conceived hardened by a long course of cruelty—was accessible to sentiments of compassion, and made use of this harsh tone only to hide the feelings of which he was conscious. He wished to hide them, from the fear of the unknown, or the idea that I might prove undeserving of them; and yet, believing at the same time that I was more unfortunate than guilty, he longed to disclose them.

"*"Carcere duro,"* imprisonment accompanied with labour, chains on the feet, sleeping on bare boards, and miserable food. In the *Carceri durissime* the prisoner is chained to the wall, so that he can only move a few yards at a certain distance, and the food is only bread and water.

"Annoyed by his presence, and still more by the air of a master which he wore, I determined to humble him, and said to him imperiously, as I would have done to a servant, 'Give me some drink.'

"He looked at me as if to say, 'Arrogant man, here you must get quit of the habit of commanding.' He said nothing, however, but bending his long back, he took up the pitcher and gave it to me. As I took it, I observed he trembled; and attributing this to his age, and his want of compassion and respect mingled with and mastered my pity."

"How old are you? said I, with a voice of more gentleness. 'Seventy-four, signor; and many misfortunes of my own and other people have I seen.' This allusion to his own misfortunes and those of others was accompanied by a new fit of shaking as he replaced the pitcher; he could not help now attributing it to his age, and he said to me, 'I am a poor old fellow, I feel sympathy. This idea at once removed from my mind all those hostile feelings with which I had at first regarded him. . . . I looked at him more attentively than before, and his look was no longer displeasing to me; and notwithstanding a certain air of rudeness in his language, there were in it traces of an amiable mind. 'The office of head jailer,' said he, 'has been conferred upon me as a place of repose, but God knows if it does not cost me more pain than risking my life in battle.' I repeated having asked for drink with such laughings. 'My duty,' he said, 'in taking by the hand of the prisoner for you to deny it; I know that you are a kind man; and since I have fallen into this misfortune, I thank heaven that it has given me such a guardian.' He listened to my words, shook his head, then answered—rubbing his forehead as if at the recollection of some unpleasant thought, 'I am a *hard* man, signor. I have taken an oath which I cannot violate. I am obliged to treat all the prisoners without regard to their condition, without indulgence, without allowing the least abuse, and particularly the prisoners of state. It is the emperor's command, and they obey it. You must understand that I shall respect what you think—conscientious duty.—Poor gentlemen, have patience, and make allowance for me. I shall be inexorable in my duties; but my heart—my heart—is filled with anguish at my inability to succour the unhappy. This is what I wished to tell you. . . . Be patient, and give way to no violence, as the prisoners too often did, that he might not be compelled to treat me with rigor; then resuming his harsher tone, as if to conceal from me the depth of his sympathy, he said, 'I must go.' He turned however, asked me, 'Do you wish to be released?' and he said, 'I have muttered a curse against the physician because he was not to come that evening to visit me. 'You have fever enough to kill a horse,' he added. 'You will require a mattress at all events, but we cannot give it to you till the physician comes to order it.'

"Nothing could be conceived more miserable than the situation in which Pellico was placed. Exhausted by cough and fever, he had to wait till the usual visiting day of the physician arrived, which was not to be till the second day following. No change from the coarsest food no mattress could until then be allowed him. Covered with perspiration he in vain applied to be allowed the use of the bath, but he had to wait till the next day, contrary to the rules of the prison, which allowed only a sheet per week. At last the physician arrived, who sanctioned the indulgence of the mattress, and directed, him to be removed from his subterranean cell to the floor above; and this, after a special application to Count Mitrowsky, the governor of the provinces of Noravia and Silesia, was with some difficulty effected. In a day or two Pellico's prison dress arrived, consisting of a sort of harlequin suit of two colours, and a shirt as rough as hair cloth, with chains for the feet. As the smith fastened them on, thinking that Pellico was not much to be feared, he observed to Schiller, 'I might have been saved this trouble; he has not two months to live.' *"Mochte es seggen?"* (would it were so!) exclaimed Pellico, to the confusion of the poor workman, who begged his pardon, and prayed that his prophecy might not be fulfilled. On the detail of this poor man's misfortune, I cannot give you too considerable risk to themselves. Often Pellico was obliged to refuse the finer bread which the servant who

cleaned out his room would secretly put into his hands, perceiving his inability to swallow the black bread allowed to the condemned; and often, when Schiller would in the same way bring him a bit of boiled meat, though he confessed he was poor, he was so often almost snatched and devoured it, he felt himself obliged to reject his kind offering, from the feeling that if the practice was persisted in, it would, in all probability, be discovered, and that the kind-hearted jailer might be the sufferer. We prefer to attribute to some of those incidents by which the gloom and sufferings of the prison were almost subdued and Pellico had more than once heard in the neighbourhood of his cell the sound of some Italian song, but it was generally soon suppressed by the sentinels. One evening, however, when the sentinels were less attentive, Pellico distinctly heard his song springing in the cell adjoining his own. His heart leapt rapidly, he sprang from his pallet, and called through the wall, 'Who are you, unfortunate man!—I am Silvio Pellico.' "O Silvio" answered his neighbor, "I know you not by sight, but I have loved you long. Come, let us to the window, and talk in spite of our jailers." It was Count Antonio Orsini, a young man of twenty, imprisoned on a charge similar to his own. Their conversation was soon interrupted by the threats of the sentinels, who had positive orders to prevent all communication between the prisoners; but at last, by a little contrivance, when the sentinels were farthest off in making their rounds, the two prisoners contrived, they found themselves able to converse every day though without seeing each other's faces. A warm friendship sprang up between them. They related to each other the events of their lives—they tried to impart to each other comfort and courage. Orsini related the strange religious feelings of Pellico; and even Pellico himself derived feelings of resignation and Christian charity from the tone in which the youth of twenty spoke of his sufferings and his oppressors.

The prisoners at Spielberg were allowed a walk of an hour twice a day, and Pellico was permitted to walk on the platform of the castle, commanding two thirds of the city of Brunn and a large tract of surrounding country. The path to it led along the range of the prisons in which all the Italian prisoners were confined, with the exception of the French, the Garibaldi, who still languished in his subterranean cell below that to which Pellico was removed, he passed, "*Buon passaggio!*" (a pleasant walk), but he was not allowed to return their greeting. The people from the town, who were occasionally on business at the castle, used to gather into groups as he passed, and they used to throw him flowers and garlands, thinking that he did not understand them, they would shake their heads and say, "That poor gentleman will soon grow old; he has death in his face." It was with difficulty, in fact, that Pellico was able to drag himself and his chain so far as the platform, and once arrived there he used to throw himself on the grass, and remain there till the expiration of the hour allowed him. The guards stood or sat beside him, and gossiped together. Both were good natured and kind, and one of them, Kral, a Bohemian, was well acquainted with Klopstock, Goethe, Schiller, and the best German writers. Of these he used to recite long passages with intelligence and feeling, while Pellico lay and listened beside him on the grass. A touching little episode follows, which we shall give in the author's own words.

"At one extremity of the platform were the apartments of the superintendent and his wife and two children, a wife and infant son. Whenever I saw any one come out of those buildings, I used to rise and approach them, never failing to be received with marks of courtesy and pity.

"The wife of the superintendent had long been ill, and was declining slowly. She sometimes made herself a carriage to go on a walk into the open air. I cannot describe with what emotion she expressed the compassion she felt for us all. Her look was very gentle and timid, and yet, timid as it was, it used sometimes to rest as if with intense and acquiring confidence on those of us who were nearest her.

"I said to her one day, smiling: 'Do you know, lady, that you have some resemblance to a person who was dear to me?' She blushed, and replied, with a serious and amiable simplicity, 'Do not forget me then when I am gone. Pray for my poor soul, and for the poor little infant I leave behind me.'

"From that day she could not leave her bed. I never saw her more. She languished a few months longer, and then died.

"She had three sons, beautiful as cupids, and one of them still at the breast. The poor creature often em-

braced him in my presence, and said, 'Who knows who will become their mother after me. Ah! whoever it may be, may God give her the bowels of a mother, even for those who are not her own.' And then she wept, for the third time I have remembered that prayer and those tears.

"When she was no more, I often embraced the children, and with tears in my eyes repeated their mother's prayer. I thought of my own mother, and of the ardent prayers which she had made for the saint of the superintendents. 'O! happier that mother who dies and leaves behind her her children in infancy, than she who lives to have educated them with every care, and to see them taken from her!'"

"Two kind old women used to accompany the children, one of them the mother, the other the aunt of the superintendents. They wished to know all my history, and I related it to them shortly.

"How unfortunate we are," they would say, 'that we can do nothing to assist you. But be assured we shall pray for you, and if your pardon some day arrive, it may be a day of joy for all the family.'

"The former of them, whom I was in the habit of seeing most frequently, possessed a wonderful eloquence in imparting consolation. I listened to her with filial gratitude, and treasured her words in my heart.

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"The health of Pellico, which had at first improved a little by the change of lodging, now began rapidly again to decline. Some of his violent fever, and other dreadful spasms of the chest, tortured him day and night. In their conversations he mentioned his situation to Orsolini. He too, who had long been declining, was one evening worse than usual. "My friend," said he, 'I perceive the day is not far off when one of us will be unable to come to the window. Every time we salute each other may be the last. Let us hold ourselves prepared, therefore, the one to die, the other to survive his friend.' Poor Orsolini's presentiment was correct. Various discharges of blood from the lungs, in rapid succession, and followed by drops of blood, led him to believe that he was destined to die. He soon became aware of his situation, and often, looking towards the burying ground of the castle, of which his window commanded a view, he would express to Pellico the deep pain it gave him, notwithstanding all his efforts at resignation, to think that his remains were destined to another grave beneath a German instead of an Italian sky. After lingering till June, 1823, he expired, his last words being, 'I pardon from my heart all my enemies.' His patience had won the hearts of all his attendants. Kubitzky, the sentinel, who had attended the dying Orsolini, saw his wishes, and, to Pellico, with a degree of delicate feeling which surprised him, "I have marked his burial place exactly, that if any of his friends should obtain permission to carry his bones to his own country, they may know where they lie."

"His death was followed by that of Antonio Villa, another of Pellico's companions in misfortune. Even poor Schiller, worn out with age and infirmities, was removed from the active duties of jailer, and could no longer by his kindness soften the rigour of imprisonment.

"From the time he left us he was often unwell, and we engaged for him with the anxiety of children. When he got a little better, he used to come and walk under our windows; we hailed him, and he would look up with a melancholy smile, and say to the sentinel, in a voice that we could overhear, 'Da sind mein sohne,' (there are my sons)!"

"Poor old man, what grief it gave me to see him tottering feebly along, without being able to offer him the support of my arm!"

"Sometimes he would sit down on the grass and read the books he had lent to me. That I might recognise

them, he would read the titles to the sentinel, or repeat some extract from them. For the most parts the books were stories from the almanacks or other romances of little value, but of good moral tendency. For several reasons, however, he was conversant to the military hospital where he shortly died. He had amassed some hundred florins, the fruit of his long savings; these he had lent to some of his fellow soldiers, and when his end approached, he called them about him and said, 'I have no relatives, but each of you knows that I have in his hands. I only ask that you will pray for me.'

"One of these friends had a daughter of about eighteen, who was Schiller's god-daughter. Some hours before his death the good old man sent for her. He was no longer able to speak distinctly, but he took a silver ring, the last of his possessions, from his finger, and put it upon hers. Then he kissed her and shed tears over her. The girl sobbed, and bathed him with her tears. He dried her eyes with his handkerchief; then took her hands and placed them on his eyes:—these eyes were closed forever!"

"While friend after friend had thus been taken from him by death, one comfort was at last vouchsafed to Pellico. Maroncelli was allowed to share his cell. A new stimulus was given to both for a time by this indulgence. The liberation also of two of the prisoners, one of whom had been condemned to fifteen, and the other to twenty years' imprisonment, revived their hopes that at last the hour of deliverance would approach even for them. The end of 1827 they thought would be the term of their imprisonment; but December past, and it came not. Then they thought that the summer of 1828 would be the time, at which period the seven and a half years of Pellico's imprisonment terminated, which, from the report of the emperor's observation to the commissary, they had reason to think were to be held equivalent to the fifteen, which formed the nominal amount of the sentence. But this too past away without a hint of deliverance. Meantime the effects of his long subterranean confinement began to show themselves in Maroncelli by a swelling of the knee-joint. At first the pain was trifling, merely obliging him to halt a few minutes, and to rest himself from going his usual exercise. But an unfortunate fall in consequence of the snow, which was already beginning to cover the ground, increased the pain so much, that after a few days the physician recommended the removal of the fetters from his legs. Notwithstanding this, however, the swelling continued to increase, and he was obliged to rest in vain—they merely aggravated his pangs.

"Maroncelli," says Pellico, "was a thousand times more unfortunate than myself; but O! how much did I suffer for him. The duty of attendance would have been delightful to me, bestowed as it was on so dear a friend. But to see him, amidst such protracted and cruel tortures, and not be able to bring him health—to feel the presentiment that the knee would never be healed—to perceive that the patient himself thought more probable than recovery—and with all this to be obliged at every instant to admire his courage and to exclaim, 'Ah! the sight of this agonised me beyond expression!'"

"Even in this deplorable condition, he composed verses, he sang, he discoursed, he did every thing to deceive me into hope, to conceal from me a portion of his sufferings. He could now no longer digest nor sleep; he grew frightfully wasted; he often fainted; and yet he was able to exert his vital power again, he would endeavour to encourage me.

"His sufferings for nine months were indescribable. At last a consultation on his case was allowed. The chief physician came, approved of all the physician had ordered, and disappeared, without pronouncing any further opinion of his own.

"A moment afterwards, however, the sub-intendant came, and, having assured these pangs would complain, did not like to explain himself in my presence. His apprehensive you might not have sufficient strength of mind to endure the announcement of so dreadful a necessity. I was assuring him, however, that you do not want for courage."

"I hope," replied Maroncelli, 'I have given some support to your assurance, these pangs without complaint. What would I recommend?'"

"Amputation, signor!—except that seeing your frame so exhausted, he has some hesitation in advising it. Weak as you are, do you think yourself able to bear the operation? Will you run the risk?"

"Of death?—And should I not die at all events in a short time, if this evil be left to take its course?"

"Then we shall send you immediately to Vienna, and the moment the permission is obtained—"

"What a permission necessary?"

"Yes, signor."

"In eight days (!) the expected warrant arrived. The patient was carried into a larger room. He asked me to follow him. 'I may die,' said he, 'under the operation. Let me see the surgeon, so that I may be able to be allowed to accompany him. The Abate Wrbu, our confessor, (who had succeeded our former confessor, Paulovich,) came to administer the sacrament to the sufferer. This act of religion being over, we waited for the surgeons, who had not yet made their appearance. Maroncelli could not so long interpose in urging a continuance."

"The surgeons came at last: there were two of them; one the ordinary household surgeon, that is to say our barber surgeon, who had the privilege, as matter of right, of operating on such occasions, the other a young surgeon, an *élève* of the school of Vienna, and already celebrated for his talents. The latter, who had been despatched by the governor to superintend the operation, would willingly have performed it himself, but was obliged, in deference to the privileges of the barber, merely to watch over the execution.

"The patient was seated on his bed side, with his legs hanging down, while I supported him in my arms. A ligature was attached round the same part, above the knee, to mark where the incision was to be made. The old surgeon cut away all round to the depth of an inch, then drew up the skin which had been cut, and continued to cut through to the muscle. The blood flowed in torrents from the arteries, but these were soon taken up. At last came the sawing of the bone.

"Maroncelli never uttered a cry. When he saw them carry away the leg which had been cut off, he gave it one melancholy look, then turning to the surgeon, who had operated, he said, 'You have rid me of an enemy, and I have no means of recompensing you.' There was a rose standing in a glass near the window. 'May I request you to bring me that rose?' said he. I took it to him, and he presented it to the surgeon, saying, 'I have nothing to give you, but I give you my gratitude.' The surgeon took the rose, and as he did it, dropt a tear."

"Amidst so much that is calculated to inspire the profoundest disgust at the whole system of the Austrian prison discipline, it may be right to mention that the emperor's physician, who has recently heard of the courage and resignation of Silvio Pellico, has had some hard fate, specially directed that he died during his recovery should be of the most restorative kind, and should be sent him from the kitchen of the superintendent. One would have thought that after nine years of captivity, followed by such a scene as that we have just quoted, an instant order for his liberation would have been rather "more German to the matter." But this suited not the unbending rules of state. The cure was completed in about forty days, after which Pellico and the mutilated Maroncelli, with his wooden stump and crutches, were sent to the castle of Spielberg. Maroncelli had borne his hard fate, by the removal of the partition which had formerly divided it from the cell once occupied by the hapless Orsolini."

Are not our readers tired of this long detail of misery, unadorned as it is in our pages by the exquisite language and deep pathos of the original? We fear they are; and therefore passing over many events to which he has contrived to impart variety and interest—the visits of successive imperial commissaries from Vienna, the changes of jailers, the fluctuations of hope and fear as to his ultimate liberation—let us turn at once to the catastrophe which closed his drama.

The 1st of August, 1824, was a Sunday. Ten years had now nearly elapsed since Pellico had first been imprisoned; eight and a half since he had been consigned to the *carcere duro* of Spielberg. Pellico had returned as usual from mass; he had been looking from the terrace upon the cemetery where the dust of Orsolini and Villa reposed, and, thinking that very soon would the prison, it is believed, be enlarged, he was preparing their table for their meal, when Wegrath, the superintendent, entered. "I am sorry," said he, "to disturb your dinner, but have the goodness to follow me—the director of police is waiting for you." As this gentleman's visits generally indicated some important business, the prisoners, it may be supposed, followed their guide somewhat reluctantly to the audience room. They found there the director and the superintendent, the former of whom bowed

Shipwreck of the Medusa;

COMPRISING THE SUFFERINGS OF THE PICARD FAMILY.

BY MADAME DARD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Introduction to the first American edition.

The catastrophe of the Medusa is already known to the public, as one of the most awful and appalling that ever befell any class of human beings. The shipwreck and the dreadful scenes on the raft, have been recorded in the narrative of Messrs. Savigny and Corréard. But the adventures of the party who were cast ashore, and forced to find their way through the African desert, could be reported only imperfectly by those gentlemen, who were not eye-witnesses. This deficiency is now supplied by the narrative of Madame Dard, then Mademoiselle Picard, one of the suffering party.

There is so much feeling and good sense, mixed with an amiable and girlish simplicity, as to render it particularly engaging. Intwoven with the narrative is an interesting account of the Picard family, whose wrongs cannot fail to excite pity, and to engage feeling hearts in their favour.

There is not, on the records of misery, an instance of more severe and protracted suffering, than is furnished by this shipwreck, and we trust there is not, nor ever will be, any where human nature was more foully outraged and disgraced. There are, nevertheless, some pleasing traits of character in the story, which present a beautiful relief to the selfishness and brutality which is so much abound in the dark picture, and are the green spots in the desert—the fountain and the fruit tree—as they were in truth, to the poor wretches they assisted with such genuine singleness of heart.

It was evidently nothing but the utter and thorough selfishness which actuated the leaders, and most of those on board both of the ship and the raft, which rendered the affair at first very serious. A wise plan formed and acted upon, with a view to the general good, would have enabled them, without difficulty, to save the wreck, the cargo, and perhaps the vessel.

The translator informs us, "It may be satisfactory for some readers to know, that in 1824, Madame Dard was living with her husband in comfort at Bigny-sous-Beaune, a short distance from Dijon. I have lately seen in a French catalogue, a dictionary and grammar of the Woloff and Bambara languages, by M. J. Dard, brought out under the auspices of the Ministry of Marine."

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

Those who have read the account of the Shipwreck of the Medusa, by MM. Savigny and Corréard, are already acquainted with the Picard family.

Attracted to Senegal by a faint prospect of advantage, my father, head of that unfortunate family, could not, in spite of a good constitution and the strength of his spirits, resist that destiny, from the cruel influence of which none of us save three escaped out of a family of nine. On his death-bed, he expressed to me the desire that our misfortunes should not remain unknown. This then became my duty, and a duty sacred to the public. I feel a pleasure in fulfilling it, and consolation in the thought that no feeling mind will read the story of our misfortunes without being affected; and that those who persecuted us will at least experience some regret.

The recital of the shipwreck of the Medusa was necessary, as much to explain the origin of our misfortunes, as the cause of the cruel destiny which befell our family, and the terrible journey in the Desert of Sahara, by which we at last reached Senegal. It will furnish me, also, with an opportunity of adverting to some errors in the work of Messrs. Savigny and Corréard.

It only now remains for me to crave the indulgence of the reader for my style. I trust such will not be refused to one, who has dared to take the pen only in compliance with a father's dying request.

CHAPTER I.

About the beginning of 1800, my father solicited and obtained the situation of resident attorney at Senegal, on the west coast of Africa. My mother was then nursing my youngest sister, and could not be persuaded to expose us, at so tender an age, to the fatigue and danger of so long a voyage. At this period I was not quite two years old.

It was then resolved that my father should go alone, and that we should join him on the following year; but my mother's hopes were disappointed, we having rendered impossible all communication with our colonies. In consequence, which was the result, he being nearly two thousand leagues from her husband, and ignorant how long it might continue, she soon after fell into a languid condition; and death deprived us of her, at the end of five years of suffering. My grandfather, at whose house we had hitherto lived, now became her father and mother to us; and I, to the good old man to say, that his care and attention soon made us forget we were orphans. Too young to reflect that the condition of happiness which we enjoyed under his guardianship would ever have an end, we lived without a care for the future, and our years glided on in perfect tranquillity.

Thus were we living when, in 1808, the English captured the colony of Senegal, and permitted our father to return to his family. But what a change did he meet with on his arrival at Paris! Wife, home, furniture, friends, had all disappeared; and nothing remained but two young daughters, who refused to acknowledge him for their father: so much were our young minds habituated to see and love but one in the world—the worthy old man who had watched over our infancy.

In 1810, our father thought fit to marry a second time; but again he was disappointed, his children in the death of their grandfather. Our toasts were scarcely dry, when we were conducted home to her who had become our second mother. We would hardly acknowledge her. Our sorrow was excessive, and the loss we had sustained irreparable. But they strove to comfort us; dressed, and amused us, and in the end we gave up the idea of retaliating the loss of our best friend. In this state of perfect happiness we were living, when the armies of the allies entered Paris in 1814.

France having had the good fortune to recover her king, and with him the blessing of peace, an expedition was undertaken to Senegal, and the officers of the Senegal, which had been restored to us. My father was instantly reinstated in his place of resident attorney, and went in the month of November to Brest.

As our family had become more numerous since the second marriage of my father, he could only take with him our stepmother and the younger children. My sister Caroline and myself were placed in a boarding school at Paris, until the Minister of Marine and the Colonies would grant us a passage; but the events of 1815 caused the expedition to Senegal to be abandoned, while it was in the hour of preparation, and we did not resume our journey. My father then returned to Paris, leaving at Brest my stepmother, who was then in an unfit condition for travelling.

In 1816, a new expedition was fitted out. My father was ordered to repair to Rochefort, whence it was to set off. He took no time for taking leave of his family, his wife, who had remained at Brest during the "hundred days." The design of our accompanying him to Africa, obliged him to address a new petition to the Minister of Marine, praying him to grant us all a passage, which he obtained.

The 23d of May was the day on which we were to quit the capital, our relations and friends. In the meanwhile, my sister and myself left the boarding-school where we had been placed, and went to take a farewell of all those who were dear to us. One cousin, who loved us most tenderly, could not bear of our approaching departure without shedding tears; and as it was impossible for her to change our destiny, she offered to share it. Immediately she appeared before the minister, and M. le Baron Portal, struck with a friendship which made her encounter the dangers of so long a voyage, granted her request.

On a beautiful morning announced to us the afflicting moment when we were to quit Paris. The position, who was to convey us to Rochefort, was already at the door of the house in which we lived, to conduct us to his carriage, which waited for us at the Orleans gate.

As the carriage coachman stepped into it, and in an instant it was filled. The impatient coachman cracked his whip, sparks flashed from the horse's feet, and the street of Lille, which we had just

quitted, was soon far behind us. On arriving before the garden of the Luxembourg, the first rays of the morning's sun dried the dew-fog which lay on the foliage; and, you forsake the zephyrs in quitting this beautiful abode. We reached the Observatory, and in an instant passed the gate d'Enfer. There, as yet for a moment to breathe the air of the capital, we alighted at the Hotel du Pantheon, where we found our carriage. After a hasty breakfast, the position arranged our route, and we were on our way. It was nearly seven in the morning when we quitted the gates of Paris, and we arrived that evening at the little village of d'Etampes, where our landlord, pressing us to refresh ourselves, almost burned his inn in the making of the room for us. There, as we were descending the old chimney, we soon rose to the roof of the house, but they succeeded in extinguishing them. We were, however, regaled with a smoke which made us shed tears. It was broad day when we quitted d'Etampes; and our position, who had spent the greater part of the night in driving with his comrade, was somewhat less than polite. We reproached him, but he made light of the circumstance; for, in the evening, he was completely drunk. On the twenty-fifth of May, at ten in the morning, my father told me we were already thirty-two leagues from Paris. Thirty-two leagues!—What a distance! Whilst I made that reflection, we arrived at Orleans. Here we remained about three hours to refresh ourselves as well as our horses. We could not leave the place without visiting the statue raised in honour of Joan of Arc, that extraordinary woman, to whom the monarchy was so much owed.

On leaving Orleans, the Loire, and the fertile pastures through which it rolls its waters, excited our admiration. We had on our right the beautiful vineyards of Beaugency. The road, as far as Amboise, is delightful. I began to regret that the Paris and its environs might perhaps be forgotten, for the country of Senegal, to which we were going, was as fine as that through which we were journeying. We slept at Amboise, which being situated at the confluence of the Loire and the Maisie, presents a most agreeable appearance.

When we were about to begin the show us verdant groves, watered by the majestic stream of the Loire. Its disk looked like a glorious lustre suspended in the azure vault of heaven. Our road was studded on both sides with lofty poplars, which seemed to shoot their pyramidal heaps into the clouds. On our left was the Loire, and on our right a level country, where the sun's rays were reflected the bright beams of the sun. The birds, with their songs, celebrated the beauty of the day, whilst the dew, in the form of pearls, quivering fell from the tender boughs, fanned by the zephyrs. A thousand picturesque objects presented themselves to our view. On the one hand were delightful groves, the sweet flowers of which perfumed the air we breathed; on the other, a clear fountain spring bubbling from the crevice of a rock, and, after falling from the top of a little hill among a tuff of flowers, bent its devious course to join the waters of the river. More distant, a small wood of fibert trees served as a retreat to the ringdoves who cooed, and the nightingales who chanted the spring.

We enjoyed this truly enchanting spectacle till we arrived at Tours. But as our route from Orleans had been diversified and agreeable, from the latter place to Rochefort it was monotonous and tiresome. However, the charms of Chateaufort, which we were to visit, gave us a change in the sameness of the scene. From Niort to Rochefort the road was nearly impassable. We were frequently obliged to alight from the carriage, in order to allow the horses to drag it out from the deep ruts which we met. In approaching the hotel, named Chateaufort, we stuck so fast in the mud, that even after removing the trunks and other baggage, we found it almost next to an impossibility to drag it out. We were in the midst of a wood, and no village within view. It was then resolved to wait till some good soul would be passing, who would assist us to extricate us from our predicament.

After vainly waiting a long hour for this expected succour, the first people who appeared were travelling merchants, who would not stay on any account to give us assistance. At length we saw a young lady upon a little path, which was at the extremity of the road, walking towards us. She was dressed in a simple but instantly ran towards her, and acquainted her with our situation. This lady, far from acting like the travellers we formerly met, went to an adjoining field where were some farmers at work, and from them, requested them to go with their oxen to free us from our predicament, and returned herself with us. When our carriage was extricated, and in order to continue our route, she invited us to refresh ourselves in her country seat, situated in the middle of

the wood. We then took the crossway, and returned with our carriage at the instance of the amiable lady, who offered us a first morning ride in the Bois de St. Cloud. She referred us to five or six paths, which were already very good; after which we were served with an exquisite collation, at the end of which a child, beautiful as the loves, presented us with a basket filled with the fairest flowers of the spring. We accepted the gift of Flora, and many of our occupations were terminated by her charming child. Travelling after that the park of our hospitable hostess, we rejoined the route to Rochefort.

In paying this just tribute of remembrance to the officers of that person who gave us so great assistance, I cannot forget the pleasure of mentioning her name. She is the wife of M. Telleme, superior officer of the general magazine at Rochefort.

Already the masts of the ships appeared in the horizon, and we heard in the distance a hollow and confused sound, like that made by a multitude of people engaged in various occupations. On approaching nearer to Rochefort, we found that the tumult we heard was caused by the labourers in the wood-yards and the galley-slaves, who, painfully dragging their fetters, attended to the various labours of the port. Having entered the town, the first place which presented itself to our eyes was that of the unfortunate captives, who, coupled two and two by enormous chains, are forced to carry the heaviest burdens. It may be mentioned, in passing, that the sight is not very attracting to young ladies who have never been out of Paris; for, in spite of all the repugnances expressed by those who are condemned by the laws to live apart from society, we can never look with indifference on that crowd of thinking beings, degraded, by following their vicious actions, to a level with the beasts of burden.

My mind was yet occupied with these painful reflections, when my father, opening doors to the carriage, requested us to follow him into an hotel in the street Dauphine, where already were our stepmother and our young brothers and sisters, who had returned with her from Brest. Soon our numerous family were again united. What transports of joy, what saluting and embracing! O' the dear friends, who were waiting for the meeting with those we love after a long absence.

My father went to visit the officers who were to make the voyage to Senegal along with us. My step-mother busied herself in preparing supper, and my sister Caroline, my cousin, and myself, went to sleep; for any further exertion for those who are condemned by the laws to undergo; otherwise we could easily have sat till midnight, after having eat of the good things we had had at the farm of Charente.

We spent the morning, the 3d of June, in running about the town. In the space of two hours we had seen every thing worth seeing. What a fine thing a maritime town is for a maker of romances! But as I have neither talents nor desire to write one, and as I have promised to the reader to adhere strictly to the truth, I will content myself by telling him, that in nine days I was tired of Rochefort.

CHAPTER II.

Early on the morning of the 12th of June, we were on our way to the boats that were to convey us on board the *Medusa*, which was to sail on the 15th of the month. The Aix, distant about four leagues from Rochefort. The field through which we passed was sown with corn. Wishing, before I left our beautiful France, to make my farewell to the flowers, and whilst our family went leisurely forward to the place where we were to embark, upon the Charente, I took the furrows, and gathered a few blue-bottles and poppies. We soon arrived at the place of embarkation, where we found some of our fellow passengers, who, like myself, seemed casting a last look to heaven, whilst they were yet on the French soil. We embarked, however, and left these happy shores, and desecrated the tomb of the Charente, contrary to our wishes, and so impeded our progress, that we did not reach the *Medusa* till the morrow, having taken twenty-four hours in sailing four leagues. At length we mounted the deck of the *Medusa*, of painful memory. When we got on board, we found our berths not provided for us, consequently were obliged to remain indiscriminately together till next day. Our family, which consisted of nine persons, was placed in a berth near the main deck. As the wind was still contrary, we lay at anchor for several days.

On the 17th of June, at four in the morning, we set sail, as did the whole expedition, which consisted of the *Medusa* frigate, the *Loire* store-ship, the *Argus* brig, and the *Echo* corvette. The wind being very favourable, we

soon lost sight of the green fields of l'Annis. At six in the morning, however, the island of Rhé still appeared before the horizon. We fixed our eyes upon it with regret, to salute for the last time our dear country. Now, imagine the ship borne aloft, and surrounded by huge mountains of water, which at one moment tossed it in the air, and at another plunged it into the profound abyss. The waves, raised by a stormy and violent breeze, were dashing in a horrible manner against the sides of our ship. I know not whether it was a presentiment of the misfortune which menaced us that had made me pass the preceding night in the most cruel inquietude. In my agitation, I sprung upon the deck, and stood clasped with my arms round the masts, as if upon the waters. The winds pressed against the sails with great violence, strained and whistled among the cordage; and the great bulk of wood seemed to split every time the surge broke upon its side. On looking a little out to sea I perceived, it no great distance, a small rocky island, which, in the morning, which quieted me much. Towards ten in the morning the wind changed; immediately an appalling cry was heard, concerning which the passengers, as well as myself, were equally ignorant. The whole crew were in motion. Some climbed to the mast-head, others mounted to the highest parts of the masts; these bellowing and pulling certain cordages in cadence; those crying, swearing, whistling, and filling the air with barbarous and unknown sounds. The officer on duty, in his turn, roaring orders, and with a stormy countenance, others which the helmsman repeated in the same tone. All this hubbub, however, produced its effect: the yards were turned on their pivots, the sails set, the cordage tightened, and the unfortunate sea-birds having received their lesson, descended to the deck. Every thing, however, of tranquillity, except that the waves still roared, and the masts continued their creaking. However the sails were swelled, the winds less violent, though favourable, and the mariner, whilst he carolled his song, said we had a noble voyage.

During several days we did indeed enjoy a delightful voyage, and the expedition still kept together; but at length the breeze became changeable, and they all disappeared. The *Echo*, however, still kept in sight, and peeped in accompanying us, as if to guide us on our route. The wind becoming more favourable, we held our course towards the island of Rhé, and the *Echo*! That was all! So was our and our journey so rapid, that I began to think it nearly as agreeable to travel by sea as by land; but my illusion was not of long duration.

On the 28th of June, at six in the morning, we discovered the Peak of Teneriffe, towards the south, the sun shone brightly, and the sea was calm. The islands were then distant about two leagues, which we made in less than a quarter of an hour. At ten o'clock we brought to before the town of St. Croix. Several officers got leave to go on shore to procure refreshments.

Whilst these gentlemen were away, a certain passenger, member of the self-instituted Anthropologic Society of Cape Verd, suggested that it was very dangerous to remain where we were, adding that he was well acquainted with the country, and had navigated in all these latitudes. M. Le Roy Lechaumery, Captain of the *Medusa*, believing the promise of the informant, and not being able to resist the command of the frigate, Varior officers of the navy represented to the captain how shameful it was to put such confidence in a stranger, and that they would never obey a man who had no character as a commander. The captain despised these wise remarks, and his officers, who were equally contemptible, monstrances; and, using as usual, the words of the king, since the orders of the king were that they should obey him. Immediately the impostor, desirous of displaying his great skill in navigation, made them change the route for no purpose but that of showing his skill in manœuvring. At length, however, the wind changed, and the vessel, as it were, returned, and approached the very reefs, as if to brave them. In short, he beat about so much, that the sailors at length refused to obey him, saying boldly that he was a vile impostor. But it was too late. The man had gained the confidence of Captain Le Roy, and he had obtained the obedience of the crew, who doubtless glad to get some one to undertake his duty. But it must be told, and told, too, in the face of all Europe, that this blind and ignorant confidence was the sole cause of the loss of the *Medusa* frigate, as well as of all the crimes consequent upon it. The officers, who were on shore the next afternoon, those officers who had gone on shore in the morning, returned on board loaded with vegetables, fruits and flowers. They laughed heartily at the manœuvres that had been going on during

their absence, which doubtless did not please the captain, who had the *Medusa* in his hand already shown in his paper. Rochefort a good and able seaman: such were his words. At four in the afternoon we took a southerly direction. M. Richerfort then beaming with exultation for having, as he said, saved the *Medusa* from certain shipwreck, continued to give his pernicious counsels to Captain Lechaumery, persuading him he had been often employed to explore the shores of Africa, and that he was perfectly well acquainted with the Arguin Bank. The journals of the 29th and 30th afford nothing very remarkable.

The hot winds from the desert of Sahara began to be felt, which led us we approached the tropic; indeed, the sun at noon seemed suspended perpendicularly above our heads, a phenomenon which few among us had ever seen.

On the first of July we recognised Cape Bojador, and then saw the shores of Sahara. Towards ten in the morning, they set about the frivolous ceremony which the sailors have invented for the purpose of exacting something from those passengers who have never crossed the line. During the ceremony, the frigate crossed the line, and the sailors, forming a circle, Captain Lechaumery, very good humouredly presided at this species of baptism, whilst his dear Richerfort promenade the fore-castle, and looked with indifference upon a shore bristling with dangers. However that may be, all passed on well; nay, it may be even said that the farce which was acted, and which the sailors had so much made us forget the short-lived happiness we had experienced. Every one began to observe the sudden change which had taken place in the colour of the sea, as we ran upon the bank in shallow water. A general murmur rose among the passengers and officers of the navy—they were weary of partaking in the blind confidence of the captain.

On the 2d of July, at five in the morning, the captain was persuaded that a large cloud, which was discovered in the direction of Cape Blanco, was that Cape itself. In this persuasion, he thought he ought to direct the ship to the north, for about fifty leagues we had gained sea room to double with certainty the Arguin Bank; moreover, they ought to have conformed to the instructions which the Minister of Marine had given to the ships which set out for Senegal. The other part of the expedition, the *Loire* and the *Argus*, were ordered to proceed to their destination. During the preceding night the *Echo*, which had hitherto accompanied the *Medusa*, made several signals, but being replied to with contempt, abandoned us. Towards ten in the morning, the danger which threatened us was again repeated to the captain, Lechaumery, and he again refused to be persuaded to avoid the Arguin Bank, to take a westerly course; but the advice was again neglected, and he despised the predictions. One of the officers of the frigate, from having wished to expose the intriguing Richerfort, was put under arrest. My father, who had already twice made the voyage to Senegal, and who, with various persons were persuaded they were going right upon the bank, also made his observations to the unfortunate pilot. His advice was no letter received than those of Messrs. Reynaud, Espin, Maudet, &c. Richerfort, in the sweetest tone, replied: "My dear father, I have already twice passed the Arguin Bank. I have sailed upon the Red Sea, and you see I am not drowned." What reply could be made to such a preposterous speech? My father, seeing it was impossible to get our route changed, resolved to trust to Providence, and to free himself from danger, and descended to our cabin, where he sought to dissipate his fears in the oblivion of sleep.

CHAPTER III.

At noon, on the 2d of July, soundings were taken. M. Maudet, ensign of the watch, was convinced we were upon the edge of the Arguin Bank. The captain said to him, as well as to every one, that there was no cause of alarm. In the mean while, the wind blowing with great violence, impeded us nearer to the danger, and we were in danger of being overpowered all our spirits, and every one preserved a mournful silence, as if they were persuaded we would soon touch the bank. The colour of the water entirely changed, a circumstance ever remarked by the ladies. About three in the morning, the wind changed, and the ship, at 19 and 19 miles in length, an universal cry was heard upon deck. All declared they saw sailing among the ripple of the sea. The captain in an instant ordered to sound the line gave eighteen fathoms; but on a second

sounding it only gave six. He at last saw his error, and hesitated no longer on changing the note, but it was too late. A strong concussion told us the frigate had struck the rocks, and the multitude instantly depicted on every face. The crew stood motionless; the passengers in utter despair. In the midst of this general panic, cries of vengeance were heard against the principal author of our misfortunes, wishing to throw him overboard. The officers, with an altered countenance, endeavored to calm their spirits, by diverting their attention to the means of our safety. The confusion was already so great, that M. Poinsignon, commandant of a troop, struck my sister Caroline a severe blow, doubtless thinking it was one of his soldiers. At this crisis my father sprang forward in profound alarm, but he quickly saw the cries and the tumult upon deck having informed him of our misfortunes. He poured out a thousand reproaches on those whose ignorance and boasting had been so disastrous to us. However, they took about the means of averting our danger. The officers, with an altered countenance, directed their orders, expecting every moment to see the ship go in pieces. They strove to lighten her, but the sea was very rough and the current strong. Much time was lost in doing nothing; they only pursued half measures, and all of them unfortunately failed.

At the moment when the commandant of the Medusa was not so great as was at first supposed, various persons proposed to transport the troops to the island of Arguin, which was conjectured to be not far from the place where we lay aground. Others advised to take us all successively to the coast of the desert, where the means of our rescue, and with provisions sufficient to form a caravan, to reach the island of St. Louis, at Senegal. The events which afterwards ensued proved this plan to have been the best, and which would have been crowned with success; unfortunately it was not executed. The destruction of the Medusa prevented the making of a raft of sufficient size to carry two hundred men, with provisions; which latter plan was seconded by the two officers of the frigate, and put in execution.

The fatal raft was then begun to be constructed, which they said, carried provisions for every one. Masts, rigging, and other things were thrown overboard. Two officers were charged with the framing of these together. Large barrels were emptied and placed at the angles of the machine, and the workmen were taught to say, that the passengers would be in greater security there, and more at ease, than in the general confusion, as they were forgotten to great rolls, every one supposed, and with reason, that those who had given the plan of the raft, had no design of embarking upon it themselves.

When it was completed, the two chief officers of the frigate publicly promised, that all the boats would tow it to the shore of the Desert; and when their stores of provisions and fire-arms would be given us to form a caravan to take us all to Senegal. Why was not this plan executed? Why were these promises, sworn before the French flag, made in vain? But it is necessary to draw a veil over the period, I will only add, that if these promises had been kept, every one would have been saved, and that, in spite of the detestable egotism of certain persons, humanity would not now have had to deplore the scenes of horror consequent on the wreck of the Medusa!

On the 6th of July, the efforts were renewed to disengage the frigate, but without success. We then prepared to quit her. The sea became very rough, and the wind blew with great violence. Nothing now was heard but the plaintive and confused cries of a multitude, consisting of more than four hundred persons, who, seeing death before them, uttered their hard-felt and bitter lamentations. On the 4th, there was a glimpse of hope. At the hour the tide flowed, the frigate, being considerably lightened by all that had been thrown overboard, was found nearly afloat; and it was very certain, if on that day the wind should throw the artillery into the water, the Medusa would have been saved; but M. Lachauray, who could not thus sacrifice the king's cannon, as if the frigate did not belong to the king also. However, the sea ebbed, and the ship sinking into the sand deeper than ever, made them relinquish that on which depended our last hope.

On the approach of night, the fury of the winds redoubled, and the sea became very rough. The frigate then received some tremendous concussions, and the water rushed into the hold in the most terrific manner. The pumps would not work. We had now no alternative but to abandon the ship. The water, by its single wave would overwhelm. Frightful pulv. enveloped us; mountains of water raised their liquid masses in the distance. How were we to escape so many dan-

gers? Whither could we go? What hospitable land would receive us on its shores? My thoughts then related to the multitude, yet tranquil; but that fatal calm will soon be succeeded by the most frightful torments. Fools, what had we to find in Senegal, to make us trust to the most perfidious of elements! Did France not afford every necessary for our happiness? Happy! yes, thrice happy, they who never set foot on a foreign soil! Great God! succour all these unfortunate beings; save our unhappy family!"

My father perceived my distress, but how could he console me? What words could calm my fears, and place me above the apprehension of those dangers to which we were exposed. How, when I saw that I assumed a serene appearance, when friends, parents, and all that was most dear to me, were, in all human probability, on the very verge of destruction? Alas! my fears were but too well founded. For I soon perceived that, although we were the only ladies, besides the Mesdemoiselles de Launay, confidants of MM. Schmalz and Lachauray. My father, indignant at a proceeding so indecorous, swore we would not embark upon the raft, and that, if we were not judged worthy of a place in one of the six boats, he would himself, his wife and children, remain on board the wreck of the frigate. This having in some degree quieted the fears of my father, our unfortunate situation, I was desirous of taking some repose, but the uproar among the crew was so great I could not obtain it.

Towards midnight, a passenger came to enquire of my father if we were desirous to depart; he replied, we had not yet made up our minds, and that we would wait until that a great part of the crew and various passengers were secretly preparing to set off in the boats. A conduct so perfidious could not fail to alarm us, especially as we perceived among those so eager to embark unknown to us, several who had promised, but a little while before, not to go without us.

M. Schmalz, to prevent that which was going on upon deck, instantly rose to endeavour to quiet their minds; but the soldiers had already assumed a threatening attitude, and, holding cheap the words of their commander, swore they would fire upon those who attempted to prevent their clandestine manner. The presence of these brave men produced the desired effect, and all was restored to order. The governor returned to his cabin; and those who were desirous of departing hurriedly were confused and covered with shame. The governor, however, still remained on deck, and he continued to utter certain energetic words which had been addressed to him, he judged it proper to assemble a council. All the officers and passengers being collected, M. Schmalz there solemnly swore before them not to abandon the raft, and a second time promised, that all the boats would follow it to the shore of the Desert, where they would be formed into a caravan. I confess this conduct of the governor greatly satisfied every member of our family; for we never dreamed he would deceive us, nor act in a manner contrary to what he had promised.

CHAPTER IV.

About three in the morning, some hours after the meeting of the council, a terrible noise was heard in the powder room; it was the helm which was broken. All the boats were alarmed by the sound, but it was not long before every one was made more convinced that the frigate was lost beyond all recovery. Alas! the wreck was, for our family, the commencement of a horrible series of misfortunes. The two chief officers then decided with one accord, that all should embark at six in the morning, and that the order of the embarkation should be in the following order, followed a scene the most whimsical, and at the same time the most melancholy that can be well conceived. To have a more distinct idea of it, let the reader

transport himself in imagination to the midst of the liquid plains of the ocean; then let him picture to himself a multitude of boats, of every size, tossed about at the mercy of the waves upon a distant vessel, rounded, and half submerged; let him not forget these are thinking beings with the certain prospect before them of having reached the goal of their existence.

Separated from the rest of the world by a boundless sea and having no place of refuge, the wrecks of a grounded vessel, the multitude addressed at first their vows to Heaven, and forgot, for a moment, all earthly concerns. Then, suddenly starting from their lethargy, they began to look after their wealth, the merchandise they had carried on board, utterly regardless of the dangers that threatened them. The miser, thinking of the gold contained in his coffers, hastened to put it in a place of safety, either by sewing it into the lining of his clothes, or by cutting out for it a place in the waistband of his trousers. The smuggler was tearing his hair at not being able to find a hidden place of contraband; he had secretly got on board, and with which he had hoped to have gained two or three hundred per cent. Another, selfish to excess, was throwing overboard all his hidden money, and amusing himself by burning all his effects. A generous officer was opening his portmanteau, offering his caps, his gloves, and his shoes to any who would take them. These had scarcely gathered together their various effects, when they learned that they could not take any thing with them; those were searching the cabins and store-rooms to carry away every thing that was portable. Ship-brokers, who were covered with money and fine liquors, which a wise foresight had placed in reserve. Soldiers and sailors were penetrating even into the spirit-room, broaching casks, staving others, and drinking till they fell exhausted. Soon the tumult of the inebriated made us forget the roaring of the sea which threatened to engulf us. At first the uproar was not so bright; the soldiers no longer listened to the voice of their captain. Some knit their brows and muttered oaths; but nothing could be done with those whom wine had rendered furious. Next, piercing cries, mixed with death groans were heard—this was the signal of departure.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 5th, a great part of the military were embarked upon the raft, which was already covered with a large sheet of foam. The soldiers were expressly prohibited from taking their arms. As you may suppose, the officers were not so powerfully affected, but with his horse beside the barricades of the frigate, and then, armed with two pistols, threatened to fire upon any one who refused to go upon the raft. Forty men had scarcely descended when it sunk to the depth of about two feet. To facilitate the embarkation of a greater number, they were obliged to throw over several barrels of provisions which had been placed upon it the day before. In this manner did this furious officer get about one hundred and fifty heaped upon that floating tomb; but he did not think of adding one more to the number by descending himself, as he ought to have done, but went peacefully away, and placed himself in one of the best boats. There should have been sixty sailors upon the raft, and there were but about ten. A list had been made out on the 4th, assigning each his proper place; but this wise precaution being disregarded, the survivors were obliged to take refuge in their own preservation. The precipitation with which they forced one hundred and fifty unfortunate beings upon the raft was such, that they forgot to give them one morsel of biscuit. However, they threw towards them twenty-five pounds in a cask, whilst they were not far from the frigate, as it fell into the sea, and was with difficulty recovered.

During this disaster, the governor of Senegal, who was busied in the care of his own dear self, effeminately decanted in an arm-chair into the barge, where were already various young chiefs, and lords of provinces, his dearest friends, his daughter, and his wife. Afterwards the captain's boat received twenty-seven persons, amongst whom were twenty-five sailors, good rowers. The shallop, commanded by M. Espiau, ensign of the ship, took forty-five passengers, and put off. The boat, called the Senegal, took twenty-five persons, and amongst them the young, the smallest of all the boats, took only ten.

Almost all the officers, the passengers, the mariners, and supernumeraries, were already embarked—al, but our weeping family, who still remained on the boards of the frigate, till some charitable souls would kindly receive us into a boat. Scarcely had we been rescued, when I instantly felt myself roused, and, calling with all my might to the officers of the boats, besought them to take our unhappy family along with them. Soon after, the barge,

tion of the frigate, was assassinated in his bed at Senegal, when he was just upon the eve of setting off for France. The authorities could not discover the murderer, who had taken good care to flee from his victim after having killed him.

We will now turn to the condition of those on the raft, when the boats left them to themselves.

CHAPTER V.

tion of the frigate, was assassinated in his bed at Senegal, when he was just upon the eve of setting off for France. The authorities could not discover the murderer, who had taken good care to flee from his victim after having killed him.

* Two, out of the three wretches who were saved from the wreck of the *Medusa*, died a few days after their arrival at the colony; and the third, who pretended to know a great many particulars relative to the deser-

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 6, NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—At \$5 for 50 numbers, payable in advance.

If all the boats had continued dragging the raft forward, favoured as we were by the breeze from the sea, we would have been able to have conducted them to the shore in less than two days. But an inconceivable fatality caused the generous plan to be abandoned.

When the raft had lost sight of the boats, a spirit of seafaring came to manifest itself in various forms. They then began to regard one another with ferocious looks, and to thirst for one another's flesh. Some one had already whispered of having recourse to that monstrous extremity, and of commencing with the fattest and youngest. A proposition so atrocious filled the brave Captain Dupont and his worthy lieutenant M. L'Heureux with horror; and that courage which has so often supported them in the field of glory, now forsook them. Among the first who fell under the hatchets of the assassins, was a young woman who had been seen devouring the body of her husband. When her turn was come, she sought a little wine as a last favour, then rose, and without uttering one word thrust herself into the sea. Captain Dupont being proscribed for having refused to partake of the sacrilegious viands on which the monsters were feeding, was saved by a miracle from the hands of the butchers. Scarcely had they seized him to lead him to the slaughter, when a large pole, which served in place of a mast, fell upon his body; and believing that his legs were broken, they contented themselves by throwing him into the sea. The unfortunate captain plunged, disappeared, and they thought him already in another world.

Providence, however, revived the strength of the unfortunate warrior. He emerged under the beams of the raft, and clinging with all his might, holding his head above water, he remained between two enormous pieces of wood the rest of his body was hid in the sea. After more than two hours of suffering, Captain Dupont spoke in a low voice to his lieutenant, who by chance was seated near the place of his concealment. The brave L'Heureux, his eyes glistening with tears, believed he heard the voice, and he then shouted to the crew, who were all about to quit the place of horror; but, O wonderful! he saw a head which seemed to draw its last sigh, he recognised it, he embraced it, alas! it was his dear friend! Dupont was instantly drawn from the water, and M. L'Heureux, for his part, was not a moment's time in placing him upon the raft. The two who had been men inveterate against him, touched at what Providence had done for him in so miraculous a manner, decided, with one accord, to allow him entire liberty upon the raft.

The sixtyfortunates who had escaped from the first massacre, were soon reduced to fifty, then to forty, and at last to twenty-eight. The least murmur, or the smallest complaint, at the moment of distributing the provisions, was a crime punished with immediate death. In consequence of such a regulation, it may easily be presumed the raft was soon reduced to the necessary number. It diminished sensibly, and the half rations very much decreased a certain chief of the conspiracy. On purpose to avoid being reduced to that extremity, the executive power decided it was much wiser to draw *thirteen* people, and to get full rations for the remaining eight, than to have half rations. Merciful Heaven! what shudders! After the last catastrophe, the chiefs of the conspiracy, fearing doubtless of being assassinated in their turn, threw all the arms into the sea, and swore an inviolable friendship with the heroes which the hatchet had spared. On the 17th of July, at the moment when Captain Dupont, commandant of the Argus brig, still found fifteen men on the raft. They were immediately taken on board, and conducted to Senegal. Four of the fifteen are yet alive. viz. Captain Dupont, residing in the neighbourhood of Senegal, Lieutenant L'Heureux, since captain, at the Senegal garrison at Rochefort, and Corréard, I know not where.

CHAPTER VI.

On the 5th of July, at ten in the morning, one hour after abandoning the raft, and three after quitting the Medusa, M. Lapérère, the officer of our boat, made the first discovery. Every one was drinking, and eating a small glass of water and nearly the fourth of a biscuit. Each drank his allowance of water at one draught, but it was found impossible to swallow one morsel of our biscuit, it being so impregnated with sea-water. It hap-

pened, however, that some was not quite so saturated. Of these we ate a small portion, and put back the remainder for a future day. Our voyage would have been sufficiently agreeable, if the beams of the sun had not been so fierce. On the evening we perceived the shores of the Desert; but as the two chiefs (M.M. Schnaltz and Lachaumareys) wanted to go to sleep, we were not standing we were still one hundred leagues from it, we were not allowed to land. Several officers remonstrated, both on account of our want of provisions and the crowded condition of the boats, for undertaking so dangerous a voyage. We were obliged to obey, and that it would be dishonouring the French name, if we were to neglect the unfortunate people on the raft, and insisted we should be set on shore, and whilst we waited there, three boats should return to look after the raft, and three to the works of the frigate, to take up the seventeen who were left there, as well as a sufficient quantity of provisions to enable us to go to Senegal by the way of Barbary. But M.M. Schnaltz and Lachaumareys, whose boats were sufficiently well provisioned, scouted the advice of their subalterns, and ordered them to cast anchor till the following morning. They were obliged to obey these orders, and to relinquish their designs. During the night, a certain passenger, who was doubtless no doctor, and who believed in ghosts and witches, was suddenly frightened by the appearance of flames, which he thought he saw in the waters of the sea, a little way from where our boat was anchored. My father, and some others, who were aware that the sea is sometimes phosphorated, confirmed the poor credulous man in his belief, and added several circumstances which fairly turned his head. They persuaded him the Arabian sorcerers had fired the sea to prevent us from travelling along their deserts.

On the morning of the 6th of July, at five o'clock, all the boats were under way on the route to Senegal. The boats of M.M. Schnaltz and Lachaumareys took the lead, and were followed by the boats of M. Lapérère. About eight, several sailors in our boat, with threats, demanded to be set on shore; but M. Lapérère, not according to their request, the whole were about to revolt, and seize the command; but the firmness of this officer prevented them. He said to the sailors, "I will not permit you to seize a firelock which a sailor persisted in keeping in his possession, he almost tumbled into the sea. My father fortunately was near him, and held him by his clothes, but he had instantly to quit him, for fear of losing his hat, which the waves were floating away. A short while after this slight accident, the shallop, which we had lost sight of since the morning, appeared desirous of rejoining us. We plied all hands to avoid her, for we were afraid of one another, and thought that that boat, encumbered with so many people, wished to board us to oblige us to take her on board. The pretence being rejected, we preferred to suffer them to be abandoned like those upon the raft. That officer hailed us at a distance, offering to take our family on board, adding, he was anxious to take about sixty people to the Desert. The officer of our boat, M. Lapérère, who was in the pretence of being sick, suffering where we were. It even appeared to us that M. Espiau had some of his people under the benches of the shallop. But, alas! in the end we deeply derided our so suspicious, and of having so outraged the devotion of the good officers of the Medusa."

Our boat began to leak considerably, but we prevented it as well as we could, by stuffing the largest holes with oakum, which an old sailor had had the precaution to take before quitting the frigate. At noon the heat became so stifling, so intolerable, that several of the officers who we had reached our last moments. The hot winds of the Desert even reached us; and the fine sand with which they were loaded, had completely obscured the clearness of the atmosphere. The sun presented a reddish disk; and the whole surface of the ocean became as if it were a sea of fire. We breathed a poisonous fine sand, an impalpable powder, penetrated to our lungs, already parched with a burning thirst. In this state of torment we remained till four in the afternoon, when a breeze from the north-west brought us some relief. Notwithstanding this, we were obliged to continue our burning thirst which had become intolerable, the cool air which we now began to breathe, made us in part forget our sufferings. The heavens began again to rumble

the usual serenity of those latitudes, and we hoped to have passed a good night. A second distribution of provisions was made; each received a small glass of water, and about the eighth part of a biscuit. Notwithstanding our meagre fare, every one seemed content, in the persuasion we would reach Senegal by the morrow. But the signs of a coming tempest, the horizon on the side of the Desert had the appearance of a long hideous chain of mountains piled on one another, the summits of which seemed to vomit fire and smoke. Bluish clouds, streaked with a dark copper colour, detached themselves from that shapeless heap, and came and joined with those which floated over our heads. In less than half an hour the ocean seemed confounded with the terrible sky which canopied us. The stars were hid. Suddenly a fearful noise was heard from the west, and all the vessels of the sea seemed to form one great bark. A fearful silence succeeded, to the general consternation. Every tongue was mute; and none durst communicate to his neighbour the horror with which his mind was impressed. At intervals the cries of the children rent our hearts. At that instant a weeping and agonised mother bared her breast to her dying child, but it yielded nothing to appease the thirst of the little innocent who pressed it in vain. O night of horrors! what pen is capable to paint thy terrible picture! How describe the agonising fears of a father and mother, at the sight of their children tossed about and expiring in the arms of a small boat, which the winds and waves threatened to engulf at every instant! Having full before our eyes the prospect of inevitable death, we gave ourselves up to our unfortunate condition, and addressed our prayers to heaven. The sea, which was growing calmer, and the tempestuous waves again subsided and calmed. In their terrific encounter a mountain of water was precipitated into our boat, carrying away one of the sails, and the greater part of the effects which the sailors had saved from the Medusa. The bark was nearly sunk. The children, like the children lying in the bottom, drinking the waters of bitterness; and their cries, mixed with the roaring of the waves and the furious north wind, increased the horrors of the scene. My unfortunate father then experienced the most execrating agony of mind. The idea of the loss which the shipwreck had occasioned to him, and the danger which still menaced all he held dearest in the world, plunged him into a deep swoon. The tenderness of his wife and children recovered him; but, alas! his recovery was to still more bitterly deplore the wretched situation of his family. He claved to his bosom; he bathed us with his tears, and seemed as if he was regarding us with his last looks of love.

Every soul in the boat was seized with the same perturbation, but it manifested itself in different ways. One part of the sailors imagined motionless, in a bewildered state; the other cheered and encouraged one another; the children, locked in the arms of their parents, wept incessantly. Some demanded drink, vomiting the salt water which choked them; others, in short, embraced as for the last time, entrevening their arms, and vowing to live together.

In the meanwhile the sea became rougher and rougher. The whole surface of the ocean seemed a vast plain furrowed with huge blackish waves fringed with white foam. The thunder growled around us, and the lightning discovered to our eyes all that our imagination could conceive most horrible. Our boat, beset on all sides by the winds, and at every instant tossed on the summit of mountains of water, was very nearly sunk in spite of our every effort in baling it, when we discovered the large black waves were now pressing upon us from every thing we could find—old clothes, sleeves of shirts, shreds of coats, shawls, useless bonnets, every thing was employed, and secured us as far as it was possible. During the space of six hours, we rowed suspended alternately between hope and despair. However, at last, at last towards the middle of the night, Heaven, which had seen our resignation, commanded the floods to be still. Instantly the sea became less rough, the vil

which covered the sea became less obscure, the stars again shone out, and the tempest ceased to withdraw. A general exclamation of joy and thankfulness issued at one instant from every mouth. The winds calmed, and each of us sought a little sleep, whilst our good and generous pilot steered our boat on a still very stormy sea.

The day at last, the day so desired, entirely restored, the calm; but it brought no other consolation. During the night, the currents, the waves, and the winds had taken us so far out to sea, that, on the morning of the 7th of July, we saw nothing but sky and water, without knowing whither to direct our course; for our compass had been broken during the tempest. In this hopeless condition, we continued to steer sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left, until the sun arose, and at last showed us the east.

CHAPTER VII.

On the morning of the 7th of July, we again saw the shores of the Desert, notwithstanding we were yet a great distance from it. The sailors renewed their murmurings, wishing to get on shore, with the hope of being able to get some wholesome plants, and some more palatable water than that of the sea; but we were afraid of the Moors, their request was opposed. However, M. Capet, who had been a biscuit, as he could be he could to the first breakers on the coast; and when there, those who wished to go on shore should throw themselves into the sea, and swim to land. Eleven accepted the proposal; but when we had reached the first waves, none had the courage to leave the mountain of water which rolled between them and the beach. Our sailors then betook themselves to their benches and oars, and promised to be more quiet for the future. A short while after, a third distribution was made since our departure from the Medusa; and nothing more remained but to wait until we had reached the second biscuit. What steps were we to take in this cruel situation? We were desirous of going on shore, but we had such dangers to encounter. However, we soon came to a decision, when we saw a caravan of Moors on the coast. "We then started a little sail to sea. According to the calculation of our commanding officer, we could arrive at Senegal on the morrow. Deceived by the false account, we preferred suffering one day more, rather than to be taken by the Moors of the Desert, or perish among the breakers. We had now reached the third biscuit, and we were to the north of the sea, exposed as we were to the heat of the sun, which darted its rays perpendicularly on our heads, that ration, thought small, would have been a great relief to us; but the distribution was delayed to the morrow. We were then obliged to drink the bitter sea water, till as it was calculated to quench our thirst. Must I tell it! thirst had so withered the lungs of our sailors, that they drank water saller than that of the sea! Our numbers diminished daily, and nothing but the hope of arriving at the colony on the following day sustained our frail existence. My young brothers and sisters were incessantly for water. The little Laura, aged six years, lay dying at the feet of her mother. Her mournful cries so moved the soul of my unfortunate father, that he was on the eve of opening a vein to quench the thirst which consumed his children. He died, however, without observing that all the blood in his body would not prolong the life of his infant one moment.

The freshness of the night wind procured us some respite. We anchored pretty near to the shore, and, though dying of famine, each took a frugal supper. On the morning of the 8th of July, at break of day, we took the route of Senegal. A short while after the wind fell, and we had a dead calm. We endeavoured to row, but our strength was exhausted. A fourth and last distribution was made, and, in the twinkling of an eye, our last resource was consumed. My young brothers and sisters had to feed upon six biscuits and about four pints of water, with no hope of a farther supply. Then came the moment for deciding whether we were to perish among the breakers, which defended the approach to the shores of the Desert, or to die of famine in continuing our route. The majority preferred the last species of misery. We continued our progress along the shore, painfully pulling our oars. Upon the beach were distinguished several downs of white sand, and some small trees, which were doubtless the remains of a forest. A mournful silence, when a sailor suddenly exclaimed, behold the Moors! We did, in fact, see various individuals upon the rising ground, walking at a quick pace, and whom we took to be the Arabs of the Desert. As we were very near the shore, we stood farther out to sea,

fearing that these pretended Moors, or Arabs, would throw themselves into the sea, swim out, and take us. Some hours after, we observed several people upon an eminence, who seemed to make signals to us. We examined them with anxiety, and soon recognised them to be our companions in misery. We applied to them by attaching a white handkerchief to the top of our mast. Then we resolved to land, at the risk of perishing among the breakers, which were very strong towards the shore, although the sea was calm. On approaching the beach, we went towards the right, where the waves seemed to be agitated, and endeavoured to reach it, with the hope of being able more easily to land. Scarcely had we directed our course to that point, when we perceived a great number of people standing near to a little wood surrounding the beach. We then saw the Arabs, who had passed the top of that boat, who, like ourselves, were deprived of provisions.

Meanwhile we approached the shore, and already the foaming surge filled us with terror. Each wave that came upon the open sea, each billow that swept between our boat and the shore, so into the air, were sometimes thrown from the poop to the prow, and from the prow to the poop. Then, if our pilot had missed the sea, we would have been sunk; the waves would have thrown us around, and we would have been buried among the breakers. The great danger of the boat was given to the old pilot, who had already so happily steered us through the dangers of the storm. He instantly threw into the sea the mast, the sails, and every thing that could impede our proceedings. When we came to the first landing point, several of our shipwrecked companions, who had passed the shore, ran and hid themselves behind the hills, not to see us perish; others made signs not to approach at that place; some covered their eyes with their hands; others, at last despairing the danger, precipitated themselves into the waves to receive us in their arms. We then saw, in spite of that danger, that we had already doubled two ranges of breakers; but those which we had still to cross raised their foaming waves to a prodigious height, then sunk with a hollow and monstrous sound, sweeping along a long line of the coast. The sea was greatly agitated, and the waves were gulfed between the waves, seemed at the moment of utter ruin. Bruised, battered, tossed about on all hands, it turned of itself, and refused to obey the kind hand which directed it. At that instant a huge wave rushed from the open sea, and dashed against the poop; the boat was lifted up, and then fell back with a tremendous crash. Our sailors, whose strength had returned at the presence of danger, redoubled their efforts, uttering mournful sounds. Our bark groaned, the oars were broken; it was thought aground, but it was stranded; it was upon its side. The last sea, rushed upon us with the impetuosity of a torrent. We were up to the neck in water; the bitter sea-froth choked us. The grapnel was thrown out. The sailors threw themselves into the sea; they took the children in their arms; returned, and took up the dead soldiers; they rushed to the shore, and laid them on sand by the side of my step mother, my brothers and sisters, almost dead. Every one was upon the beach except my father and some sailors; but that good man arrived at last, to mingle his tears with those of his family and friends.

My father, who insisted in addressing our prayers and praises to God. I raised my hands to heaven, and remained some time immovable upon the beach. Every one also hastened to testify his gratitude to our old pilot, who, next to God, justly merited the title of our preserver. We then turned to the right, to go to the beach, the only thing he had saved from the Medusa.

Let the reader now recollect all the perils to which we had been exposed in escaping from the wreck of the frigate to the shores of the Desert—all that we had suffered during our four days' strange and wild wanderings, without sleep, without food, without rest, and the majority of us nearly naked, was it to be wondered at that we should be seized with terror on thinking of the obstacles which we had to surmount, the fatigues, the privations, the pains and the sufferings we had to endure, the dangers which we had to encounter, the horrors of the frightful Desert we had to traverse before we could arrive at our destination? Almightiness Providence! it was in Thee alone I put my trust.

CHAPTER VIII.

After we had a little recovered from the fainting and fatigue of our getting on shore, our fellow sufferers told us they had landed in the forenoon, and had cleared the breakers by the strength of their oars and sails; that they had taken refuge in the arms of a French officer, an unfortunate person, too desirous of getting quickly on shore, had his legs broken under the shallop, and was taken and laid on the beach, and left to the care of Providence. M. Espinau, commander of the shallop, reproached us with having been so long in getting on shore, and offered to take our family along with him. It was most true he had landed sixty-three people that day. A short while after our refusal, he took the passengers of the yawl, who would infinitely have perished in the stormy night of the 6th and 7th. The boat named the Senegal, commanded by M. Maudet, took the family and the same time with M. Espinau. The boats of MM. Schmatz and Lacheumayres were the only ones which continued the route for Senegal, whilst nine-tenths of the Frenchmen entrusted to these gentlemen were butchering each other on the raft, or dying of hunger on the burning sands of Sahara.

About seven in the morning, a caravan was formed to penetrate into the interior, for the purpose of finding some fresh water. We did accordingly find some at a distance from the sea, by digging among the sand. Every one of the caravan, however, carried with him, which furnished enough to quench our thirst. This brackish water was found to be delicious, although it had a sulphurous taste: its colour was that of whey. As all our clothes were wet and in tatters, and as we had nothing to change them, some generous officers offered them. My step-mother, my cousin, and my sister, were dressed in them; for myself, I preferred keeping my own. We remained nearly an hour beside our beneficent fountain, then took the route for Senegal; that is, a southerly direction, as we did not know exactly where that country lay.

It was agreed that the females and children should walk before the caravan, that they might not be left behind. The sailors voluntarily carried the youngest on their shoulders, and every one took the route along the coast. Notwithstanding it was nearly seven o'clock, the officers went well behind, which obliged them to halt till we came up. These officers, joined with other individuals, considered among themselves whether they would wait for us, or abandon us in the Desert. I will be bold to say, however, that but few were of the latter opinion. My father, who was the chief of the conspiracy, and who stepped up to the chiefs of the conspiracy, and reproached them in the bitterest terms for their selfishness and brutality. The dispute waxed hot. Those who were desirous of leaving us drew their swords, and my father put his hand upon a pignard, with which he had provided himself long before the catastrophe. At this scene, we threw ourselves in between them, conjuring him rather to remain in the Desert with his family, than seek the assistance of those who were, perhaps, less humane than the Moors themselves. Several people took our part, and desired us to submit to the will of the majority, and the dispute by saying to his soldiers. "My friends, you are Frenchmen, and I have the honour of being your commander; let us never abandon an unfortunate family in the Desert, so long as we are able to be of use to them."

This brief, but energetic speech, was sufficient to bluish who wished to leave us. All then joined with the old captain, saying they would not leave us on condition we would walk quicker. M. Bregère and his soldiers replied, they did not wish to impose conditions on those to whom they were bound to give aid, and they would not leave an unfortunate family of Picard were again on the road with the whole caravan. Some time after this dispute, M. Rogery, member of the Philanthropic Society of Cape Verd, secretly left the caravan, striking into the middle of the Desert, without knowing very well what he sought.

He wished perhaps to explore the ancient country of the Numidians and Gétulians, and to give himself a slave to the great Emperor of Morocco. What would it avail to acquire such celebrity? That intrepid traveller had not time to find that after which he searched; for a few days after he was captured by the Moors, and taken to Senegal, where the governor paid his ransom.

About noon hunger was felt so powerfully among us, that it was agreed upon to go to the small hills of sand, which were near the coast, to see if any herbs could be found fit for eating; but we only got poisonous plants, among which were some of a bright green carpeted the downs; but on tasting their leaves we found them as bitter as gall. The caravan rested in this place, whilst several officers went farther into the interior. They came back in about an hour, loaded with wild porcelain, which they had substituted to each of us. Dearest, I was not to be so easily deceived, without leaving the smallest branch; but as our hunger was far from being satisfied with this small allowance, the soldiers and sailors betook themselves to look for more. They soon brought back a sufficient quantity, which was equally distinguished, and approved upon the spot, so delicious, and so agreeable to the taste, that we were never able to do anything with so much appetite in all my life. Water was also found in this place, but it was of an abominable taste. After this truly fragrant repast, we continued our route. The heat was insupportable in the last degree. The sands on which we trode were burning, nevertheless, the males and females were not without shoes; and the females had nothing but their hair for a cap. When we reached the sea shore, we all ran and lay down among the waves. After remaining there some time, we took our route along the wet beach. On our journey we met with several large crabs, which were of the same size as those which we had seen before. We endeavoured to slake our thirst by sucking their crooked claws. About nine at night we halted between two pretty high sand hills. After a short talk concerning our misfortunes, all seemed desirous of passing the night in this place, notwithstanding we heard on every side the roaring of the waves, and the noise of the surf. Of securing ourselves, but sleep soon put an end to our fears. Scarcely had we slumbered a few hours when a horrid roaring of wild beasts awoke us, and made us stand on our defence. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and in spite of my fears and the horrible aspect of the place, I was not so much terrified as to be alarmed by the noise, something was announced that resembled a lion. This information was listened to with the greatest caution. Every one being desirous of verifying the truth, fixed upon something he thought to be the object; one believed he saw the long teeth of the king of the forest; another was convinced that he perceived the mane of the monarch, armed with muskets, aimed at the animal, and advancing a few steps, discovered the pretended lion to be nothing more than a shrub fluctuating in the breeze. However, the howlings of ferocious beasts had so frightened us, that we yet heard at intervals, that we again sought the shore, on purpose to continue our route towards the south.

Our situation had been thus perilous during the night; nevertheless at break of day we had the satisfaction of finding none missing. About sunrise we held a little to the east to get farther into the interior to find fresh water, and lost much time in a vain search. The country which we now traversed was a little less arid than that which we had passed the preceding day. The hills, the valleys, and a vast plain of sand, were strewn with Mimosa or sensitive plants, presenting to our sight a scene we had never before beheld. The country, however, is bounded as it were by a chain of mountains, a high downs of sand, in the direction of north and south without the slightest trace of cultivation.

Towards ten in the morning some of our companions were desirous of making observations in the interior, and they did not go in vain. They instantly returned, and told us they had seen two Arab tents upon a slight rising ground. We instantly directed our steps thither. We had not gone far, when two swarms of very slippery, and arrived in a large plain, cakes of hard, white, and verdure; but the turf was so hard and piercing, we could scarcely walk over it without wounding our feet. Our presence in these frightful solitudes put to flight three or four Moorish shepherds, who herded a small flock of sheep and goats in the oasis. At last we arrived at the place where the Arabs were searching, and found in them three Moorresses and an little Arab boy. They all seem in the least frightened by our visit. A negro servant, belonging to an officer of marine, inspected the

seven us; and the good women, who, when they had heard of our misfortunes, offered us millet and water for payment. We bought a little of that grain at the rate of thirty pence a handful: the water was got for three pence a glass; it was very good, and none grudged us. The millet was not so good as the handful of millet, but was a poor dinner for famished people, my father bought two kids, which they would not give him under twenty piasters. We immediately killed them, and our Moors boiled them in a large kettle. Whilst our repast was preparing, my father, who could not but be surprised at the good nature of the natives, went to it; but an old egypt of mine, who was to have been captain of the port of Senegal, was the only person who refused, notwithstanding he had about him nearly three thousand francs, which he boasted of in the end. Several soldiers and sailors had seen him count it in round pieces of gold, and wearing a turban; but he seemed insensible to him for having asked no price; but he seemed insensible to their reproaches, nor set the loss of his portion of kid with his companions in misfortune.

When about to resume our journey, we saw several Moors approaching to us armed with lances. Our people instantly seized their arms, and put themselves on their guard. They were, however, friendly, and, after a short conference, followed by several soldiers and sailors, with our interpreter advanced to discover their intentions. They instantly returned with the Moors, who said, that far from their wishing to do us harm, they had come to congratulate us on our escape, and to offer us their assistance. Their offer being accepted of with gratitude by all of us, the Moors, of whom we had been so afraid, became our protectors and friends, verifying the old proverb, *there are no enemies without friends*. We then proceeded on our way at some considerable distance from where we were, we set off altogether to reach it before night. After having walked about two leagues through the burning sands, we found ourselves again upon a level, and, about midnight, we were again struck again into the interior, saying we were very near their camp, which is called in their language *Berkelut*. But the short distance of the Moors was found very long by the females, who were weary and sick, and, after having walked some, we had to ascend and descend very instant, also to prickly shrubs over which we were frequently obliged to walk. Those who were berefted, felt most severely at this time the want of their shoes. I myself felt aching in my thighs, and my legs were sore, and my legs were all streaming with blood. At length, after two long hours of walking and suffering, we arrived at the camp of that tribe to which belonged our Arab contacts. We had scarcely got into the camp, when the Moors, who had children, and the Arab women began to annoy us. Some of them threw sand in our eyes, others amused themselves by snatching at our hair, on pretence of wishing to examine it. This pinched us, that spit in our faces, and others pulled at our dresses, and tore the buttons from the officers' coats, or endeavoured to take away the *I-ec*. Our conductors, however, had pity on us, and chased away the dogs and the curious crowd, who had already made us suffer as much as the thorns and prickly shrubs. We were then attended by several guides, and some good women, at last set about getting us some supper. Water in abundance was given us without payment, and they sold us fish dried in the sun, and some bowls of sour milk, all at a reasonable

We found our door in the camp who had previously known my father in Senegal, and who spoke a little French. As soon as he recognised him, he cried, "Tiens, le Picard ! en pas comette lui moe Anet ?" (Hark ye, Picard, dost thou not Anet come ?) He then told us that he had just received some french wares coming from the mouth of a Moor. My father recollected having employed long ago a young guldsmith at Senegal, and discovering the Moor Anet to be the same person, shook him by the hand. After that good fellow had been made acquainted with our situation, he told us that he had seen his unfortunate family had been reduced, he could not refrain from tears; and this perhaps was the first time a Mussulman had ever wept over the misfortunes of a Christian ! Anet was not satisfied with deploring our hard fate ; he was desirous of proving that he was a Christian, and he offered to give us some of the wares as a large quantity of milk and water free of any charge. He also raised for our family a large tent of the skins of camels, cattle and sheep, because his religion would not allow him to lodge with Christians under the same roof. The place appeared very dark, and the obscurity made it difficult to see the things which were hanging by the fire to be quilted ; and at last, bidding us *good night*, and

retiring to his tent said, "Sleep in peace; the God of the Christians is also the God of the Mussulmen."

We had resolved to quit this truly hospitable place early in the morning; but during the night, some people who had probably too much money, imagined the Moors had taken us to their camp to plunder us. They communicated their fears to others, and pretending that the Moors were about to attack them, they all fled in confusion and cried from time to time, to keep away the ferocious Moors, had already given the signal for pursuing and murdering us. Instantly a general panic seized all our people, and they wished to set off forthwith. My father, although he knew well the perfidy of the inhabitants, and that he was in the power of the Moors, was nevertheless so terrified by the cry of alarm, that he yielded to the cry to fear, because the Arabs were too much frightened to fight. He was obliged to leave the camp, and then for the people of Senegal, who would not fail to avenge us if we were insulted; but nothing could quiet their apprehensions, and we had to take the route during the middle of the night. The Moors being soon aware of our flight, they pursued us with great clamors and threats; and seeing we persisted in quitting the camp, they offered us asses to carry us as far as the Senegal. These beasts of burden were hired at the rate of twelve francs a day, for each head, and we took our departure under the guidance of those Moors who had before conducted us to the camp. My father, who was not at all inclined to accompany us, but recommended us strongly to our guides. My father was able to hire only two asses for the whole of our family; and as it was numerous, my sister Caroline, my cousin, and myself, were obliged to crawl along, while my unfortunate father followed in the rear, and was obliged to walk, which in truth went much quicker than we did.

A short distance from the camp, the brave and compassionate Captain Bègnère, seeing we still walked obliged us to accept of the ass he had hired for himself, saying he would not ride when young ladies, exhausted with fatigue, followed on foot. The king afterwards honourably recompensed this worthy officer, who ceased not to regard our unfortunate family with a care and attention I shall never forget.

During the remainder of the night, we travelled in a manner sufficiently agreeable, mounting alternately the ass of Captain Bégère.

CHAPTER IX.

At five in the morning of the 11th of July we regained the sea-shore. Our asses, fatigued with the long journey among the sands, ran instantly and lay down among the breakers, in spite of our utmost exertions to prevent them. This caused several of us to take a bath with our heads and shoulders under the water, and to wade in the water, and had great difficulty in saving one of my young brothers who was floating away. But at the end, as this incident had no unfortunate issue, we laughed, and continued our route, some on foot, and some on the capricious asses. Towards ten o'clock, perceiving that the Moorish boats were not likely to come, we took to the muzzle of a gun, waving it in the air, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing it noticed. The ship, having approached sufficiently near the coast, the Moors, who were with us threw themselves into the sea, and swam to it. It must be said we had very wonderfully secured the Moorish boats, and that of our own party, their devotion could not appear greater than when five of them darted through the waves to endeavour to communicate between us and the ship; notwithstanding, it was still a good quarter of a league distant from where we stood on the beach. In about half an hour we saw three small boats, gradually approaching, and containing three small barrels. Arrived on shore, one of them gave us a letter from M. Espiau from M. Parnajon. This gentleman was the captain of the *Argus* brig, sent to seek us after the raft, and to give us provisions. This letter announced a small barrel of biscuit, a tierce of wine, and a barrel of brandy. We were very desirous of testifying our gratitude to the generous commander of the brig, but he instantly set out and left us. We staved the barrels which held our small stock of provisions, and made a distribution. Each of us got a biscuit, about a glass of wine, and a small glass of brandy. Some of the Moors, who each drank his allowance of wine at one gulp; the brandy was not even despised by the ladies. I however preferred quality to quantity, and exchanged my ration of brandy for that of wine. To describe our joy, without making this point, is impossible. Exposed to the sun, and to the rain, and to the cold, and to the want of a strain of suffering, deprived for a long while of the use

of any kind of spiritous liquors, when our portions of water, wine, and brandy, mingled in our stomachs, we became like insane people. Life, which had lately been a great burden, now became precious to us. Foreheads, lowering and sulky, began to un wrinkle; enemies became most brotherly; the avaricious endeavoured to forget their selfishness and cupidity; the children smiled for the first time since our shipwreck; in a word, every one seemed to be born again from a condition melancholy and dejected. I even believe the sailors sung the praises of their mistresses.

This journey was the most fortunate for us. Some short while after our delicious meal, we saw several Moors approaching, who brought milk and butter, so that we had refreshments in abundance. It is true we paid a little dear for them; the glass of milk cost not less than three francs. After reposing about three hours, our caravan proceeded on its route.

About six the evening, my father finding himself extremely fatigued, wished to rest himself. We allowed the caravan to move on, whilst my step-mother and myself remained near him, and the rest of the family followed with their asses. We all three soon fell asleep. When we awoke, we were astonished at not seeing our father, and on looking about, we perceived that he had seen several Moors approaching us, mounted on camels; and my father reproached himself for having slept so long. Their appearance gave us great uneasiness, and we wished much to escape from them, but my step-mother and myself felt quite exhausted. The Moors with long beards, having come quite close to us, one of them said to my father, "What is the name of your son?" "He is called, I understand, by the name of 'Abrah'." "Be comforted, I said; under the costume of an 'Abrah,' you resemble an Englishman who is desirous of serving you."

Having heard at Senegal that Frenchmen were thrown asleep on these deserts, I thought my presence might be of some service to them, as I was acquainted with several of the princes of this arid country." These noble words from the mouth of a man we had at first taken to be a Moor, instantly quieted our fears. Recovering from our fright, we turned to Mr. Carnet, and, with expressions of the gratitude we felt, "Mr. Carnet," the name of the generous Briton, told us that our caravan, which he had met, waited for us at about the distance of two leagues. He then gave us some biscuit, which we ate; and we then set off together to join our companions. J. and I, who were inclined to mount camels, and my father, mother and myself, who were unable to persuade ourselves we could sit securely on their hairy haunches, continued to walk on the moist sand, whilst my father, Mr. Carnet, and the Moors who accompanied him, proceeded on the camels. We soon reached a little river, called in the country *Marigot des Maringains*. We wished to drink, and my father, Mr. Carnet, and the Moors desired us to have patience, and we should find some at the place where our caravan waited. We forced that river knee-deep. At last, having walked about an hour, we rejoined our companions, who had found several wells of fresh water. It was resolved to pass the night at the place where we met the caravan, which we saw near us. The soldiers being required to go to the rear, we had to light a fire, for the purpose of frightening the ferocious beasts which were heard roaring around us, refused; but Mr. Carnet assured us, that the Moors who were with him knew well how to keep all such intruders from our camp. In truth, during the whole of the night, we were not troubled by any animal, but our caravan, uttering cries at intervals like those we heard during the camp of the generous Anet.

We passed a very good night, and at four in the morning continued our route along the shore. Mr. Carnet left us to endeavour to procure some provisions. Till then our asses had been quite docile; but, annoyed with their riders so long upon their backs, they refused to go forward. A fit took possession of them, and all at the same instant threw their riders on the ground.

[illegible]

We were about to quit this furnace, when we saw our generous Englishman approaching, who brought us provisions. At this sight I felt my strength revive, and ceased to desire death, which I had before called on for release me from my sufferings. Several Moors accompanied him, and when we had reached the shore, at our arrival we had water, with rice and dried fish in abundance. Every one drank his allowance of water, but had not ability to eat, although the rice was excellent. We were all anxious to return to the sea, that we might bathe our faces, and wash our bodies. As soon as we got to the greaters of Sahara. After an hour's march of great suffering, we regained the shore, as well as our asses, who were lying in the water. We rushed among the waves, and after a bath of half an hour, we reposed ourselves upon the beach. My cousin and I went to the shore, and found that the greaters were all washed with some old clothes which we had with us. My cousin was clad in an officer's uniform, the lace of which strongly attracted the eyes of Mr. Carnel's Moors. Scarcely had we lain down, when one of them, coming up to us, was asleep, came to endeavour to steal it; but finding we were awake, contented himself by looking at us very steadfastly.

Such is the slight incident which it has pleased M.M. Correard and Saigny to relate in their account of the shipwreck of the *Modena* in a totally different manner. Believing doubtless to make it more interesting or amusing, they say, that one of the Moors who were our guides, either through curiosity or a stronger sentiment, had been attracted to the sight of the shipwreck, and examined her form, raised the covering which concealed her bosom, gazing awhile like one astonished, at length drew nearer but durst not touch her. Then, after having looked a long while, he replaced the covering; and, returning to his companions, related in a joyous manner the scene he had seen. The Frenchmen having observed the proceedings of the Moor, and being desirous to see the obliging offers of the officers, decided in clothing the rest of the ladies in the military dress on purpose to prevent their being annoyed by the attentions of the inhabitants of the Desert. Mightily well! I beg pardon of M.M. Correard and Saigny, but there is not one word of the raft that I have just mentioned. It is only mentioned from the raft that I have just mentioned. It is only mentioned on the shores of the Desert of Sahara? And supposing that this was reported to them by some one of our car-

an, and inserted in their work, which contains various other inaccuracies, I have to inform them they have been received.

About three the morning, a north-west wind having sprung up and a little refreshed us, our caravan continued its route; our generous Englishman again taking the risk of procuring us provisions for the day, and we were enabled to depart without the least apprehension because of the heavy thunder in the distance. We all expected a great tempest, which happily did not take place. Near seven we reached the spot where we were to wait for Mr. Carnet, who came to us in a four-wheeled carriage, purchased there, and, after waiting till eight, we went into the town to see to the arrangements of our supper. We fixed our camp beside a small wood of acacias, near to which were several wells or cisterns of fresh water. Our ox was instantly killed, skinned, and divided and distributed. A large fire was kindled, and each of us had a dress of his choice. At this time I caught a smart fever; notwithstanding I could not help laughing at seeing every one seated round a large fire holding his piece of beef on the point of a fork, a mutton, a hare, or some sharp-pointed stick. The flickering of the flames, the crackling of the burning wood, and the covered with long hairs, rendered more visible by the darkness of the night, joined to the noise of the waves and the roaring of ferocious beasts which we heard in the distance, presented a spectacle at once ludicrous and sublime. I was not the only one who was affected; I said to myself, we would soon have been represented on canvases in the galleries of the Louvre as real bacchantes and the Persian youth, who know not what pleasure it is to devour a handful of wild purslain, to drink muddy water, and to be scorched by the sun. I am not, however, I know not, in a word, how comfortable it is to have it in one's power to satisfy one's appetite when hungry in the burning deserts of Africa, would never have believed that among these half savages, were several born on the

Whilst these thoughts were passing across my mind sleep overpowered my senses. Being awaked in the middle of the night, I found my portion of beef in a dish, which an old sailor had lent me for walking among the thorns. Although it was a little burned and smelled strongly of the dish in which it was contained, I eat good part of it, and gave the rest to my friend the sailor. That season, seeing I was ill, offered to exchange my gun for a small box. I prayed him to give me a little water to drink, and he instantly went and fetched me some in his hat. My thirst was so great that I drank it out of this nasty cap without the slightest repugnance.

A short while after, every one awoke, and again took to the route for arriving at Senegal at an early hour. The caravan, in the morning, having fallen a little behind the Moor, I saw several Moors coming towards me, and I saw the dances of the sailor boy, aged about twelve years, and something like a young Arab, who had died in great terror. "Ah! my God, I see, the Moors are coming, and the caravan is already a great way before us; if they should carry us away!" I took heart to fear nothing, although I was really more frightened than I could have been in the desert soon after my arrival in us. One of them advanced with a spear in his hand and stopping my ass, addressed to me, in his barbarous language, some words which he pronounced with menacing gestures. My little ship-boy having made his escape, I began to weep; for the Moor always prevented my making any sound, who perhaps as well content at reaching Senegal as I was. However, I was not long in recovering myself. I supposed he wished to know whether I was going, and I cried as loud as I could, "*Ndar! Ndar!*" (Senegal, Senegal!) the only African words I then knew. At the sight of the Moor let go the bridle of my ass, and also assisted me to get up, for I had been so long in the saddle, that I was hardly able to get down. He then, with a friendly glance, and then an off to his companions, returned to me, and laughing, I was well content at being freed from my fears; and what with the word *ndar*, and the famous thrust of his spear, which was doubtless intended to frighten me, I soon rejoined the caravan. I told my people to go on, and I was so grateful to him, that I could not detain me; they then repaid me for the trouble I had promised faithfully never again to cut them.

At nine o'clock we met upon the shore a large flock herded by young Moors. These shepherds sold us milk and one of them offered to lend my father an ass for the knife which he had seen him take from his pocket. My father having accepted the proposal, the Moor left his companions to accompany us as far as the river Senegal from which we were yet two good leagues. There had happened a circumstance in the forenoon which had liked us have proved troublesome, but it turned out pleasantly.

figure. Here we placed our coppers. We then commenced the making of potass, waiting for the surrender of the colony. The first essay we made gave us hopes. Our ashes produced a potass of fine colour, and we did not doubt of succeeding, when we should have sent it to Europe. It was France, we made a four barrels, and my father sent a box of it to a friend of his at Paris to analyze. Whilst waiting the reply of the chemist, he hired three negroes to begin the cultivation of his island of Safal. He went himself to direct their operations, but he fell ill of fatigue. Fortunately his illness was not of long continuance, and in the month of December he was perfectly recovered. At this period an English expedition went from Senegal into the interior of Africa, commanded by Major Peddie, the gentleman who had given so great assistance to the unfortunates of the Medusa. This very philosopher, who died soon after his departure; we sincerely lamented him.

On the first of January, 1817, the colony of Senegal was surrendered to the French. The English left it, some for Great Britain, others for Sierra Leone and the Cape of Good Hope, and France extended into all her possessions on the west coast of Africa. We remained yet a month in our first house; at last we procured one much larger. My father then commenced his functions of attorney, and we at last began to receive provisions from the French government. The house in which we lived was very large, and the furniture was very large. My father followed was very incompatible with the tranquillity we desired. To remove us from the noise and tumultuous conversations of the people who perpetually came to the office, we had a small hut of reeds constructed for us. In the midst of our garden, which was very large. Here my sister, my cousin, and myself, passed the greater part of the day. From that time we began to see a little of the world, and to return unavoidable visits. Every Sunday the family went to the island of Safal. There we very agreeably spent the day; for that day seemed as short as the night, and the week very long. The week was long and listless at Senegal. That country was so little calculated for people of our age, that we continually teased our father to return with us to France.

But we had had great expectations from the manumission of the slaves, and my father was obliged to give up his post to him in the end, for superintending the works of that manumission.

It is now time to give a brief description of Senegal and its environs, to enable the reader better to appreciate that which I have to relate.

Travellers who have written about Africa, have given too magnificent a picture of that country known by the name of Senegal. Apparently, after the fatigues of a long and tedious journey, they were charmed with the first fresh spot where they could repose. That first impression has all the force of reality to the moment of service; but if he remain any time, the illusion vanishes, and Senegal appears what it really is—a parched and barren country, destitute of the most necessary vegetables for the nourishment and preservation of the health of man.

The town of St. Louis, which is also called Senegal, because it is the head-quarters of the French establishments on that coast, is built upon a small island; or a bank of sand, formed in the midst of the river Senegal, and is about a league in length. It is two thousand toises in length, and three hundred in breadth. The five inhabitants of the country call it Ndar, or Ba-Fing, or Black River, the river which waters it. The last name corresponds to that of Niger, which ancient geographers have given to that river.

The population of St. Louis is about ten thousand souls, five hundred of whom are Europeans, two thousand negroes or free mulattoes, and nearly seven thousand five hundred slaves. There are about one hundred and fifty houses in St. Louis inhabited by Europeans; the remainder being little more than squares, or huts of straw, which a slight frame would be enough to vanish in a moment, as well as the spaces of brick which are near them. The streets are spacious, but not paved. The greater part are so completely filled with sand, that the winds and hurricanes bring from the deserts of Sahara, that the winds are nearly impossible to walk along the streets. The winds are blowing. That fine and burning sand so impregnates the air, that it is inhaled, and swallowed with the food; in short, it penetrates every fibre. The narrow and frequently frequented streets are often blocked up. Some of the houses are fine enough, and some are very poor. Some have covered galleries; but in general the roofs are in the oriental fashion, in the form of a terrace.

The gardens of Senegal, though their plants have been much praised, are nevertheless few in number, and in

very bad condition. The whole of their cultivation is limited to some bad cabbage, devoured by the insects, a plot of bitter radishes, and two or three beds of salad, withered before it is fit for use; but these vegetables, it must be said, are very exquisite, because there are none elsewhere. The governor's garden, however, is stocked with various plants, such as cucumbers, melons, carrots, Indian plants, some plants of barren ananas, and some marigolds. There are also in the garden three young date trees, a small vine arbour, and some young American and Indian plants. But these do not thrive, as much on account of the poverty of the soil, as the hot winds of the Desert, which wither them. Some, nevertheless, are vigorous, from being sheltered by walls, and frequently watered.

Five or six acres, somewhat bushy, (Indian fig-trees), are situated on the east side of the sea, where they may be seen also for a few bowshots, the leaves, which are devoured by the negroes before they are fully blown, and a palm of the species of Ronn, which serves as a signal-post for ships at sea.

A league and a half from the island of St. Louis, is situated the town of Ba-Fing. It is not so much cultivated, but the soil is so arid that it will scarcely grow any thing but cotton. There is a military station on this island, and a signal-post. MM. Artigue and Gane-fort each have a small dwelling here. The house, built by Gane-fort, is a very large one, and is intended to hold the soldiers, and to accommodate the officers of Senegal on their parties of pleasure.

The island of Safal is situated to the east of Ba-Fing, and is separated from it by an arm of the river. This was the asylum which we chose in the end to withdraw from misery, and will be seen in the sequel.

To the east of the island of Safal, is situated the large island of Bokos, the fertility of which is very superior to the three preceding. Here are seen large fields of millet, maize, cotton, and indigo, of the best quality. The negroes have established a few villages here, the inhabitants of which live in happy ease.

To the north of these islands, and to the east of Senegal, is the island of Sor, where resides a chief of black prince, called by the French Jean Bar. The general name of the islands, which are places suitable for being made into large plantations, is called the islands of the French. The French, who are already planted several thousand feet of cotton, which is in a thriving condition. But that island being very much exposed to the incursions of the natives of the Desert, it would perhaps be imprudent to live in it.

A multitude of other islands, formed by the encroachments of the river upon the mainland, border on those of which I have already spoken, several leagues distant to the north and east. They are principally covered with marshes, which it would be difficult to drain. In these islands grows the patriarch of vegetables described by the celebrated Adanson, under the name of Baobab, (Calibash tree), the circumference of which is often found to be above one hundred feet.

As several other islands, more or less extended than the preceding, rise up to the island of St. Louis, and as the river, or the greater part of which are not inhabited, although their soil is as fertile as those near Senegal. This indifference of the negroes in cultivating these islands, is explained by the influence which the Moors of the Desert have upon the negroes, who are the country bordering upon Senegal, the inhabitants of which they carry off to sell to the slave merchants of the island of St. Louis. It is not to be doubted, that the abolition of the slave trade, and the acquisition which the French have made in the country of Dagana, will soon destroy the preponderance of the barbarians of the Desert, who, by the banks of the Senegal; and that things being placed on their former footing, the negroes established in the French colonies will be permitted to enjoy in peace the fields which they have planted.

Among all the islands, Fide, which is about two leagues in circumference, seems to be the most convenient for a military and agricultural station.

Near to the village of Dagana, up the river, is the island of Morfil, which is not less than fifty leagues from the mouth of the river, and is very fertile in bread. The negroes of the republic of Fouta cultivate in the fields of millet, maize, indigo, cotton and tobacco. The country of the Peules negroes extends about one hundred and twenty leagues, by thirty in breadth. It is the country of the ancient empire of the negro Wolofs, which, in former times, some of the kings of Senegal, situated between the rivers Senegal and Gambria. The country of the Peules is watered by a branch of the Senegal, which they call Morfil; and, like Lower Egypt,

owes its extreme fertility to its annual overflowing. The surprising abundance of their harvests, which are twice a year, makes it considered as the granary of Senegal. Here are to be seen immense fields finely cultivated, extensive forests producing the rarest and finest kinds of trees, and a prodigious diversity of plants and shrubs fit for dyeing and medicine.

To the east of the Peules is the country of Galam, or Kayaga, situated two hundred leagues from the island of St. Louis. The French have an establishment in the village of Baquel. This country, from its being a little elevated, enjoys at all times a temperate sufficiently cool and healthy. Its soil is considered susceptible of every species of cultivation: the mines of gold and silver, which border upon it, promise one day to rival the richest in the possession of Spain in the New World. This conjecture is sufficiently justified by the reports sent to Europe by the agents of the French, the Indian Companies, and particularly by M. de Buffon, who, in a MS. deposited in the archives of the colonies, thus expresses himself:—

"It is certain that there are found in the sand of the rivers (in the country of Galam) various precious stones, such as rubies, topazes, sapphires, and perhaps some diamonds; and there are also the mountains of gold and silver." Two productions, not less estimate perhaps than gold and silver, are indigenous to this fine country, and increase in the most prodigious manner. The *Lotus*, or bread-tree, of the ancients, spoken of by Pliny, is cultivated in the soil, or rather, which the English traveller Mungo Park has given a description.

CHAPTER XI.

We were happy enough, at least content, at Senegal, until the sickness of my stepmother broke in upon the repose we enjoyed. Towards the middle of July 1817, she fell dangerously ill; all the symptoms of a malignant cancer appeared in her; and in spite of all the assistance of art and medicine, she died on the 10th of August, the beginning of November of the same year. Her loss plunged us all into the deepest affliction. My father was inconsolable. From that melancholy period, there was no happiness for our unfortunate family: chagrin, sickness, and sorrow, which were the lot of my father, and a short while after her death my father and mother, the letter from the chemist at Paris, informing him that the sample of potass which he had sent to France was nothing but marine salt, and some particles of potass and salt-petre. This, although disagreeable, did not affect our health, and we still continued to live in peace. About the end of the year, my father finding his employment would scarcely enable him to support his numerous family, turned his attention to commerce, hoping thus to do some good, as he intended to send me to look after the family, and to take care of the new improvements in the island, which had become very dear to him from the fact he had deposited in it the mortal remains of his wife and his youngest child. For the better success of his project, he went into partnership with a certain personage in the colony, who, although he was not a Frenchman, as he had flattered himself, it proved nothing but a loss, as he was cheated in an unworthy manner by the people in whom he had placed his confidence; and as he was prohibited by the French authorities from trafficking, he could not plead his own defence, nor get an acquittal; he might as well have been a slave, as he was defrauded him. Some time after he had sustained this loss, he bought a large boat, which he refitted at a considerable expense. He made the purchase in the hope of being able to traffic with the Portuguese of the island of Cape Verde, but in vain; the governor of the colony prohibited him from all communication with these islands.

Such were the first misfortunes which we experienced at Senegal, and which were only the precursors of still greater to come.

Besides all these, my father had much trouble and expense to endure in the management of the colony, and the bad state of the affairs of the colony, the poverty of the greater part of its inhabitants, occasioned to him all sorts of contradictions and disagreements. Debts were not paid, the ready money sales did not go off; processes multiplied; the frightful number of every day creditors came to the office soliciting action; and the debtors, in a word, he was in a state of perpetual torment either with his own personal matters, or with those of others. However, as he hoped soon to be at the head of the agricultural colony, some time projected at Senegal, he supported his difficulties with great calmness.

In the expedition which was to have taken place in 1815, the Count Trigran de Beaumont, upon the king

had appointed governor of Senegal, had promised my father to reinstate him in the rank of captain of infantry, which he had held before the Revolution, and after that to appoint him to the command of the counting-house of Galam, dependent upon the government of Senegal. In 1816, my father again left Paris with that hope, for which my father of attorney did not suit his disposition, which was peaceable and honest. He had the first gill of the documents concerning the countries where they were to found the agricultural establishments in Africa, and had proposed plans which were accepted at the time by the President of the Council of State, and by the Minister of Marine, for the colonisation of Senegal; but the unfortunate events of 1815 having overturned every thing, another governor was nominated for that colony in place of Count Trigant de Beaumont. All his plans and proposed projects were instantly again rejected, and the colonies were to be the province of novelty; and my father found himself in a situation to apply these lines of Virgil to himself.

"*Has ego vericulos feci, tulit alter onerosus.*"
These lines I made, another has the prize."

At first the new governor (M. Schmalz) was almost disposed to employ my father in the direction of the agricultural establishment of Senegal; but he allowed himself to be circumvented by certain people, to whom my father had perhaps spoken too much truth. He sought no more of me, and we were set up as a mark of every kind of obloquy.

Finding then that he could no longer reckon upon the promises which had been made to him on the subject of the plans which he had proposed, the colony of Senegal, my father turned his attention to the island of Saïal, which seemed to promise a little fortune for himself and family. He doubled the number of his labouring negroes, and appointed a black overseer for superintending his work.

In the beginning of 1818, we believed our cotton crop would give us proceeds far the loss which we had sustained at various times. All our plants were in the most thriving condition, and promised an abundant harvest. We had also sown maize, millet, and some country beans, which looked equally well.

My period of tranquillity was recalled to France. M. Flauriau succeeded him; but the nomination of the new governor did not alleviate our condition. Every Sunday my father went to visit his plantation, and to give directions for the labours of the week. He had a large hut, for the father, to leave the place, and a little hut, almost exactly in the centre of the island. It was a little distance from the small house which he had raised as a tomb, to receive the remains of his wife and child, whom he had at first buried in a place to the south of the cotton field. He surrounded the monument of his sorrow with a kind of evergreen bean tree, which soon crept over the grave, and entirely concealed it from the view. This little grove of verdure attracted, by the freshness of its foliage, a multitude of birds, and served them for a retreat. My father never left this place but he was more tranquil, and less affected by his misfortunes.

Towards the middle of April, seeing his plants had produced less cotton than he had expected, and that the hot wind and grasshoppers had made great havoc in his plantations, my father determined to leave the place, and to send me for superintending the day-labourers, whom he had reduced to four. In the mean time, we learned that some merchants, settled at Senegal, had written to France against my father. They complained that he had not employed sufficient negroes, and that he had not been able to pay their debts; and they exclaimed against some miserable speculations which he had made in the country of Fouta Toré, for procuring grain necessary for the support of his negroes.

My expedition to Galam making preparations for its departure,* my father, in spite of the insinuations of some merchants of the colony, was desirous also of trying his fortune. He associated himself with a person who was to make the voyage; he bought European goods, and refitted his boat, which again occasioned him loss.

* The voyage from Senegal to the country of Galam is made but once a year, because it is necessary to take advantage of the overflowing of the river, either in coming or going. The usual voyage looks like a fleet, and depart in the middle of August, under escort of a king's ship, commissioned to pay the droits and customs to the negro princes of the interior, with whom that colony is connected.

Towards the middle of August 1818, the expedition set off. A month after its departure, my cousin, whom the country had considerably affected, returned to France, to our great regret. My sister and myself found ourselves the only society to enable us to support our sorrows; but, as we had no other to return to, for nearly six years, we overcame our disappointment. We had already in some degree recovered our tranquillity, in spite of all our misfortunes and the solitude in which we lived, when my father received a letter from the governor, the content almost as horrible as the shipwreck, which exposed our family to all the horrors of war in the boundless deserts of Sahara. My father, however, having nothing with which he could reproach himself, courageously accepted this new misfortune, knowing that he would be able to support those who had urged his ruin. He wrote a letter to his excellency the Minister of Marine, in which he detailed the affairs of the office of the colony, the regularity of the accounts, the unfortunate condition to which his numerous family were reduced by the loss of his employment, and the necessity of making a gift to his children, without being heard, at the end of twenty-nine years of faithful service, but too proud to make me afraid of a disgrace which cannot but be honourable to me, especially as it has its source in those philanthropic principles which I manifested in the abandonment of the fall of the Medusa, I resign myself in silence to my destiny."

This letter, full of energy, although a little too firm, failed not to affect the feeling heart of the Minister of Marine, who wrote to the governor of Senegal to give him the command of the colony, and to resign himself to the office of the minister, or the governor of Senegal had judged it proper not to communicate the good news to us, as we did not hear of the order of the minister till after the death of my father, nearly fifteen months after his death.

When my father had rendered his accounts, and installed his successor into the colony's office, he told me it would be quite necessary to think of returning into his island of Saïal, to cultivate the soil, and to give me the personal care, and that the happiness and tranquillity of a country life would soon make us forget our enemies and our sufferings. It was then decided that I should set off on the morrow, with two of my brothers, to go to cultivate the cotton at the plantation. We took our little shallop, and two negro sailors, and by daybreak, we were upon the river, leaving at Senegal my father, my sister Caroline, and the youngest of our brothers and sisters.

CHAPTER XII.

For the space of two months I endured, as did my little brothers, the beams of a burning sun, the irritations of insects and thorns, and the want of food to which we had been accustomed. I used to go to the ground which belonged to us the cotton, on which were founded all our hopes. At night my two young brothers and myself retired into the cottage which we used in the island; the working negroes brought the cotton to the island, and the day-labourers, after the usual preceding procedure, brought us our supper. The children, accompanied by the old negro Etienne (the keeper of the plantation), went and picked up some branches of dry wood. We lighted a large fire in the middle of the hut, and I kneaded the cakes of millet till they were as hard as sugar, as the negroes used to do. My paste being prepared, I laid each cake upon the fire which the children had lighted. Often, and especially when we were very hungry, I placed them on a shovel of iron which I set upon the fire. This quick mode of preceding proceeded us millet bread in less than half an hour; but it must be confessed that this species of wafers or cakes, though well enough prepared and baked, was far from having the taste of those we eat at Paris. However, to make them more palatable, I added to them some sugar, or a little of the sour milk. With the first dish was served up at the same time the dessert, which stood in the place of dainties, of roast meat and salad; it generally consisted of boiled beans, or roasted pichiao nuts. On festival days, being those when my father came to see us, we forgot our bad fare

in eating the sweet bread he brought with him from Senegal.

In the month of December 1818, having gone one morning with my brothers to make a walk among the woods into which we had found the flowers covered with blossoms as white as snow, and which had a delicious smell. We gathered a great quantity of them, which we carried home; but these flowers, as we afterwards found by sad experience, contained a deleterious poison. Their strong and pungent odour caused violent pain in the head, fore-runners of a malignant fever, which brought us within two steps of the grave. Two days after my young brothers were seized; fortunately my father arrived on the following day and removed them to Senegal.

Now then I was left with my old negro Etienne in the island of Saïal, far from my family, isolated in the midst of a desert island, in which the birds, the wolves, and the tigers composed the sole population. I gave free course to my tears and sorrows. The civilised world, said I to myself, is far from me, and I am separated from my friends. Alas! what comfort can I find in this frightful solitude? What can I do upon this wretched earth? But although I was in unfortunate, I was not necessary to my unhappy father! Had I not promised to assist him in the education of his children, whom cruel death had deprived of their mother? Yes! I was too sensible my life was yet necessary. Engaged in these melancholy reflections, I fell into a depression of mind which it would be difficult to describe. Next morning the tumult of my thoughts led me to the banks of the river, where the preceding evening I had seen the canoe carry away my father and my young brothers. There I fixed my humid eyes upon the expanse of water without seeing any thing but a horrible immensity; then, as recovered from my sorrow, I turned towards the neighbouring fields, where the flowers and plants which the sun was just beginning to gild. They were my friends, my companions; they alone could yet alleviate my melancholy, and render my loneliness supportable. At last the star of day arising above the horizon, admonished me to resume my labours.

On the evening of the second day, I went to the harvest with Etienne. For the space of two days, I continued at my accustomed occupation, but on the morning of the third, on returning from the plantation to the house, I felt myself suddenly seized with a violent pain in my head. As soon as I rose, my strength failed me, and I was myself unable to rise out of bed; a burning fever had manifested itself during the night, and even deprived me of the hope of being able to return to Senegal.

I was incapable of doing any thing. The good Etienne, touched with my condition, took his fowling piece, and went into the neighbouring woods, to endeavour to shoot me some game. An old vulture was the only produce of the chase. He brought it to me, and, in spite of the repugnance I expressed for that species of bird, he persisted in forcing some of it for me. In about an hour afterwards, he presented me with a bowl of that African broth; but I found it so bitter, I could not swallow it. I felt myself getting worse, and every moment seemed to be the last of life. At last, about noon, having collected all my remaining strength, I rose, and I found myself in a state I was in; Etienne took the charge of carrying my patient, and left me alone in the midst of our island. At night I experienced a great increase of fever; my strength abandoned me entirely; I was unable to shut the door of the house in which I was, and I saw my family no human being dwell in the island; no person witnessed my sufferings; I fell into a state of utter unconsciousness, and I knew not what I did during the remainder of the night. On the following morning, having recovered from my insensibility, I perceived a person come from the house of the good Etienne, and I opened my eyes, and to my astonishment, found myself at Senegal, surrounded by an afflicted family. I felt as if I had returned from the other world. My father had set off on the instant he had received my letter, with Etienne to take to the island, and finding me dead, he took me to Senegal without my being conscious of it. Recovering by degrees from my confusion, I was desirous of seeing my brothers, who had been attacked the same way as myself. Our house looked like an hospital. Here a dying child wished to be seen; there another demanded something to drink, then refusing to take the medicines which were offered to him, filled the house with his groans; at a distance my feeble voice was heard asking something to quench the thirst which consumed

However, the unremitting care we received, as well

as the generous medicine of M. Quincey, with the tender concern of my father and my sister Caroline, soon placed me beyond danger. I then understood that the flowers I had had the imprudence to collect at Senegal, had been the principal cause of my illness, as well as that of my brothers. In the meanwhile, my father built two new huts in the island, with the intention of giving them to his family. But, as his affairs were kept him some days at Senegal, he was prevented from returning to Safal with the children to continue the collecting of cotton. On the morrow we all three set off. When we had arrived upon the Marigot, in the island of Bouquie, I hailed the keeper of our island to come and take us over in the canoe he had called for. He amused myself in looking at our habitation, which seemed to be very much embellished since my departure, as it had been augmented with two new cottages. I discovered a world to be much greener since I last saw it; in a country, all nature seemed smiling and beautiful. At last Etienne, to whom we had been waiting for a quarter of an hour, arrived with his canoe, into which we stepped, and soon were again in the island of Safal.

Arrived at my cottage, I began to examine all the changes my father had made during my illness. The three new cottages situated to the west, I chose as my sleeping apartment. It was made with mud and reeds, and yet green, and the window, which was seen to the field, was of the greatest advantage to me. I began to clean the floor of my apartments, which was nothing else than sand, among which were various roots and blades of grass. After that I went to visit the little poultry yard, where I found two ducks and some hens placed in a short while before. I was very glad of these little arrangements; and returned to the principal cottage to prepare breakfast. After this we betook ourselves to the business of cotton gathering.

Eight days had already elapsed since our return to the island of Safal, when one morning, as I was on my way to my shack upon the river, which we always knew by a sign placed upon the mast head, I was with my father, who brought twelve negroes with him, which he had hired at the expense of his sister Caroline, in the cultivation of his island. The men were sent to break up the soil; the women and children assisted us in gathering the cotton. My father then dismissed the negroes, who worked by the day, as he had to come and go to Senegal, where the urgency of his business yet required his presence.

I remained a little while without seeing him; but at the same time I was exceedingly surprised at not finding our boat in the little bay. I went to enquire, and with the family negroes to disembark our effects, and soon had the pleasure of holding my sister Caroline in my arms. My father came on shore afterwards with the youngest children, and all the family found themselves united under the roof of their principal cottage, in the island of Safal. "You see," my child," said my father to me on entering our huts, "you see all our riches: we have neither moveables nor house at Senegal; every thing we possess is our own here." I embraced my father, and my brothers and sisters, and then went to unload our boat. Our house was soon filled; it contained, and once for a collar, granary, store house, a parlour, and a bed-chamber. However, we found a place for every thing: next day we began to fit them up more commodiously. My father took up his residence in the small house to the west; my mother in the large hut to the east; and the children slept. Round about the last we suspended some boards by cords, to hold our dishes and various kitchen ware, a table, two benches, and some chairs, a large cupboard, some old beds, and a grind the cotton, implements of husbandry, constituted the furniture of that cottage. Nevertheless, in spite of its humbleness, the sun came and gilded our roofs of straw and reeds. My father then fitted up his cottage as a study. Here were boards suspended by small cords, upon which his books and papers were arranged in the greatest order;—there a far board, supported by four posts, extended into the ground, served as a desk; at a distance stood his gun, his pistols, his sword, his clarinet, and some musical instruments. A chair, a small couch, a pitcher, and a cup furnished the little furniture.

Our cottage was situated on the top of a little hill of gentle ascent. Forests of mangrove, of palm-trees, tamarind-trees, sheltered us on the west, the north, and the east. To the south was situated the plantation which we called South-field. This field was already covered with a vegetation which produced fine cotton, the third of which had nearly begun to be produced. Upon the banks of the river, and to the west of the cotton field,

was situated our garden; finally, to the south of the plain, were our fields of maize, beans, and millet.

Our little republic, to which my father gave laws, was the work of the following manner:—We usually rose about day-break, and after a short sleep, which we called, after having embraced our father, we fell upon our knees to return thanks to the Supreme Being for the gift of another day. That finished, my father led the negroes to work, during which my sister and myself arranged the little table, and after breakfast, when, after eight o'clock, we returned to the cottage. Breakfast being over, each took his little bag, and went and gathered cotton. About noon, as the heat became insupportable, all returned to the cottage, and worked at different employments. I was principally charged with the education of my young brothers and sisters, and of my young negroes of the family. Round my little hut were suspended various pictures for study, upon which I taught them to read according to the method of mutual instruction. A bed of sand, smoothed upon a small bench, served the young negroes to write, and understand the letters of the alphabet; the others wrote on the table. We bestowed nearly two hours upon each exercise, and then my scholars amused themselves at different games. At three o'clock, all returned to the cotton field, and remained till five, at which we usually had at six, was followed by a little family conference, in which the children were interrogated concerning what they had been taught during the day. When I was well pleased with them, I promised them a story, or a fable, in the evening. Sometimes after dinner, we went to take a short walk to the banks of the river, in return for the cottage, where Etienne had laid the care of lighting a large fire, the heat of which forced the mosquitoes and gnats to yield their place to the little circle which our family made round the hearth. Then my sister Caroline and myself went to the fields to the children, or read to them a lesson from the Evangelists or the Bible; while my father smoked his pipe, amusing himself by contemplating all his family around him. The hour of going to bed being arrived, we made a common prayer, after which we retired to their separate huts to sleep.

Thus did our life pass away amid the occupations of the fields and the recreations of the family. On Sundays, our labours were suspended. Sometimes to spend the day more agreeably, and avoid the molestations of the island, who often came to our island, we went to the island of the east of Safal. On reaching the island, we seated ourselves under the shade of a tree, more than thirty feet in circumference. After having finished our humble repast under the umbrage of that wonderful tree, my father would go and amuse himself with the children, my sister Caroline and myself went to search for rare plants, to assist our studies in botany; whilst the children hunted butterflies and other insects. Charles, the eldest of the boys, swam like a fish; and when my father shot a duck or *aigrette* upon the water, he would instantly throw himself in, and fetch the game. At other times, he would climb to the top of the trees to rob the birds, or bury himself in the bushes to catch the fruits of the country, then run, all breathless and delighted, to present us with his discovery. We would remain in the island till nearly four in the afternoon, then return to our boat, and our negroes rowed us to our island.

During the time of the greatest heats, for we could not long endure the rays of the sun, we passed a part of the Sunday under a very bushy tamarind-tree, which stood at a little distance from our cottage. Thus, in the good themselves under the shade of the tamarind-tree, to escape the concerns of their vassals, in like manner did my father collect us under the tamarind-tree to regulate the affairs of his republic, and also to enjoy the landscapes which his island afforded. We sometimes took our meals there, and the ground served us for a table, at once for table, table-cloth, and a seat. The children gambled on the grass, and played a thousand tricks to amuse us. We now began to discover that every condition of life had its own peculiar enjoyments. If the labours of the day were long and laborious, the Sabbath recompensed us by peculiar pleasures. We lived thus for some time in the greatest tranquillity. Shut up in a desert island, from all society, we ventured never to have discovered the condition of real happiness.

Every Wednesday we sent two negroes to the village of Gandioli, to purchase provisions, such as butter, milk, eggs, &c. One day, however, my father resolved to purchase a cow and thirty fowls, that we might have in our island all the little necessities used by a family. Our

poultry yard being thus augmented, we looked upon ourselves as great as the richest princes in Africa; and in truth, since we had a cottage, milk, butter, eggs, maize, millet, cotton, tranquillity and health, what more was necessary for our comfort?

CHAPTER XIII.

Whilst we were thus enjoying in peace our little good fortune, my father received a letter, desiring him to return to Senegal in all possible speed. He went, and left at the head of our establishment, which was at Senegal, a time happened, which we could not prevent,—it was our labouring negroes, whom he had hired, deserted during the night, and took our small boat with them. I was extremely distressed, and instantly made Etienne swing the rascal, and go and beg the President at Bahagney to take him to my father, who, after having been told to tell him the melancholy news. That good negro was soon on the other side of the water, and went to M. Le Rouge (the name of the president), who gave him his canoe. At night, we saw him returning without my father, who went into the country to search for the fugitive negroes. He spent three whole days in the countries of Gandioli and Tooby, which lie in the neighbourhood of our island, but all his labour was in vain. The deserting negroes had already gained the forests of the interior. At this time, I was deeply distressed, and returned to Safal. I confessed to Etienne the desertion of these slaves, who were so necessary to us for realizing our agricultural projects, my heart could not blame these unfortunate creatures, who only sought to recover their freedom from which they had been torn.

At this date, that is about the 1st of March 1819, we learned that M. Scheltz had returned from Senegal, and was in the Bay of St. Louis; and that the minister of marine had approved of all the projects relative to the agricultural establishment at Senegal. This news revived in my mind the project which I had conceived, originally proposed by him, to have the fugitive negroes to do him justice in the end. In this expectation, he went to meet with Governor Scheltz, who had to pass our house on the morrow; but he would not speak to him till the following day, my father wrote to him from the hotel at St. Louis, to come the next day, when we were assured that the governor was very far from wishing us well, and still farther from doing justice to my father. However, some of his friends encouraged him to make fresh endeavours, and persuaded him he would obtain the necessary encouragement for having the first set the example of cultivating the soil; he assured him that all funds had been sent to M. Scheltz for that purpose. Vain hope! every claim was rejected, we had not even the satisfaction of knowing to him or not; we got no reply. My father wishing to make a last attempt to ward off the misery which menaced us, we went to supplicate the governor to allow us either money to purchase food, or rations. This last petition was not more successful than the former. We were abandoned to our piteous fate, whilst more than twenty persons, who had never done us any harm, and who, when government, received gratis rations every day from the magazines of the colony. "Very well!" said my father to me, when he found he was refused that assistance which M. Scheltz had ordered to the other unfortunate persons in the colony, and which he thought I might have. I will not rove off my felicity.

Behold, my child, behold this roof of thatch which covers us; see these hurdles of reeds which moulder into dust, this bed of rushes, my body already impaired by years, and my children wretchedly! You see a perfect picture of misery and poverty. You are now in the midst of the earth more unfortunate than we are—"Alas!" said I to him, "our misery is great; but I can support it, and even create, without complaining, if I saw you exposed to less harassing care. All your children are young, and have a good constitution; we can endure a famine, and even abate ourselves to it; but we have cause to fear that the want of wholesome and sufficient food will make you fall, and then we shall be deprived of the only stay you have upon earth—"O my dear child," cried my father, "I will not let you know the secrets of my soul, but I will tell you that I have no longer any wish to conceal the sorrow which has weighed for a long time upon my heart. However, my death may perhaps be a blessing to my father; my bitter enemies will then doubtless cease to persecute you." My father, I replied, "break not my heart; you can no longer forget your children, their tender affection, the assistance which you ought to give them, and which they have a right to ex-

pect from you, wish us to believe your death will be a benefit to us?" He was moved with these words, and his tears flowed in abundance; then, pressing me to his bosom, he cried, "No, no, my dear children, I will not die, but will live to procure for you an existence more comfortable than you have experienced. I will live in peace to Senegal. From this moment I break every tie which binds me to the government of this colony; I will go and procure for you a new abode in the interior of the country of the negroes; yes, my dear children, we will find more humanity among the savage hordes who live in the interior, than among the greater part of those Europeans who compose the administration of the colony." In fact, some time after, my father obtained from the negro prince of the province of Cayor, a grant on his estates, and we were to take possession of it after the rains of the autumn.

From this time, my father, already indignant at the manner in which the governor had acted towards us, resolved to retire altogether to his island, and to have as little intercourse with the Europeans of the colony as he could. Nevertheless, he received with pleasure the visits of those who from time to time came to visit us, and who sometimes carried him to St. Louis, where they disputed among themselves the pleasure of entertaining him, and of making him forget his misfortunes by the favours which they heaped upon him; but the mortifications he had experienced, and the humiliations he had undergone, till he returned to his island. One day as he returned from Senegal, after having spent two days at the house of his friends, they lent him a negro nautic to build an oven for us; for till then we had always baked our bread upon the coals. With this oven, we were no longer obliged to eat our millet-bread with the cinders which so plentifully stuck to it.

One morning, as he was preparing to take the negroes to their labour, he perceived his dog did not follow him as usual. He called, but in vain. Then, supposing the faithful companion had gone to Babaguy, as he had often done to do sometimes. Arrived at the cotton-field, my father remarked large foot-prints upon the sand, which seemed to be those of a tiger, and beside them several drops of blood, and doubted not that his poor Sultan had experienced the same fate. He immediately returned to the cottage to acquaint us with the fate of his dog, which we greatly regretted. From that day the children were prohibited from going any distance from home; my sister and myself durst no more walk among the woods as we used to do.

Four days after the loss of the faithful Sultan, as we were going to bed, we heard behind our cottage mewings like those of a cat, but much louder. My father instantly rose, and, in spite of our entreaties and fears, went out armed with his sword and gun, in the hope of meeting with the animal whose fright cries had filled us with dread; but the ferocious beast, having heard a noise near the little hill where it was, made a leap over his head, and disappeared in the woods. He returned a little frightened at the boldness and agility of the creature, and gave up the pursuit till the following day. He sought for some negroes to come from the island of Babaguy, who he joined with his own, and putting himself at their head, he thought he would soon return with the skin of the tiger. But the carnivorous animal did not appear during that night; he contented himself with uttering dismal howlings in the neighbourhood of the woods. My father called to Senegal by one of his friends, left us on the morrow. Before going, he strictly enjoined us to keep fast the doors of the house, and to secure ourselves against ferocious beasts. At night we barricaded every avenue to the house, and the dogs howled as usual. My father, my friend of my father had brought to him, from the town, a supply the place of that which we had lost. But my sister and myself were but ill at ease; for our huts being already decayed, we were afraid the tiger would get in, and devour the children of poor father. However, Etienne came and quieted our fears a little, by saying he would make the round of the huts during the night. We then lay down, having left our lamp burning. Towards the middle of the night, I was awake by a hollow noise, proceeding from the extremity of our large chamber. I listened attentively, and perceived that the animal of our dog growling and also a kind of roaring like that of a lion. Seized with the greatest terror, I awoke my sister Caroline, who, as well as myself, thought a ferocious beast had got into the cottage. In an instant our dog raised the most terrible barking; and my father replied by a hollow, but hideous growl. All this uproar passed in my father's chamber. Our minds were paralyzed; the children awoke, and came and precipitated themselves in our arms; but none durst call Etienne to

our assistance. At last my sister and myself decided we should go and see what occasioned all this noise. Caroline took the lamp in one hand, and a stick in the other, and I armed myself with a long lance. Arrived at the middle of the large cottage, we discovered at the end of the hall, a tiger, who had seized upon a large animal covered with yellowish hair. The fears which perplexed us left no doubt but that it was either a lion or at least a tiger. We durst neither advance nor retreat, and our weapons fell from our hands. In a moment these two animals were upon the tiger, and the latter, perceiving the air was rent with their cries; our legs bent under us; we fell upon the floor in a faint; the lamp was extinguished, and we believed we were devoured. Etienne at length awoke, knocked at the door, then burst it open, ran up to us, lighted the lamp, and showed us our mistake. The supposed lion was nothing else than a large dog from the island of Babaguy, fighting with ours. Etienne separated them with a stick; and the furious animal, which had frightened us so much, escaped through the same hole by which he had entered our house. We stopped a moment, and then went to bed, but were not able to sleep. My father having arrived next morning from Senegal, we recounted to him the fright we had during the night, and he instantly set about repairing the walls of our cottage.

It was towards the beginning of May; our cotton harvest was completely ruined, and it was not till September that we had hoped. The rains had not been abundant the preceding year, which caused the deficiency in our crop. We now became more economical than ever, to be able to pass the bad season which had set in. We now lived entirely on the food of the negroes; we also put on clothing more suitable to our situation than that we had hitherto worn. A piece of coarse cotton, wrought by the negroes, served to make us dresses, and clothes for the children; my father was habited in coarse blue silk. On the 20th of August, the merchant, he sent on Sundays to Senegal a negro to purchase for us a large quantity of white bread. It was, in our melancholy condition, the finest repast we could procure.

One Sunday evening, as all the family were seated round a large fire eating some small loaves which had been brought from Senegal, my father, who had just given my father a letter; it was from M. Renaud, Surgeon-Major at Bakal in Gambia, announcing to us, to complete the sum of our misfortunes, that the merchant-dealer he had sent to Gambia the preceding year had been completely ruined by fire. "I am," cried my unhappy father, "my ruin is complete. No more wretched can touch us. You see, my dear children, that Fortune has not ceased persecuting us. We have nothing more to expect from her since the only resource which remained has been destroyed."

This new misfortune, which we little expected, plunged all our family into the deepest distress. "What misfortunes! what mortifications!" cried I; "it is time to quit this land of wretchedness! Leave it then, return to France; there only we will be able to forget all our misfortunes. He that is so cruel to us, will be so kind to us, that Heaven alone was just, and that it was time to rely upon it. Some days after our friends from Senegal came to pay us a visit, and testified for us the greatest sorrow. They agreed among themselves to engage all the Europeans in the colony in a voluntary subscription, to assist us; but my father, who, by saying, he could not receive assistance from those who were so truly his friends. The generous M. Dard, director of the French school, was not the last nor least who took an interest in us. As soon as he heard of the unfortunate news, he cordially offered my father all the money he had, and even endeavoured to get provision for us from the government stores, but he failed. After the visits of my father's friends, we were not so unhappy, and yet enjoyed some tranquillity in our humble cottage, as during the winter or the rainy season, a period so fatal to Europeans who inhabit the torrid zone.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was yet but about the beginning of June 1819, and already the humid winds of the south announced the approach of the bad season, or winter. The whirlwinds of the north no longer brought the hot sands of the De-

sert; but instead of them came the south east, bringing clouds of locusts, mosquitoes, and gnats. We could no longer spend our twilight at the cottage, it was so filled with these insects. We fled every morning to escape their stings, and did not return home till over-one with sleep. One night, after having been away a long day's work at the cotton field, we perceived an animal stealing among the bushes at a soft slow pace; but having heard us, it leaped a very high hedge, and disappeared. From its agility, we discovered it to be a tiger-cat, which had been prowling about our poultry-yard, in the hope of catching the chickens, and which these animals are very fond. The same night, my sister and myself were awake with a hollow noise which we heard near our bed. Our thoughts instantly returned to the tiger cat; we believed that it was it we heard, and springing up, we awoke my father. Being all unarmed, we began by looking under my bed, as the noise seemed to proceed from the bottom of a large hole, deep under ground. We were then convinced it was caused by a serpent, but found it impossible to get at it. The song of this reptile so frightened us that we could sleep no longer; however, we soon became accustomed to the invisible music, for at short intervals we heard it all the night. Some time after the discovery of the den of this reptile songster, my sister, going to feed five or six pigeons which she had in a little hut, perceived a large serpent, as we termed it, was crawling on each side of its mouth. She immediately took up a small stone, and ran to her with his gun, but the wings which the creature seemed to have, had already disappeared. As his belly was prodigiously swelled, my father made the negroes open it, and, to our great surprise, found four of the pigeons of our dove-cote. The serpent was nearly nine feet in length, and about nine inches in circumference in the middle. After it was skinned, we gave it to the negroes, who regaled themselves upon it. This was not the one, however, which we had heard during the night, and the screaming on which it was killed, we heard the whistlings of the serpent, and we were obliged to look for a more comfortable place to plant our cottage, and to abandon the rising ground to the serpents, and the woods to the tigers. We chose a spot on the south side of our island, pretty near to the banks of the river.

When this new ground was prepared, my father surrounded it with a hundred reeds, and then transported our cottage thither. This measure was necessary, to move from one place to another is very expeditious; in less than three days we were fairly seated in our new abode. However, as we had not time to carry away our poultry, we left them upon the hill till the place we had appropriated for our abode was ready. The frame of the new house, and covered with a large net, to prevent the birds of prey taking away our little chickens, and we had no fear in leaving them during the night. On the evening of the next day, my sister, accompanied with the children, sent to feed the various inhabitants of the poultry-yard; but on approaching the net, they perceived the frame had fallen, the net rent, and feathers scattered here and there upon the road. Having reached the site of our former cottage, heaps of worried ducks and chickens were the only objects which presented themselves. She instantly called one of the children to acquaint us with the disaster, and my father and myself hastened to the scene of carnage, but it was too late to take any precautions,—all our poultry were destroyed! Two hens and a duck only had escaped the massacre, by having squatted in the bottom of an old barrel. We counted the number of the victims, and found that the frame was all the ferocious beasts had eaten the half of about two hundred eggs of ducks and hens, nearly hatched, were destroyed at the same time.

This was a great loss to us, especially as we counted as much upon our poultry yard as upon our plantation. We were obliged to resign ourselves to our fate; for to what purpose would it be to rebuild the frame, and to only remain for us to guard against the recurrence of a like misfortune. The poultry yard was instantly transported to our new habitation, and we took care to surround it with thorns, to keep off the wolves, the foxes, and the serpents. Our two hens and the duck were placed in a little coop, and we were obliged to ourselves to our canoe, and sail up and down the river;

but we were not more sheltered from the stings of the insects than upon shore. Sometimes, after a four course, we would return to the boat, where, in spite of the heat, we would envelop ourselves in thick woollen blankets, to pass the night; then, after being half suffocated, we would fill the house full of smoke, or go and plunge ourselves in the river.

Often we had to say we were the most miserable creatures that ever existed on the face of the earth. The thoughts of passing all the bad season in this state of torture, made us regret a hundred times we had not perished in the shipwreck. How, thought I, how is it possible to endure the stings of the insects, the stings of the mosquitos, the putrid exhalations of marshes, the heat of the climate, the smoke of our huts, the chagrin which consumes us, and the want of the most necessary articles of life, without being overcome! My father, however, prevented us seeing the melancholy which weighed upon him, assumed a serene air, when his soul was a prey to the most horrible anguish; but through this pretended placidity it was easy to see the various sentiments by which his heart was affected. Often would that good man say to us, "My children I am not so happy, but I suffer to support you. I am not so happy. If I could afford a sufficient sum to convey you to France, I would at least have the satisfaction of thinking you there enjoyed life, and that your youth did not pass in these solitudes far from human society."—"How, my father," replied I to him, "how can you think we could be so far from France? We are in the heart of Africa! In Africa! O, afflict us not. You know, and we have said so a hundred times, that our sole desire is to remain near you, to assist you to bring up our young brothers and sisters, and to endeavour by our care to make them worthy of all your tenderness." The good man would then fold us in his arms, and the tears which he shed down his cheeks, for a while soothed his sufferings.

Often, to divert our thoughts from the misery we endured, would we read some of the works of our best authors. My father was usually on these occasions the reader, whilst Caroline and myself listened. Sometimes we would amuse ourselves with singing the songs which the wild dancers and boys who went about our house. In this manner we endeavoured to dissipate in part our ennui during the day. As our cottage was situated close to the banks of the river, we amused ourselves in fishing, whilst the heat and the mosquitos which swarmed about our huts, and which were driven chiefly charged with fishing for crabs, and they always caught sufficient to afford supper to all the family. But sometimes we had to forego this evening's repast, for the mosquitos at that hour were in such prodigious numbers, that it was impossible to remain more than an instant in one place, unless we were enveloped in our coverings of wool. But the children not having so much sense, would not allow themselves to be thus suffocated; they could not rest in any place, and every instant their doleful groans forced our tears of pity. O cruel remembrance! thou makest me yet weep as I write these lines.

Towards the beginning of July, the rains showed us it was seed time. We began by sowing the cotton, then the fields of millet, maize, and beans. Early in the morning, the family went to work: some digged, others sowed, till the fierceness of the sun forced us to retire to the cottage, where we expected a plate of kouskous, after which we retired. At three o'clock we all returned to the fields, and did not leave off working till the approach of night; then we all went home, and each occupied himself in fishing or hunting. Whilst we were thus busied in providing our supper, and provisions for the morrow, we sometimes would receive a visit from the negroes who were returning to Senegal, and who were full for our misery, but many made us weep with their vulgar affronts. On these occasions, Caroline and myself would fly from these disgusting beings as from the wild beasts who prowled about us. Sometimes, to make us forget our miseries and afflictions, we experienced from the negro merchants who live at Senegal, and whom curiosity brought to our house, that we were distressed with the impertinences of these beings? Only think that, in spite of your wretchedness, you are a human being, and that you are not a slave, but a free man, than vile traffickers in human flesh, sons of scoundrels, without manners, rich sailors, or free booters, without education and without country."

One day, a French negro merchant, whom I will not name, having crossed the Senegal to the station of Babaguy, and seeing our cottage in the distance, inquired

to whom it belonged. He was told it was the father of a family, whom misfortune had forced to seek a refuge in that island. I wish I could see them, said the merchant, it will be very *drole*. In fact, a short while after, we had a visit from this *curieux*, who, although he had said all manner of impertinences to us, went to hunt in our plantations, and he killed the only duck which we had left, and which he ate up, and then he returned, in the spite of our entreaties. Fortunately for the insolent thief, my father was absent, else he would have avenged the death of the duck, which even the tigers had spared in the massacre of our poultry yard.

Some times, when the sun shined, we had had but little rain, when one night we were roused by a loud peal of thunder. A horrible tempest swept over us, and the hurricane bent the trees of the fields. The lightning tore up the ground, the sound of the thunder recoiled, and torrents of water were precipitated upon our cottage. The winds roared; with the utmost fury, the waves swept away, our huts were blown down, and all the waters of heaven rushed in upon us. A flood penetrated our habitation; all our family, drenched, confounded, sought refuge under the wrecks of our walls of mud, and the effects of the floating, and hurried off by the floods which surrounded the island, the heavens were in a blaze; the thunderbolt burst, fell, and burnt the mainmast of the French brig Nantaise, which was anchored at a little distance from our island. After this horrible detonation, calm was insensibly restored. Silence reigned; the night was dark, and the only sounds were the only sounds heard around us. The insects and reptiles, creeping out of the earth, dispersed themselves through all the places of our cottage which water had not covered. Large beetles were buzzing on the sides, and attached themselves to our clothes, whilst the flies, the gnats, and the mosquitos, which were crawling over the wrecks of our huts. At last, about ten o'clock, nature resumed her tranquillity, the thunder ceased to be heard, the winds instantly fell, and the air remained calm and dull.

When the tempest had ceased, we endeavoured to mend our huts a little, but we could not effect it, and were obliged to remain all day under the wrecks of our cottage. Such, however, was the manner in which we spent nearly all our days and nights. In reading this recital, the reader has but a feeble idea of the privations, and the sufferings which we endured, whilst the unfortunate Picard family were exposed during their stay in the island of Saïal.

About this time, my father was obliged to go to Senegal. During his absence, the children discovered that the negroes who remained with us had formed a scheme of escape, and that the night following, they would be much embarrassed and undecided what course to pursue, to prevent their escape; at last, having well considered the matter, we thought, as Etienne would be in the plot, we had no other means of preventing their escape but by each of us arming ourselves with a pistol, and during the night to keep our arms ready. We bore our canoe firmly with a chain, and seated ourselves, the better to observe their motions. About nine in the evening, the two negroes came to the banks of the river, but having discovered us, they feigned to fish, really holding their arms close to their chests, and on our asking them to do so, they said they had no morkos to fish. Desiring them to do so, and return on the morrow if so. One of them came close to our canoe, and threw himself into it, thinking he could instantly put off; but when he found it chained, he left it quite ashamed, and went and lay down with his comrades. I set off to look for Etienne, whom we suspected to have been in the plot, and told him of the design of the two negroes, and prayed him to assist us in watching them during the night. He instantly rose, and taking my father's gun, bade us sleep in quiet, whilst he alone would be sufficient to overcome them; however, he would be further from the shore, and he would be unable, to be more fortunate another time. Next day I wrote to my father, to return to Saïal before night, for I that we were on the eve of losing the remainder of our negroes. He returned in the evening, resolving never again to quit our cottage. He interrogated the negroes concerning their design of desertion, and asked them what excuse they had to plead. "We are comfortable here," replied one of them, "but we are not in our native country; our parents and friends are far from us. We have been deprived of our liberty, and we have made, and will make every effort to recover it." He added, addressing himself to my father, "If thou, Picard, my master, wert arrested when cultivating thy fields, and carried far, far from thy family, wouldst thou not endeavour to regain them, and recover thy liberty?" My father promptly re-

plied, "I would!" "Very well," continued Nakemou, "I am in the same situation as thyself, I am the father of a numerous family. I have yet another son, and a daughter; I love my wife, my children; and dost thou think it wonderful I should wish to regain them?" My unfortunate father, melted to tears with this speech, resolved to send them to the person from whom he had hired the plantation, for this he should lose them. If he had them, like the colonists, he would have put them in irons, and treated them like rebels; but he was too kind hearted to resort to such measures. Some days after, the person to whom the negroes were sent, brought us two others; but he could not so indent, we found it impossible to make them work.

CHAPTER XV.

We however continued sowing; and more than twenty-four thousand feet of cotton had already been added to the plantation, when the negroes were stopped by a suddenly breaking out between the colony and the Moors. We learned that a part of their troops were in the island of Bokos, situated but a short distance from our own. It was said that the Arab merchants and the Marabouts, (priests of the Mussulmen), who usually travel to Senegal in the boats of the French, had been arrested by the French soldiers. In the fear that the Moors would come to our island and make us prisoners, we resolved to go to the head-quarters of the colony, and stay there till the war had ceased. My father caused all his effects to be transported to the houses of the resident French officers, after which we left our cottage and the island of Saïal. Whilst Etienne slowly rowed the canoe which contained our family, I ran my eye over the places we were leaving, as if wishing them an eternal adieu. In contemplating our poor cottage, which we had built with such difficulty, I could not suppress my tears; all our plantations, thought I, will be ravaged during our absence; our home will be burned; and we will lose in an instant that which cost us two years of pain and fatigue. I was diverted from these reflections by our canoe striking against the shore of Babaguy. We were, however, but a few paces off to the residence of M. Lerouge; but he was already a Senegalese. We found his house filled with soldiers, which the governor had sent to defend that position against the Moors. My father then borrowed a little shallop to take us to Senegal. Whilst the boat was preparing, we were entertained by the French soldiers, who had remained before we left Saïal; at last, at six in the evening we embarked for St. Louis, leaving our negroes at Babaguy. My father promised to Etienne to go and rejoin him to continue the work, if it was possible, as soon as we were in safety.

It was very late before we reached Senegal. As we had no lodgings, a friend of my father, (M. Thomas) admitted us, his worthy wife loading us with kindness. During our stay in the island of Saïal, my father had made various trips to Senegal; but as my sister and myself had not quitted it for so long a time, we found ourselves in another world. The isolated manner in which we had lived, and the misfortunes we had endured, contributed in no small degree to give us a savage and embarrassed appearance. Caroline especially had become so timid, she could not be presumed to appear in company. My father, however, determined to go to Senegal, and to deal calmly the repugnance we felt at seeing company. Having no cap but our hair, no clothes but a half-iron robe of coarse silk, without stockings and shoes, we felt much distressed in appearing thus habited before a society of Europeans, who were all well clothed and shod. The good lady Thomas seeing our embarrassment, kindly dispensed with our appearance at table, as they had strangers in the house. She caused supper to be brought to our chamber, under the pretext that we were indisposed. In this manner, we escaped the awkwardness and rudeness of various young people, who had not yet been tutored by the hand of misfortune. We learned that we were known at Senegal by different names, some calling us *The Hermits of the Isle of Saïal*, others *The Exiles in Africa*.

On the morrow, my father hired an apartment in the house of one of his old friends (M. Valentin). After breakfast we thanked our hosts, and went to our new lodging. It consisted of a large chamber, the windows of which were under ground, filled with broken panes; thus, in the first night, we had such a quantity of mosquitoes, that we were obliged to wear yet in the island of Saïal. On the following day, my father was desirous of returning to his plantation. We in vain represented to him the dangers to which he exposed himself; nothing would divert him from his design. He promised, how-

ever, to go to Saïal only during the day, and to sleep at the house of the resident at Babuegy. He told us that it was not the war with the Moors alone which caused him to bring us to Senegal, but also the state of suffering in which the whole family was. It is true our strength was considerably diminished; my brother had been for several days attacked with a strong fever; and we were all slightly seized with the same disease. My father, taking our oldest brother with him, left us for the Isle of Saïal, promising to come and see us every Sunday. I went with him to the court-house, where, about all things, not to expose himself, and to take care of his health, which was so precious to us. That worthy man embraced me, and bade me fear nothing on that head, for he too well felt how necessary his life was to his children, to expose it imprudently. "My heart," he added, "is torn, not to expose him long, unless Heaven has decided otherwise." With these words he bid adieu, and went away; I returned to the house and gave free vent to my tears. I know not what presentiment then seized me, for it felt as if I had seen my father for the last time; and I was only at the end of the third day, on receiving a letter written with his own hand, that I could divest myself of these gloomy ideas. He told us he was very well, and that all was quiet at Saïal. On the same day I wrote to inform him of the condition of our young brother, who was a little better, and that the weather was becoming more agreeable. Some loaves of new bread and three bottles of wine which a generous person had had the goodness to give us. On the following Sunday we sat waiting his arrival, but a frightful tempest that raged during the day, deprived us of that pleasure; and we, however, received accounts from him every two days, which were always satisfactory.

About the 1st of August 1819, the best friend of my father, M. Dard, who, from the commencement of our misfortunes, had not withheld his helping hand from us, came to announce his approaching departure for France, and that he was far from being gratified with him, on his happiness of leaving so melancholy a place as Senegal. After we had talked some time about our unfortunate situation, and of the little hope we had of ever getting out of it, that sensible man, feeling his tears beginning to flow, proposed to us to promise to write to him for assistance, we would have become every day more and more, which oppressed us. That good sister durst not acquaint my father with the deplorable condition in which we all were; but, alas! she was soon obliged to tell him the melancholy news. I know not what passed during two days after my sister had written my father, having been seized with delirium. When the fit had somewhat abated, and I had recovered my senses a little, I began to recognise the people who were about me, and I saw my father weeping near my bed. His presence revived the little strength I had still left. I began to speak, but my ideas were so confused that I could only articulate a few unconnected words. I then learned, that after my father was acquainted with our dangerous condition, he had hastened to Senegal with my oldest brother, who also had been attacked. My father seemed to be no better than we were; and to add to our affliction, he attributed his indisposition to a cold he had caught from sleeping on a bank of sand at Saïal. We soon perceived that his disease was more of the mind than of the body. I often observed him thoughtful, with a wild and distracted air. The governor, who was very kind, and which encouraged all his idiosyncrasies and misfortunes, were like a child at the sight of his dying father.

Meanwhile the sickness increased every day in our family; my young sister was worst. Dr. Quincy saw her, and prescribed for her; but he thought necessary to soothe her sufferings. During the middle of the night, she complained of great pain in her abdomen, but, after taking the medicine ordered her, she fell quiet, and we believed she was asleep. Caroline, who watched us during the night in spite of her weakness, took advantage of this supposed sleep to take her little rest; and while she was asleep, she was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which she uttered a piercing shriek. I awoke, and heard her say in a tremulous voice, *Alas! Laura is dead.* Our weeping soon awoke our mother, who, in a few moments, was joined by our dead child, cried in wild despair: "It is then all over; my cruel enemies have gained their victory! They have taken from me the bread which I earned with the sweat of my brow to support my children; they have sacrificed

my family to their implacable hate! let them now come and enjoy the fruit of their malice with a sight of the victim they have immolated! Let them come to satiate their fury with the scene of misery in which they have plunged us!" I cried, "horrible! horrible! how can I be so cruel as to crucify my father!" On uttering these words, he rushed out, and seated himself under a gallery which was at the door of the house in which we lived. He there remained a long while buried in profound meditation, during which time we could not get him to utter a word. At last about six o'clock in the morning, the physician came, and was surprised on hearing of the death of Laura; then went to my father, who seemed to be insensible to every thing around him, and inquired at him concerning his health. "I am well," replied he, "and I am going to return to Saïal for the last time." The doctor told him his own condition, as well as that of his family, would not allow him to leave Senegal; but he was inflexible. Seeing nothing would induce him to remain at St. Louis, I arose, weak as I was, and went to search for a negro and a canoe, the corpse of poor Laura, in the morning, my friend of our took charge of burying the body of my sister; but my father wished to inter it beside the others in his island, and determined to take it thither along with us. Not to have, however, such a melancholy sight before our eyes during our journey, I hired a second canoe to carry the body of Laura to Saïal, in the morning, the family seged against returning to Saïal. He consented without difficulty; but we had scarcely entered the house, when he was again taken very ill. We instantly called a physician, who found in him the seeds of a most malignant fever, and he died the second day after he had taken to his bed, whilst the canoe which carried the remains of our young sister proceeded to Saïal. M. Thomas undertook to procure us a house more healthy than that we had quitted; but the condition of my father was such, that he found it impossible to leave the island, and to put him in a more healthy place, or to obtain a more healthy place. All the worthy people of Senegal could not contain their indignation against Governor S—, whose inhuman conduct towards our family had been the principal cause of all our misfortunes. They went to his house, and boldly told him the truth, that he was guilty of having refused to allow an unfortunate family entirely to perish. M. S—, either touched with these reproaches, or at last being moved by more friendly feelings towards us, caused provisions secretly to be sent to our house. We received them under the persuasion they had been sent to the house of his friend; but having at last learned they had come from the governor, my father bid me return them to him. I did not know what to do, for a part of the provisions had already been consumed; and, besides, the distressed condition to which we were reduced, made me feel that, under the thought that the governor had wished at last to make amends for the wrongs he had done us. But, alas! his assistance was too late; the fatal moment was fast approaching when my father had to bend under the pressure of his intolerable sufferings.

CHAPTER XVI.

The day after we had taken possession of our new abode, my father sent me to the Isle of Babuegy, to bring back the things which were left at the house of the resident. A few days after, I hired a canoe and went, leaving the sick to the care of Caroline. I soon reached the place of my destination, and finishing my business, I was upon the point of returning to Senegal, when a wish came into my head of seeing Laura. Having made two negroes take me to the other side of the island, I walked along the side of the plantation, then visited our cottage, which I found just as we had left it. At last I bent my steps towards the tomb of my step-mother, in which were deposited the remains of my little sister. I seated myself on the bank, and, under the shade of a tree, I lay down, and remained a long while wrapt in the most melancholy reflections. All the misfortunes we had experienced since our shipwreck came across my mind, and I asked myself, how I had been able to endure them! I thought that, at this instant, a secret voice said to me, you will yet have ground to deplore, and be terrified by this melancholy presentiment, I strove to rise, but my strength failing me, I fell on my knees upon the grave. After having addressed my prayers to the Eternal, I felt

a little more tranquil; and, quitting this melancholy spot, old Etienne led me back to Babuegy, where my canoe waited for me. The heat was excessive; however, I endured it, rather than wait for the coolness of evening to return to my father. Darkly and in solitude, I found him in a violent passion at a certain personage of the colony, who, without any regard to his condition, had said the most humiliating things to him. This scene had contributed, in no small degree, to aggravate his illness; for, on the evening of the same day, the fever returned, and a horrible delirium seized him. He was seized with a terrible night, expecting every moment to be his last. The following day found little change in his condition, except a small glimmering of reason at intervals. In one of these moments, when we hoped he would recover his health, M. Dard, who had been at Saïal since he had left Senegal, entered our house. My father instantly recognised him, and, making him sit near to his bed, took his hand, and said, "My last hour is come; Heaven, to whose decrees I humbly submit, will soon remove me from this world; but one consolation remains with me, and that is, that you will not abandon my children. I recommend to you my oldest daughter; you are dear to her, doubt not; would she were your wife, and that you were to her, as you have always been to me, a sincere friend!" On saying these words, he took my hands and pressed them to his cheeks. He then said, "I have no more to say, but I pressed him tenderly in my arms; and as he said, "I was extremely affected with his situation, he quickly said to me, "My daughter, I have need of rest." I instantly quitted him, and was joined by M. Dard, when we retired to another room, where we found Caroline and the good Mad. Thomas. This worthy friend seemed the deplorable condition to which we were reduced, endeavoured to console us, and to give us hope, saying, that having heard of my father's illness on board the brig *Vigilant*, in which he had embarked at the port of St. Louis, he had obtained leave to come on shore, and to go and offer us some assistance; after which he left us, promising to return on the morrow.

Towards the middle of the night of the 15th August 1819, it struck me that my father wished to speak with me. I did not dare to go near him, and seeing him pale, and his head thrown back, I thought he was about to die. I went to his wife, I told her what I saw; but she said, "I have nothing to say; but having perceived my distress, he said to me in a mournful voice, 'Why are you so much afflicted, my child? My last hour approaches, I cannot escape it; then summon all the strength which you possess to the aid of your mind. Your science is pure, I have nothing with which to reproach myself; I will die in peace if you promise to protect the children whom I will soon leave. Tell also to feeling hearts the long train of uninterrupted misfortunes which have assailed me; tell the abandoned condition in which we have lived; and tell at last, that in dying, I forgive my enemies all the evils they had made me as well as my family endure!' At these words I fell upon my bed, and cried, yes, dear father, I promise to do all you require of me. I was yet speaking when Caroline entered the room, and, having taken up my bed, tenderly embraced him, whilst he held me by the hand. We gazed on one another in profound silence, which was only interrupted by our sighs. During this heart-rending scene, my father again said to me, "My good Charlotte, I thank you for all the care you have bestowed on me, and I thank you for the love which you have shown who will not abandon you. Never forget the obligations you already owe M. Dard. Heaven assist you. Farewell, I go before you to a better world." These words, pronounced with difficulty, were the last he uttered. He instantly became more calm, and said, "I have forgiven the colony; I have called, but the medicines they prescribed produced no effect. In this condition he remained more than six hours, during which time we stood suspended between hope and despair. O horrible night! night of sorrow and desolation! who can describe all the horrors of that night! The day of our sorrowful day, this terrible reign! But the fatal period approached; the physician who prescribed it went out; I followed, and, still seeking for some illusion in the misfortune which menaced us, I tremblingly interrogated him. The worst of all, however, was to come. He said, "I have said, and said, my dear lady, the moment is arrived when you have need to arm yourself with courage; it is all over with M. Picard; you must submit to the will of God. These words were a thunderbolt to me. I instantly returned, bathed in tears; but alas! my father was no more.

Such an irreparable misfortune plunged us into a condition worse than death. Without ceasing, I besought them to put a period to my deplorable life. The friends

how we used every endeavour to calm me, but my soul was in the depths of affliction, and no consolation reached it not. "O God!" cried I, "how is it possible thou canst yet let me live? Ought not the misery I feel to make me follow my father to the grave?" It was necessary to employ force to keep me from that plan of self-destruction. Mad. Thomas took me by the hands, whilst our friends prepared the funeral of my unhappy father. I remained insensible for a long while; and, when somewhat recovered, my first care was to pray the people with whom we lived to carry the body of my father to the Isle of St. Denis, deposited, according to his request, near the remains of his wife. Our friends accompanied it. Some hours after the departure of the funeral procession, Governor S—, doubtless reproaching himself with the helpless condition in which we had been left for so long a time, gave orders to take care of the remainder of our unfortunate family. He himself came to the house of M. Thomas. His presence made such an impression on me, that I swooned away. We did not, however, refuse the assistance he offered us, convinced, as we were, that it was less to the governor of Senegal we were indebted than to the French generals whose intentions to us were only fulfilling.

Several days passed before I could moderate my sorrow; but at last our friends represented to me the duties I owed to the orphans who were left with us, and to whom I had promised to hold the place of mother. They wished to dissuade me; but when I saw I had been frequently weeping in private, they no longer withheld me. I went alone to Saïal, leaving Caroline to take charge of the children, two of whom were still in a dangerous condition. What changes did I find at our cottage! The people from whom we had hired our room had secretly removed, and the rank weeds sprang up every where; the cotton withered for want of cultivation; the fields of millet, maize, and beans had been devoured by the herds of cattle from the colony; our house was half plundered; the books and papers of my father were scattered away. I could not find my father cultivating cotton. As soon as he saw me he drew near; and having inquired if he wished to remain at the plantation, he replied, "I could stay here all my life; my good master is no more, but he is still here; I wish to work for the support of his children." I promised him to take him to the plantation the next day.

At last I bent my steps towards my father's grave. The shrubs which surrounded it were covered with the most beautiful verdure; their thorny branches hung over it as if to shield it from the rays of the sun. The silence which reigned around the solitary place was only interrupted by the songs of the birds, and the rustling of the foliage, agitated by a faint breeze. At the sight of this sacred retreat, I suddenly felt myself penetrated by a religious sentiment, and falling on my knees upon the grass, and resting my head upon the humid stone, I burst into tears. I also promised to make known to him my orders to Etienne, and returned to the family at Senegal.

Next day M. Dard came to us at the house of M. Thomas. This worthy friend of my father told us he was now named governor of Senegal, and that he had promised to assist. I came, added he, to return to the governor the leave he had given me to pass six months in France, and I charge myself with providing for all your wants till I can convey you to Paris. Such generous promises were new to me; tears, I thought, our worthy benefactor, and he went to M. Dard's room. When he had gone, Mad. Thomas took me aside, and said, that M. Dard's intention was not only to adopt the wrecks of our family, but he wished also to offer me his hand as soon as our grief had subsided. This confidence, I own, displeased me not; for it was

delightful for me to think that so excellent a man, who had already done so much for me, should be in my distress, did not think himself degraded by uniting his fate with that of a poor orphan. I recollected what my father had said to me during one of our greatest misfortunes. "M. Dard," said that worthy man, "is an estimable youth, whose attachment for us has never diminished to spite of our wretchedness; and I am certain he prefers virtue in a wife above all other riches."

Some days after, our benefactor came to tell us he had disbanded all his effects, and that he had resumed his functions as director of the French school at Senegal. We talked a long while together concerning my father's affairs, and he then left us. However, as one of my brothers was very ill, he returned in the evening to see how he was. He found us in tears; for the innocent creature had expired in my arms. M. Dard and M. Thomas instantly buried him, for his body had already become putrid. We gave a great funeral to his dear son with his brother, who, having a mind superior to his age, would doubtless have been greatly affected. Nevertheless, on the following day, poor Charles inquired where his brother Gustavus was; M. Dard, who was sitting on the ground, told him that he was not; that he discovered the cheat, and cried, weeping, that he wished a hat to go to school, and see if Gustavus was really living. M. Dard had the kindness to go and purchase him one to quiet him, which, when he saw, he was satisfied, and went to school the next morning to go and see if his brother was really living. The next day he returned, and told us of his melancholy existence during two months; and about the end of October we had the misfortune of losing him also.

This blow plunged me into a gloomy melancholy. I was indifferent to every thing. I met several of my friends, nearly all my relations, &c. A young orphan (Alphonso Fleury), our cousin, aged five years, to whom my father was tutor, and whom he had always considered as his own child, my sister Caroline, and myself, were all that remained of the unfortunate Picard family, who, after the death of their father, had been left in a state of great poverty. My father had nearly followed our dear parents to the grave. Our friends, however, by their great care and attention, got us by degrees to recover our composure, and chased from our thoughts the cruel recollections which afflicted us. We recovered our tranquillity, and dared at last to cherish the hope of a better future. That hope, however, was not delusive. Our benefactor, M. Dard, since then having become my husband, gathered together the wrecks of our wretched family, and has proved himself worthy of being a father to us. My sister Caroline attended to the education of Alphonso, and was attached to the agricultural establishment of the colony.

Leaving Senegal with my husband and the young Alphonso Fleury, my cousin, on board his Majesty's ship *Menagere*, on the 18th November 1820, we safely arrived at L'Orient on the 31st December following. A few days after our landing, we were in France, where we remained two months. At last we reached my husband's native place, at Bilgny-sous-Beaune, in the department of the Cote d'Or, where I have had the happiness of finding new relations whose tender friendship consoles me in part for the loss of those of whom cruel death deprived me in Africa.

The following is the constitution, abridged from MM. Corréard and Savigny, of what took place on the Raft during thirteen days before the sufferers were taken up by the Argus Brig.

After the boats had disappeared, the consternation became extreme. All the horrors of thirst and famine pressed before our imaginations; besides, we had to contend with the torments which arise from the covering of the half of our bodies. The deep stupor of the soldiers and sailors instantly changed to despair. All saw their inevitable destruction, and expressed by their moans the dark thoughts which brooded in their minds. Our words were at first unavailing to quiet their fears, which we participated with them, but which a greater strength of mind enabled us to dissemble. At last, an unmoved countenance, and our proffered consolations, quieted them by degrees, but could not entirely dissipate the terror with which they were seized.

When tranquillity was a little restored, we began to search about the raft for the charts, the compass, and the anchor, which we presumed had been placed upon it, after what we had been told at the time of quitting the frigate.*

These things, of the first importance, had not been placed upon our machine. Above all, the want of a compass, the most alarmed us, and we gave vent to our rage and vengeance. M. Corréard then remembered he had seen one in the hands of one of the principal workmen under his command: he spoke to the man, who replied, "Yes, yes, I have it with me." This information transported us, for it was the only one which our safety depended upon this little resource: it was about the size of a crown-piece, and very incorrect. Those who have not been in situations in which their existence was exposed to extreme peril, can have but a faint knowledge of the price one attaches then to the simplest objects, which with a little more of the slightest means capable of mitigating the rigour of that late against which they contend. The compass was given to the commander of the raft, but an accident deprived us of it for ever: it fell, and disappeared between the pieces of wood which formed our raft. We had kept it but a few hours, and, after its loss, had nothing new to guide us but the rising and setting of the sun.

We had all gone afoot without taking any food. Hunger beginning to be imperiously felt, we mixed our paste of biscuit [which had fallen into the sea, and was with difficulty recovered] with a little wine, and distributed it thus prepared. Such was our first meal, and the best we had during our stay upon the raft.

An order, according to our numbers, was established for the distribution of our miserable provisions. The ration of bread was fixed at three quarters of a loaf. We will speak no more of the biscuit, it having been entirely consumed at the first distribution. The day passed away sufficiently tranquil. We talked of the means by which we would save ourselves; we spoke of it as a certain circumstance, which would give us courage. We sustained that of the soldiers, by cherishing in them the hope of being able, in a short while, to revenge themselves on those who had so basely abandoned us. The word of vengeance, it must be avowed, equally animated us all; and we poured out a thousand imprecations against those who had left us a prey to so much misery and danger.

The officer who commanded the raft being unable to move, M. Savigny took upon himself the duty of erecting the mast. He caused them to cut in two one of the poles of the fragments of the mast, and fastened the rope which had served to tow us, and to which we made fast, and shrouds. It was placed on the anterior third of the raft. We put up for a sail the main-top-gallant, which trimmed very well, but was of very little use, except in the wind served from behind; and to keep the raft in this position we were obliged to trim the sail as if the breeze blew athwart us.

In the evening, our hearts and our prayers, by a feeling natural to the unfortunate, were turned towards Heaven. Surrounded by inevitable dangers, we addressed that invisible being, whose has established, and who maintains the order of the universe. Our vows were fervent, and we experienced from our prayers the cheering influence of hope. It is necessary to have been in similar situations, before one can rightly imagine what a charm it is to the heart of the sufferer the sublime idea of God.

One consoling thought still soothed our imaginations. We persuaded ourselves that the little division had gone to the Isle of Arguin, and that after it had set a part of its people on shore, the rest would return to our assistance; and endeavoured to impress this idea on our soldiers and sailors, which quickly took effect. The calm without our hope being realised; the wind freshened, and the sea was considerably swelled. What a horrible night! The thought of seeing the boats on the morrow a little consoled our men, the greater part of whom, being under the impression that the boats would return, each movement of the raft. M. Savigny, seconded by some people who still preserved their presence of mind amidst the disorder, stretched cords across the raft, by which the men held, and were better able to resist the swell of the sea: some were even obliged to fasten themselves

called from the raft to an officer on board the frigate, "Are we in a condition to take the route?—have we instruments and charts?" got the following reply: "Yes, yes, I have provided for you every necessary." M. Corréard then called to him, "Who was to be the pilot and commander?" when the same officer said, "I! I will be with you in an instant;" but he instantly went and seated himself in one of the boats.—TRANS.

* The original French is *trois quarts*, which certainly cannot mean *three quarts*; in all probability it is three pints.—TRANS.

selves. In the middle of the night the weather was very rough; huge waves burst upon us, sometimes overturning us with great violence. The cries of the men mingled with the roaring of the flood, whilst the terrible sea raised us at every instant from the raft, and threw us to and fro, so that we were unable to stand. It was more terrible, by the horrors inspired by the darkness of the night. Suddenly we believed we saw fires in the distance at intervals. We had had the precaution to hang at the top of the mast, the gunpowder and pistols which we had brought on board. We made signals by burning a large quantity of cartridges; we even fired some pistols, but it seems the fire we saw, was nothing but an error of vision, or, perhaps, nothing more than the sparkling of the waves.

Towards seven o'clock, during the whole of the night, holding firmly by the ropes which were made very secure. Tossed by the waves from the back to the front, and from the front to the back, and sometimes precipitated into the sea; floating between life and death, mourning our misfortunes, certain of our destruction, and, nevertheless, the remainder of our existence, with that cruel element which threatened to engulf us. Such was our condition till daybreak. At every instant we heard the lamentable cries of the soldiers and sailors; they prepared for death, bidding farewell to one another, imploring forgiveness, and offering up their last prayers to God. Every one made vows to him, in spite of the certainty of never being able to accomplish them. Frightful situation! How is it possible to have any idea of it, which will not fall short of the reality!

Towards seven o'clock, during the whole of the night, the wind blew less furiously; but what a scene presented itself to our view! Ten or twelve unfortunates, having their inferior extremities fixed in the openings between the pieces of the raft, had perished by being unable to disengage themselves; several others were swept away by the violence of the sea. At the hour of repast, we took the numbers anew; we had lost twenty men. We will not affirm that this was the exact number; for we perceived some soldiers who, to have more than their share, took rations for two, and even three; we were so weary, that we were not able to do so. It was absolutely impossible to prevent this abuse.

In the midst of these horrors a touching scene of filial piety drew our tears. Two young men raised and recognised their father, who had fallen, and was lying in the sea. They were both young, and of a fine figure. The him at first dead, and their despair was expressed in the most afflicting manner. It was perceived, however, that he still breathed, and every assistance was rendered for his recovery in our power. He slowly revived, and was restored to life, and to the presence of his son, who supported him, closely folded in their arms. Whilst our hearts were softened by this affecting episode in our melancholy adventures, we had soon to witness the sad spectacle of a dark contrast. Two ship-boys and a baker forced to seek death, and threw themselves into the sea, after having bid farewell to their comrades in misfortune. Already the minds of our people were singularly altered; some believed they saw land, others ships which were coming to save us; all talked aloud of their fallacious visions.

At this moment we were far from anticipating the still more terrible scene which took place on the following night; far from that, we enjoyed a positive satisfaction, so well were we persuaded that the boats would return to us. The day was fine, and the most perfect tranquillity reigned on board. The night of our evening came, and no boats appeared. Despondency began to seize our men, and then a spirit of insubordination manifested itself in cries of rage. The voice of the sea was entirely disregarded. Night fell rapidly in, the sky dark and cloudy, and the clouds dark and threatening. During the whole of the day, had blown rather violently, became furious and swelled the sea, which in an instant became very rough.

The preceding night had been frightful, but this was still more so. Mountains of water covered us at every instant, and burst with fury into the midst of us. We fortunately were had the wind from behind, and the strength of the sea was a little broken by the rapidity with which the waves were driven before it. We were impelled towards the north, the wind rising from the east, and the waves hurried from the back to the front; we were obliged to keep to the centre, the firmest part of the raft, and those who could not get there almost all perished. Before and behind the waves dashed impetuously, and swept away the men in spite of their resistance. At the centre the pressure was such, that some unfortunates were suf-

focated by the weight of their comrades, who fell upon at every instant. The officers kept by the foot of the little mast, and were obliged every moment to call to those around them to go to the one or the other side to avoid the water. For some time the sailors, who gave our raft nearly a perpendicular position, to contract which they were forced to throw themselves upon the side raised by the sea.

The soldiers and sailors, frightened by the presence of almost insupportable fear, doubted that they had reached the land. Firmly believing they were lost, they resolved to soothe their last moments by drinking till they lost their reason. We had no power to oppose this disorder. They seized a cask which was in the centre of the raft, made a hole in the end of it, and reached the water by cups, took each a pretty large quantity, but they were obliged to cease, for the sea-water rushed into the hole they had made. The fumes of the wine failed not to disorder their brains, already weakened by the presence of danger and want of food. Thus excited, they became deaf to the voice of common sense. They wished to involve, in one common ruin, all their companions in misfortune. They avowedly expressed their intention of freeing themselves from their officers, who, they said, wished to oppose their design; and then to destroy the raft, by cutting the ropes which united it to the sea. They immediately offered they resolved to put their plans in execution. One of them advanced upon the side of the raft with a boarding-axe, and began to cut the cords. This was the signal of revolt. We stepped forward to prevent these insane mortals, and he who was armed with a hatchet, with which he even threatened an officer, fell the first victim; a stroke of a sabre terminated his existence.

This man was an Asiatic, and a soldier in a colonial regiment. Of a colossal stature, short hair, a nose extremely large, and a countenance which was almost black. He made a most hideous appearance. At first he placed himself in the middle of the raft, and, at each blow of his fist, knocked down every one who opposed him; he inspired the greatest terror, and none dared approach him. Had there been six such, our destruction would have been certain.

Some men, anxious to prolong their existence, armed and united themselves with those who wished to preserve the raft; among this number were some subaltern officers and many passengers. The rebels drew their sabres, and, without waiting for the order, they rushed forward, and advanced in a determined manner upon us; we stood on our defence; the attack commenced. Animated by despair, one of them aimed a stroke at an officer; the rebel instantly fell, pierced with wounds. This firmness saved the persons of our instant, but diminished nothing of their rage. They cried to advance, and withdrew, presenting to us a front bristling with sabres and bayonets, to the back part of the raft to execute their plan. One of them feigned to rest himself on the small railings on the sides of the raft, and with a knife began cutting the cords. Being surprised by this treachery, and perceiving that he wished to defend him, struck at the officer with his knife, which only pierced his coat; the officer wheeled round, seized his adversary, and threw both him and his comrade into the sea.

There had been as yet but partial affairs; the combat now became general. Some one cried to lower the sail; a crowd of infuriated mortals threw themselves in an instant upon the halyards, the shrouds, and cut them. The fall of the mast almost broke the thigh of a captain of infantry, who fell insensible. He was seized by the soldiers, who carried him to the rear. We were obliged to put him on a barrel, whence he was taken by the rebels, who wished to put out his eyes with a penknife. Exasperated by so much brutality, we no longer restrained ourselves, but rushed in upon them, and charged them with fury. They were obliged to retreat, and we were enabled to reform, and many paid with their lives the errors of their revolt. Various passengers, during these cruel moments, evinced the greatest courage and coolness.

M. Corréard fell into a sort of swoon; but hearing at every instant the cry, *Thou art with us, comrades, we are lost!* joined with the rest of the crew, and, wounded and dying, was soon roused from his lethargy. All this horrible tumult speedily made him comprehend how necessary it was to be upon his guard. Armed with his sabre, he gathered together some of his workmen on the raft, and then he went to the fore part of the raft, unless they were attacked. He almost always remained with them; and several times they had to defend themselves against the rebels, who, swimming round to the point of the raft, placed M. Corréard and his little troop between two dangers, and made their position very

difficult to defend. At every instant he was opposed to men armed with knives, sabres, and bayonets. Many had carabines which they wielded as clubs. Every effort was made to stop them, by holding them off at the point of the bayonet, or by striking them with the butt of the pike. In fighting with their wretched countrymen, they were compelled to use their arms without mercy. Many of the mutineers attacked with fury, and they were obliged to repel them in the same manner. Some of the sailors received mortal wounds in this action. Their commander could show no great number of the different engagements. At last their united efforts prevailed in dispersing this mass who had attacked them with such fury.

During this combat, M. Corréard was hit by one of his workmen who, named Dominique, had one of our comrades, named Dominique, had gone over to the rebels, and that they had seized and thrown him into the sea. Immediately forgetting the fault and treason of this man, he threw himself in at the place whence the voice of the French was heard, and, for instance, seized him by the hair, and had the good fortune to restore him on board. Dominique had got several sabre wounds in a charge, one of which had laid open his head. In spite of the darkness we found out the wound, which seemed very large. One of the workmen gave his handkerchief to bind and stop the wound, and then he returned to his post. When he had collected strength, the ungrateful Dominique, forgetting at once his duty and the signal service which we had rendered him, went and rejoined the rebels. So much baseness and insanity did not go unrevenged; and soon after he found, in a fresh assault, that death from which he was not worthy to be saved, but which he might in all probability have avoided, if, true to honour and gratitude, he had remained among us.

Just at the moment we finished dressing the wounds of Dominique, and of our comrade, we saw a woman, an unfortunate female who was with us on the raft, and who the infuriated beings had thrown into the sea, as well as her husband, who had defended her with courage. M. Corréard, in despair at seeing two unfortunates perish, whose pitiful cries, especially the woman's, pierced his heart, seized a small boat, and, without waiting for the order, he fastened round his middle, and throwing himself a second time into the sea, was again so fortunate as to save the woman, who invoked, with all her might, the assistance of our Lady of Land. Her husband was rescued, and the woman, who had been a hard workman, a laundress, and a washerwoman, named Marie-Louise Laviette. We laid these unfortunates on the bayonets, supporting their backs with a barrel. In a short while they recovered their senses. The first thing the woman did was to acquaint herself with the name of the man who had saved her, and to express to him her liveliest gratitude. Finding doubters, that her words but ill expressed her feelings, she recollected she had in her pocket a little snuff, and instantly offered it to him—it was all she possessed. Touched with the gift, but unable to use it, M. Corréard gave it to a poor sailor, which served him as a stimulant. We were all willing for us to describe a still more affecting scene—the joy this unfortunate couple testified, when they had sufficiently recovered their senses, at finding they were both saved.

The rebels being repulsed, as it has been stated above, let us now repose. The moon lighted with her melancholy rays our dark bayonets. We were obliged to be very much on our guard, as many cruel misfortunes, a madness so insensate, a courage so heroic, and the most generous—the most amiable sentiments of nature and humanity.

The moon, which had been so bright, but a little before, was now obscured by the clouds. We were established with swords and bayonets, and thrown both together into a stormy sea, could scarcely credit their senses when they found themselves in one another's arms. The woman was a native of the Upper Alps, which place she had left twenty-four years before, and during which time she had followed the French arms in their campaigns in Italy, and other places, as a sutler. "Therefore preserve my life," said she to M. Corréard, "you see I am an useful woman. Ah! if you knew how often I have ventured upon the field of battle, and braved death to carry assistance to our brave soldiers. When they had money they gave it to me, and when they had no money, they gave me or not, I always let them have my good-will. Therefore a battle would deprive me of my poor debtors; but after the victory, others would pay me double or triple for what they had consumed before the victory. Unfortunate woman! I am a native of the Alps, and I have been a sutler during all my life. They felt, they expressed so vividly that happiness which they also so shortly enjoyed, that it would have drawn tears from the most obscure heart. But in that horrible moment, when we scarcely breathed from the

most furious attack,—when we were obliged to be continually on our guard, not only against the violence of the men, but of most boisterous sea, few among us had time to attend to scenes of conjugal affection.

At this season of the year the soldiers were suddenly appeased, and gave place to the most abject cowardice. Several threw themselves at our feet, and implored our pardon, which was instantly granted. Thinking that order was re-established, we returned to our station on the coast of the raft. Only taking the precaution of leaving the sentries, we, however, had soon to prove the impossibility of counting on the permanence of any honest sentiment in the hearts of these beings.

It was nearly midnight; and after an hour of apparent tranquillity, the soldiers rose afresh. Their mind was excited by the view of the sea, and the prospect of the bay, and the sight of the sentries, who were armed with bayonets in their hands. As they yet had all their physical strength, and besides were armed, we were obliged again to stand on our defence. Their revolt became still more dangerous, as, in their delirium, they were entirely deaf to the voice of reason. They attacked us by the aid of their dead bodies. Those of our adversaries who had no weapons endeavoured to tear us with their sharp teeth. Many of us were cruelly bitten. M. Savigny was torn on the legs and the shoulder; he also received a wound on the leg, and arm, which drew blood. He was, however, and little finge for a long while. Many others were wounded; and many cuts were found in our clothes from knives and sabres.

One of our workmen was also seized by four of the rebels, who wished to throw him into the sea. One of them had laid hold of his right leg, and had but most unmercifully the tendon above the heel; others were striking him with great slashes of their sabres, and with the butt end of their guns, when his cries made us hasten to his assistance. To the affair, we brave availed, and, in a few minutes, the foot artillery of the Old Guard, belayed with a courage worthy of the greatest praise. He rushed upon the infuriated beings in the manner of M. Corréard, and soon snatched the workman from the danger which menaced him. Some short while after, in a fresh attack of the rebels, M. Corréard fell into their hands; and, in the midst of their delirium, they had taken him for Lieutenant Danglas, of whom we have formerly spoken, and who had abandoned the raft at the moment when we were quitting the frigate. The troop, to a man, eagerly sought this officer, who had been killed, and they were very reproachful, having used him ill during the time they garrisoned the Isle of Rhe. We believed this officer lost, but hearing his voice, we soon found it still possible to save him. Immediately M. M. Clairet, Savigny, L'Heureux, Laville, Coudin, Corréard, and some workmen, formed themselves into small platoons, and rushed upon the insurgents with great impetuosity, overturning every one in their way, and retook M. Lozach, and placed him on the centre of the raft.

The preservation of this officer cost us infinite difficulty. Every moment the soldiers demanded he be delivered to them, designating him always by the name of Danglas. We endeavoured to make them comprehend their mistake, and told them that they themselves had seen the person for whom they sought return on board the frigate. They were insensible to every thing but the cry of Danglas! and they continued to demand his head. It was only by force of arms we succeeded in repressing their rage, and quieting their dreadful cries of death.

Horrible night! thou shroudest with thy gloomy veil these cruel combats, over which presided the cruel demon of despair.

We had also to tremble for the life of M. Coudin. Wounded and fatigued by the attacks which he had sustained with us, and in which he had shown a courage worthy of every hero, he was resting on the deck of a barrel, holding in his arms a young sailor boy of twenty years of age, to whom he had attached himself. The mutineers seized him with his barrel, and threw him into the sea, with the boy, whom he still held fast. In spite of his burden, he had the presence of mind to lay hold of the raft, and to draw himself from the treacherous peril.

We cannot yet comprehend how a handful of men should have been able to resist such a number so monstrously insane. We are sure we were not more than twenty to combat all these madmen. Let it not, however, be surprising that we were able to stand up to them, we had preserved our reason entire. Fear, anxiety, and the most cruel privations, had greatly changed our intellectual faculties. But being somewhat less insane than the unfortunate soldiers, we energetically opposed their

determination of cutting the cords of the raft. Permit us now to make some observations concerning the different sensations with which we were affected.

During the first day, M. Griffin entirely lost his senses. He threw himself into the sea, and M. Savigny gave him with his own hands. His words were vague and unconnected. A second time he threw himself in, but by a sort of instinct, kept hold of the cross pieces of the raft, and was again saved.

He then felt what M. Savigny experienced in the beginning of the night. His eyes closed in spite of himself, and he felt a general drowsiness. In this condition the most delightful visions flitted across his imagination. He saw around him a country covered with the most beautiful plantations, and found himself in the midst of objects dear to his senses. Nevertheless, he retained recollection concerning his condition, and felt that courage alone could withdraw him from this species of non-existence. He demanded some wine from the master-gunner, who got it for him, and he recovered a little from this state of stupor. If the unfortunate who were assailed by these primary symptoms had not strength to withstand them, their death was certain. Some became furious; others threw themselves into the sea, bidding farewell to their comrades with the utmost coolness. Some said—

“Fare nothing; I am going to get you assistance, and will return in about half an hour.” In the midst of this mad madness, some wretches were seen rushing upon their companions, sword in hand, demanding a *wing of a chicken* and some bread to appease the hunger which consumed them; others asked for their hammocks, to go to sleep *between the decks of the frigate*; to take a *little repose*. Many believed they were still on the decks of the Medusa, surrounded by the same objects they there saw daily. Some saw ships, and called to them for assistance, or a fine harbour, in the distance of which was a beautiful bay, and a fine coast, and a fine city, and a fine travelling through the beautiful fields of Italy. An officer said to him—“I recollect we have been abandoned by the boats; but fear nothing. I am going to write to the governor, and in a few hours we shall be saved.” M. Corréard replied in the same tone, and as if he had been in his ordinary state, *between the decks of the frigate*, and *in the middle of the sea*. “What is the matter with you?” he said, “orders with such celerity?” The cries and the confusion soon roused us from this languor; but when tranquillity was somewhat restored, we again fell into the same drowsy condition. On the morrow, we felt as if we had awoken from a painful dream, and of our companions, who had fallen into their sleep, had not seen combats, and heard cries of despair. Some replied, that the same visions had continually tormented them, and that they were exhausted with fatigue. Every one believed he was deceived by the illusions of a horrible dream.

After those different combats, overcome with toil, with want of food and sleep, we laid ourselves down and reposed till the morrow dawned, and showed us the horror of the scene. A great number in the fourth part had thrown themselves into the sea. We found thirty-six of sixty-two men, who had been on the raft, and, at least, we supposed had drowned themselves in despair. We only lost two of our number, neither of whom were officers. The deepest dejection was painted on every face; each, having recovered himself, could now feel the want of his companions. He related to us the most terrible scenes, bitterly deplored the rigour of our fate.

A new misfortune was now revealed to us. During the tumult, the rebels had thrown into the sea two barrels of wine, and the only two casks of water which we had upon the raft. Two casks of wine had been consumed, and the water was nearly exhausted. We had more than sixty in number, and we were obliged to put ourselves on half rations.

At break of day, the sea calmed, which permitted us again to erect our mast. Which it was replaced, we were obliged to do so, as the mast was broken, and we were murmured and blamed us for privations which we equally endured with them. They fell exhausted. We had taken nothing for forty-eight hours, and we had been obliged to struggle continually against a strong sea. We could, like them, hardly support ourselves; courage alone could have enabled us to stand up to them. We were obliged to catch fish, and, collecting all the hooks and eyes from the soldiers, made fish-hooks of them, but all was of no avail. The currents carried our lines under the raft, where they got entangled. We bent a bayonet to cut them, and, in doing so, we were obliged to abandon our project. Something was absolutely necessary to sustain our miserable existence, and we tremble with horror at our inability to tell that of which we made use. We feel our pen fall from our hands; a mor-

tal cold congeals all our members, and our hair bristles erect on our foreheads. Reader! we implore you, feel not indignant towards men already overladen with misery. Pity their condition, and shed a tear of sorrow for their distress.

The wretches, whose death had spared during the disastrous night we have described, seized upon the dead bodies with which the raft was covered, cutting them up by slices, which some even instantly devoured. Many nevertheless refrained. Almost all the officers were of this number. Seeing that this monstrous and disgusting strength of those who had used it, it was proposed to dry it, to make it a little more palatable. Those who had firmness to abstain from it, took an additional quantity of wine. We endeavoured to eat shoulder-belts and buttons, and to swallow some small bits of them. Some eat linen: others the leathers of the hats, on which was a little grease, or rather dirt. We had recourse to many expedients to prolong our miserable existence, to recount which would only disgust the heart of humanity.

The day was calm and beautiful. A ray of hope beamed for a moment to quiet our agitation. We still expected to see the boats or some ships, and addressed our prayers to the Eternal, on whom we placed our trust. The half of our men were extremely feeble, and bore the heat of the sun with great difficulty. This sight struck us most forcibly, as it told us we would be soon extended in the same manner in the same place. We gave their bodies to the sea for a grave, reserving only one to feed those who, but the day before, had held his trembling hands, and sworn to him eternal friendship. This day was beautiful. Our souls, anxious for more delightful sensations, were in harmony with the aspect of the heavens, and got again a new ray of hope. Towards four in the afternoon, an unlooked for event happened, which gave us some ground for our departure, and we were obliged to leave the raft, and as there was an infinite number of openings between the pieces that composed it, the fish were entangled in great quantities. We threw ourselves upon them, and captured a considerable number. We took about two hundred and put them in an empty barrel, and, depending to be rekindled in the morning, we were obliged to eat them. This food seemed delicious; but one man would have required a thousand. Our first emotion was to give God renewed thanks for this unlooked for favour.

In a ounce of gunpowder having been found in the morning, was dried in the sun during the day, which was very fine; a steel, gun-flints, and tinder made also a part of the same parcel. After a good deal of difficulty we set fire to some fragments of dry linen. We made a large opening in the side of an empty cask, and placed at the bottom of it several small drums, and upon this kind of scaffolding we set our fire; all of which we placed on a barrel that the sea might not extinguish it. We cooked some fish and eat them with extreme avidity; but our hunger was such, and our portion so small, that we added some gunpowder to our food, and this mixture rendered less revolting. This some of the officers touched for the first time. From this day we continued to eat it; but we could no longer dress it, the means of making it have been entirely lost; the barrel having caught fire we extinguished it without being able to do so. The powder and tinder were entirely done. This meal gave us all additional strength to support our fatigues. The night was tolerable, and would have been happy, had it not been signalled by a new misfortune.

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ing right upon us. We rushed from our tent; even those whom enormous wounds in their inferior extremities had confined for many days, dragged themselves to the back of the raft, to enjoy a sight of the ship which had come to save us from certain death. We embraced one another with a transport which looked much like madness, and tears of joy trickled down our cheeks, witnessed by the most cruel privations. Each seized handkerchiefs, or some pieces of linen, to make signals to the brig, which was rapidly approaching us. Some fell on their knees, and fervently returned thanks to Providence for this miraculous preservation of their lives. Our joy redoubled when we saw at the top of the fore-mast a large white flag, and we cried, "It is then to Frenchmen we will owe our deliverance." We instantly recognized the brig to be the *Argus*; it was the *Argus* that we had seen on the shoals, announced to us, by the waving of their hands and hats, the pleasure they felt at coming to the assistance of their unfortunate countrymen. In a short time we were all transported on board the brig; we found the lieutenant of the frigate, and some others who had been wrecked with us. Compassion was painted on every face; and pity drew tears from every eye which beheld us. We found some excellent broth on board the brig, which they had prepared, and when they had perceived us they added to it some wine, and thus restored our nearly exhausted strength. They bestowed on us the most generous care and attention; our wounds were dressed, and on the morrow many of our sick began to revive. Some however, still suffered much, for they were placed between decks, very near the kitchen, which augmented the almost insupportable heat of these hold-rooms. This want of space arose from the small size of the vessel. The number of the shipwrecked was indeed very considerable. Those who did not belong to the navy were laid upon cables, wrapped in flags, and placed under the fire of the kitchen. Here they had almost perished during the course of the night, fire having broken out between decks about ten o'clock; but timely assistance being rendered, we were saved for the second time. We had scarcely escaped when some became again delirious. An officer of infantry wished to throw himself into the sea, to look for his pocket-book, and would have done it had he not been prevented. Others were seized in a manner not less frenzied.

The commander and officers of the brig watched over us, and kindly anticipated our wants. They snatched us from death, by saving us from the raft; their unremitting care revived within us the spark of life. The surgeon of the ship, M. Renaud, distinguished himself for his indefatigable zeal. He was obliged to spend the whole of the day in dressing our wounds; and during the two days we were on the brig, he bestowed on us all the aid of his art, with an attention and gentleness which merit our eternal gratitude.

In truth, it was time we should find an end of our sufferings; they had lasted thirteen days in the most cruel manner. The strongest among us might have lived forty-eight hours, or so longer. M. Corraed felt that he must die in the course of the day; he had, however, a presentiment that he would be saved. He said, that a series of events so unheard of would not be buried in oblivion; that Providence would at least preserve some of us to tell the world the melancholy story of our misfortunes.

Such is the faithful history of those who were left upon the miserable raft. Of one hundred and fifty, fifteen only were saved. Five of that number never recovered their fatigue, and died at St. Louis. Those who yet live are covered with scars; and the cruel sufferings to which they have been exposed, have materially shaken their constitution.—*Naufrage de la Frégate la Méduse*: par A. Corraed et J. B. H. Savigny. Second Edition. Paris, Bro. 1818.

THE END.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF THE Chevalier Charles Stuart, AND HISTORY OF THE REBELLION IN SCOTLAND In 1745, 1746.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS,

Author of Traditions of Edinburgh, History of Scotland, &c.

First American from the third Edinburgh edition.

INTRODUCTION.

Mr. Chambers is less known in America as an author, than he deserves to be. He is a fascinating writer, and in the following narrative has wrought up an authentic picture of real life, to equal in interest any fiction of ancient or modern date. No fragment connected with Scottish history will compare with it, unless it be the Life of the unfortunate Queen Mary.

The author has fortified his text by the insertion of his numerous authorities and other matter in the form of notes. We have retained all of these which would add any thing to the value or interest of the book, the reader being sufficiently guaranteed.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

My chief object in the composition of this work, has been scarcely so much to write a history, in the accepted sense of the word, as to give a picture of that extraordinary and memorable warlike peasant, which passed through our country in 1745, and the recollection of which still excites so many feelings of a powerfully agitating nature in the bosoms of my countrymen. I have been induced to forego what is called the philosophy of history, by a conviction that the merit of the subject, and the interest which any picture of it which involves, but purely in its externally romantic character. It has also appeared to me, that of all the numerous publications, authentic and otherwise, professing to commemorate the story, we have no one which aims at giving all the facts, and at the same time, so interesting in it, while most of them run riot in religious and political cant, and in still more loathsome adulation of the triumphant party. It has also been pressed upon my notice, that there is in reality no work upon the subject at all suitable to the spirit of modern literature, or which is sufficiently copious in its details to satisfy the present generation, now so entirely removed by distance of time from that of the ear and eye witness. To gratify the increased and increasing curiosity of the public, regarding this transaction of their ancestors—to strain from the subject all the morbid slang which it has been hitherto incorporated and to compile a lively current narrative, doing as much justice as might be, to the gallant enterprise and outward wonders of the story—seemed to me objects which, with a proper degree of industry, and spirit prepared to sympathise with the truth of history, something might be produced comprehending the merits of both—that is to say, uniting the solid information of an historical narrative with the amusement and extensive popularity of a historical novel. For the accomplishment of this purpose, I set myself, in the first place, to collect every characteristic fact, and, as far as possible, every interesting piece of information, which had been consigned to print, or which were accessible to me in manuscript. In the second place, I followed most of the tracks of the Highland army, and visited, in particular, all their fields of action; enquiring anxiously into the local traditions, and adopting whatever

was presented to me in a credible shape, as generally countenanced by more authentic documents; sometimes having even the good fortune to converse with eye witnesses.

In the third place, I obtained much information and anecdote from those narrators of the Jacobite party,—those few and fast disappearing votaries of a perished idea, who, like the last stars of night lingering on the grey savelle of morn, still survive to dignify this world of expediency, liberality, and all uncharitableness, with their stately old manners and primitive simplicity of heart. The whole result I have endeavored to embody in one continued narrative; and the public is now to judge, whether a style of history alternately romantic and humorous, following all the inflections, and shifting through all the changes of the subject,—be preferable to the common strain of the modern novel. The subject varied subject with all the uncompromising austerity of an African simoom, swallowing solitary camels, and overwhelming whole cities, with the same inexorable indifference.

GENEALOGICAL AND HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

JAMES, sixth of Scotland and first of England, was the immediate ancestor of the present King, and those pretensions for the throne of Great Britain form the subject of this work. He was succeeded, at his death, in 1625, by his eldest surviving son Charles.

CHARLES I. after a reign of twenty-three years, the latter portion of which had been spent in war with a party of his subjects, perished on the scaffold in 1649.

CHARLES II. eldest son of Charles I. lived in exile for eleven years after the death of his father, during which the government was vested in a parliament and afterwards in a protectorate. He was at length placed upon the throne, May 1660. This event is known in British history by the title of "the Restoration." Charles died without legitimate issue in 1685, and was succeeded by his brother James, who had previously been entitled the Duke of York.

JAMES, was fifty-three years of age when he mounted the throne. In his youth he had, as admiral of England, shown a talent for business, and great skill in naval affairs; but his character was now marked by symptoms of premature dotage. A devoted and bigoted catholic, he endeavored, with all his power, to restore that religion, which his own countrymen had abandoned, and generally averse. This he alienated the affections of his subjects, but more especially of the clergy, who were otherwise disposed to have been his most zealous friends. The compliance of bad judges, and some imperfections of the British constitution, left it in his power to take the decided arbitrary measures, which he thought proper to object; and he attempted to establish as a maxim, that he could do whatever he pleased by a proclamation of his own, without the consent of parliament. Finally, his obstinacy and infatuation rendered it necessary for all parts of the state to seek his deposition. By a coalition of Whigs and Tories, it was resolved to call in the assistance of William Prince of Orange, nephew and son-in-law to the king. William landed upon the southern coast of England, with an army of sixteen thousand men, partly his own, native subjects, and partly Dutch, on the 5th of November 5, he proceeded to London. James was deserted by his army, by his friends, and even by his own children; and in a confusion of mind, the result of fear and offended feelings, he retired to France. William, at the head of an irresistible force, entered the city of London, and was proclaimed king, by an anomaly in the custom of the British government, but sanctioned by the exigency of the occasion, then declared that James had abdicated the throne and resolved to offer the crown to William and his consort Mary. In British history, this event is termed the Revolution.

WILLIAM III. daughter of Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I. and who married his cousin Mary, eldest daughter of James II. thus assumed the crown in company with his consort; while James remained in exile in France. Mary died in 1695, and King William then became sole monarch. In consequence of a fall from his horse, he died in 1701.

ANNE, second daughter of King James II. was then placed upon the throne. James meanwhile died in France, leaving a son, James, born in England June 10, 1688, the heir of his unhappy father's throne, known in British history by the epithet of the Pretender, and more popularly by his *incognito* title, the Chevalier St. George, continued an exile in France, supported by his cousin Louis XIV. and by the subsidies of his English adherents. Anne, after a reign of thirteen years, distinguished by extensive military and literary glory, died without issue,

August 1, 1713. During the life of this sovereign, the crown had been desired by, and act of parliament to the nearest Protestant heir, Sophia, Electress of Hanover, daughter of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, the daughter of King James VI. Sophia having predeceased Queen Anne, she descended of course to her son George, Elector of Hanover, who accordingly came over to England and assumed the sovereignty, to the exclusion of his cousin the Chevalier.

GEORGE II. was scarcely seated on the throne, when an insurrection was raised against him by the friends of his rival. It was suppressed, however; and he continued to reign, almost without further disturbance, till his death in 1727.

GEORGE II. acceded to the crown on the death of his father. Meanwhile, the Chevalier St. George had married Clementina, grand-daughter of John Sobieski, the heroic king of Poland, by whom he had a son, Charles Edward Lewis Casimir, born December 31, 1720, the hero of the civil war of 1745, and another son, Henry Benedict, born 1725, afterwards well known by the name of Cardinal de York. James was himself a man of weak character, to which the failure of his attempt in 1715 is mainly to be attributed. But the blood of Sobieski seems to have conferred that quality in his eldest son, whose daring and talent, as displayed in 1745-6, did every thing but retrieve the fortunes of his family.

CHAPTER I.

PRINCE CHARLES'S LANDING.

Genus—Quo est ibi?

Faciunt—Patriam, pavorum genitrix, France.

King Henry the 8th.

On the 20th of June 1745, Prince Charles embarked at the mouth of the Loire, on board the *Doutelle*, a frigate of sixteen guns; designing to raise an insurrection in the dominions from which his grandfather had been expelled, and attempt the restoration of his family to the throne. He was joined at Belleisle by the Elizabeth, an old war-vessel of sixty guns, having on board about two thousand muskets, and five or six hundred French broad-swords. Accompanied by no officer of experience, and carrying with him a sum of money under four thousand pounds, he set his sole hopes on the success of the attachment of his British friends, and upon the circumstance of the country which he designed to invade being then, by reason of the continental war, destitute of troops. He had long been amused with hopes of assistance from France, whose interest it might have been thus to cause a diversion in favour of its arms. In the preceding year, a strong armament had been fitted out by that government to accompany him to Britain; but it was prevented by a storm from reaching its destination; and there seemed now no necessity to renew it, since the French arms had achieved victory by the victory of Fontenoy. Charles was therefore induced, by his youthful ardour, to throw himself upon the affection of those whom he considered his father's natural subjects, and to peril his whole cause upon the results of a civil war. His attachment was bold in the extreme, and involved a thousand chances of destruction to his leader and his army, and a destructive and expensive war which was seldom carried over since we adopted a foreign race of sovereigns; the navy had been almost cut to pieces in a recent defeat; the navy of England, generally so terrible, was engaged in distant expeditions; and the people were grumbling violently at the motives of the war, its progress, and the expense which it cost them.

Charles had not proceeded far on his voyage, when the Elizabeth was engaged and disabled by an English cruiser, and compelled to return to the port from whence she had departed. The friends of the cause of arms, and only retaining his money, he nevertheless proceeded on his course, and soon reached that remotest range of the Hebrides, which, comprising Lewis, Uist, Barra, and many others, is known by the epithet of the Long Island, from its appearing at a distance to form a single conti-

nent. It was his intention to land in the Highlands of Scotland, a district where many had long wished to see their king

“come o’er the water,”

and where the peculiar constitution of society was in a singular degree favourable to his views. From the landed proprietors of this rude and uncultivated region he had received many assurances of assistance, but with the condition that he was to bring a considerable foreign force. In approaching their shores without either arms or troops, he trusted entirely to the impression of his own appearance, to the generosity of that primitive war-like people, and to the general merits of his cause.

On reaching the southern extremity of the Long Island, the seamen of the *Doutelle* were compelled, by the appearance of three English vessels at a distance, to seek concealment in one of the land-locked bays which are so numerously interspersed throughout that rocky archipelago. Having found the shelter they desired in the strait between South Uist and Eriska, the Prince determined to land and spend the night upon the latter island. He was conducted to the house of the *taskman* (a name of high priest), and learned that the chief of the clan, and his brother *Bosdale*, were upon the adjacent isle of South Uist, while young *Channarald*, the son of the chief, and a person in whom he had great confidence, was at Moidart upon the mainland. A messenger was despatched to desire an interview with *Bosdale*, and in the meantime Charles spent the night in the house of the *taskman*.

He returned on board his vessel next morning, and *Bosdale* soon after came to visit him. This gentleman was supposed to have great influence over the mind of his elder brother, the chief, who on account of his advanced age and bad health, did not take an active part in the management of his affairs. Charles knew that if *Bosdale* could be brought over to his views, the rising of the clan would be a matter of course. He was disappointed, however, in his attempt to that effect. *Bosdale*, in consequence of the extreme age of his father, had refused to engage in it. Charles at first requested him to go to the mainland and assist in engaging his nephew to take arms. The obstinate Highlander not only refused to do so, but asserted that he would do his utmost to prevent his kinsman from taking so imprudent a step. The ardent adventurer then desired him to become his ambassador to Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat and the Laird of MacLeod, the two principal landed proprietors in the extensive island of Skye, whose services he expected to command by a simple notification of his arrival; but *Bosdale* assured him that these important chiefs, notwithstanding their former negotiations with him, were determined not to support him, unless he brought a regular force; and had even desired him (*Bosdale*) to assure his royal highness of that being their resolution, in case he should touch at South Uist.

Charles could not help feeling disconcerted at *Bosdale*'s coldness; but he took care to show no symptom of depression. He ordered his ship to be unmoored, and set sail for the mainland, expressing a resolution to pursue the noble enterprise he had commenced. He carried *Bosdale* along with him for some miles, and disavoured, with all his eloquence, to make him relent and give a better answer. But the inexorable mountaineer continued to express the same unfavourable sentiments; and finally, descending into his boat, which hung astern, left him to follow his own hopeless course.

Continuing his voyage to the mainland, it was with a

dejected though still resolute heart, that, on the 19th July, Charles cast anchor in Lochannan, a small arm of the sea, partly dividing the countries of Moidart and Arisaig. The place which he thus chose for his disembarkation, was as wild and desolate a scene as he could have found throughout the dominions of his fathers. Yet it was yet so important, that if he did not succeed here, the enterprise would be abandoned. Charles perceived that at first met with from its people.

The first thing he did after casting anchor, was to send a boat ashore with a letter for young *Channarald*. That gallant and gifted young chieftain was inspired with the most enthusiastic affection for his cause; and Charles perceived, that if he did not succeed here, the enterprise was really desperate, and ought for the present to be abandoned. *Channarald* did not permit him to remain long in suspense. Next day (the 20th), he came to Forsy, a small village on the shore of the road in which the prince's vessel had anchored by his kinsmen, the lairds of Gensladie and Dally, and by another gentleman of his clan, who has left an intelligent journal of the subsequent events. “Calling for the ship’s boat,” says this writer, “we were immediately carried on board, our hearts bounding at the idea of being at length so near our long wished-for prince. We found a large tent erected with poles upon the ship’s deck, the interior of which was furnished with a variety of wines and spirits. On entering this pavilion, we were warmly welcomed by the Duke of Athole, to whom most of us had been known in the year 1715. While we were conversing with the Duke, *Channarald* was called away to see the prince, and we were given to understand that we should not probably see his royal highness that evening.”

Channarald, being introduced to Charles’s presence, proceeded to assure him that there was no possibility, under the circumstances, of taking up arms with any chance of success. In this he was joined by his relation *Kinlochmoidart*, whom Mr. Home has associated with him in the following romantic anecdote, though the journal of the Duke of Athole does not mention him. He seemed to despair by his interview with *Bosdale*, is said, by the historian just mentioned, to have addressed the two Highlanders with great emotion; and to have summed up with a great deal of eloquence all the reasons for now beginning the war: and finally, to have poured out his feelings in the following words:—“Will you not assist me?” “Will I will I will!” exclaimed *Raidal*, “though not another man in Athol would draw his sword; my prince, I am ready to die for you!” With tears and thanks, Charles acknowledged the loyalty of this gallant warrior, and only wished that he had a thousand such as he, to cut their way to the throne of England. The two obdurate chieftains were overpowered by this incident, which appealed so strongly to the feelings and prepossessions of a Highland bora; and they no longer expressed any wish to draw their swords, but their sword and rightful lord.

The prince then conversed with *Channarald*, according to the journalist, who was on board at the same time, occupied no less than three hours. The young chief then returned to his friends, who had spent that long

* Throughout this narrative, the custom of the country has been adopted, in designating the Scottish chiefs and landed proprietors by their family and territorial titles.

† The eldest son of a Highland chief always receives his father’s title, with the additional epithet of *Young*;—for instance, *Young Glengary*, *Young Lochiel*, &c. In the Lowlands, something like the same custom did, and lately, and perhaps still does exist, though it is more common to call him the *Young Laird*. Ludicrous instances sometimes occur of a man being called the young heir, when he is in reality far advanced in life.

space in the pavilion. "About half an hour after," says the journalist, "there entered the tent a TALL YOUTH of a most agreeable aspect, dressed in a plain black coat, with a plain shirt and a neckcloth, a country stock fixed with a plain silver buckle, a fair round wig out of the buckle, a plain hat, with a canvass strutter, one end of which was fixed to one of his coat buttons, black stockings, and brass buckles in his shoes. At the first appearance of this pleasing youth, I felt my heart is all in a flutter. But on a British gentleman, immediately told us that he was only a churchman, clergyman, who had long been possessed with a desire to see and converse with the Highlanders."

"At this entry," continues the same writer, "O'Brien forbade any of those who were sitting to rise; he saluted none of us, and very calmly, in a cheerful tone, I chanced to be one of those who were standing when he came in, and he took his seat near me; but he immediately started up again, and desired me to sit down by him upon a chest. Taking him at this time for only a passenger and a clergyman, I presumed to speak to him with perfect familiarity, though I could not but suppose a suspicion that he might turn out some greater man. One of the questions which he put to me in the course of conversation, regarded my Highland dress. He enquired if I did not feel cold in that habit; to which I answered, that I believe I should only feel cold in any other; to which he replied, that he was not interested to know how I lay with it at night. I replied, that the plaid served me for a blanket when sleeping; and I showed him how I wrapped it about my person for that purpose. At this he remarked, that I must be very warm for doing so, and that he was not used to it. I informed him that, during war, or any time of danger, we arranged the garment in such a way as to enable us to start at once to our feet, with a drawn sword in one hand and a cocked pistol in the other. After a little more conversation of this sort, the mysterious youth, who we saw and heard of no more, whispered to me to pledge the stranger, but not to drink to him; which confirmed me in my suspicions as to his real quality. Having taken a glass of wine in his hand, he drank to us all round, and soon after left the tent." At this time and year, the preceding day, Clanranald remained close in council with Charles, Marquis of Tullibardine, and Sir Thomas Sheridan, devoting means for raising the rest of the well affected clans, who were at this time reckoned to number twelve thousand men. On the 22d (July), that young chieftain was despatched with MacDonnell and young MacKenzie to Kinlochmoort, upon the embassy which Baisdale had refused to perform. They applied to both Sir Alexander Macdonald and the Laird of MacLeod; but these powerful chiefs, already sapped by the eloquence of Duncan Forbes, the lord president of the Court of Session, and so well remembered for his zeal in the service of government, returned the answer which Baisdale had formerly reported,—that, although they had promised to support his royal highness in case he came with a foreign force, they did not conceive themselves upon any obligation since he came so ill provided. The want of these great allies, who could have produced several Scottish grooms, was severely felt during the whole of the subsequent enterprise, which would have in all probability been successful had they joined it.

Charles came on shore, on the 25th; when the Duntellie, having also landed her stores, again set sail for France. He was accompanied by only seven men—the Marquis of Tullibardine, Sir Thomas Sheridan, an Irish gentleman, who had been tutor to the prince; Sir John Macdonald, an officer in the Spanish service; Francis Strickland, an English gentleman; Kelly, an English clergyman; James Macdonald, a banker in Paris, brother to the Macdonalds; and one Buchanan, a minister. He first went to the castle of Scottish ground at Bordale, a farm belonging to Clanranald, close by the south shore of Lochannagh, Bordale is a wild piece of country, forming a kind of mountainous tongue of land betwixt two bays. It was a place suitable, above all others, for the circumstances and designs of the prince, being remote and inaccessible, and, moreover, the very centre of that country where Charles's surest friends resided. It belongs to a tract of stern mountain land, prodigiously serrated by estuaries, which lies immediately to the north of the *dévoche* of the great river of Fife, and is separated from the Firth of Forth by a narrow strait, the *dévoche* of the Forth canal. In the very centre of the west coast of Scotland, it is not above an hundred and fifty miles from the capital. The Macdonalds, the Camerons, and the Stuarts, who possessed the adjacent territories, had been, since

the time of Montrose, invariably attached to the house of Stuart; had proved themselves irresistible at Kilsyth, Killcrankie, and Sheriffmuir; and were now, from their residence in the house of Disraeli-Ael, perhaps the fittest of all the clans to take the field.

During the absence of young Clanranald, into whose arms Charles had thus thrown himself, several gentlemen of the family collected a guard for his person, and he remained in the house and honoured guard, in the house of Bordale. Considering that no other chief had yet declared for him, and that indeed the enterprise might never advance another step, it must be acknowledged, this family displayed a peculiar degree of daring, and, we may add, a great degree of generosity, in his favour; for there can be little doubt, that if he had retired, they must have been exposed to the jealousy, and perhaps to the vengeance, of government. "We encountered this hazard," says the journalist, "with the greatest cheerfulness, determined to risk every thing—life itself, in behalf of our beloved prince. Charles, his company, and about an hundred men constituting his guard, were entertained with the best cheer which it was in the power of Mr. MacDonald (of Bordale) to purvey. He sat in a large room, where he could see all his adherents at once, and where the multitudes of people who flocked from their residences to him, without the least regard to sex or rank, to see him, might also have an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity. At the first meal which took place under these circumstances, Charles drank the *grace-drink* in English, a language which all the gentlemen present understood; but for a toast of more extensive application to our friend the journalist, he gave the king's health in Gaelic—*Dochois lean an Righ*." This of course gave universal satisfaction; and Charles desired to know what was meant. On its being explained to him, he requested that he hear the words pronounced again, and then he translated them himself. He then gave the king's health in Gaelic, and the words as correctly and distinctly as he could. "The company," adds the journalist, "then mentioning my skill in Gaelic, his Royal Highness said, I should be his master in that language; and I was then desired to ask the healths of the country, and also to bid the company to continue to receive the effect which Charles's flattery of his native tongue had upon the hearts of this brave and simple people."

CHAPTER II.

THE HIGHLANDERS.

"That an inviolable silence should frame them
To loyalty unaided, honour untaught,
Cruelty not seen, and dangers, valor
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sowed."

SHAKESPEARE.

The people amidst whom Charles Stuart had cast his fate, were regarded as the rudest and least civilised portion of the nation which he contemplated as subject to govern. Occupying the most remote and mountainous section of Britain, and holding little intercourse with the rest of the community, they were distinguished by peculiar language, dress, and manners; had as yet no laws, and also no obedience to government; and formed a society not only distinct from the rest of the nation, but which had perhaps scarcely any parallel in the whole world.

The country possessed by this people—the north-west moiety of Scotland—on account of its mountainous character, was descriptively termed the Highlands, in opposition to the southeast portion, which, displaying a more generally level surface, accompanied by greater fertility, gained the appropriate designation of the Lowlands. On account of comparative sterility, the district of the Highlands above an eighth part of the population of Scotland; in other words, comprehended two hundred out of nearly a thousand parishes; it did not sustain at the time of this insurrection much more than a hundred thousand, out of above a million of people. The community was divided into about forty different clans, each of which dwelt upon its own portion of the territory.

At the period of this history, the Highlanders displayed, in a state almost entire, that patriarchal system of life upon which the nations of the human race seem to have been originally established, and which, being the basis of all the other systems of society, has formed the system of government. This extreme corner of Europe had the singular fortune of sheltering the last vestiges of the Kelts—that early race of people, who, placed upon

the centre of the ancient continent, it would almost appear, at the very creation, were gradually dispelled to the extremities, by others which we are now accustomed to call ancient—the Greeks, namely, and the Romans. As they retained the most primitive manners with almost unaltered purity, there was to be seen in the Highlanders of Scotland nearly a distinct picture of those early shepherd days, which are still so endearingly remembered in the traditions and poetry of the unrefined nations. As they retained the most primitive manners with almost unaltered purity, there was to be seen in the Highlanders of Scotland nearly a distinct picture of those early shepherd days, which are still so endearingly remembered in the traditions and poetry of the unrefined nations. As they retained the most primitive manners with almost unaltered purity, there was to be seen in the Highlanders of Scotland nearly a distinct picture of those early shepherd days, which are still so endearingly remembered in the traditions and poetry of the unrefined nations.

Owing to the circumstances of their country, the Highlanders were, however, by no means that simple and quiescent people who are described as content to dwell, each under his own vine and fig-tree, any more than their land was one flowing with milk and honey, or through which the voice of the turtle was often heard to resound. A perpetual state of war with the neighbours who had driven them to their northern fastnesses, and their disinclination to submit to the laws of the country in which they nominally lived, caused them, on the contrary, to make arms a sort of profession, and even to despise, in some measure, all peaceful modes of acquiring a subsistence. Entertaining, moreover, a notion that the Lowlands had been originally their birth-right, many of them, even at the recent period we speak of, practised a sort of piracy upon the borders of that civilised region, for which, however, they were not so indispensably necessary. What still more tended to induce military habits, many of the tribes maintained a sort of hereditary enmity against each other, and therefore resorted to be in perpetual readiness, either to seize or repel opportunity.

The Highlanders, in the earlier periods of history, appear to have possessed no superiority over the Lowlanders in the use of arms. At the battle of the Harlaw in 1410, (till which period they had been quite independent on the north of Scotland), the largest army that ever left the Highlands, was composed of some thirty thousand of the Lowlanders. Coming into the field, sixty years after, at the fight of Sauchieburn, where they espoused the cause of James III. against his rebellious nobles, "their tumultuous ranks," says Sir Walter Scott, in the introduction to his history of Scotland, "were ill able to endure the steady and rapid charges of the men of Argyll and Liddesdale, who bore spears two ells longer than were used by the rest of their countrymen." They proved equally vain in the battles of Corrichie, Glenlivet, and others, which they fought in behalf of the unhappy Mary.

But the lapse of half a century after this last period, during which the Border spear had been converted into a shepherd's crook, and the patriot steel of Lothian and Clydesdale into penknives and weavers' shears, permitted the Lowlanders at length to assert a decided superiority in arms. When they were called into action, therefore, by the illustrious Montrose, they proved invariably victorious in that desultory civil war which had almost retrieved a kingdom for their unfortunate king, had almost the exploits of that time—by far the most brilliant in the military annals of Scotland—the victory of Kilsyth (1645) was attended with some circumstances displaying their superiority in a remarkable manner. The army arrayed against them, almost doubling theirs in number, consisted chiefly of the townsmen of Fife, a county which has been described, in a publication of the time, as remarkable for the enthusiasm of its inhabitants in regard to the cause of this quarrel—to wit, the Sole League and Covenant. The fervour of fanaticism and good feeling of a town life, proving nothing in this case, when opposed to the more exalted enthusiasm of "loyalty unaided," the Highlanders, without an education among the hills. The whig militia scarcely stood a moment before the impetuous charge of the Highlanders, and turned and fled before them, like a parcel of awkward cattle, blindly running from the back of a few dogs. "It was a brave day, Kilsyth!" used to be the remark of an old Highlander, who had exerted himself pretty actively amongst the ranks, "I cut an ell of a stroke I gave with my broadsword, I cut an ell of a stroke!" Such, we are informed, was the error which the people of Fife got, on this occasion, at the military school to which, that only one man had ever been prevailed upon to come, that only one man had ever been prevailed upon to come, that only one man had ever been prevailed upon to come, that only one man had ever been prevailed upon to come.

Though the Highlanders were nominally subjugated, soon after this period, by the iron bands of Cromwell, their restoration into all their former rights, privileges and vigour. The Highlanders, in arms, during the reigns of the two last Stuarts, by their employment

in those unhappy troubles on account of religion, which has rendered the royal cause so unpopular, and so intensely detested in the southwest province of Scotland. At the Revolution, therefore, when raised by the kin of Dundee, they were equally ready to take the field in behalf of King James, as they had been fifty years before to stand out for his father. The patriarchal view of laws, upon which the Highland society was constituted, disposed them to look upon these unhappy princes as the general fathers or chiefs of the nation, whose natural and unquestionable power had been rebelliously disputed by their children; and there can be little doubt that both on these occasions and the subsequent attempts in behalf of the Stuart family, they fought with precisely the same ardour which would induce a man of humanity to ward off the blow which an unnatural son had aimed at a parent. On the field of Killcricankie, where they were chiefly engaged by regular and veteran troops, they fought with a bravery which nothing could withstand, and at the details of which the blood even yet boils and shudders." Their victory was, however, unavailing, owing to the death of their favourite leader—*In Dhu nan Cath*—as they descriptively termed him. John of the Battles, a warrior whose commanding genius their energies could not be divided, even their hands kept together. The loss which their cause sustained, in the death of this noble soldier, could not be more emphatically described in a volume, than it was by the exclamation with which King William received the news of the battle. "That monarch had known Dundee upon the bloody plains of Flanders, where a soldier of fortune in the Dutch army, he had even, we believe, on one occasion saved the life of him whose dread enemy he was destined afterwards to become. "Dundee is slain!" was William's remark to his messenger who announced the defeat of his troops; "he would otherwise have been here to tell the news himself!"

The submission which was nominally paid throughout Britain to the "parliamentary" sovereigns, William and Anne, was but a hypocritical device, by which the children of the mountains, whose simple ideas of government they did not comprehend either a second or a third estate, and who could perceive no reasons for preferring a sovereign on account of the adventitious circumstance of his religion, were made to see the continuance of the progress of civilization, and the increase of the power of the crown, as affecting in no degree the warlike habits of the clan. Their military ardour is said to have been, if possible, increased during this period, by the injudicious policy of

* The battle of Killcricankie was fought upon a field immediately beyond a narrow and difficult pass into the Highlands. The royal troops, under General Mackay, on emerging from this pass, found Dundee's army, which was not half so numerous, posted in columns or clusters upon the face of an opposite hill. Both lay upon their arms, looking at each other with defiance, when the Highland troops came down with their customary impetuosity, and, charging through Mackay's lines, soon put them to the route. Mackay retreated in the utmost disorder, and reached Stirling next day with only two hundred men. The only success that had been obtained, was in pieces in retreating through the pass, but the death of Dundee, and the greater eagerness of the Highlanders to secure the baggage, than to pursue their enemies.

The following anecdote, connected with the battle, we have from the mouth of a gentleman. When General Wade, in the course of his operations in the Highlands, was engaged in the construction of Tay Bridge, he used to converse with an old Highlander of the neighbourhood, who had been at the battle of Killcricankie, and, among other subjects of conversation, the merits of George were the subject of one day discussed. "In my opinion," said the Highlander, "General Mackay was a great fool."—"How sir," said Wade, "he was esteemed the very best man in the army of his time."—"That may not be," answered the Celt; "but I'll show you how he was a fool. Just before the battle of Killcricankie, did he not put his men before him, and say, 'George!'—"Yes," answered General Wade, "and I would have done the same thing."—"Then you would have been a fool too. The baggage should have been put before him, and he should have fought the battle itself that day, and far better than that he did. He would have been a fool, and his men would have gang through fire and water to win the baggage. They gaded through Mackay's army, and put them to route, in order to get at it. Had the general put them first, our folk would have fain cut it tooth and nail, and then—"Ah! the baggage should have been put first."

King William, who, in distributing 20,000. amongst them to bribe their forbearance, only inspired an idea that arms were the best means of acquiring wealth and importance. The call, therefore, to arms, was taken up by them by the exiled prince in 1715, found them as willing, and ready as ever to commence a civil war.

The accession of the House of Hanover was at this period, and the rival candidate shared so largely in the emotions of the people, that the very little he wanted in 1715 to achieve the restoration of the House of Stuart. That little was wanting—a general of military talent, and resolution on the part of the candidate. The expedition was commanded in Scotland by the Earl of Marr, a man who had signalled himself by his shrewdness as a statesman, but who possessed no other qualities to fit him for the important station he held. In England the reigning sovereign had been too dread in the ill-considered proceedings of a band of debauched firebrands from Scotland, insurgents, that they could not fight at all. Marr permitted himself to be cooped up on the north of the Forth, with an army of eight or nine thousand men, by the Duke of Argyle, who occupied Stirling with a force not half so numerous. An action followed, in which the Earl of Marr, who was impossible to say whether the bravest or the most pusillanimous of his leader, or the high military genius of Argyle, was most signally distinguished.

The Duke of Argyle, whom the Highlanders remember by the name of *Roy nan Cath*—Red John of the Battles, learning, on Friday the 13th of November, that Marr had at length plucked up the resolution to fight him, and was marching for that purpose from Perth, sent forward from Stirling; and next day the armies came into sight of each other upon the plain of Sheriffmuir, a mile north from the ancient episcopal city of Dunblane. They both lay upon their arms all night, and a stone is still shown upon the site of the Highlanders' bivouac, indented all round with marks occasioned by the broad-swords of those warriors, who here passed their weapons for the next day's conflict. The battle commenced on Monday the 16th of November, and the Highlanders, leading their dragoons over a morass which had frozen during the night, and which the insurgents expected to protect them, almost immediately routed the English, consisting of the Lowland cavaliers, and dragoon, and the Highlanders, who were in the field. His left wing, which was beyond the Highlanders' command, did not meet the same success against the right of the insurgents, which consisted entirely of Highlanders.

The sturdy warriors had come down from their fastnesses, with a resolution to fight as their sires had fought at Killybeg and Killcricankie. They appeared before the Lowlanders of Perthshire, who had not seen them since the days of Montrose, in the wild Irish haunches, leaved with the moss of the hills, and composed in all their hirsute strength. The means among them carried upon his arm the honour and glory of countless generations; and raw youth and ripe old age were there alike resolved to maintain the ancient renown. Their enthusiasm may be guessed from a simple anecdote. A Lowland gentleman, being among their bands a man of ninety from the Highlands of Aberdeenshire, had the curiosity to ask how so aged a creature as he, and one who seemed so extremely feeble, came to join their enterprise. "I have none here," replied the venerable savage, "and I have grandsons, and even great-grandsons, who would do their duty, can I not shoot them?"—laying his hand at the same time upon a pistol which he carried in his bosom.

The attack of those resolute soldiers upon the left wing of the royal army, was, to the Highlanders, the work of their own, like the storm which sweeps a lee shore with wrecks. The chief of Clanranald was unfortunately killed as they were advancing; but that circumstance, which might have otherwise damped their ardour, only increased their ardour, and they went on with a shout for lamentation, "cried the young chieftain of Glenlivet, 'to-day for revenge!' and the MacDonalds rushed on the foe, with a yell as terrific as their force was irresistible. Instantly put to route, this portion of the royal Highland broadsword, leaving hundreds a prey to the sword of the Highlanders, was partially defeated. The Earl of Marr stood aloof during the whole action, it is said, behind a tree, incapable from personal fear, of improving the advantages gained by his brave Highlanders. Well might the old mountaineer exclaim, when he saw

the fatal effects of this weakness, "Oh! for one hour of the brave Dundee!"

The battle was a drawn one, but not in its results. Marr, as he deserved none of the credit of his partial victory, repaid it by no price from it, but found it necessary to retreat to Perth. Argyle remained in the field, in possession of the enemy's cannon and many of his standards. The conduct of this celebrated warrior and patriot was in every respect the reverse of that of Marr. He had won a victory, so far as it could be won, by his own numbers against him. The humanity he displayed was also such as seldom marks the details of a civil war. He offered quarter to all he met, in the very hottest moment of the fight; and he granted it to all who desired it. With his own army he pardoned three different blows, which one of his dragoons snatched at a wounded cavalier, who had refused to ask his life.

In January, the succeeding year, James himself, the weak though amiable man for whom all this blood was shed, landed from abroad at Peterhead in Aberdeenshire, and immediately proceeded to Glasgow to join the Earl of Marr at Perth. His presence might inspire the army, but it could not give strength or consistency to the army. Some preparations were made to crown him in the great hall of Scoon, where his ancestors had been invested with the dukedom of Albany many centuries ago, and where his uncle Charles II. was crowned. The circumstances not dissimilar to his own, in the year 1651. But the total ruin of his English adherents conspired, with his own imbecility and that of his officers, to prevent that consummation. On the 2nd of February he retired before the advance of the royal army, and the Earl of Marr was at the time, and thus he and all his army were fortunately enabled to cross without the difficulty which must otherwise have attended so sudden a retreat; directing their march towards the sea-ports of Aberdeenshire and Angus. We have heard that, as the general and his prince was passing over, the misery of his circumstances rendered him witty, as a dark evening will sometimes produce light; and he remarked to his lieutenant-general, in allusion to the delusive prospects by which he had been induced to come over, "Ah, John, John, you have brought me on the ice."

The Chevalier embarked with Marr and other officers at Montrose; and the body of the army dispersed with so much rapidity, that Argyle, who traversed the country with a drum beating behind, reached Aberdeen without ever getting to company. It was his safety suppose, that the humanity of this general, who was a Jacobite, induced him to permit, without disturbance, the dissipation and escape of the unfortunate cavaliers. Lowland gentlemen and noblemen who had been concerned in the campaign, suffered staidness, proscription, and in some cases even death; but the Highlanders returned to their mountains, unconquered and unchanged.

In 1719, a plan of invasion and insurrection in favour of the Stuarts was formed by Spain. A fleet of ten ships of the line, with several frigates, having on board six thousand troops and twelve thousand arms, sailed from Cadiz to England; and while this fleet was preparing, the Earl Marischal left St. Sebastian with two soldiers, arms, arms, arms, and money, and landed in the island of Lewis. The insurrection which was completely dispersed by a storm off Cape Finisterre, and the only thing remained quiet in England, very few Highlanders rose. General Wightman came up with the Spanish and Ross. The Highlanders, who were in the west of Scotland, drew to the hills without having arms; and the Spaniards lay down their arms and were made prisoners.

The state of the Highlands, which seemed the only portion of the British dominions that actively disputed King George's title, now attracted some serious attention from government; and an act was passed for disarming the whole of that dangerous people. The provisions of this act were promptly obeyed by those clans which were well affected to government, but totally evaded by the rest. The result was, that the breaking out of the insurrection of 1745, the enemies of the government also possessed the means of entering upon warlike operations, while the Duke of Argyle and other loyal clans, who would have best resisted them, were obliged to remain *loyal* to the government.

Such had been the history, and such was the warlike condition of the Scottish mountaineers, at the time when Charles Stuart landed amongst them in July 1745. If any thing else was required to make the reader under-

stand the motives of the subsequent insurrection, it might be said, that Charles's father and himself had always maintained, from their residence in Italy, a correspondence with the chiefs who were faithful to them, and by means of promise and perhaps presents, had even procured some of them to enter into an association in their behalf. For the service of these unhappy princes, their unlimited power over their clans gave them an advantage which the richest English nobles did not possess. The constitution of Highland society, as already remarked, was strictly and simply patriarchal. The clans were families, each of which, bearing the same name, occupied a well defined tract of country, the property of which had been acquired long before the introduction of writing. Every clan was governed by its chief, whose authority was designated, *Kean-Kimble*, the head of the family, sufficiently indicated the grounds and nature of his power. In almost every clan, there were some subordinate chiefs, called *Chieftains*, being caets of the principal family, who had acquired a distant territory, and founded separate clans. In every clan, moreover, there were two ranks of people; the *Duaine-uaisle*, or gentlemen, persons who could clearly trace their derivation from the chiefs of former times, and assert their kinsmanship to the present; and a race of commoners, or *bede*, who were not allowed to enter the ranks of the clan, and who always acted in inferior offices.

There is a very common notion among the Lowlanders, that their northern neighbours, with, perhaps, the exception of the chiefs, were all alike barbarians, and distinguished by the absence of comparative civility. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The *Duaine-uaisle* were in every sense of the word gentlemen—poor gentlemen perhaps, but yet fully entitled, by their exalted sense of honour, to that enabling epithet. On the contrary, the commoners, who yet gave the chief his power, were related to the chiefs, were a race of despised, and consequently miserable serfs, having no certain idea of a noble ancestry to nerve their exertions or purify their conduct. The *Duaine-uaisle* invariably formed the body upon which the chief depended in war, for they were inspired with the same feelings of comparative worth. They remembered deeds of their forefathers, and always acted upon the supposition that their honour was a precious gift, which it was incumbent upon them to deliver down unaltered to posterity. The helots, on the contrary, were often left behind to perform the menial parts of agriculture, and were so degraded, that if admitted into the army of the clan, were put into the rear rank, and armed in an inferior manner. The comparative worth of the *Duaine-uaisle* and the helots may be at once pointed out to the reader by an anecdote connected with the Forty-Five. A regular company of that century was raised, when all the good fighting men of a glen in Athole were absent with Prince Charles, and only the helots were left to protect the country, under the command of a raw *Duaine-uaisle* of sixteen, an alarm one day arose that a party of "red-coats" (king's soldiers) were preparing to lay waste the glen. At this news, the whole of the slaves ran off to hide themselves, leaving only their young commander behind; who stood firm in his post, awaiting the encounter which promised him such certain destruction, and did not for a moment flinch till he learned that the king's soldiers were fled.

Was such a sentiment of heroism, the Highland gentleman of the year 1745 must have been a person of the very noblest order. His mind was further exalted, if possible, by a devoted attachment to his chief, for whose interests, at all times, he was ready to fight, and whose life he was prepared to sacrifice. His political views were of the same abstract and disinterested sort. From his heart despising the commercial and canting presbyterians of the Low country, and regarding with absolute horror the dark system of parliamentary corruption which reigned in the south, he was a devoted adherent of the sovereignty of the Highland, he at once threw himself into the opposite scale, and espoused the cause of an exiled and injured prince, whom he looked upon as in some measure a general and higher sort of chief, and with whose fathers his fathers had anciently gained the honour and renown of the clan. He was a man of chivalry, of feeling, of filial affection, and even in his estimation of patriotism; and with all his prepossessions it was scarcely possible that he should fail to espouse it.

In this chapter, notice also has been taken of the effect which the influence of Charles Stuart had upon the minds of the Highlanders. Throughout nearly the whole country, but especially in Athole and the adjacent territories, there were innumerable songs and ballads, tending to advance the cause of the Stuarts, while there was not one to depreciate them. A Lowlander and a

modern cannot easily comprehend, nor can he set forth, the power of this simple but energetic engine.

CHAPTER III.

THE GATHERING.

On highlanded Murray, the cy-pled, he deot!

In the blais of the dawd the standard I rear.

Wid, wido on the waid of the north I lay it by.

Laise the stae in the east fash wi the west! the wae it is!

Hee-eel-y.

From Borodale, where he lived, in the manner described, for several days, Charles despatched messengers to all the chiefs from whom he had any expectation of assistance. The first that came to see him, was Donald Cameron, younger of Lochiel; a man in middle age, of the utmost bravery, and whose character was altogether so amiable, that some court-poet has conceived the idea of his being now

"—a Whig in Heaven."

Young Lochiel, who he was generally called, was the son of the chief of the clan Cameron, one of the most numerous and warlike of all the Highland tribes. His mercurious and warlike of all the Highland tribes. His father had been engaged in the defence of 1715, for which he was attainted and in exile; and his grandfather, Sir Evan Cameron, the fellow soldier of Montrose and Dundee, had died in 1719, after almost a century of military action in behalf of the house of Stuart. Young Lochiel had been much in confidence with the chief, who he was generally called, in the north of Scotland he might be considered; an office for which he was peculiarly well qualified on account of his talents, his honourable character, and the veneration in which he was held by his countrymen. In 1740, he had entered into a strict association to seven gentlemen, who entered into a strict association to protect the restoration of King James; and he had long wished for the concerted time, when he should bring the Highlands to aid an invading party in his favour. When he now learned that Charles had landed without troops and arms, and with only some followers, he thought himself bound as a friend to visit the prince in person, and endeavour to make him withdraw from the country.

In passing from his own house towards Borodale, Lochiel called at Fassefear, the residence of his brother John Cameron, who, for some time, had been in the army. He informed his relative that the Prince of Wales had landed at Borodale, and sent for him. Fassefear asked what troops his royal highness had brought with him?—what money?—what arms? Lochiel answered that he had brought no troops, no money, nor had he brought any arms; neither troops, nor money, nor arms, that, resolved not to be concerned in the affair, he designed to do his utmost to prevent it from going any further. Fassefear approved his brother's sentiments, and applauded his resolution; advising him to the same. He went into the house, and imparted his mind to the prince by a letter. "No," said Lochiel, "although my reasons admit of no reply, I ought at least to wait upon your royal highness." "Brother," said Fassefear, "I know you better than you know yourself; if this you do, you will make me ashamed; if this you do, you will make me ashamed." The result proved the justice of this prognostication.

On arriving at Borodale, Lochiel had a private interview with the prince, in which the probabilities of the enterprise were anxiously debated. Lochiel was every way disposed to excite the loyalty of Lochiel, and the chief exerted all his eloquence to persuade the prince to withdraw till a better opportunity. Charles represented the present as the best possible opportunity; seeing that the French general kept the British army completely engaged abroad, and that there were no troops but the new-raised regiments. He expressed his confidence, that a small body of Highlanders would be quite sufficient to gain a victory over all the force that could now be brought against him; and he was equally sure that such an advantage was all that was required to produce a general declaration in his favour. This argument was certainly in a great measure correct. It was even, perhaps, favourable to his views, that he came so entirely unprovided with foreign assistance; for so much exasperated were the nation at that time against the French, that they would have acquired the odious complexion of an invasion, and meet with general and hearty resistance. Moreover, it was not only better that he should appear in the acceptable character of the leader of a national party, but almost his only chance of success, was in the activity and hardihood of the Highlanders, who

alone, of all the militia of the country, could endure long and rapid marches. These arguments, if he used them, were thrown away upon Lochiel, who expressed the greatest reluctance to rise at the present juncture, and pleaded, in moving terms, the promise of a distant "shot." "No, no," said the prince with fervour, "in a few days, with the friends I have, I will raise the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors—to win it, or to perish in the attempt." "Well," said Lochiel, "you may have said so, and so your friend, may stay at home, and, from the newspapers, learn the fate of his prince?"—"No?" cried Lochiel, stung by so poignant a reproach, and hurried away by the enthusiasm of the moment; "I'll share the fate of my prince, come what will, come what will, and so shall every man over whom your father has given an arm and a sword." Such was the juncture upon which depended the civil war of 1745; for it is a point agreed, says Mr. Home, who narrates this singular conversation, that if Lochiel had persisted in his refusal to take arms, no other chief would have joined the standard, and the spark of "rebellion" must have been instantly extinguished.

Lochiel immediately returned home, and proceeded to raise his clan, as did some other gentlemen, whom Charles then prevailed upon to join him. It being now settled that he was to raise his standard at Glenalmond, on the 19th of August, he sent a messenger with a letter to the month to all the friendly chiefs, informing them of his resolution, and desiring them to meet him at the time and place mentioned. In the mean time, Clanranald returned from his unsuccessful mission to Skye, and actively set about his preparations.

Charles removed early in August, from the farm house of Borodale, to the more elegant seat of his friend Kinlochmold, situated seven miles off, at the place of that name. While he and his company went by sea, with the baggage and artillery, the guard of Clanranald, and the rest of the army, marched by the more circuitous route along the shore of the intervening bays. He remained at Kinlochmold till the 18th of the month, when he went by water to the seat of MacDonald of Glenalmond, upon the brink of Loch Slie. At that place, he proposed to the chiefs to march by the company of about five and twenty persons, in three boats to the eastern extremity of Loch Slie, near which was the place where he designed to raise his standard.

Meanwhile, an incident had occurred, which tended to increase the rising force of the insurrection. The governor of Fort Augustus, a small fort at the distance of forty or fifty miles from Charles's landing place, (which, like Fort William on one hand, and Fort George on the other, had been planned for the subjugation of the Highlands), concluding from reports he heard, that the "Fortifidars" were hatching some mischief, thought proper, on the 16th of August, to despatch two companies of the Scots Royals to Fort William, as a reinforcement to awe that rebellious district. The distance between the two forts is twenty-eight miles, and the road of the Glen, having the sheer height of the hill on one side, and the long narrow lakes, out of which the Caledonian canal is formed, on the other. The men were newly raised, and, besides being inexperienced in military affairs, were unused to the alarming circumstances of the rising force of the insurrection. The party that had travelled twenty out of the eight and twenty miles, and were approaching High Bridge, a lofty arch over a mountain torrent, they were surprised to hear the sound of a bagpipe, and to discover the appearance of a large party of Highlanders, who were waiting for the bridge. The object of their alarm was in reality a band of only ten or twelve MacDonalds of Keppoch's clan; but, by skipping and leaping about, displaying their swords and firelocks, and by holding out their plaids between each other, they contrived to make a very formidable appearance. The party were ordered to retreat, and knowing he was disaffected part of the country, Captain Scott thought it would be better to retreat than enter into hostilities. Accordingly, he ordered his men to face about, and march back again. The Highlanders did not follow immediately, lest they should appear to be making a retreat. The party were ordered to get two miles away (the ground being so far plain and open) before leaving their

post. As soon as the retreating party had passed the west end of Loch Lochie, and were entering upon the narrow road between the lake and the hill, or, more properly, the rocky precipices above the mountain, where there was shelter from both bush and stone, began to fire down upon the soldiers, who only retreated with the greatest expedition.

The party of MacDonalds, who attempted this daring exploit, was commanded by Donald of Tiedrichdich. The young man, having early observed the march of the soldiers, had sent express to Lochiel and Keppoch, whose houses were only a few miles distant on both sides of High Bridge, for supplies of men. They did not arrive in time; but he resolved to attack the party with the few men he had, and he had thus far succeeded, when the noise of his pieces causing friends in all quarters to fly to arms, he now found himself at the head of a party almost sufficient to encounter the two companies in the open field.

When Captain Scott reached the east end of Loch Lochie, he perceived some Highlanders near the west end of Loch Oich, directly in the way before him, and not liking their appearance, he crossed the isthmus between the lakes, intending to take possession of Tiedrichdich Castle, the seat of MacDonnell of Glengary. This was the only increased his difficulties. He had not marched far, till he discovered the MacDonalds of Glengary coming down the opposite hill in full force against him. He formed the hollow square, however, and marched on. Presently after, his pursuers were reinforced by the MacDonalds of Keppoch, and increased their pace to such a degree as almost to overtake him. Keppoch himself then advanced alone towards the distressed party, and offered good terms of surrender; assuring them that any attempt at resistance, in the midst of so many enemies, would only be the signal for their being cut in pieces. At the same time, the soldiers, by this time fatigued by a march of thirty miles, had no alternative but to surrender. They had scarcely laid down their arms, when Lochiel came up with a body of Camerons from another quarter, and took them under his charge. The MacDonalds, in this plain, were so completely routed, that many of them were killed; which had no small effect in raising the spirits of the Highlanders, and encouraging them to commence the war.

The gathering of the clans was therefore proceeding with great activity, and armed bodies were sent in every direction towards Glenfinnan, at the time when Charles landed at that place to erect his standard. Glenfinnan is a narrow vale, surrounded on both sides by lofty and craggy mountains, about twenty miles north from Fort William, and as far east from the Loch of Lochiel as the outlet from Morven to Lochaber. The high, in fact, the outlet from Morven to Lochaber. The high gets its name from the little river Finnis, which runs through it, and falls into Loch Shield at its extremity. Charles disembarked, with his company, from the three boats which had brought them from Glenalddale, at the place where the river discharges into the lake. It was a clear, serene forenoon, and he expected to find the whole vale alive with the assembled bands which he had appointed to meet him. To his great mortification, however, Glenfinnan lay as still and grim at his landing, as it had done since the beginning of time; and only a few straggling and solitary individuals, who were there to pay, *God bless him!* Some accident, it was concluded, had prevented the arrival of the clans; and he went into one of the neighbouring hovels, to spend the anxious hours which should intervene before they appeared.

At length, about an hour after noon, the sound of a pibroch was heard over the top of an opposite hill, and immediately after, the Adventurer was cheered by the sight of a large band of Highlanders, in full march down the brae. It was the Camerons, to the amount of seven or eight hundred,

"All plaided and plumed in their tartan array," coming forward in two columns of three men abreast, to the spirit-stirring notes of the bagpipe, and leading between the party of soldiers when they had just taken prisoners. Elevated by the fine appearance of this noble clan, and by the auspicious result of the little action just described, Charles no longer hesitated to declare war upon "the great enemy of his house."

The spot selected for the starting of the standard, was a high eminence in the centre of the vale, where it could be rendered conspicuous to all round. The Marquis of Tullibardine, whose rank entitled him to the honour, pitched himself upon the top of this knoll, supported by two men, on account of his weak state of health. The men flung upon the mountain breeze, that "meteor flag,"

which, shooting like a streamer from the north, was soon to spread the banner of war and terror over the mountains of Great Britain. It was a large banner of red silk, with a white space in the centre, but without the motto of "TANDEM TRIUMPHANS," which has been so often assigned to it—was also the significant emblem of a crown and coffin, with which the terror of the standard was hailed by a perfect storm of pipe-music, by a cloud of skimmering bonnets, and by a loud and long-enduring shout, which, in the language of a Highland bard, roused the young eagles from their cry, and made the wild winds of Tullibardine then read a manifesto in the name of King James the Eighth, with a Commission of Regency in favour of his son Charles, both dated at Rome, December 1743. The standard was carried back to the Prince's quarters by a guard of fifty Camerons.

About two hours after this solemnity was concluded, MacDonald of Keppoch arrived with three hundred of his hardy and warlike clan; and in the evening, some gentlemen of the name of MacLeod came to offer their services, expressing great indignation at the defection of their chief, and proposing to return to Skye and raise all they might could. The army, amounting to about twelve hundred men, was encamped that evening in Glenfinnan, Sullivan being appointed quarter-master-general.

The insurrection was thus fairly commenced; and it will now be necessary to advert to the means taken by government for its suppression, as well as to the state of the country upon which Charles was about to descend.

CHAPTER IV.

PROCEEDINGS OF GOVERNMENT.

Reas. When I came hither to transport the Indians, who I have seen, and who are now in a tumult, I saw many worthy fellows that were out. *Nachib.*

At the time when the insurrection broke out, George the Second was in Hanover, on one of those frequent visits to his paternal dominions, which, with great appearance of truth, caused his British subjects to accuse him of being more devoted to the interests of his Electorship than to those of the more important empire which his family had been called to protect. The government was entrusted, during his absence, to a regency composed of his principal ministers. So far as the northern section of the island was concerned, the Marquis of Tweeddale being the minister charged with the management of State for Scotland; and the Marquis of Tweeddale held the office in 1745.

The negotiations which the Exiled Family had constantly carried on with their adherents in Britain, and their incessant menace of invasion, rendered the event which had now taken place by no means unexpected on the part of government, and indeed scarcely alarming. During the whole summer, a report had been flying about the Highlands, that Prince Charles was to come over before the end of the season; but the Marquis of Tweeddale, on the 9th, ordered the Earl of Selkirk to call on the President of the Court of Session at Sir John Cope, commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland, and showed him a letter which he had just received from a Highland gentleman, informing him of the rumours of such affecting to give him little credit. The Marquis of Tweeddale, expressing disbelief in the report, but yet advising that arms should be transmitted to the forts in Scotland, for the use of the well-affected clans, in a case any attempt should be made. The marquis answered General Cope upon the 9th, ordering him to keep a vigilant eye upon the north, but mentioning that the lords of the regency seemed to decline so strong and so alarming a measure as sending arms. Cope replied immediately, that he would take all the measures which seemed necessary for his majesty's service, and, besides, as far as possible, the raising of an additional force. Some further correspondence took place before the end of the month, in which the zeal and promptitude of this much belied general appear very conspicuous, while the supineness and security of the regency are just as remarkable. It is striking thing about the history of this period, that the characters of the opposite parties are so violently contrasted. Charles, youthful, ardent, aspiring, possessed of many of the characteristics of a hero of romance; with his Highland bravery, and high spirits, he is contrasted to stupid old matrons, and to that ghastly spectre of powder, pomatum, blackball, and flagellation, which was then considered a

regular and well appointed army. In one of the parties we see many of the features of chivalry—a love of desperate deeds for their own sake, and a pure and devoted spirit of loyalty, such as might have graced the wars of the Roses, or glowed in the pages of Froissart. In the other, we see the features of a mercenary and avaricious set of ancient civil officers—with the vile cant of a pack of affected patriots—and with the contemptible technicalities of a military foppery, the most ostentatious in pretension, and the most feeble in practice, that ever disgraced a country.

Sir John Cope, whose fortune it was to be Charles's first opponent, has been termed by President Forbes, who was perfectly qualified to judge, one of the best officers of his time. This is, however, but poor praise in the estimation of a modern Briton, when he reflects on the career of the Duke of Cumberland during the reign of the second George—a period which, though spent in almost perpetual war, scarcely presents a single military fact, besides those under review, on which the public mind now dwells with satisfaction, or indeed remembers at all. Sir John, as he was, had at present under his command in Scotland, two regiments of dragoons, three full regiments of infantry, and fourteen odd companies, together with the standing garrisons of invalids in the various castles and forts. The most of these troops were newly raised, being indeed intended for immediate transportation to the continent, it was unnecessary to place much confidence in them, especially as forming an entire army, without the support of more experienced troops. Although they had probably, therefore, learned to scour their accoutrements with the most wafternoonlike accuracy, and though possibly not one of their queues could be found guilty of either a hair too much in thickness, or a hair-breadth's excess in length, when the sergeant came round, day by day, with his calibre and compasses, to ascertain these mighty points,* there was but a small, and vigorous, and trained to arms from their youth upwards, and who, with an assurance perfectly frightful, would not scruple, on occasion, to fight for, and win a victory, when, according to the true art of war, it was their duty to be defeated.

With this little army, however, he was to conduct his self-chosen campaign against the formidable bands of the north. He received a letter from the Scottish secretary on the 3d of August, announcing that the young Chevalier, as Charles was called, had really left France in order to invade Scotland, and to have a commission in his hands, authorizing him to take such a disposition of his forces as to be ready at a moment's notice; and promising immediately to send him down the supply of arms he formerly requested. On the 5th, he received a letter from the Lord Justice-Clerk (Milton, then residing at Rosneath), enclosing another letter dated the 5th instant, which had just been transmitted to Mr. Campbell of Stonefield, Sheriff of Argyle, by Mr. Campbell of Ardy, (factor in Mull to the Duke of Argyle); which letter gave him almost certain intelligence of the Prince's landing. Next morning, the 9th, his excellency showed the letter to the Lord President, confirming the news; and he sent all the papers to London as the best means of rousing the slumbering energies of government.

Without waiting for this communication, the lords, regent, parliament, and the 5th of August, a proclamation, signed by the command pounds for the person of the young Chevalier, whom they announced to have sailed from France for the purpose of invading Britain. This proclamation proceeded upon an act of the first George, by which, though it would be considered as a reason for it in the eyes of the law, the king, or his children, the blood for it in the eyes of the law, the king, or his children, was attained, and themselves outlawed. Charles, immediately on learning the price offered for his life, published a sort of parody of the proclamation, holding out the same sum for the head of the elector of Hanover.

It is amusing to observe in the newspapers of this period, the various reports which then agitated the public mind, and, above all, the uncertainty and meagreness of the intelligence which reached Edinburgh regarding Charles's transactions in Lochaber. On the 13th of August, it was announced in the old Scottish newspaper called the Edinburgh Evening Courant, that the Prince had left France. Next day, it is reported, as a quotation from

* Such was really the custom, and in times not long by-gone, a friend informs us, that little more than twenty years ago, he has seen regiments paraded on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, and sergeants stepping along behind, with a large pair of compasses, attentively measuring the length of the queues.

CHAPTER V.

COPE'S MARCH TO THE NORTH.

Duke of Cumberland; since the youth will not be entrained, in vain, perit on the Lowlands. *See John Lubbock.*

This unfortunate commander-in-chief commenced his fatal march, on the 20th of August, the day after he had received the orders of the Lords regent. His force consisted of twenty-five companies of foot, amounting in all to fourteen hundred men, for he had left the two regiments of dragoon guards, on account of their disaffection in a Highland campaign. He carried with him four pieces of cannon (one and a half pounders) as many colours, and a thousand stand of arms, to be given to the native troops, which he expected to join him as he went along. Besides a vast quantity of baggage, he was followed by a flock of half-wild cattle, with bullocks to kill them as required; and he had as much bread and biscuit as would serve for twenty-one days; for the production of which all the bakers in Edinburgh, Leith, and Stirling, had been incessantly working for a week.

It was now the 23d of August, the 3d of September, the central fort of the three which are pitched along the great glen. He considered this the most advantageous spot that could be occupied by the king's army, because it was in the very centre of the disaffected country, and adjacent to the only communication with the adjacent places of strength. He accordingly ordered his army to march by road through the middle of the Highlands, which, stretching athwart the great alpine region of the Grampians, is so remarkable in the memory of all travellers for its lonely desolation in summer, and its dangerous character when the ground is covered by its snows. His first march was to Crieff, where he was obliged to halt till he should be overtaken by an hundred horse-load of bread that had been left at Stirling. Having previously written to the Duke of Athole, Lord Glenorchy, and other loyal chiefs, desiring them to raise their men, the Duke of Athole, however, did not stir a foot. The Duke of Cope was then, for the first time, obliged to rely on the gaining accessions of strength as he went along—the hope which had mainly induced him to go north with so small an army; and he would have gladly returned to Stirling, had not the orders of government, as he afterwards learned, been such as to prevent him from doing so. Lord Glenorchy waited upon the disaffected general on the afternoon of the same day, and gave him additional pain, by the intelligence that he could not gather his men in proper time. He then saw fit to send back seven hundred of his spare arms, to the place which he would so gladly have retreated to himself.

Advancing on the 23d to Amlure, on the 23d to Tay Bridge, on the 24th to Trinfair, and on the 25th to Dalnacardoch, the difficulties of a Highland campaign became gradually more and more apparent to the unhappy general, whose eyes were at the same time daily opened wider and wider to the secret disaffection of the Highlanders. His baggage-horses were stolen in the night from their pastures, so that he was obliged to leave hundreds of his bread-bags behind him. Those who took charge of this important deposit, though they promised to send it after him, lost care that it never reached its destination, or at least not until it was useless. He was also played upon and distracted by all sorts of false intelligence; so that he at last could not trust to the word of a single native, gentleman or commoner. In short, he was left in a complete *scrape*—emancipation from which seemed impossible but at the expense of honour.

When at the lonely inn of Dalnacardoch, he was met by Captain Sweetenham, the officer already mentioned as having been taken by the insurgents; who, after witnessing the destruction of the standard which had been discharged upon his parole, and now brought Cope the first certain intelligence he had received, regarding the real state of the enemy. Sweetenham had left them when their numbers were fourteen hundred; he had since met many of the men, and was leading to the rendezvous; and as he passed Dalwhinnie, the last stage of the march, he was met by MacIntosh of Boreland, that they were now three thousand strong, and were marching to take possession of Corrieack. Cope soon after received a letter from President Forbes, (now at his house of Culloden, near Inverness,) confirming the latter part of Captain Sweetenham's intelligence.

Corrieack, of which the insurgents were about to take possession, is an immense mountain of the loftiest and most voluminous proportion, intersected by the Cope's present position and Fort Augustus, and over which by the road he was designing to take. The real distance from the plain at one side to the plain at the other, of this vast eminence, is perhaps little more than four or five miles; but the tortuosity of the road, to suit the nature of the ground, that the distance by that mode of measurement is at least eighteen. The road ascends the steep sides by seventeen *traverses*, somewhat like the ladders of a tall and complex piece of scaffolding, each of which leads the traveller but a small way forward compared with the distance he has had to walk. It was the most dangerous peculiarity of the hill, in the present case, that the deep ditch or water-course along the side of the road, afforded innumerable positions, in which an enemy could be entrenched to the teeth, so as to annoy the approaching army without the possibility of being annoyed in return. It was, indeed, a very small body of resolute men could thus entirely cut off and destroy an army, of whatever numbers or appointments, acting upon the offensive. It was reported to Sir John Cope, that a party of the Highlanders was to wait for him at the bridge of Stirling, and that the danger of dangerous passes in the mountain, and that, while he was there actively opposed, another body, marching round by a path to the west, and coming in behind, should completely enclose him, as between two fires, and in all probability accomplish his destruction.

The royal army had advanced to Dalwhinnie, and come within sight of Corrieack, when the general received this dreadful intelligence; and so pressing had his dilemma then become, that he conceived it impossible to any further without calling a council of war. It was on the morning of the 27th of this month, that a very small took place, at which various proposals were made and considered for the further conduct of the army. All agreed, in the first place, that their original design of marching over Corrieack was impracticable. To retreat, which was needless, as the insurgents could slip down into the Lowlands, and there make objections lay against the measure which seemed most obvious, that of *marching back again*—namely, the orders of government, so express in favour of a northward march and an immediate encounter with the enemy, and the danger of the Highlanders intercepting them in their retreat by breaking down the bridges and destroying the roads. Under these circumstances, the only other course that remained, was to turn aside towards Inverness, where they had a prospect of being joined by some loyal clans, and in which case, they might expect that the Highlanders would scarcely dare to descend upon the Lowlands, as such a course would necessarily leave their own country exposed to the vengeance of an enemy.

This last proposal was unanimously agreed to, only one officer having attempted to advocate the opposite measure of a retreat to Stirling, and no member of the council presuming to press either the one or the other. Sir John Cope, who took care to get their seals-manual to the resolution, must therefore be held excused for his conduct under these unhappy circumstances, however blameable he may have been *a priori*, for his precipitancy in marching into the Highlands. The roads, of which this general has been loaded with ridicule and blame, to an extent which almost makes any attempt at defending him ridiculous. And yet, when the report of the board of general officers, which inquired into his conduct, is attentively perused, the reader can scarcely fail to be convinced that the result, and not the truth of his measures, has been the sole cause of his civil reputation.

No sooner was this resolution taken, than the army proceeded upon its march, turning off from the Fort Augustus road at a place called Blairbrig, and proceeding along the hills, which they called by the name of Inverness, by Ruthven to Inverness. In attempting to deceive the enemy, who were informed of Corrieack expecting his approach, the general caused a small portion of his army to advance, with the camp colours flying, towards the hill, under the semblance of an intended guard; with orders to overtake the main-body with all speed, when they had allowed time for it to get half a day's march upon its new route. He arrived, by forced marches, at Inverness upon the 27th, without having reached a single day when he left Crieff.

some foreign journal, that he had actually landed in the Highlands, and was sure of thirty thousand men and ten ships of war. No other intelligence of note is observable till the 23d, when it is stated that two Glasgow vessels, in their way home from Virginia, had touched somewhere in the North-west Highlands, and learned that the dreaded pretender was actually there, with ten thousand men, that he had sent word to the governor of Fort William, "that he would give him his breakfast that morning." Had Lochaber been part of the Russian Empire instead of a Scottish province—it had been two thousand instead of a hundred miles distant, and the greater uncertainty could scarcely have prevailed in that city regarding the proceedings of its inhabitants.

In projecting measures against the threatened insurrection, Sir John Cope had all along held counsel with three chief officers who, ever since the Union, have had such an unlimited influence over the affairs of Scotland—the Lord President of the Court of Session, the Lord Justice-Clerk, the Lord Advocate, and the Solicitor General. The gentlemen who held the two first of these offices, Duncan Forbes and Andrew Fletcher, were men of not only the purest patriotism and loyalty, but of the most extensive understanding and highest accomplishments. Duncan Forbes, in particular, from his intimate acquaintance with the Highlanders, a full half of whom he had previously converted to government by his eloquence and humanity, was peculiarly fitted to direct the operations of a campaign against that people.

The advice of all these gentlemen, unfortunately tended to this fatal effect—that Sir John Cope should march as fast as possible into the Highlands, in order to crush the insurrection before it reached any height. It is very probable that this advice was dictated by a feeling of humanity towards the insurgents, many of whom were the intimate friends and associates of the advisers. Forbes seems to have wished, by this means, at once to quiet those who had risen, before government should become exasperated against them, and to prevent as many of them from joining, who, were they would soon do so if the enterprise was not immediately abandoned, cannot but regret that a piece of counsel so honourable in its motive should have been so imprudent in policy. The royal army was not only inferior in numbers to that which was believed to have drawn together, but had all the disadvantages of a winter campaign in a mountainous country, and on ground unsuitable for its evolutions; would first have to drag its way slowly over rugged wilderness, with a perpetual clog of baggage and provisions behind it, and then perhaps fight in a desile where a few hundred men, with a few pieces, or even with a sword, might permit the enemy to slip past and descend upon the whole country, which it ought to have protected. The advice was even given in defiance of experience: the Duke of Argyll, in 1715, by guarding the pass into the Lowlands at Stirling, prevented the much superior army of Mar from disturbing the valuable part of the kingdom, and eventually was able to paralyse and confound the whole of that unhappy enterprise.

Cope is conjectured by Mr. Home, though the fact is not so obvious, to have been confirmed in his desire of prompt measures by a piece of address on the part of the Duke of Argyll, who, who were very numerous in Edinburgh, remembering that Charles had been at Stirling, and to knowing that Charles, for want of money, would not be able to keep the Highlanders long together in their own country, conceived it to be their best policy to precipitate a meeting between the two armies. They therefore contrived to say, that Sir John Cope, who had seemed to have no opinions of his own, but who seemed to every body he met, should be urged to perform the march he proposed, as the measure most likely to quell the insurrection, which, it was hinted by these insidious advisers, wanted nothing but a little time to become formidable.

Thus advised, and thus perhaps deluded, Sir John Cope rendezvoused his raw troops at Stirling, and sent off a letter to the Scots Secretary, requesting permission to march immediately against the rebels. The reasons which he gave for this, he afterwards assumed as strong in the eyes of the Lords regent, that they not only assented, but expressly ordered him to march to the north, and engage the enemy, whatever might be his strength, or wherever he might be found. This order reached Sir John Cope on the 25th of August, the very day when Charles reared his standard so near the Lowlands, and he was then declared by both parties simultaneously. Cope set out that very day for Stirling, to put himself at the head of his little army.

CHAPTER VI.

CHARLES'S DESCENT UPON THE LOWLANDS.

On by moss and mountain green,
 And sparkle & gleam the waters there;
 Drive the burn and it rough the dale,
 And leave the moor again the leader.

Round the bag-pipe, blow the horn,
 Let the kilts killed clatter on the floor;
 We mount up and ride the moor,
 And leave the moor again the leader.

The first movements of the insurgent army, after routing the standard, were directed through the country where they expected the greatest accession of force, and not towards the south of Scotland, which they considered themselves as yet in no condition to invade. Leaving Gleanfin on the 20th, they marched on the head of Loch Leith, and from thence on the 23d to Eassenden, where the Prince held his night in the house of young Loch Leith's brother. They were soon informed of the march of Sir John Cope from Stirling, by the Highland soldiers, who deserted nightly in great numbers from his army, and who now came to join their respective clans. Arriving on the 25th at Moy in Lochaber, they were joined by two hundred and sixty of the Stuarts of Appin, under the command of Stuart of Ardschiel. Next day, they proceeded, by the Castle of Invergarry, where the Prince slept a night, to Obertavie, in the district of Glenargy, where, in an attempt to surround the three hundred men, joined them, under the command of MacDonell of Lochgarry. Charles was now made aware, by an express from Gordon of Glenbucket, that Cope had arrived within two days march of his army, and was designing to proceed against him over Corrieareck. He therefore held a council of war at Obertavie, in order to consider whether he should meet the government troops with his present force, or defer an engagement till he should be joined by the clans he was daily expecting. The ardour of his counsellors, and of his own wishes, happily determined him upon the former of these measures, at once the boldest and the best.

A considerable party of the Grants of Glenmoriston had now joined the army, which thus amounted to above eighteen hundred men. The whole of the clans were in the highest spirits, and longed ardently for an engagement with Cope. These hopes, attended by the prospect of their own country again had already excited their highest indignation. As for Charles himself, the boldness with which he commenced the enterprise had been, if possible, screwed to a still higher pitch. He had already been freed from the shackles of a prison, and was now among men who moved; and his soul, formerly fired with ambition, was now imbued with no small portion of that purer and still loftier spirit—that peculiar spirit of chivalry and high-souled feeling—which, in some measure, might be said to form the mental atmosphere of his adherents. He had adopted a taste for Highland song and Highland tradition, was making rapid progress in the acquisition of Gaelic, and had determined upon assuming the dress and arms of a mountaineer. It was with something like the real spirit of a Highlander, that, on the morning of the 26th, he came to the river called for the highland dress which had been prepared for him, and, tying the latches of his single-soled shoes or brogues, vowed not to unlodge them till he had come up with the enemy.

The Highland army marched at four o'clock in the morning of the 27th from Abercheldar, near the foot of Corrieareck, in order to anticipate General Cope in the possession of that mountain. The ascent upon the north side being not nearly so steep as that upon the south, they ascended to the top without difficulty, and lay down upon the opposite side of the mountain, where they stood to have spent the night at Dalwhinnie. Cope, however, had just this morning resolved upon the safer course which we have described. They were informed of his evasive march by a soldier of the name of Cameron, who deserted in order to convey the intelligence, as soon as he perceived the army turn off at Blarney-hill. They halted the news with a loud shout, testifying disappointed vengeance mingled with exultation; and the Prince, calling for a glass of brandy, and ordering every man of usquebagh, drank "To the health of good Mr. Cope, and may every gent in the country call for vice prove himself as much our friend as he has done!" They then descended the steep traverses upon the south side of Corrieareck, with the rapid steps and eager countenances of men who give chase.

On the first of the Highland army on this occasion, that Johnny Cope, as they called him, should be pursued, and, if possible, utterly exterminated. However, when they reached Garvancore, the first stage from

the bottom of the hill, it was determined by a council of war, that the unfortunate general should be left to the consequences of his own folly at Inverness, and that they should proceed, in the mean time, to take advantage of his desertion of the Lowlands. They were confirmed in this resolution by the Marquis of Tullibardine, a gentleman who had joined the Prince at the head of Loch Spic, who represented that, by the influence of the Jacobites at Edinburgh, they would gain easy possession of that capital, and thus give victory to their arms fully as great as the achievement of a victory. It also appeared, that by this course, if they left the Frasers, the Macintoshes, and other northern clans, whom they expected to join, the Marquis of Tullibardine would gain them the men of Athole, before the duke his brother had time to interest them in the cause of government.

It was at this juncture that the enterprise assumed that bold and romantic character for which it was destined to be altogether so remarkable—it was here that he commenced that wild and unexampled tissue of untold adventure, which impressed Britain at the time with so much terror, and eventually so much admiration. Having once made the resolution to descend upon the Low countries, he did it with spirit and rapidity. Two days sufficed to carry him through the alpine region of Balmoroch; another to open up to his view the pleasant vale of Athole, which might in some measure be considered as at this juncture the most fertile and fertile. As he passed the lonely ham of Dalwhinnie, a party of his men, who had gone upon an unsuccessful expedition against the little government fort of Ruthven, brought into his camp M-Therson of Cluny, chief of that powerful family, a man of service, and the command of a company in the service government, but who was easily persuaded to return and raise his men for the cause of his sovereign.

In thus proceeding upon his expedition, Charles acted entirely like a man who has undertaken a high and hazardous enterprise, and is ready for every contingency, all his spirit and address. Nature and education had already qualified him for the campaign he was commencing. Originally gifted with a healthy and robust constitution, he had never engaged in those enervating amusements which prevail to such an extent in the country of the south of Scotland. His youth had been with a view probably to this very expedition, he had taken care to inure himself to a hardy and temperate mode of life; had instructed himself in all sorts of manly exercises; and, in particular, had made himself a first-rate pedestrian, and a good swimmer, over the mountains of the Highlands were astonished to find themselves over-matched at running, wrestling, leaping, and even at their favourite exercise of the broadsword, by the slender stranger of the distant lands; but their astonishment gave place to admiration and affection, when they discovered that Charles had adopted all these exercises out of compliment to them, and that he might some day show himself, as he said, a true Highlander. By walking, moreover, every day's march along side one or other of their corps, inquiring into their family histories, songs, and anecdotes, he soon became acquainted with the feelings of this simple and poetical people, who could conceive no greater merit upon earth than accomplishment in the use of arms, accompanied by a taste for tales of ancient glory. The enthusiastic and devoted attachment with which he succeeded in inspiring them, was such as no other chief could ever draw forth from his troops. Even half a century after they had seen him, when years might have been supposed to do away with their early feelings, it was impossible to find a surviving fellow-adventurer, and they were then many, who could speak of him without emotion and with reverence.

As the mountain host descended upon the plain, they were joined, like one of their own rivers, by accessions of strength at the mouths of all the little glens which they passed. But while many of the people joined and prepared to join them, a very considerable number of the landed proprietors led at their approach—among the rest, the Duke of Athole. In the absence of this nobleman from his house at Blair, his brother the Marquis of Tullibardine took possession of it as his own; and here Charles spent the night of the 30th of August. About midnight he was apprised of the Duke's intention to entertain all the Highland chiefs; and the supper which he gave was suitable in splendour to the distinguished character of the guest. During the evening, it is said, the Prince exerted himself to appear cheerful, and to disguise his anxiety arising from his circumstances, as may be supposed occasionally from a sort of thoughtfulness over his otherwise sprightly features. He par took only of the dishes which are supposed to be peculiar

to Scotland; and, in pursuance of the same line of policy which induced him to walk in tartan at the head of his troops, attempted to drink the healths of the chiefs in the few words of Gaelic which he had already picked up. To the Marquis of Tullibardine, who, as a gentleman of the school, always talked in broad Scotch, he addressed himself in language which was scarcely that which was possible; and in it his deportment, he showed an evident anxiety to conciliate and please those among whom his life was cast. Observing the guard which his host had placed in the lobby to be perpetually peeping in at the door, he saw him, he affected to desire of enjoying the open air, and, walking out into the lobby, directed the peer Highlanders with a complete view of his person, which they had not previously seen on account of their recent arrival at the house.

He remained two days at Blair, during which he was joined by Lord Nairn and several other noblemen of the country. Sending forward this nobleman, along with Lochiel and four hundred men, to proclaim him at Dunkeld, he proceeded down the Elair or Plin of Athole on the 2d of September, and spent that evening in Lord Nairn's house between Dunkeld and Perth. He advanced the next afternoon at the last mentioned town, where his proclamations had been made on the morning of the same day by the advanced party.

When Charles entered Perth, he wore a magnificent dress of tartan trimmed with gold, which at once set off his fine person, and gave him a noble and princely aspect. He was accompanied by the Duke of Perth, Oliphant of Gask, and Mercer of Aldie, who had joined him as he passed through their estates. The people, dazzled by his appearance, hailed him with loud acclamations, and conducted him to a sort of triumphal arch, the ledgings which had been prepared for him in the house of a Jacobite nobleman. This was the first town of consequence which Charles had yet arrived at, and he had every reason to be satisfied with his reception, although, as before, he felt that he ought to have been necessary to leave the inhabitants of the ancient and beautiful city were strongly disposed to regard Charles with affection, from the influence of local association. He reminded them of his father, who had here held his court; and he was not without reason, for he had already spent a considerable time with them during his attempts to recover the kingdom in 1650-1.—of James the Sixth, who had so strongly patronized their town as to become its provost,—and, finally, of that long and interminable quarrel which had been carried on between the neighbouring clans of Scoone, and even rendered this their capital. Thinking of the many courtly scenes which this prince's ancestors had occasioned in their city and its neighbourhood, they could scarcely but regard with satisfaction, one who seemed deigned to restore all these glories in long passed away. There was a public fair in Perth on the day of the prince's entry; and many persons from different parts of the country were there to join in the astonishment and partial rapture with which this singular scene was contemplated.

At the Duke of Perth's residence was that of the Viscount of Stormont, elder brother to Lord Mansfield—the representative of an avowed Jacobitical family, but one of those who were content to confine the expression of their political feelings to words. He was absent on the present occasion; but it was the reception which he had given to the Duke of Perth, and the name of one of his sisters is credibly said to have spread down a bed for his royal highness with her own fair hands.

The reinforcements which Charles received at Perth and its neighbourhood, were very considerable. He had already received the Duke of Perth, who was joined by the Marquis of Tullibardine, together with the tenants of Lord Nairn, and the Laids of Gask and Aldie. The Robertsons of Struan, Blairfrith, and Cushievale, the Stuarts who inhabited the uplands of Perthshire; and many of the nobles of the Duke of Perth, who lay the Marquis of Tullibardine, new poured themselves into the tide of insurrection. In raising these men, considerable difficulties were experienced by their chiefs and landlords, the spirit of Jacobitism being here apparently tinged with a good deal with Whiggery. The Duke of Perth, having received this intelligence, to combat it, and to make it, it is said, though with extremely little probability, was obliged to shoot one refractory person, in order to enforce his orders amongst the rest. Tullibardine, from the equivocal nature of his title, found still greater difficulty in raising his tenants, and in making them feel that he served his own. But, perhaps, no one experienced so much difficulty in his levies, as the good Laird of Gask, though he was, at the same time, perhaps, the person of

all others most anxious to provide men for the service of his beloved prince. This enthusiastic Jacobite was, it seems, so extremely incensed at the resistance he received from some of his tenants, that he actually laid an arrest-warrant or inhibition upon their corn fields, in order to see if their interest would not oblige them to comply with his request. The case was still at issue when Charles, in marching from Perth, observed the corn hanging dead ripe, and eagerly inquired the reason.

Charles had not got far, when his tenants from cutting their grain, but would not permit their cattle to be fed upon it, so that these creatures were absolutely starving. Shocked at what he heard, he leaped from the saddle, exclaiming, "This will never do," and began to gather a quantity of the corn. Giving this to his horses, he said to those that were by, that he had thus broken Gask's inhibition, and the farmers might now, upon his authority, proceed to put the produce of their fields to its proper use.

When Charles entered Perth, it is said that he had only a single guncloth in his pocket. During his march hither, he had been given his chief what sums they thought necessary for the subsistence of the men; and his purse was now exhausted at the very moment when it was fortunately in his power to replenish it. By sending detachments of his men to Dundee, and various other towns within a few distant miles, he procured a quantity of money; and several of his Edinburgh friends now came in with smaller but less reluctant subsidies. From the city of Perth he exacted five hundred pounds.

A circumstance occurred during the negotiations about contributions, which might be thought to be notorious for the pages of history, as it was well preserving as a curious illustration of the ignorance of the Highlanders at this period, regarding the affairs of civilized life. Before achieving the subsidy, Charles, finding it necessary to use his own personal influence with the civic rulers, he went to the house of a particular baillie, attended by a single mountaineer. He immediately entered into a conference with the worthy magistrate, who happened, besides a stately old fashioned "stand of cloths," as a full suit was then called, to wear a remarkably voluminous, dignified, and ill-powered wig. Charles, in the first moment of his entrance, beheld the baillie, and seeing the prince at the same time wearing his own pale unostentatious locks, it struck the mind of the poor Highlander, that there was something intolerably inappropriate in the respective appearances of the two heads. He could have sworn that the baillie's wig was a piece of the most valuable ornament supplied by nature, provided that there was no possibility of improving the case; but when he saw the head of an inferior person—a mere baillie, decorated with something so much finer, and to which it had not nearly so good a title, he could not help admiring the royal indignation. Going up to the magistrate, therefore, he deliberately lifted off his wig before the poor gentleman was aware, and muttering that "it was a shame to see a like o' her, clarty thing, wearing sic a braw hair, when a vera prince herself had nathing on a'va," fairly trampled it to his royal highness, and then he proceeded to adjust it with great care and apparent reverence. The magistrate, of course, stormed like a fury at the insult offered to his dignity, and even Charles himself could not help expressing some uneasiness; but it was a good while ere he could adequately appreciate the gentleman's wound, and he was obliged to be content with his own derision and restored to its proprietor de facto.

Perhaps the most important accession to his force which Charles received at Perth, was that of Lord George Murray, whom his brother the Marquis of Tullibardine had procured from Athole the day after his departure from the city. This gentleman was advanced to middle age, and had been out in the year 1715. Having served abroad since, in the king's service, he possessed considerable military experience; but his talents and enterprising character were such as to render his knowledge of the present condition and feelings of the army of his countrymen almost as useful as his military experience. Charles had so much confidence in his abilities, as immediately to make him Lieutenant-general of his army; a trust for which, great as it was, he soon proved himself admirably qualified.

Charles thus commenced his way no less than eight days at Perth, by the double necessity of providing himself with money and gathering the Perthshire clans together. He did not, however, spend his time in vain. He seized this opportunity of reducing the ill-assorted elements of his army to some degree of order, and exerted himself to the utmost to inculcate the most rigorous evolutions of military discipline. The sturdy mountaineers were, by many be easily imagined, somewhat intractable; displaying great inaptitude in the conventional rules by which a whole body is to be governed, though at the same time

every individual evinced a readiness and dexterity in the use of his own arms far beyond what is seen in ordinary soldiers. At a grand review, which he held on the common ground north of the town (September 7th) Charles was observed to smile occasionally at the awkwardness of their general motions; at the same time, he complimented their appearance as individuals, by calling them "his Strazis,"—that is, his, coats,—an appellation which was the admiration of the strength and wild elegance of their persons.

It would almost appear that Charles occupied himself so closely in business, while at Perth, as to have little time for amusement. Not only did he make a point of rising early every morning, to drill his troops, but it is recorded of him that, being one night invited to a grand ball by the gentlemen of Perth, he had no sooner danced one measure, than he made his bow and hastily withdrew, alleging the necessity of visiting his sentry-posts. This ungallant act, so opposite to his usual policy of ingratiating himself with all sorts of people, if not also to his own inclinations, can be ascribed to nothing but his sense of the importance of his military duties, to which he thought that all others should be for the present postponed. He is said to have given general orders to the ladies by the shortness of his stay at their entertainments.

We are enabled, from a newspaper of the time, to state that he attended divine service on Sunday the 8th of September; when Mr. Armstrong, probably a clergyman of the Scottish Episcopalian Church, preached from the very apostle text (Isaiah, xiv. 18).—"For the Lord will smite upon Jacob, and will yet loose Israel, and set them in their own land; and the strangers shall be joined with them, and they shall cleave to the house of Jacob. And the people shall take them and bring them to their place; and the house of Israel shall possess them, in the land of the Lord, for ever." For some time, however, he shall take them captives whose captives they were, and they shall rule over their oppressors."

Many of the strangers whom Charles found at Perth attending the fair, procured passports from him, to protect their persons and goods in passing through the country. In this respect, however, he was not very scrupulous of manner. One of them, a linen-drapeer from London, had some conversation with his royal highness, and was desired to inform his fellow-citizens, that he expected to see them at St. James's in the course of two months.

CHAPTER VII.

ALARM OF EDINBURGH.

Why, what a stupor hath heaven lent us here!
King John.

Can you think to front your enemies' revenges with the easy games of idleness—this is the path of our daughters, or, with the paltry distress of such a weak dangle as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the standard fire of your city with such weak trifles as these?

For upwards of a week after Cope's march into the Highlands, the people of Edinburgh had felt all the anxiety which people usually entertain regarding an impending action; but as yet they expressed very little alarm about their own particular safety. The common talk of the day was, that that commander would soon "give up the pretence of being a rebel, and would voluntarily "give a good account of the Highland host,"—that he would soon "read the riot act to them;" and other vaunts, indicating all the confidence of security. To speak in another strain was considered treason. Fappily, prudent as this inclination was, it was not the wisest way to keep this tone of the public mind undisturbed. They knew it to be Charles's wish that the low countries, and also the government, should be as little alarmed as possible by his proceedings. They, therefore, conspired with the zealous whigs to spread a general impression of his weakness.

The better to lull the town, and consequently the whole nation, into security, Charles, or some of his officers, thought proper to despatch a person of credit and good repute from their camp in Lochaber, with a report calculated to produce the desired effect. The person selected for this purpose James Drummond, or Macdonald, as he is called to the celebrated Rob Roy, a man not of the purest character, but who seemed eligible on account of his address, and because he was a good deal in the confidence of the whig party. By way of making himself as useful as possible, Drummond volunteered at the same time to carry with him to Edinburgh, copies of all the prince's proclamations and manifestoes, which he thought he should easily be able to get printed there, and disseminated among the friends of the cause. He reached Edin-

burgh on the 26th, and being immediately admitted to the presence of all the high civil and civic officers, reported that the Highlanders, when he left them a day or two before, were not above fifteen hundred strong at most. So far as he could judge of them, he said, they would run at the first onset of the royal army, being chiefly old men and boys, and moreover all very ill armed. When he had performed this part of his duty, he lost no time in setting about the other. His first object was to print by one Drummond, a zealous Jacobite, and so speedily did the rumour prevail throughout the town, that the magistrates were obliged, within three or four days after the arrival of this faithful messenger, to issue a proclamation, offering a high reward for the discovery of the printer.

Drummond's report, though partially successful in assuring the citizens, who immediately learned it through the newspapers, was not so completely effective with the public authorities as to prevent them from taking a measure next day, which they had for some time contemplated, of that of applying to the king for permission to raise a regiment, to be paid by the voluntary subscription of the inhabitants, with which they might at once defend their property and advance his majesty's interests, in case of the town being attacked. Their previous security, however, got about this time a slight fillip, from a piece of intelligence brought to the city by a messenger from the north, who had been visiting his friends in the north. This man had the honesty to declare, that, when he saw the insurgents in Lochaber, their camp was as long as the space between Leith and the Cullin Hill (at least a mile); a local allusion, which inspired a much more respectful idea of the cavalier's forces than any they had yet entertained.

It was not, however, till the 31st of August that the alarm of the city of Edinburgh assumed a truly serious complexion. On that day, news came of Cope's evasion of the Highfort forces at Dalwinton, and of the consequent march of the cavalier upon the low country. The citizens had previously looked upon the insurrection as but a more formidable sort of riot, which would soon be quelled, and no more heard of; but when they saw that a regular army was found it necessary to decline fighting with the insurgents, and that the king was about to disturb the open country, it began to be looked upon in a much more serious light. The finishing stroke was given to their alarm next day (Sunday the 1st of September,) by the Duke of Athole coming suddenly to the city, and declaring that he was ready to march, if he had been compelled to leave the Highlands. It was reported at the time, that his grace had been compelled to take this step with greater precipitation than would have otherwise been necessary, by receiving a letter from his brother, the Marquis of Tullibardine, calling upon him to deliver up the house and estate which he had so long possessed unjustly. But the venerable Riddiman, who gave currency to this rumour, by means of his paper, the Caledonian Mercury, was obliged, during the same week, to acknowledge it false, and that the Duke of Athole would pay a fine of two guineas, besides being imprisoned for a fortnight.

When the alarm became thus strong, the friends of government began to make serious preparations for the defence of the capital. A series of transactions then commenced in the city, the most ridiculous perhaps that ever took place in the history of the Lowlands of Edinburgh, as may be well known to many of our readers, was then, and for twenty years afterwards, the strange castellated old city which it had been for centuries, but of which it is now so violently the reverse.

"Filled deep an massive, close and high,"

as one of its poets has expressed its appearance, and chiefly situated upon a steep and isolated hill, it was partly surrounded by a wall, and partly by a lake; defences of great antiquity, but which had never been put to the test of a serious attack. The wall, of which the wall was overlooked by lines of lofty houses, forming the suburbs, while the lake was fordable in many places. Any attempt to fortify and hold out such a place seems to have been from the first imprudent. Even though its walls could have kept out the Highlanders, the inhabitants could hardly have been supplied with the necessaries of life, the want of water and bread, both of which articles must be supplied from without; or the enemy could have threatened to burn the valuable suburb of the Canongate before their face, and perhaps even succeeded in setting fire to the city.

The honour of the city was destined to become a sacrifice on the present occasion, to the accused demon of burgh politics, or, in other words, to the intrigues of the municipal government. The existing magistracy, with

therefore, to the brink of the river, he drew his sword, flourished it in the air, and pointing to the other side, rushed into the stream with an air of the highest resolution. The river having been somewhat reduced by a course of dry weather, he found no difficulty in wading across. When he reached the opposite side, he stood upon the bank, and congratulated every successive detachment as it reached the land.

Charles dined in the afternoon of this memorable day at Leekie House, the seat of a Jacobite gentleman named Mr. John, who had been present on the preceding night in his coat, and hurried to Stirling Castle by daybreak, on suspicion that he was preparing to entertain the cavalier. The remainder of this day's march was in a direction due south, to the Moor of Touch; and it was for a time uncertain whether Charles designed to attack Edinburgh or Glasgow; the latter presented great temptations on account of its being unprotected, and quite as wealthy as Edinburgh; and Charles had sufficient reason to owe it a grudge, on account of its zeal against his family on all occasions when zeal could be displayed. But the *etat* of seizing the seat of government, and the assurance of his Edinburgh friends that he would easily be able to do so, proved decisive in confirming his own original wishes to that effect. He, however, sent off a detachment to demand a subsidy of fifteen thousand pounds from the commercial capital.*

The Highland army came eastward on the next day, taking a compass to the south of Stirling, in order to avoid the castle guns. Meanwhile, Colonel Gardiner, who had retreated from Stirling the preceding night, continued to retire before them, designing to fall back upon the other regiment, which was now lying at Edinburgh. In this day's march, the price passed over the field of Bannockburn, where his illustrious ancestor Bruce gained the greatest victory that adorns the Scottish annals. The emotions of pride with which he beheld this scene, were disturbed by a few shots from the castle, which broke ground near him without doing any mischief. A Highland regiment in attendance on his army displayed his sense of what he considered so grievous an insult upon his prince, by turning about, and firing a horse-pistol at the doughty fortress.

Charles spent the afternoon of this brief day's march in Bannockburn House, the seat of Sir Hugh Patterson, a gentleman attached in the most enthusiastic manner to his cause. His army by upon the neighbourhood of Sauchie, where King James III. in 1488, was defeated and slain by his rebellious subjects. From this day's march, a message to the magistrates of Stirling, who submitted to him, and sent out the provisions he demanded.

On the 15th, Charles proceeded to Falkirk, where his army lay all night among some broom to the east of Calander House. He himself lodged in that mansion, where he was kindly entertained, and assured of faithful service by the Earl of Kilmarnock. His lordship in-

forming Charles that Gardiner's dragoons intended next day to dispute the passage of Lanthrick bridge, Charles despatched a band of nine hundred well armed Highlanders to attack him, who, without delay, marched during the night on this expedition; but the dragoons did not wait to come to battle. They retired precipitately to Leith, and the Highlanders entered Linlithgow without disturbance before break of day.

Charles brought up the remainder of the army to Linlithgow, about ten o'clock that forenoon, when he was the people there, and attended to the religious duties of religion in their ancient church. But the arrival of so distinguished a visitor suspended their pious duties for at least one day. Linlithgow, perhaps on account of its having been so long a seat of Scottish royalty, was a decidedly Jacobite town; and on the present occasion, it is said that even some of the magistrates could not restrain their loyal enthusiasm. Charles was conducted in triumph to the palace of his ancestors, where a splendid entertainment was prepared for him by Mrs. Gordon, the *keeper*, who, in honour of Charles's visit, set the palace of Linlithgow in a blaze of wine and revelry, and the respectable inhabitants of the burgh to partake. All prince mingled in their festivities with his usual grace; and such another Sunday was perhaps never spent by the good burghers of Linlithgow.

The Highland army, at four o'clock in the afternoon, marched to a rising ground between three and four miles to the eastward, (near the twelfth mile stone from Edinburgh), where they bivouacked, while the prince slept in a neighbouring house. They proceeded next morning, (Monday the 17th), towards Edinburgh, from which they were now distant only about four miles.

On reaching Corstorphine, Charles thought proper, in order to avoid the guns of Edinburgh castle, to strike off by a road leading in a southerly direction towards the little village of Staford. His men there bivouacked for the night in a field called Gray's Park, which at that time bore a crop of peas nearly ripe. The tradition of Stirling records, that the proprietor of the ground applied to Charles at his lodgings for some indemnification for the loss of his crop. He was asked, if he would take the Prince Regent's bill for the sum, to be paid whenever the insurgent country should be concluded. The man hesitated at the name of the bill. Charles then offered to prefer a bill from some *here-ana* person,—(that is to say, some native of Scotland), whom he knew. Charles laughed heartily at his caution, and asked if he would try the name of the Duke of Perth, who was his countryman. The man hesitated a time a more creditable man than he could pretend to be. The rustic accepted a promissory note from the duke.

CHAPTER IX.

CAPTURE OF EDINBURGH.

*K. Phil. Niles, citizens of Angiers, open your gates;
Let in that army which you have made.*
King John.

* The conduct of the insurgent army, on first entering the Lowlands, is minutely and strikingly portrayed by Douglas Graham, the metrical historian of the Forty-five, who seems to have been present, and recorded their proceedings. The reader will learn with astonishment, that young Lochiel, with all his amiable qualities, could be guilty of shooting one of his clan; a fact highly illustrative of the power of these petty sovereigns over their people.

Here for a space they took a rest,
And had refreshment of the best.
The country round them could afford,
Though many found but empty board.
As sheep and cattle were drove away,
Yielded to the hungry men for prey;
Took milk and butter, and the cheese,
On all kinds of estates they seize;
And he who could not get a share,
Sprang to the hills like dogs for hire;
There shot the sheep and made them fall,
And cut off the ears, and that was all;
Struck up pepper and the fleeces,
With salt and pepper did not fish,
To did enrage the Camerons' chief,
To see his men so play the thief;
And ending one into the act,
He fired and shot the other dead;
Then to the rest himself addressed,
'This is your lot, I do protest,
Who'er amongst you wrongs a man,
Pay what you get, I tell you plain;
For yet we know not friend or foe,
Nor how all things may chance to go.'

The delay of the Highland army at Perth, and the daily expectation of being relieved by Sir John Cope, for a time subdued the ardour of the Highlanders. It was by the first intelligence of Charles's descent upon the Lowlands. But when he set out from that city, and was understood to be marching upon Edinburgh, all the terrors of the citizens were renewed, at least of that part of them who looked upon the Highland army as a public enemy, or who conceived their entrance into the city as inconsistent with the safety of private property. On the other hand, the Jacobite part of the population openly exulted at the news of every successive day's march which Charles made towards the city.

The conflict of passions in which the passions of all ranks of people were thrown by the course of public events, was now increased in a great degree by another agitating matter—the election of heads of incorporations, which began to take place on the tenth of September. All the republicans who are in the habit of interfering in these transactions, then became involved in the contemptible details of burghal policy, and, while the great question agitating the British empire was, "Who should be king?" that which chiefly occupied the attention of the tradesmen of Edinburgh was, "Who should be mayor?" To such a height was this madness carried, that the magistrates at length were obliged to discontinue the repairs which they were making upon the city walls, because it was impossible to get workmen to attend to their respective occupations. In the all-prevailing, all-engrossing

subject of burgh-politics, every noble and more urgent purpose was forgotten. Their convener, or chief master, had some days before, upon the steep of St. Giles's church, the ancient banner which bore the arms of Scotland, to have planted upon the walls of Jerusalem, thus, emblematically calling upon all his subjects, or rather, it is said, upon the whole of the tradesmen in Scotland, to rise up to him, and repel the common danger; but he had some days before, of this order, a number of transgressions, and the consequence was, that the order was not to go upon a crusade against Prince Charles, but the blue folds of their standard flouted as vainly from the spire of the cathedral, as if it had been a rest instead of a metaphorical blanket, swinging upon a pole's dye.

Sir John Cope had sent one of his captains from Inverness early in the month of August, to order a number of transports to sail from Leith to Aberdeen, in which he might bring back his men to the shores of Lothian. These vessels sailed on the 10th, escorted by a ship of war; and as the weather was excellent, they were expected to return very soon with an army of relief. From that day, the people of Edinburgh, according to Mr. Home, were continually looking up with anxiety to the vanes and weathervanes, watching the direction of the wind.

As no certain dependence could be placed on Cope's arrival, the Whigs did not, in the mean time, neglect in drilling the training of the militia. The militia of Edinburgh took place twice a day, of a nature which seemed designed to make up in intensity what was wanted in time. MacLaurin, moreover, the celebrated mathematician, attended all his faculties in completing the works of defence which were going on; and the work began to bristle with old pieces of cannon, which had been lately collected from the country around. The various gates or ports of the town were all strongly barricaded, and a guard appointed to each.

On the 15th, a false alarm reaching the city, that the insurgents were advanced within eight miles, it was proposed that Hamilton's and Gardiner's regiments of dragoons should make a stand at Corstorphine, supported by a body of infantry composed of the volunteers and militia of the county. The utter imbecility of these wretched reality, soldiers was now shown in all its ridiculous reality.

Public worship had commenced on this day at the usual hour of ten, and the ministers were all preaching with swords by their sides, when the fire bell was rung as a signal of alarm. The ministers and the churches were instantly deserted by the congregations. The people found the volunteers ranked up in the Lawnmarket, preparatory to marching out to town; and immediately after, Hamilton's dragoons rode up the street, to receive the volunteers from Corstorphine. These heroes, who had been at the battle of the Clouds, and who had charged their swords against each other as they rode along, and displayed by their language the highest symptoms of courage. The volunteers, put into heart by their formidable appearance, uttered a hearty huzz, and the people threw up their hats in the air. But an end was soon put to this temporary affliction of bravery. The mothers and sisters of the volunteers began to take the alarm and crying them about to march out to battle, and with tears, cries, and tender embraces, implored them not to hazard their precious lives. Even their female relations saw fit to advise them against so dangerous an enterprise, and to counsel them to return to their homes against the worthless carcases of a party of brutes. That these remonstrances were by no means unsuccessful, was speedily shown by the result. An order being given to march after the dragoons, Captain Eschmoller, Drummond, who stood at the head of the regiment, led off his men to the west of the city, towards the West Port, expecting all the rest to follow in their order. What was this gentleman's astonishment, on reaching the gate, to find that, instead of being followed as he expected, only a few of his more immediate friends and intimates, and a few comrades had chosen to do him that honour! All the rest of the regiment, and the irolute where they were in the Lawnmarket, or slipped down the various lanes which they passed in their brief march to the West Port. A city was afterwards compared their march to the course of the Rhine, which at first ran in a straight line, but afterwards branched out, but, being continually drawn off by little canals, at last becomes a small rivulet, and is almost lost in the sand before reaching the ocean.

When Drummond found himself so poorly attended, he sent a lieutenant to know what had detained the remainder. Out of all who were still in the city, the Lawnmarket, this gentleman found an hundred and forty-one, who still retained some sense of either shame or courage, and expressed themselves willing to

march. The lieutenant brought these down to the West Port, where, being added to the town guard and the half-fledged subscription regiment, they made up a body of three hundred men, besides the volunteers.

Even this insignificant band was destined to be still further reduced before making a movement against the approaching danger. As they were standing within the West Port, before setting out, Dr. Wishart, a clergyman of the city, and principal of the college, came down with a number of clergymen, and conjured the volunteers to remain within the walls, and reserve themselves for the defence of the city. The words of the reverend man appealed directly to the sentiments of the persons addressed; and, though some affected a courage which could listen to no proposals of peace, by far the greater part would have gladly obeyed the doctor's behest. Happily, their manhood was saved the shame of a direct and point-blank retreat, by a circumstance which took place just at this time. Drummond having sent a messenger to the provost, bearing, as he thought, his full permission for their march, they should not march; they were gratified with an answer, in which the provost congratulated them upon their resolution not to march; on which Drummond who had made all this show of zeal for the meanest of purposes, withdrew with the air of a man who had been deceived, and the volunteers dispersed except a few, chiefly hot-headed college youths, who resolved to continue in arms till the end of the war.*

Meanwhile the town guard and Edinburgh regiment, in number about hundred and eighty men, marched out, by order of the provost, to support the dragoons at Corstorphine; being the whole force which the capital of Scotland found it possible on this occasion to present against its formidable enemy.

The night succeeded this disgraceful day was spent without disturbance. The walls of the city were guarded by six or seven hundred men, consisting of trained bands, volunteers, and tenants of the Duke of Buccleugh, who had been sent by that nobleman to assist in defending the town. Some of these watchmen were not relieved till the morning; and we learn from the minutes of the paper of the period, that the magistrates had restricted them during the night to a "single chopin of ale," the nature of the service may be conjectured as having been by no means very agreeable. The grandfather of a citizen of Edinburgh, now living, is said by his descendant to have been much chagrined by the necessity of the vigils at the door of the council chamber, that he was obliged at last to lay down his musket, and go home to his house in the Grassmarket for a refreshment.

During the course of this night the two regiments of dragoons, the first of Leith, and the second of Edinburgh, and the infantry entered the city. Brigadier General Fowkes arrived on the same night from London, in order to take the command of this little army of protection. He did so next morning; and by an order from General Gough, governor of the city, marched out to Colt Bridge, a place two miles west of the city, where he was joined in the course of the forenoon by the civic troops.

A person who saw these unfortunate soldiers at their post, describes them as having been drawn up in the open field to the east of Colt Bridge, in the form of a wedge, with the point directed towards the city. On account of his age and health, was muffled in a wide blue surcoat, with a handkerchief drawn round his hat and tied under his chin. The Edinburgh regiment and town guard he describes as looking extremely dismal; but certain of the volunteers he thought not so flustered as the "bluff dragoons." The event, however, was such as to show that nobody had escaped the panic of this momentous day.

On retreating the preceding night to their quarters between Edinburgh and Leith, the dragoons had left a small detachment of about thirty men, which was about two miles in advance of Colt Bridge. It was with this party that the panic commenced. The insurgents observing them on their approach to Corstorphine, sent forward one or two of their number on horseback to take a view of the detachment, and bring a report of their number. These wicked fellows riding up pretty far, thought proper to fire their pistols rather towards than at the dragoons, and the poor dragoons immediately, in the greatest

alarm, wheeled about, without returning a shot, and retired upon the main body at Colt Bridge, to whom they communicated all their fears. It was immediately resolved to march to meet them, but further opposition to the rebels, whom he saw to be too strongly fortified without some risk; and he accordingly issued the welcome order for a retreat. This motion was performed with the greatest good will by the various troops; and the Jacobite inhabitants of Edinburgh were immediately gratified with the sight of these cowards, all galloping as hard as they could, over the ground now occupied by the New Town on their way to the eastward.

A clamour immediately rose in the streets of Edinburgh, which, till this period, had been crowded with armed forces; and hundreds ran about, crying that it was madness to think of defending the town, since the dragoons had fled, and that if this measure was persisted in, "they should all be murdered!" A message from the Young Chevalier had previously been delivered to them, importing, that if they admitted him peaceably into the town, they should be civilly dealt with; but that resistance would subject them to all the pains of military usage; and the general cry now was, that the town should be surrendered. The provost, in returning from the West Port, where he had been giving orders, in consequence of the alarm, and had been standing upon the street by multitudes of the alarmed inhabitants, who implored to call a meeting of the citizens, to determine what should be done. He consented with some reluctance to do so, or rather the people pressed so close around him and his friends, in their chamber, that a meeting was constituted without his consent. He then sent for the officers of the crown, whose advice he wished to ask; but it was found, to the still greater consternation of the people, that all these gentlemen had deserted the city. The meeting was then adjourned to a larger place—the New Town, where the Duke of Argyll, Lord Dalrymple, or not defend the town," being put, by far the greatest number of those present exclaimed in favour of the latter alternative, and all who attempted to urge the contrary measure were borne down by clamour. While the first meeting was in progress, a man, who had been in the door, addressed to the provost, and was admitted to the council of Edinburgh. Deacon Orrick, a shoemaker, got this document into his hands, and announced that it was subscribed "Charles, P. R." On this the provost rose, and, saying he would not be present at the reading of a paper which he considered as a declaration of war, prevailed upon, after some time, to return, and peruse the letter to be read, when it was found to run as follows.

"From our Camp, 16th September, 1745.

"Being now in a condition to make our way into the capital of his majesty's ancient kingdom of Scotland, we hereby summon you to receive us, as you are in duty bound to do; and in order to it, we hereby require you, on receipt of this, to summon the town council, and to take proper measures for securing the peace of the city, which we are very desirous to protect. But if you suffer any of the usurper's troops to enter the town, or any of the cannon, arms, or ammunition, now in it (whether belonging to the public or to private persons), to be carried off, we shall consider it as a breach of your duty, and a heinous offence against the laws of God and man, which we accordingly. We promise to preserve all the rights and liberties of the city, and the particular property of every one of his majesty's subjects. But if any opposition be made to us, we cannot answer for the consequences, which may ensue, at any rate, to enter the city; and in that case, if any of the inhabitants are found arrayed against us, they must not expect to be treated as prisoners of war.

"CHARLES, P. R."

The tenor of this letter decided the meeting in their proposal for a capitulation; and deputies were immediately despatched to Stafeord, where they understood Charles to be, with this quarter for the night, with power to entreat time for deliberation.

In the course of the afternoon, while the inhabitants were violently debating in the New Kirk aisle, a gentleman, whose person was not recognised by any one, rode up to the town upon a grey horse, and, rushing rapidly along the line of the volunteers, who were standing in the Lawnmarket, cried with a loud voice that he had seen the Highlanders, and they were sixteen thousand strong! Without stopping to be questioned, he was out of sight in a moment; but the impression he had made was not without effect, and was decisive. Four companies immediately marched up to the Castle Hill, and surrendered their arms to General Gough, from whom they had received them; and their example was speedily followed by all the different bodies

of militia that had been supplied with arms from the castle magazine. When this transaction was completed, Edinburgh might be said to have virtually resigned all hope of defence, though the trained bands still continued to man the walls, with the master's locks in their hands, and the gates were still barricaded.

Throughout all these scenes of civic pusillanimity, natural enough perhaps, but still ridiculous, if not disgraceful, there were not wanting instances of noble resolution and consistent loyalty. Mr. Joseph Williamson, an advocate at the bar, with the rank of a lieutenant-colonel, minister of the West Church of Edinburgh, during the tempestuous times of the last Charles and James, who had been intrusted with the keys of the gates, on account of his office of town clerk, on being asked by the provost to deliver up his charge, absolutely refused to do so; and when commanded to surrender, he said, "I will explore that he might be permitted at least to escape over the walls, so as not to share in what he considered the general disgrace of the city.* A similar enthusiast, by name Dr. Stevenson, though he had long been bed-ridden through age and disease, and at some days, as one of the guards at the Netherbow-port, in his own chair, he

The deputies, who had gone out in a carriage to Stafeord, at eight o'clock, returned at ten, with a letter from Charles, reiterating his demand to be peaceably admitted into the town, and saying, "I am glad to see that your father's declaration was so efficacious in procuring the protection of the city." By this time, the magistrates had been informed of the approach of General Cope's transports to Dunbar, (twenty-seven miles east from the city), and felt disposed to hold out in the hope of speedy relief from a government army. With this view, the deputies were sent back to Stafeord about two o'clock in the morning, with an insidious petition for a little longer time; but the prince refused to admit them to his presence; and they were obliged to return without accomplishing their object.

Charles, during this anxious night, slept only two hours, and that without taking off his clothes. Finding that the inhabitants of Edinburgh were only amusing themselves at his expense, and afraid that the city would be relieved, he gave orders, at an early hour in the morning, to the officers of the army, to march to the city. The gentlemen who he selected for this purpose were Lochiel, Keppoch, Ardsliel, and O'Sullivan; they were commanded to take the best armed of their respective parties, to the amount of about nine hundred, and either wait till the morning, to blow up one of the gates if necessary. This band marched to the Netherbow Muir, by moon light, and reached the lower gate of the city, called the Netherbow, about five o'clock in the morning.

A fortuitous circumstance occurred at this moment, which spared the disagreeable necessity of using violence in entering the town. Just as the Highlanders reached the gate, it was opened by the guard within, in order to let out the hackney coach which had brought back the deputies from Stafeord; all the hackney-coaches of Edinburgh being at that time kept in the Canonree, to which place this was now returning. No sooner did the portal open, than the Highlanders rushed in and took possession of the gate. Not knowing what resistance they might meet in the town, they had prepared themselves with sword and target to encounter an immediate conflict, and they uttered one of those wild and impetuous yells with which they were in the habit of accompanying the onset on a day of pitched battle. But they were agreeably surprised to find the spacious street into which they had rushed, exhibited, instead of a serried host of foes, all the ordinary appearances which the city, buried in profound and universal repose. Only a few night-capred men were here and there thrust hastily out of the lofty windows, evidently raised from their pillows by the appalling noise they had just heard. The daughter of one of these persons has described to us, from the recollection of her mother, that a great number of the yells with which they rushed up the street. They presented the appearance of marching; but every individual expressed, by different gestures and cries, the sensations of his own mind on so momentous an occasion. The ferocious aspect which they had had in view in expectation of fighting, was just changed to an expression of surprise and alarm, as they had made; and many were laughing at the symptoms of surprise and alarm which they observed in the faces of the spectators. On so auspicious an occasion, the

* Williamson did go over the walls through the night, and was the first man to reach London with intelligence of the surrender of Edinburgh.

* A story is told of one John MacLure, a writing master, who knowing the resolution of the volunteers, and that they would never fight, assumed what the reviewer of Mr. Home's Works (Quar. Rev. No. 71) calls "a professional cuirass," namely, a coat of writing paper, upon which he wrote, "This is the body of John MacLure—pray give it a Christian burial!"

bag pipes could not remain silent; the ancient echoes of the High Street therefore, sounded, as they marched, to the spirit strikers of the favourite Jacobite air, "We'll awa to Sherramuir, to haud the Whigs in order."

The first thing that the Highlanders did in Edinburgh, was to seize the Guard-house, an ancient building which was the centre of the High Street, where they disarmed all the men whom they found upon duty. They then went to the different parts of the city, and also to all the posts upon the walls, and relieved the guards, as quietly, says Mr. Home, as one guard relieves another in the routine of duty on ordinary occasions. They fixed a strong guard at the end of the West Bow to cut off all communication between the city and the castle, using the Weigh-house as their court of guard; and the remainder of the body drew themselves up in two lines upon the street, to await the arrival of the army. When the inhabitants began to stir at their usual hour of rising, they found the government of the city completely transferred from the magistrates in the name of King George, to the Highlanders in the name of King James.

At the period of these memorable transactions, there were two newspapers regularly published at Edinburgh, the Evening Courant and the Edinburgh Mercury. The former continued throughout all the subsequent campaign to express such violent hostility to the insurgents, that the editor was burnt in effigy, at Rome, on the 10th of June 1746, amongst the other festivities with which the birth-day of the king was so celebrated. The Mercury, on the contrary, was so enthusiastic a Jacobite, that it was afterwards very much discontinued and even persecuted by government. There is something quite amusing in the conduct of the Courant on the occasion of Charles's entry into Edinburgh. So long as the Highlanders were at the head of the army, even when they had pushed the length of Perth, he describes them as "a pitiful ignorant crew, good for nothing, and incapable of giving any reason for their proceedings, but taking only of *Smoking, King James, and the Royal Power*, as the sole criterion of their conduct." At a *Rashant* (the *Revue*), however, which was published afterwards, and in which the editor was more ready towards Edward, and at every additional symptom of imbecility displayed by the protectors of the city, this tone is perceptibly decreased, till at last, in the number for Tuesday, September 17, it is in the following effect: "By and we only find that the Highland army, which Mr. Murray of Broughton, Secretary. Since our last, the Prince, with his Highland army, has taken possession of this place; but we must refer you for particulars to our next." *Our next*, however, did not come out for a week, instead of appearing, as it ought to have done, at the distance of a few days; and, during the whole stay of the prince at Edinburgh, the editor seems fast to say as little on either side as possible. The Mercury, which, as we have already mentioned, was then under the charge of Ruddiman, the distinguished grammarian, both talked with more respect of the Highland army, and at a distance of a few days afterwards more readily its organ of intelligence, than the Courant. In the first publication after the capture of Edinburgh, "affairs" are stated to have "taken a surprising turn in this city since yesterday, Highlanders and bag pipes being now as common in our streets as formerly were the pikes and bayonets." They follow an account of the taking of the city, concluding with a statement that "the Highlanders behave most civilly to the inhabitants, paying cheerfully for every thing they get," &c. Both papers are printed without the aid of a printer or publisher's name; a circumstance which at once indicated their origin, and the compulsion under which the Highland army had laid them. They are also unstamped; because the stamp office, as well as the banks, and other public offices, had been removed into the castle before the army approached.

It remains to be stated, that Provost Archibald Stewart was afterwards apprehended, and, being confined fourteen months, and only liberated on finding bail to the enormous amount of £5,000, tried by the High Court of Justiciary, upon an obsolete statute of the Scottish James II. "for neglect of duty and misbehaviour in the execution of his office." The trial, which took place in March, and lasted three or three days, and which undoubtedly the most solemn ever witnessed in this country. He was acquitted by an unanimous jury. The vexations and disgrace to which this man was subjected, prove strongly the nature of the government of that time. Jacobite as he was, he had done every thing for

the defence of the city which his duty required, and he at last only yielded to a force which had dismayed a stronger body of regular soldiers than any he could pretend to master. But, at any rate, even although he had resigned a city which could have held out a siege, what law of the land had he infringed, what law of the nation compensated him the persecution which he had suffered at the hands of government; for, afterwards setting up as a wine-merchant in London, he received so much encouragement from all ranks of people, that he soon acquired a fortune.

CHAPTER X.

PRINCE CHARLES'S ENTRY INTO EDINBURGH.

To reach this month, with strong Arctic came from the long of India a sunny home. On a bay coast, gently to behold—

His anet colonel locks in raptures run,
With gentle negligence, and shame against the sun;
His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
His hair, and teeth, and skin, and all were new.
Some sprinkled freckles on his face were seen,
Which did set out his presence with more grace;
No dirt the rash spectator met his eyes—
No more than that of him for kindly way.
So fierce, they flashed intolerable day.

Falcons and Arctic.

Intelligence of the capture of Edinburgh having been conveyed to the prince, he prepared, on an early hour, to leave his headquarters in Stirling, and lead forward the remainder of his army. This march, though short, was not altogether free of danger; for he could see from his present position the flag of defiance flaunting on the battlements of the castle, and apparently daring him to venture within the scope of gun. The eminent position of that fortress was such as to command nearly the whole country for miles around, and it was a matter of difficulty to discover a path which should conduct him to the city, without being exposed to its fire. Some of his train, however, by their acquaintance with the locality, discovered an oblique and dangerous path.

When the army was ready to march, Charles mounted his horse, and, attended by several of his principal officers, also on horseback, rode slowly through the street of the village. As soon as it was known that he had left his lodgings, the soldiers became more than usually vigilant, and all alike anxious to behold so singular a visitant. Tradition records, that, on this occasion, a poor old woman, who had not seen him the night before, rushed out of her house just as the cavalcade was passing, and exclaimed with eager curiosity, "Which is the prince? Which is the prince?"—and, lo! it might be, to behold a person of whom she had heard so much. Charles, hearing the enquiry, and willing to gratify the curiosity of even so humble a person, opened his coat, and displayed before her eyes the star which marked his rank. The aged crone, impressed at once with admiration of his splendid figure, and awe for his supposed quality, shrunk back with an air of homage which strongly marked her feelings.

By the direction of his guides, Charles made a wide circuit to the south of Edinburgh, so as not only to maintain a respectful distance from the city, but also to keep some good ground, which completely screened him from the view. Debouching upon the open or turnpike road, near Morningside, and turning towards the city, he reached the *Buck Stone*, a solitary mass of granite by the way-side, on which his ancestor James the Fourth is said to have placed his standard of Scotland, for the muster of his army, immediately before its fatal march to Flodden. At that point, a squetered and almost obsolete cross-road, marking the limits of the city liberties in that direction, turns off to the east, behind the eminence of Bruntsfield Links, which completely precludes all further view of the city, and, as an ancient tree shaded path, so little frequented as to be almost overgrown by grass and wild flowers, and whose secluded character was sufficiently attested by its being then a favourite evening walk of lovers from the city. Charles conducted his army along this road, and, soon after passing the *Buck Stone*, he turned to the right, and entered the King's Park, near Friestfield, by a breach which had been made in the wall.

With what feelings Charles traversed this venerable domain, whose wild recesses had often sounded to the bugle-horn of his royal ancestors, it is impossible to conjecture. It must, however, have been a proud moment, when he thus found himself approaching the palace

where those from whom he derived his pretensions had so long held regal and unquestioned sway. He proceeded, accordingly, with all expedition, to possess himself of that ancient seat, which almost appeared symbolical of the object he came in quest of. Leaving his troops about the castle, he went to the palace, which was sheltered by walls between Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, he rode forward with the Duke of Perth on one hand, and Lord Elcho on the other; some other gentlemen coming up behind. When he reached the eminence of Arthur's Seat, where he found the Duke of Perth, a deep arena came within sight of the palace, he alighted from his horse, and paused a few moments to survey the scene.

The park and gardens below, intervening betwixt the prince and the palace, were by this time filled with the inhabitants of Edinburgh, who, on learning that he approached the city in this quarter, had flocked in great numbers to see him. The crowd consisted of all ranks and persuasions of people: for the curiosity to behold so remarkable a person was a common feeling which did not regard any accidental distinctions. The Jacobites of course abounded; and many of them now approached Charles where he was standing beside his horse, and knelt down to kiss his hand. He received the homage and the congratulations of these persons with smiles; and he bowed gracefully to the huzza which immediately after rose from the crowded plain below.

Descending to the foot of the hill, he crossed through the park, so called from having been the favourite promenade of his grandfather, he stood for a few minutes to show himself to the people. As it was here that he might be said to have first presented himself to the people of Scotland, it may be necessary to describe his appearance.

The figure and presence of Charles are said by one of his historians, who saw him on this occasion, to have been not ill-suited to his lofty pretensions. He was in the prime of youth, tall and handsome, of a fair complexion, and with a countenance which, though the face which descended his back in graceful muscles, and over the front of which his own pale hair was neatly combed. His complexion was ruddy, and from its extreme delicacy, slightly marked with freckles; a peculiarity in which he differed widely from his ancestors, whose cheeks were of a deep red, and whose hair was of a saturnine paleness corresponding to the austere pride of their moral features, and suited but too well to the infelicity of their fortunes. Charles's brow had all the intellectual but melancholy loftiness so remarkable in those of his ancestors. His visage was the most perfect that could be seen in a man, and he seemed to derive relief from his neck, which, according to the fashion of the times, had no other covering or embezzlement than a slender stock buckled behind. His eyes were large and rolling, and of that light blue which is so generally found in people who are what is called in Scotland *fair-fair*. The light and scarcely discernible eye-brows which armed these features were beautifully arched. His nose was round and high; his mouth small in proportion to the rest of his features; and his chin was pointed.

Charles was both what would be called an extremely handsome and an extremely good looking young man, and was not without a certain grace and elegance in the way of that straight and round description which is said to indicate not only perfect symmetry, but also the valuable requisites of agility and health. In the language of one of his adherents, he was "as straight as a lance and as round as an egg." By all allies who ever saw him, he was universally and excessively admired; and many of his male friends have been heard to declare, in sober earnest, that there was a *charm* about him which seemed to be more than human. Much of what seemed so irresistible in his appearance, may no doubt be ascribed to the contrast which his person presented upon the operation upon the faculties of a simple people, and to the influence of his supposed rank, which must, to a certain extent, have imposed upon their imaginations. Yet something should also be reserved as the effect of birth, which, notwithstanding all that may be said to the contrary, is a fact which cannot be denied, sends an air of nobility through the successive representatives of a family.

On the present occasion, Charles wore a blue velvet bonnet, bound with gold lace, and adorned at top with a white satin cockade, the well known badge of his party. He had a short-tartan coat, on the breast of which hung the star of the order of the Thistle; and the contrary, which was of gold lace, encircled his right shoulder. He wore small clothes of red velvet, a pair of military boots and a silver belted broadsword.

After he had stood for a few minutes in the midst of the people, he mounted a fine bay gelding, which was presented to him by the Duke of Perth, and slowly rode towards the palace. Being an excellent horseman, and a conspicuous situation giving him additional relief, a merriment and animation ran at this moment through the crowd, which soon amounted to, and terminated in, a long and loud buzz. Around him, as he rode, there was a small group of aged Highlanders, whose outlandish and sun-burnt faces, as they were occasionally turned up with reverence towards the prince, and occasionally cast down with an air of incredulous wonder on the ground, formed not the least striking feature in this singular scene.

The Jacobites, delighted beyond measure by the gallant aspect of their idol, were now indulging themselves in the most extravagant expressions of admiration. While they were ready to revert to the more brilliant periods of the Scottish monarchy, for which they were so remarkable, they fondly compared Charles to King Robert Bruce, whom they said he resembled in his figure, as they fondly anticipated he would also do in his fortunes. The wisest, however, though compelled to be more cautious in the expression of their sentiments, talked of him in a different style. They acknowledged he was a goodly person; but observed that, even in that triumphant hour, when about to enter the palace of his fathers, the air of his countenance was singularly that of a man who was to be a gentleman and man of fashion, but not like a hero or a conqueror.

Charles approached Holyroodhouse by the same path over which George the Fourth seventy-seven years after, was drawn thither, in his daily progresses from Dunedin. As he was riding along, the Duke of Perth stepped from his little, while he described the limits and peculiar local characteristics of the King's Park. It was observed on this occasion by an eye witness, that during the whole five minutes his grace was expatiating, Charles kept his eye bent sideways upon Lord Perth, and that the kind of reluctance which he manifested in a mental speculation about that youthful adherent

As the procession—for such it might be termed—moved along the Duke's Walk, the crowd greeted the principal persons with two distinct huzzas, which he acknowledged by as many bows and smiles, Charles did not seem to court these demonstrations of respect. He was not at all surprised that he might have been expected from a person under his peculiar circumstances, but, maintaining all the dignified bearing and lofty indifference of a real prince, took the whole as a mere matter of course. The general feeling of the crowd seemed to be a very joyful and unobtrusive one, and the influence of political prepossessions, in many others from gratified curiosity, and perhaps in still more from the satisfaction with which they had observed the fate of the city so easily decided that morning. Many had previously conceived Charles to be only the son of a pretender, but now, at once at ease, at ease with property, and prepared to commit any species of cruelty for the accomplishment of his purposes. They now regarded him in the interesting light of an injured prince, seeking, at the risk of life, one single noble object, which he did not very obviously conceal.

All eyes were less engaged themselves to the charn with which the presence of royalty is invariably attended. The present generation of the people of Edinburgh saw a king, *de facto*, pass over the ground which Charles was now passing over; a king who had no rival in the world, and who, in the eyes of the whole population, had agreed to honour and applaud. Yet, we doubt if the circumstances of that memorable scene, with all their splendour and exciting interest, composed nearly so fine an affair as the advent of the unfortunate Charles, equivalent as was his title, and miserable as his condition. He was George the Fourth, it is true, the whole population of Scotland was there to say, "God bless him!" and every body beheld, with wonder and affection, a monarch acknowledge the most powerful on the face of the earth. But, besides that his age presented him from being the strictly personal charn of his subjects, he was invested with none of that charn of national association which gilded the name of Stuart. He was a goodly object, and surrounded with goodly objects, to fill and please the living eye; but he excited no image of pleasure upon the mental optics that were backward cast upon the past. He was the eye and the hand of the nation, but the reason; but Charles was emperor over the imagination and the heart. Youthful and handsome; gallant and daring; the leader of a brave and hardy band; the commander and object of an enterprise singular beyond

all former singularity, and hazardous beyond all former hazard; the idol of a sentiment equivalent to all that was generous: unfortunate in his birth and prospects, but making one grand effort to retrieve the sorrows of his life; the descendant of those time honoured persons by whose names the ancestors of all who saw him had fought at Bannockburn and Flodden; the representative of a family peculiarly Scottish, but which seemed to have been deprived of its birthright by the machinations of the hated English; Charles was a being calculated to excite the most fervent and extravagant emotions amongst the people who surrounded him. If the modern sovereign was beheld with veneration and respect as the chief magistrate of the nation, and with love and admiration as an acknowledged pattern of all manly politeness, the Stuart was hailed with enthusiasm by the devoted loyalists of that time, as a cherished idol. George might be greeted, in his splendid chariot, with cheers and smiles; but the boot of Charles is said to have been dimmed, as he passed along, with kisses and with tears!

On coming to the front of the palace, Charles alighted from his horse, and, with his attendants, prepared to enter the court. At that moment an incident occurred, which served to show the bent that popular feeling had taken in his favour. The garrison of the castle had resolved, not only to hold out their arms, but to demand a large reward, and to act as much upon the offensive as their means would allow. They had been informed—for they could not see—that Charles was approaching the palace; and, thinking to disturb his hour of triumph, if they could not do him any more serious injury, they fired off a large bullet with such a direction and force as to make it descend upon that building. It struck a part of the front wall of James the Fifth's Tower, near the window which lights a small turret-chamber connected with Queen Mary's state apartments; immediately after falling through the wall, it entered the room, and, in its fall, a rush which it had knocked out of the wall. So wanton a piece of mischief, so mean an act of annoyance, excited the indignation of the crowd; and there ensued a groan, partly of contempt for the garrison and of sympathy for the prince, who was thus injured in his person and in the esteem and with the ruin of their favourite public buildings. He therefore entered the porch of the palace with an acclamation the louder and heartier which he had yet received.

It was a proud day for Holyroodhouse, when it received into its ample halls the grandson of the last prince who had inhabited it, and when for a time it seemed as if the Stuart dynasty, which the revolution had so long banished, were still alive and in the midst of their native land. People were still alive who had seen these desolate and melancholy walls possessed by a court; and it was easy for the younger generation to catch the idea of a scene of which they had heard so much more than enough to make them long for its restoration. They might be of the misrule of this prince's ancestors, Edinburgh at least had never derived any thing but good from them, while it was only from their successors that it conceived itself to have derived any thing like evil. They were aware that the dissolution of the Union was one of the objects of the Stuart dynasty, and that the revolution might be successful, in order to procure them what they thought so great a blessing. Dazzled by the extrinsic glories of the scene, and unmindful that the expedition was not yet successful, they likened Charles's entry into Holyroodhouse to the restoration of the Stuart dynasty, and followed in the most extravagant anticipations regarding the splendid change of fortune which they saw about to befall their depressed and desolate court.

A remarkable instance of the effect of these feelings occurred as Charles was entering the palace. When he had proceeded along the piazza within the quadrangle, he entered the door of the palace, and, as he was called the Hamilton apartments, the door of which stood open to receive him, a gentleman stepped out of the crowd, drew his sword, and, raising it aloft, marshalled the way before his royal Highness up stairs. The person who adopted this ostentatious non-resisting himself, did so altogether under the influence of the Stuart attachment to the Stuart family, but was stimulated by a sense of the injustice of the Union, which he said had ruined his country, and reduced a Scottish gentleman from being a person of some estimation to being the same as nobody. He was a gentleman of East Lothian, whose name and title James Hepburn of Keith. He had been engaged in the insurrection of 1715, and for thirty years had kept himself in constant readiness to strike another blow for what he considered the independence of his

country. Learned and intelligent, advanced in life and honoured by all parties of his countrymen, this man is said, by Mr. Home, who knew him, to have been a perfect model of civility, simplicity, plainness, and honour; his wife, the descendant of those time honoured persons by whose names the ancestors of all who saw him had fought at Bannockburn and Flodden; the representative of a family peculiarly Scottish, but which seemed to have been deprived of its birthright by the machinations of the hated English; Charles was a being calculated to excite the most fervent and extravagant emotions amongst the people who surrounded him. If the modern sovereign was beheld with veneration and respect as the chief magistrate of the nation, and with love and admiration as an acknowledged pattern of all manly politeness, the Stuart was hailed with enthusiasm by the devoted loyalists of that time, as a cherished idol. George might be greeted, in his splendid chariot, with cheers and smiles; but the boot of Charles is said to have been dimmed, as he passed along, with kisses and with tears!

The apartment of the palace selected for Charles's residence, was that which was appropriated to the use of the Duke of Hamilton, the hereditary keeper of this deserted abode of Scottish royalty. It is the suite of rooms which stretches along the front of the quadrangle, embracing those faded halls in James the Fifth's tower, which we so strongly impressed with the melancholy history of Mary. Soon after he entered, Charles was called to a window by the continued acclamations of the crowd below, whom it was thought necessary he should gratify by a recognition of the person. He was enabled, by the information of the Duke of Hamilton, who was present on this occasion, to point out the particular window at which he displayed himself to the populace. It was in the south west and most modern tower, the floor above that chamber which, on account of his present Majesty having these held levees is now termed the king's state-room. In more particular phraseology, it was the *uppermost long chamber in the circular turret which forms the north west corner of the tower described*; and it seems to have been selected on account of its commanding a most extensive view of the court-yard than any other window in that quarter of the palace. So minute a local circumstance may appear unimportant and frivolous; but those who derive pleasure from the associations of history, may urge, in language resembling that of Johnson on a similar occasion, that the Scotsman is little to be envied who can view without emotion the place where the last Stuart was hailed at Holyrood by the people of his fathers.

Charles being thus established in his paternal palace, it was the next business of his adherents to proclaim him father at the Cross. The party which entered the city in the morning had been divided into two sections, the Jacobites and pursuivants, whose object it was to perform such ceremonies. About one o'clock, therefore, an armed body was drawn up around the Cross; and that venerable pile, which, notwithstanding its association with so many romantic events, was soon after removed by the magistrates, had the honour of being greeted with carps for the occasion. The officers were clothed in their fantastic but rich old dresses, in order to give all the usual effect to this disloyal ceremony. David Bunt, a Jacobite teacher of Edinburgh, then proclaimed King James, and declared the communion of regency, with the declaration dated at Rome in 1743, and a manifesto in the name of Charles Prince Regent, dated at Paris, May 16th, 1745. An immense multitude witnessed the solemnity, which they greeted with hearty but partial huzzas. The ladies, who viewed the scene from their lofty lattices in the high windows of the palace, were dressed in rich attire, and their lovely arms waving white handkerchiefs, in honour of the day. The Highland guard looked round the crowd with faces expressing wild joy and triumph; and, with the license and extravagance appropriate to the occasion, fired off their pieces in the air. The bagpipe was not wanting to greet the name of James with a loyal pibroch; and during the whole ceremony, Mrs. Murray of Broughton, whose enthusiasm was only surpassed by her beauty, sat on horseshoe beside the Cross, a drawn sword in her hand, and her person frequently decorated with the white ribbons which signified devotion to the house of Stuart.

CHAPTER XI.

Copied a letter from Dunbar.
So up to Charles, meet me as you dear,
And let me show you the way to
Regit early in the morning." Jacobite Song.

Whilst the Highlanders were proclaiming King James at the Cross of Edinburgh, Sir John Cope was leading his troops at Dunbar, a small port twenty-seven miles east from the capital. That doughty general, after mak-

ing a wide circuit, and performing a rapid sea-voyage in order to get once more in front of the Chevalier, probably finding his nerves braced by the keen air of Aberdeen, now resolved to give the Highland army that opportunity of battle which he had feared for so long.

This gentleman's character has been the theme of so much ridicule among the Jacobites, and such severe censure among the whigs, that the present popular impression regarding it is perhaps extremely inaccurate. "He is, in fact," says the writer of an article in the Quarterly Review, "by no means either a coward or a fool, and soldier, or even a commonplace general upon ordinary occasions. He was a pudding-headed, thick-brained sort of person, who could act well enough in circumstances with which he was conversant, especially as he was perpetually stimulated by the spirit of emulation, and had been often engaged in action, without ever losing the fatal field of Preston, having shown sense enough to run away. On the present occasion, he was, as sportsmen say, at fault." Even this is a more severe view of his character than his conduct throughout this whole campaign will well justify. From a letter which he wrote to Lord Milton when at Inverness, it appears that, instead of being inclined to adhere in the present distressing case to the ordinary rules of business, he was an advocate for measures equally irregular and energetic with those of the Highland army, and also appears from the same document, that he lacked no vital force or energy, until to him, but that he had all along conducted himself with as much activity, as the circumstances in which he was placed, and the means in his power, rendered possible or necessary.

Stuart's infantry was reinforced at Dunbar by the craven dragoons, who had fled thither as the safest place and within their reach. "The behaviour of these gentlemen," whose business it was to die," remarks the reviewer just quoted, "was even less edifying than that of the citizen-volunteers, whose business, as Flaxell says to Pius, was to live." The Highland army, however, in a lively description of it, he continues, "from the pen, as is believed, of David Hume, will not be altogether impertinent to the subject, and may probably amuse the reader. After remarking that cavalry ought to have the same advantage over irregular infantry, which veteran infantry possess over cavalry, and that the Highland army, as Highlanders, when they encounter with their own weapon, the broadsword, and who neither formed platoons, nor had bayonets or any other long weapon to withstand a charge,—after noticing, moreover, that if it were too much pushed like a battery, Brigadier Fowke, who had two regiments of cavalry, did not at least move with any security and regular retreat, though he had advanced within musket-shot of his enemy, before a column that could not turn out five mounted horsemen, he proceeds thus:—

"Before the rebels came within sight of the king's forces, before they came within three miles distance of them, orders were issued to the dragoons to wheel, which they immediately did with the greatest order and regularity imaginable. As it is known that nothing is more beautiful than the evolutions and movements of cavalry, the spectators stood in expectation of what fine manœuvres they might witness. When the next order was immediately issued to retreat they immediately obeyed, and began to march in the usual pace of cavalry. Orders were repeated every furlong to quicken their pace, and both precept and example concurring, they quickened it well that, before they reached Edinburgh, they quickened it still more, till they were hurrying on at a full gallop, with a hurly burry and confusion through the narrow lanes at Barefoot's Parks, in the sight of all the north part of Edinburgh, to the infinite joy of the disaffected, and equal grief and consternation of all the other inhabitants. They rushed like a torrent down the hill, where they endeavored to draw breath; but some unlucky boys, who suppose a Jacobite in his heart," calling to them that the Highlanders were approaching, they immediately took to their heels again, and galloped to Prestonspace, about five miles farther. There, in a literal sense, *timor addidit* *timori*—fear added to fear. I mean that the rebels, who were otherwise, they could not possibly have imagined them, formidable enemies to be within several miles of them. But at Prestonspace, the same alarm was repeated. The Philistines be upon thee, Sampson! They galloped to North Berwick, and being now about twenty miles to the other side of Edinburgh, they thought it prudent to dismount from their horses, and look out for victuals. Accordingly, like the ancient Grecian heroes, each began to kill and dress his provisions: *egit anor dopis atque pugnæ*; they were actuated by the desire of supper and of food. The sheep and turkeys of North Berwick paid for this warlike disposition. But behold the uncertainty

of human happiness! When the mutiny was just ready to be put upon the table, they heard, or thought they heard, the same cry of Highlanders. Their fear proved stronger than their hunger; they again got on horseback; they were informed of the falseness of the alarm, time being enough to have been given to them by the rudiments as these, the dragoons were so thoroughly initiated in the art of running, that at the battle of Preston, they could practise it of themselves, though even then the same good example was not wanting. I have seen an Italian opera called *Cesar in Egypt*, introduced in a great where in the first scene, Caesar is introduced in a great hurry, giving orders to his soldiers, *fugge, fuggi, fuggi, scappo—flee, fly, to your heels!* This is a proof that the commander at the Colt-bridge is not the first hero that gave such orders to his troops.

The "Center of Collingridge" as this disgraceful retreat was popularly termed, is related by Mr. Home with circumstances somewhat different, but not less ridiculous. After passing through Leith and Musselburgh, they encamped for the evening in a field near Colonel Gardiner's house, at Preston, that venerable officer taking up his quarters in his own dwelling. Between ten and eleven at night, one of their number going in search of forage fell into a dissolved coal pit, which was full of water, and making a dreadful outcry for assistance, impressed his companions with a belief that their dreaded enemy was at hand, and they were obliged to assist him in the noise, or to relieve their unfortunate comrade. The whole mounted their horses, and with all imaginable speed galloped off to Dunbar. Colonel Gardiner, awaking in the morning, found a silent and deserted camp, and was obliged, with a heavy heart, to follow in the track of his moving retreat. He was not long in finding out, as he passed along, he found the road strewn with swords, pistols, and firelocks, which they had thrown away in their panic. He caused these to be gathered, and conveyed in covered carts to Dunbar, and the next morning he presented himself to the king, and landed. The mind of this gallant old officer and excellent man, seems to have been depressed to the very point where life ceases to be prized, by the shameful conduct of his men; and circumstances seem to warrant a supposition, that he never recovered his senses himself, as he did, at once in attendance for their misbehavior, and in order to escape the infamy in which they had involved his name.

The disembarkation of the troops, artillery, and stores, was not completed till Thursday the 18th; when Mr. Douglas, who was sent to meet the king, presented himself at the camp, and gave the general all the information he could desire, regarding the numbers and condition of the Highland army. The author of Douglas had gone to the different posts about the city, and counted the men there stationed; he had then ascended the hill which overlooks the bay, and of the great body, and reckoned them as they sat at food in lines upon the ground. The whole number, in his estimation, did not exceed two thousand; but he had been told that several bodies from the North were on their march to join them. The general and his staff, who were in great appearance they made, and, in particular, how were they met by the young set, replied that most of them seemed to be strong, active, hardy men, though many were of an ordinary size, and, if clothed like Lowlanders, would appear inferior to the king's troops. The Highland garb, he said, was drawn by a little belt, and the arms, which were strong and muscular; while their stern countenances, and bushy uncombed hair, gave them a fierce, barbarous, and imposing aspect. As to their arms, he continued, they had no artillery of any sort, but one small unmounted cannon, which he had seen lying upon the ground, and that a great number of the Highlanders of fifteen hundred of them were armed with firelocks, or broadswords, and many others had only either the one or the other of these weapons. Their firelocks were of all sorts and sizes, muskets, fuses, and fowlingpieces; and they must soon provide themselves more generally with that kind of arms, as the great number of them had fallen into their hands. In the mean time, he had seen one or two companies, amounting altogether perhaps to an hundred men, each of whom had no other weapon than the blade of a scythe fastened end-long upon the butt of a scythe, and used as a pike. He made, with compliments, for bringing him so accurate and intelligent an account of the enemy.

The king's army was joined at Dunbar by several judges and other civil officers, who, having fled from Edinburgh on the evening before the prince had entered it, now resolved to remain with the royal party, not as

fighting men, but as anxious and interested spectators of the approaching action, and as such, recruited the ranks with a few more effective reinforcements in the shape of noblemen and gentlemen of the country, who came to him attended with their tenants in arms. Among the latter was the Earl of Home, who, being then an officer in the guards, thought his duty lay, raised as many of his king's troops as were in the field. The retinue which the nobleman brought along with him, was such as to surprise many persons. At the time when the Lowlands of Scotland were equally warlike, and equally under the influence of the feudal system, with the Highlands, his lordship's ancestors could have raised as many troops upon their dominions in Berwickshire, as would have themselves repelled the Chevalier's little army. Even so late as 1633, the Earl of Home had greeted Charles the First, as he crossed the border to visit Scotland, at the head of six hundred well-mounted gentlemen, his relations and retainers. All that they could do, except to bring, besides himself, to assist his sovereign in opposing a public enemy, was two body servants!

It was not till the day succeeding the disembarkation, Thursday the 19th of September, that the royal army left Dunbar to meet the insurgents. It is said that the king made a great show upon its march; the infantry, cavalry, cannon, and baggage, occupying at once several miles of road. The people of the country, long accustomed to war and arms, flocked from all quarters to see an army march, and to be in the ranks in Lathian; and, with infinite concern and anxiety, beheld the king's army.

The army halted for the night in a field to the west of Haddington, sixteen miles east of Edinburgh. In the evening, it was proposed to employ some young people who followed the camp, to ride between Haddington and Edinburgh, and to observe the movements of the king's army, whose movements were rapid, should march in the night time and surprise the army. A proposal so obviously beneficial was seconded by the general; and accordingly, sixteen young men, most of whom had been volunteers at Edinburgh, and among whom the author of Douglas was one, were sent out, and were not long in returning. Eight of them set out, in four parties, by four different roads, for Duddingstone, where they understood the Highlanders to be encamped. They returned safe at midnight, reporting that all was quiet; and the other two parties, who went by the same manner. But all the individuals of the second party were not so fortunate, or dexterous, in performing their portion of duty.

It was the duty of two of this little corps to observe the coast road towards Musselburgh. Their names were Francis Garden and Robert Cunningham—the one after the other, and the other after the other, as Gardenstone, and the other by his official designation of general. On approaching Musselburgh, says the lively reviewer just quoted, "they avoided the bridge to escape observation, and crossed the Esk, it being then low water, at a place high its junction with the sea. Unluckily there was a dark opposite to the place, and a watch-tower, kept by a cleanly old woman called Luckie Foe, who was eminent for the excellence of her oysters and sherry. The patrols were both *bon-vivants*—one of them, whom we remember in the situation of a senator, was a stout, hearty, and a gay, witty, agreeable companion besides. Luckie Foe, the watch-tower, as we have deposited near her door, proved as great a temptation to this vigilant forlorn-hope, as the wine-house to the Abbess of Andouillet's muletier. They had scarcely got settled at some right *pandores*, with a bottle of sherry as an accompaniment, when the king's army appeared, and, to have it, an unlucky North-country lad, a writer of the attorney's apprentice, who had given his indentures the slip, and taken the white cockade, chanced to pass by on his errand to join Prince Charles.* He saw the two volunteers through the window, knew them, and guessed the business they were about, and, as he was a brave man, and the courage and assurance of his province are proverbial, and the Northland whizzer-snapper surrounded and made prisoners of the two unfortunate volunteers, before they could draw a trigger."

They were immediately conducted to the camp at

* The reason why Charles's name is so generally diminished in this manner by popular parlance, seems to be, that the Erse or Gaelic translation of Charles is Charles or Charly. The Lowlanders must have adopted the name generally given to him by his adherents.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, NO. 6, NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA—At \$5 for 92 numbers, payable in advance.

matter of heredity than of generalship. The great Clan Colla, or MacDonalds, formed the right wing, because Robert Bruce had assigned it that station at the battle of Bannockburn, in gratitude for the treatment he had received from the clan, who, in his high opinion of the Heretics, because it had assumed that station in every battle since, except that of Harlaw, on which occasion the post of honour was voluntarily resigned in favour of the MacLeods. The Camerons and Appin Stuarts composed the left wing, perhaps for some similar reason; while the Duke of Perth's regiment and the MacGregors stood in the centre. The Duke of Perth commanded the right wing, Lord George Murray the left.

Behind the first line which was thus disposed and thus commanded, a second was arranged at the distance of fifty paces. The Appin men, the Heretics, the MacDonalds of Glencoe, and the MacLeods, and the command of Lord Nairn. Charles took his place between the two lines. The whole army was rather superior in numbers to that of General Cope, being probably about 2400; but as the second line never came into action, the real number of combatants, as stated by the prince's authority after the battle, was only 1456.

Surprise being no part of the prince's plan, no regret was expressed at the alarm which the videttes had carried to the king's army; but it was thought necessary to form the lines as quickly as possible. When this was effected, Charles addressed his men in these words:—"Follow me, gentlemen; and by the blessing of God, I will this day make you a free and happy people." The Duke of Perth then sent Mr. Anderson to inform Lord George Murray that he was ready to march. Anderson sent an aide-de-camp, sent by Lord George to inform the duke that the left wing was moving. Some time of course elapsed before the right wing was aware of this motion, it was a little behind the left; and the charge was thus made in an oblique manner.

It was just dawn, and the mist was fast retiring before the sun, when the Highlanders set out upon their attack. A long uninterrupted series of fields, from which the grain had recently been reaped, lay between them and General Cope's position. Morn was already on the waters of the Forth to their right, and the shaly rocks of that mountain overhung the Heretics on the crags to their left; but it was not yet clear enough to admit of either army seeing the other. An impervious darkness lay between them, which was soon, however, to disclose to both the exciting spectacle of an armed and determined enemy. Early as was the hour, and notwithstanding the darkness, the walls of almost all the neighbouring fields around were covered by rustics and others, anxious to obtain, from a safe distance, a view of the impending conflict. On the part of the Highlanders there was perfect silence, except the rushing sound occasioned by their feet going through the stubble on the ground. General Cope, only an occasional drum was to be heard, as it hoarsely pronounced some military signal.

At setting out upon the charge, the Highlanders all pulled off their bonnets, and, looking upwards, uttered a shout. "Put on your hats, men, most of whom were gentlemen, and all of whom had targets, stooped as much as they could in going forward, keeping their shields in front of their heads, so as to protect almost every part of their bodies, except the limbs, from the fire which they expected. The inferior and worse-armed men behind, who were armed with defective and inferior weapons, going close in rear of their companions. Heretics, who were charged in the centre of his regiment, supported immediately on both sides by his nearest relations and principal officers; any one of whom, as of the whole clan, would have willingly substituted his person to the blow aimed at that honoured individual.

A little in advance of the second line, Charles himself went on, in the midst of a small guard. His situation was not so dangerous as it would have been if he had carried through his wish of going *foremost* into the enemy's lines, as he would have been the first to fall. As it was, his position was not without peril. To prove that he had all the resolution and coolness necessary for a soldier, we may quote a circumstance incidentally mentioned in the journal of a Highland officer. This gentleman, who was not present at the meeting of the two armies, leave his guard to go forward to the duke of Perth and Clanranald, in order to give his last orders.

In returning to his guard, he passed the journalist, and said, with a smile, "Gres-ort, gres-ort,"—that is, "*Make haste, make haste!*"

Not only was the front line, as already mentioned, oblique, but it was soon further weakened from another cause. Soon after commencing the charge, it was found that the marsh retired southwards a little, and left some firm ground unoccupied by that extremity of the army, so that it would have been possible for Cope to turn their flank with a troop of dragoons. In order to obviate this disadvantage, the Camerons were ordered by Lord George Murray to incline that way, and fill the open ground. When they had done so, there was an interval in the centre of the line, which was ordered to be filled up from the second line; but it could not be done in time. Some of the prince's officers afterwards acknowledged, that when they first saw the regular lines of the royal army, and the level rays of the new-risen sun reflected at thousand points from the long extended series of muskets, they could not help expecting that the wavering unsteady clusters into which their own line was broken, would be broken in a few minutes, and utterly swept from the field. The issue was destined to be far otherwise.

Sir John Cope, who had spent the night at the little village of Cockenzie, where his baggage was disposed under a guard, hastened to join his troops on first receiving intelligence that the Highlanders were moving towards the coast. His first impression regarding the movement seems to have been, that, after finding it impossible to attack him either across the morass or through the defiles of Preston, they were now about to take up a position on the open fields to the east, in order to fight a fair battle. His first impression, however, was not seen to have occurred to him, that they would move to the attack immediately; and, accordingly, although he thought proper to form his lines and turn them in the direction of the enemy, he was at last somewhat disconcerted, and his men were not a little surprised, when it was given to them to retire, and to be ready to receive the charge.

The circumstances which lead us to this conclusion will scarcely fail to impress the reader with the same idea. According to the journal-writer already quoted, the advancing mountaineers, on first coming within sight of Cope's army, then called out, "Who is there? Who is there? Canons! canons! canons!" "Who are ye, cannoneers?" On the other hand, Anderson, a whig historian, has mentioned, in his account of the engagement, that the sentries, on first perceiving the Highland line through the mist, thought it a hedge which was gradually becoming apparent, and the light increased. The event, however, was perhaps the best proof, that the royal army was somewhat taken by surprise.

The mode of fighting practised at this period by the Highlanders, though as simple as can well be conceived, was calculated with peculiar felicity to so completely defeat the tactics of a regular soldier. It has been thus described by the Chevalier Johnstone, who was engaged in all the actions fought during this campaign. They advanced with the utmost rapidity towards the enemy, gave fire when within a few paces of the object, and then, throwing down their pieces, drew their swords, and holding a dirk in their left hand along with the target, darted with fury on the enemy through the smoke of their fire. When within reach of the enemy's bayonets, sending their left knee, they contrived to receive the blows which they aimed at their target, and raised their arm, and with it the enemy's point, they rushed in upon the soldier, now defenceless, killed him at one blow, and were in a moment within the lines, pushing right and left with sword and dagger, often bringing down two men at a stroke. The battle was thus decided in a moment, and all that followed was mere carnage.

Cope, informed by his retreating sentries, that the enemy was advancing, had only time to ride once along the front of his lines to encourage the men, and was just returning to his place on the right of the infantry, when he perceived, through the thin smoky mist, the dark clumps of the clans rushing swiftly and silently on towards his troops; those which were directly opposite to him being most visible, while on the left they faded away in an interminable line amongst the darkness from which they were issuing. The Highlanders, who were so apparently innumerable clusters in which they successively

burst upon his sight—the rapidity with which they advanced—the deceptive and indefinite extent given to their appearance by the mist—all conspired to appal the unhappy general, and had no doubt an effect still less equivocal upon his troops. Little time was given for the action of fear, for, opening up one of those frightful yells, with which we have but part of the army have been to commence their battles, the Highlanders almost immediately appeared before them in all the terror-striking and overwhelming reality of savage warfare. Five of the six cannon were discharged against their left, with such effect as to make that part of the army hover for a moment upon the advance; and one volley of musketry went along the royal lines from right to left, as the clans successively came up. But all was unavailing against the ferocious resolution of the Highlanders. One discharge of musketry burst of flame and smoke—one long reaching peal of thunder-like sound—when the lightning sword flashed out from the tartan cloud, and smote with irresistible vehemence the pashed and defenceless soldiery.

The victory began, with the battle, among the Camerons. That spirited clan, notwithstanding their exposure to the cannon, and although received with a discharge of musketry by the artillery guard, ran on with undaunted speed, and were first up to the front of the enemy. Having swept over the cannon, they found themselves opposed to a squadron of dragoons under Lieutenant-Colonel Whitley, which was advancing to attack them. They had only to fire a few shots, when these dastards, not yet recovered from their former fright, wheeled about, and fled over the artillery-guard, which was accordingly dispersed. The posterior squadron of dragoons, under Colonel Gardiner, which was then ordered to advance to the attack. Their gallant old commander led them forward, encouraging them as well as he could by his way; but they had not proceeded many steps, when, receiving a few shots from the Highlanders, they were reared, turned, and followed by their companions. Lochiel had ordered his men to strike at the knees of the horses, as the best means of getting the better of their masters; but they never found a single opportunity of practising this *ruse*, the men having chosen to retreat while they were yet some yards distant.

If Gardiner had not been struck at Elrington, as he was at the other extremity of the army, may be said to have behaved still worse. No sooner had they seen their fellows flying before the Camerons, than they also turned about and fled, without having fired a carbine, and while the MacDonalds were still at a little distance.

The infantry, when deserted by those from whom they were taught to expect support, gave way on all hands, without having reloaded their pieces, or stained a single bayonet with blood. The whole at once threw down their arms, either to lighten them in their flight, or to signify that they were ready to strike at any point of their knees before the impetuous Highlanders, in the quarter which, in the hurry of the moment, could scarcely be given them. One small party alone out of the army, had the resolution to make any resistance. They fought for a brief space, under the command of Colonel Gardiner, who, during the battle, had been distinguished by his gallant behaviour, thought proper to put himself at their head. They only fled when they had suffered considerably, and when their noble leader was cut down by numerous wounds. Such was the rapidity with which the Highlanders, in general, and the royal soldiers in the field, that their ground line, though fifty paces behind, and though it ran fully as fast as the first, on coming up to the place, found nothing upon the ground but the killed and wounded. The whole battle, indeed, is said to have lasted only five or six minutes.

In the panic flight which immediately ensued, the Highlanders used their dreadful weapons with unsparring vigour, and performed many feats of individual prowess, such as might rather adorn the pages of some ancient romance, than the authentic narrative of a modern battle. A small party of MacGregors, in particular, bearing for their only arms the blades of scythes fastened to the ends of their poles, drove heads to the chin, cut off the legs of horses, and even, it is said, the bodies of men in two distinct pieces upon the field. With the broadsword alone, strength and skill enabled them to do prodigious execution. Men's feet and hands, and also the feet of

horses, were severed from the limbs by that powerful weapon; and it is a well-attested fact, that "a Highland man, after breaking through Murray's regiment, gave a grenadier a blow, which not only severed the arm raised to ward it off, but cut the skull an inch deep, so that the man immediately died."

The various degrees of conduct displayed by the different clans in this singular conflict, is necessarily a very delicate subject, though one which should not be altogether neglected. The Camerons, of course, deserve the highest praise, because they were the first in action, and that although raked by artillery, with some of the best troops in the country, they were not to be construed as in the least degree reflecting upon, or impairing the well-won military renown of the MacDonalds, who were only prevented by a fortuitous circumstance from getting so soon up to the enemy. There never yet flowed a drop of coward blood in the veins of the MacDonalds, and the fame of the Camerons being theirs, it is impossible to doubt that they would have as well deserved it.

Regarding the conduct of the centre of the insurgent army, we can speak less equivocally. According to MacPhar's manuscript, already quoted, the Duke of Perth's regiment, which composed the line, and the men of whom had been pressed into action by their landlord, "stood stock-still to the oxen," on approaching the royal troops. It was to this regiment that the scythed-arm company of MacGregors belonged. They, at least, displayed all the gall and valour which were so generally displayed that day by their countrymen. Disregarding the example of their immediate fellow-soldiers, they continued to rush forwards, under the command of their captain, Malcolm MacGregor, or Murray, son of Duncan Macgregor, of Murray, Gaigrie. A space being left between them and their clan-regiment, which went on beside the Camerons, under the command of Glencairn, their chief, they edged obliquely athwart the field in that direction, in order to rank themselves beside their proper banner—an evolution which exposed them in a peculiar manner to the fire of the Highlanders of the British Highland regiments. Their captain fell before this fire, pierced with no fewer than five bullets, two of which went quite through his body. Like Marjonn, however, under similar circumstances, this heroic young man, though unable to engage personally in the fight, yet he might at least have done his duty. He was accordingly raised himself upon his elbow, and cried out, as loud as he could, "Look ye, my lads, I'm not dead—by G—, I shall see if any of you does not do his duty!" This speech, half whimsical as it was, is said to have actually contributed to an improvement in the conduct of the British regiments, with other acts of individual heroism, to decide the fate of the day.

The general result of the battle of Preston, may be stated as having been the total overthrow and almost entire destruction of the royal army. We have already mentioned that Cope was not seen to have calculated his position for a fight. His troops now found the fatal consequences of that oversight. Most of the infantry, falling back upon the park-walls of Preston, were there huddled together without the power of resistance into a confused drove, and had either been cut down by the pikes, Many, in attempting to climb over the walls, fell an easy prey to the ruthless claymores. Nearly four hundred, it is said, were thus slain, seven hundred taken, while only about an hundred and seventy in all succeeded in effecting their escape.

Some of the dragoons, who were not much more fortunate. In falling back, they had the good luck to find outlets from their respective positions, by the roads which ran along the various extremities of the park-wall; and they thus got clear through the village with very little slaughter; after which, as Highlanders were not in the habit of pursuing the enemy into the village, several officers, among whom were Fowkes and Lascelles, escaped down to Cockenzie, and along Scoton Sands, in a direction strangely contrary to the general flight.

The unfortunate Cope—who, though personally successful, may be considered the chief author of this disaster—had attempted, at the first break of Gardiner's dragoons, to stop and rally them, but was borne headlong, with the confused bands, through the narrow road to the south of the enclosures, notwithstanding all his efforts to the contrary. On joining the party beyond the village, he was, on the point of being cut off by the rest of the regiment, he made one desperate effort to retrieve the fortune of the day. But their lesson of retreat had taken too certain effect upon their minds to be unlearned at this juncture. They fled on in spite of him, ducking their heads low, and holding their heads close to the ground, which the pursuers occasionally shot after them; and

Sir John was at last obliged, however reluctantly, to take care of his own life, by also galloping off. He retired with his panic-struck troops, up a narrow path leading from Preston towards Birslee Brae, which the country people, in honour of him, now called *Johnnie Cope's road*; and in one emphatic sentence, the fate of the day, he made with all his speed for the hills above Dalkeith. He did not draw bridle till he had reached Channickrie, a small village at the head of Lauderdale, twenty miles from the fatal field. He there stopped to breakfast, and wrote a note to one of the officers of state, expressing his regret at the result of the day. He has been described by a person who saw him there as exhibiting in his countenance a strange and almost ludicrous mixture of dejection and perplexity. That he was still under the influence of panic, seems to be proved by his not considering himself safe with twenty miles of ground between himself and the Highlanders, but continued his flight immediately to Coldstream upon Tweed, a place fully double that distance from the field of battle. Even here he did not consider himself altogether safe, but, rising early next morning, rode off towards Berwick, where the fortifications seemed to give assurance of at least temporary protection. He every where bated the first intelligence of his own defeat.

The number of dragoons who accompanied the general, was about four hundred; besides which, there were perhaps half a dozen of the dragoons of the Duke of Devonshire. The people of Musselburgh have a picturesque tradition of a considerable party riding furiously through that town, on the way to Edinburgh, with countenances and demeanour which betrayed the utmost terror; while a long train of riders, on well-known horses, rode on in single file, and with their saddles turned under their bellies, and the skins of many spotted with the blood of their masters. It is also remembered by tradition at Peebles, as a circumstance illustrative of the terror into which these wretched soldiers had been thrown, that a party of about thirty Highlanders rode to the castle of Peebles, and, without any notice, were in the act of surrendering to a single Jacobite, the chaplain of the Earl of Traquair, who called upon them to yield in the name of King James, when they were rescued by a zealous young magistrate, who, saluting out the Highlanders, and saying, "I am a Jacobite, but I will not run the daring catholic through the body, if he persisted in detaining the king's men." Of all the detached parties, that which made for the castle of Edinburgh testified perhaps the most remarkable degree of pusillanimity; for they actually permitted themselves to be surrounded by the castle garrison, and, without a single valiant, without ever once having the courage to turn about and face him. It was Colquhoun Grant, a gentleman already mentioned, who had the hardihood to perform this feat; and assuredly the courage he displayed was fully as wonderful in its way as the cowardice of the dragoons. Grant was a man of prodigious bodily strength, which he had testified, the day before Charles entered Edinburgh, by simultaneously knocking down two of Hamilton's dragoons, as they were standing upon the High street. His athletic frame was animated by a high spirit, and he was not without a dash of the grace of a paladin of romance, or a Clarendon cavalier. After performing some deeds of desperate valour on the field of Preston, he mounted the horse of a British officer, whom he had brought down with his broadsword, and rode off to the castle of Edinburgh, where he was resolved, resolved to destroy all who could overtake. The victory just gained by his prince had elevated his political zeal to the highest pitch; and his heart, fleshed by the bloody work of the morning, was prepared to encounter every sort of danger. The party which he pursued, sunk in the confusion of the day, and he was not long in finding the long ancient street of Edinburgh, little more than half an hour after the battle, crying out to all they met to make way for them, and in their fright firing off their carbines at every one who seemed disposed to accost them. In the end of their long straggling troop came the Netherbow Grant, who, in the words of MacPhar, "the prince came and he opened to admit them. Notwithstanding all his efforts, they got safe into the castle, and he was obliged to turn away disappointed. He who had so lately been the pursuer, was now the pursued, and he was not long to measure a prisoner, for the least degree of resolution on the part of the citizens would have been sufficient to capture him, enclosed as he was within their walls, at the distance of many miles from those who could have surprised him." The man, however, who was so encouraged, however, which had involved him in this dilemma, was not to be extricated from it. He, in the first place, turn-

ed into the shop of a draper in the Lawnmarket, and ordered a full suit of tartan to be prepared for him against the day after next, when the prince regent, he said, along with the whole army, would return in triumph to the city. Then remounting his horse, and still brandishing his sword, he rode straight towards the street towards Netherbow Port, an object of infinite wonder and consternation to the crowds which surveyed him. Before he reached the barrier, a sort of resolution had been made by the guard, to detain him as an enemy to government; and he was accordingly ordered to halt, and to give them to open their gate and allow him a free passage,—when they looked upon his bold countenance, his bloody sword, and battle-stained habiliments, their half-collected courage melted away in a moment; the gate slowly revolved upon its hinges, apparently of itself; the guard stood aside, beneath the rays of his lofty banner, and Colquhoun Grant, who might have been so easily taken and slain, passed scatheless forth of the city. It is said that, after he was fairly gone, the courage of the warders revived wonderfully, and each questioned another, with angry looks and bad words, how he came, to shrink from his duty at so interesting a crisis. But some time after, on being interrogated by a fellow-townsmen, as to their silliness in permitting so bloody a rebel to pass unpunished, when they might have so easily served their country, and at the same time avenged the many slain, they answered, "We did not know, but retaining him, they had the candour to confess, that they considered their duty in this case more honoured in the breach than the observance, and that, indeed, every thing considered, it was perhaps quite as good that 'they had got rid of the fellow in the way they did.'"

"The conduct of the dragoons," says the Chevalier Johnston, in allusion to their conduct at Preston, "surpassed all imagination. They threw down their arms that they might run with more speed, thus depriving themselves of the only means they had of arresting the progress of the rebels, and thus exposing themselves to a condition, from their numbers, to preserve order in their retreat, not one thought of defending himself. Terror had taken complete possession of their minds. I saw," he continues, "a young Highlander, scarcely formed, who was presented to the prince as a prodigy, having killed a Highland soldier, and being asked if he was a Jacobite, 'it was true' 'I do not know,' replied he, 'if I killed them, but I brought fourteen soldiers to the ground with my broadsword!'" Another Highlander brought ten soldiers to the prince, whom he had made prisoners of war, and who were sent to the castle of Edinburgh. One of the Highlanders, from a rashness without example, having pursued a party to some distance from the field of battle, along the road between the enclosures, struck down the liegermist with a blow of his sword, calling at the same time, 'down with your arms!' The soldiers, terror-struck, threw down their arms without looking behind them, and the Highlander, with a pistol in one hand, and his sword in the other, made them do just as he pleased."

From the eagerness of the Highlanders to secure as much plunder as possible, they did not improve their victory by a very eager or long continued pursuit. A great portion remained behind, and the field was lying themselves with the spoils of the slain and wounded, while others busied themselves in ransacking the house of Colonel Gardiner, which happened to be immediately adjacent to the field. A small party, among whom were the brave MacGregors, and the Duke of Devonshire's dragoons, followed, in the words of MacPhar, "the prince came up and successively took Glencairn and Major Evan in his arms, congratulating them upon the result of the fight. He then commanded the whole of the clan Gregor to be collected in the middle of the field, and, a table being covered with wine and victuals, they were ordered to refresh himself, all the rest standing round as a guard, and each receiving a glass of wine and a little bread." In regard to Charles's conduct after a victory so auspicious to his arms, we quote the report of another eye-witness, Andrew Henderson, author of an historical account of the campaign. "I saw the Chevalier," says Andrew, "after the battle, standing by his horse, dressed like an ordinary captain, in a coarse plaid and large blue bonnet, with a narrow plain gold lace about it, his boots and knees much dirtied, the effects of his having fallen in the day's work. He was dressed in the same manner, and he cried out with a hearty laugh, 'My Highlanders have lost their plaids! But his jollity seemed somewhat damped when he looked upon the seven standards which had been taken from the dragoons; at this sight he could not help observing, 'The sign of the cross is a good sign, and the cross is the best sign.' He then retired himself upon the field, and with the greatest composure cut a slice of cold beef and drank a

of our private men after the battle, run to Port Seton for ale and other liquors, to support the wounded. As we have a proof for all, of my own particular observation, I saw a Highlander, carefully, and with particular kindness, support a poor wounded soldier by the arms * * * * and afterwards carry him on his back into a house, where he left him, with a sennet pay his charges. In all this," adds the journalist, "we followed not only the dictates of humanity, but also the orders of our prince, who acted in every thing as the true friend of his country." "The Highlanders themselves, only thirty were killed, including three officers, and about seventy or eighty wounded. The greater part of the wounded of both armies were taken into Colonel Gardiner's house, where it is yet possible to see upon the oaken floor, the dark outlines or prints of the hardened warriors, formed by their bloody garments, where they lay."

Whatever humanity may have been displayed by the Highlanders towards the wounded, it would be in vain to deny that they exhibited quite as much, if not more, general activity in despoiling the slain. They were better conversant to the least value, they eagerly appropriated; often, in their ignorance of civilised life, making ludicrous mistakes in their preference of particular articles, and as often appropriating articles which were of no value at all. One who had gone to the scene soon afterwards to see some of the trifles, and report upon them, when the bargain was concluded, with an air of great gratulation, "he was glad to be quit of a chattr, for she leaved nae time after he catched her;" the machine having in reality stopped for want of winding up. Another exchanged a horse for a horse pistol, which would tiddie Highlanders were seen going by the first shirts of the English officers over the rest of their clothes, while little boys were strut about with vast gold laced cocked hats on their heads, bandoliers dangling down to their heels, and breeches which required at least one of their hands to keep from falling. The first of the great numbers which deserted in order to carry home their spoils, more than one were seen hurrying over hill and dale, with nothing but a great military saddle upon their backs, and apparently impressed with the idea that they had secured a complete victory. The greater number of slain were interred at the northeast corner of the park wall, so often alluded to, where the ground is still perceptibly elevated in consequence. A considerable number were also buried round a thorn tree, which is said to have marked the centre of the great promontory. The country. The country's first line, and where the battle was fought. The country's first line, and where the battle was fought. The country's first line, and where the battle was fought.

"—With more derring
They saw the fight, than those that up'd the fray,"

were drawn forth and employed in this disagreeable duty; which they performed, with horror and disgust, by carting quantities of earth and emptying it upon the bloody heaps. A circumstance worthy of note occurred at the inhumation of a small party of dragoons, which had been cut off at a short distance below Franchet churchyard. A hole was dug for them, in a place in which they were thrown as they had fallen, undisturbed of their clothes. A Highlander, happening to approach, and seeing a pair of excellent boots upon one of the party, desired a rustic who had been employed in digging the grave, to descend into the pit and hand them up to him. The rustic refused to do so, and said that the Highlander might go down himself, if he pleased. With some hesitation he did so, and was stooping to pull off the boots, when the indignant grave-digger gave him a blow on the back of the head, with his spade, which stretched him beside his prey; and he was immediately buried in the same pit.

As the search for spoil had ceased, the Highlanders began to collect provisions. They fixed their mess-room in one of the houses of Tranent, and, sending abroad through the neighbouring parks, seized such sheep as they could conveniently catch. The people of the village have a picturesque tradition of their coming straggling in every now and then during the day, each with a sheep upon his back, which he threw down at the general depot, with the exclamation, "Tare's mhair o' Cope paggae!" When men's minds are agitated by any mythical or triangular tale, they are apt to be continually making jokes; and to represent the spoil which they procured among private individuals as only a further accession of plunder from the vanquished army, seems to have been the prevailing witticism of the Highlanders on this auspicious day.

As the mind of some of the Highlanders for spoil, it is said that they plundered many of the inhabitants of Edinburgh and other neighbouring towns, who came,

during the course of the day, to see the battle ground. Thus old Skinner says—

That afternoon, when 'a' was done,
I gaded to see the fray, man;
But had I wist what after spat,
I'd better staid away, man.

On Soton sands, wi' nimble hands,
They picked up pocket-bags, man;
But I wish ne'er to dre sic frae,
For a' the sun and mair, man.

We shall here introduce a traditional anecdote connected with the battle of Preston, which we have derived at second hand from a descendant of the person concerned. The Highlanders, in their descent upon the low countries, had taken away all the horses belonging to a Mr. Lucas, a farmer, of the estate of Tillybody, in the parish of Tillymore. The unlucky proprietor followed the army, in the hope of recovering his cattle; for the better accomplishment of which he was charged by his landlord.

Abercrombie, Esq., ancestor of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, with an expostulatory message to Lord George Murray, with whom that gentleman happened to be intimately acquainted. Lucas made up to the lieutenant general on the very evening before the battle of Preston. When he had mentioned his business, and delivered his landlord's message, Lord George expressed great regret that he was unable to pay the respect he could have wished to the gentleman's request. Such was the necessity, he said, of the army, and such the unavailability of the men, that he could not upon any account interfere in the case. "However," added his lordship, "I'll make free to tell you a way by which you may take care of your own horses. The horses are all up under in Franchet churchyard. Do you watch your opportunity, and when you think you may do so with safety, just pick out your horses from the rest, and make the best of your way home with them." The farmer thanked Lord George for the hint, and, as he was about to take his leave, when the insurgent leader, pleased with the bold resolution he avowed, and observing him to be a very well made active looking man, stopped him, to ask if he could be prevailed upon to enter the Highland army, in which case he would give him a commission, and by no means disposed to enroll himself in a corps which had displayed such gallows-like conduct; he therefore respectfully declined Lord George's offer, observing, that he was very well content with the laws as administered, and he in the present conjuncture he was able would not be much improved by men of such disorderly character as the Highlanders. He even took the liberty to say to Lord George, that he thought the sooner his lordship could get quit of the enterprise the better, as he could foresee no good as likely to come of it. Lord George owned, that he was in a confidential candour, that his advice was perhaps a prudent one; but he laughed it off with the proverb, "In for a penny, in for a pound." Lucas then took his leave, and next morning found an opportunity, while the Highlanders were engaged in battle, to abstract his horses from the churchyard.

CHAPTER XV.

PRINCE CHARLES AT HOLYROOD.

What says King Bolingbroke?

Richard the Second.

The Camerons had entered Edinburgh scarcely three hours after the battle, playing their pipes with might and main, and exhibiting with many marks of triumph the colours they had taken from Cope's dragoons. But the return of the main body of the army was reserved for the succeeding day, Sunday, when an attempt was made to impress the district with the high idea of a double victory, which had achieved. The clans marched in one long extended line into the glaze of the city, an hundred bagpipes playing at once the exulting cavalcade—"The king shall enjoy his own again." They bore, besides their own appropriate standards, and flags, with equally ostentatious pride the vast accession of dress and personal ornament which they had derived from the vanquished. In the rear of their own body came the prisoners, at least half as numerous as themselves, and then followed the wounded in carts. At the end of all came the baggage and cannon under a strong guard. They paraded through all the principal streets of the city, as if anxious to leave no one unimpressed with the sight of their good fortune. Charles himself did not ac-

company the procession, but came in the evening to Holyroodhouse, where, according to the Caledonian Mercury, he was "welcomed with the loudest acclamations of the people."

The news of the battle, which told the complete overthrow of all that force the government had been able to send against the insurgents, caused a violent revolution of public feeling in favour of the victor, and spread proportionate consternation among all who had any interest in the state. The whole of the Scottish state officers, as well as many inferior persons enjoying public trust, betook themselves in disguise to England, to avoid the inevitable prosecution, and in all Scotland there soon did not remain a single declared friend of government, except those who kept the fortresses. Charles might be said to have completely recovered his paternal kingdom from the hands of the usurper; and as the British army still remained in the Highlands, there seemed nothing but a descent upon England, in order to secure that portion of his dominions also. It has been the opinion of many, that, had he adopted this vigorous measure, considering the terror of his name, the rapidity with which he could have marched, and the general idea of his invincible prowess, he might have dislodged his majesty from London, and changed, for a time at least, and probably for ever, the titles of king and pretender.

His own sentiments in the hour of victory were in favour of an immediate march into England. But of this, which would have been a measure of more cautious measure, and one perhaps less likely to ensure the success of his enterprise. It was represented that his army was considerably diminished by the slaughter at Preston, and by the desertion of those who had gone home to secure their property; and that, if he marched with less than two thousand men, would discourage his English adherents; and that, by waiting a little longer, he would be sure to increase his force to a respectable amount, by the accession of those clans and other Scotsmen who had not yet declared themselves in his favour. These objections, Charles overruled, and, in the mean time, amused with the cause and circumstances of royalty which he enjoyed at Holyroodhouse.

It is difficult to describe the extravagant rejoicings with which the Jacobites hailed the news of Preston. They resented the measure, and the unbounded bond Highlanders, who every where dispersed the intelligence, with the most unbounded hospitality; and they no longer made any scruple to disclose those sentiments in public, which they had hitherto been obliged to conceal as private. The Jacobites, who were not in the army, to the prince, who, in his own language, "could eat a dry crust, sleep on peas straw, take his dinner in four minutes, and win a battle in five;" whilst the ladies busied themselves in procuring locks of his hair, miniature portraits of his person, and ribbons on which he was represented as the Highland Lad, but perhaps the most extraordinary instance of individual zeal in his behalf, was one afforded by an old episcopalian or nonjurant clergyman, who had attended his camp before Preston, as some of the violent presbyterians, on the other hand, followed him to Cope. The clergyman, who attended the battle, set out on foot for his place of residence beyond Doune in Perthshire; and, having travelled considerably more than fifty miles, next morning gave out the news of the victory from his own pulpit, at the ordinary hour of worship, invoking a thousand blessings on the arms and person of the Chevalier.

The cessation of public worship in Edinburgh was not the least remarkable circumstance attending this defeat. On the evening of his victory, Charles sent messengers to the houses of the clergy, desiring them to perform the usual service, but when the bells were rung at the usual hour, no clergyman appeared; and, for the first time on record, a Sunday passed in that city undisturbed by the ordinances of religion. The ministers, with a pusillanimity which was afterwards censured even by their own party, had all fled to England, and, in consequence of the scandalous, on learning this, issued a proclamation on Monday, assuring them that he designed in no respect to disturb them in the exercise of their duties; but they persisted, notwithstanding, in their absurd terrors, and absented themselves from the city during all the week. The Highlanders, who were still before, their predecessors had displayed a precisely similar degree of timidity and distrust, when, having taken refuge in Edinburgh castle from the victorious arms of Cromwell, they repeatedly refused the toleration and protection offered to them by that general,

the office above mentioned—Charles approached the kneeling girl, and, with great apparent solemnity, touched the sores occasioned by the disease, pronouncing, at every different application, the words, "I touch, but God heal!" The ceremony was concluded by another prayer from the priest; and the patient, again kneeling, was rewarded round the neck and shoulders with little sums of money by all present. Precisely twenty-one days from the date of her being submitted to Charles's touch, the ulcers fortunately closed and healed; and nothing remained to show that she had ever been afflicted. It is very singular to meet with the story of the cure which has derived this strange tale from a non-jurant gentleman, who heard the woman herself relate it, and who had touched with his own fingers the spots upon her body which had been previously honoured by contact with those of Prince Charles. The poor woman told her story with many expressions of grief and sorrow, for him whom she considered her deliverer. She also added, that she had received many valuable presents from the Jacobites, to whom, after her recovery, she had been exhibited by her parent, and who, of course, did not enquire the slightest doubt regarding the efficacy of Charles's finger. When they questioned his pretensions to the throne of Britain.

While Charles endeavoured in this manner to amuse his friends with the gaudies of a court, and by exercising the functions of royalty, he did not neglect that attention to the military and political situation and character so essentially required. On the contrary, in issuing proclamations, and in his endeavours to increase the army, he was perhaps as thoroughly occupied as any prince who had before resided within the walls of Holyrood. His proclamations were calculated to excite different passions among the Jacobite armies, the encouragement of his hitherto undeclared friends, and the strengthening of his pecuniary and other resources. He demanded an unlimited surrender of all the arms and ammunition in Edinburgh and the surrounding country. He granted protections to all persons who could furnish him with arms, and offered a full pardon to all public rejoicings for the victory of Preston. He also granted an indemnity to all his father's people for their treasons, during the exile of his family, requiring only that they should promise to his secretary to be obedient to the above objects. His proclamations were headed with the words—Charles, Prince of Wales, &c. Regent of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and the dominions thereto belonging; To all his majesty's subjects, greeting;" and subscribed, "By his highness's command, J. Murray."

He also found it necessary to publish edicts, for the prevention of robberies said to be committed by soldiers. It seems that, in searching for arms, the Highlanders occasionally used a little license in regard to other matters of property; though it is also allowed that many persons, unconnected with his army, assumed the appearance of his soldiers, and were the chief perpetrators of the felonious complaint. While lands, in deed, of these wretches, went about the country, showing forged commissions, and affecting to sell protections in Charles's name, for which they exacted large sums of money. The Highland army were partly blameable for these misdeeds, because they had copied the public commissions, and had been let loose by the countess, and because, since their arrival at Edinburgh, the sword of justice had been completely suspended. Charles, however, who was perfectly unblameable, made every possible exertion to suppress a system which tended so much to bring his cause into bad repute; and his exertions seem to have not been altogether ineffectual.

It unfortunately happened, that while he did all he could to prevent small or individual robberies, the necessities of his own exchequer compelled him to authorize others of greater magnitude upon the public bodies of the kingdom. From the city of Edinburgh, he exacted a thousand tens, and throughout the country levied a vast quantity of smaller articles, for the use of his troops. He seized all the goods in the custom houses of Leith and Borrowstouness, and immediately converted them into money, by selling them back to the smugglers from whom they had been seized. He made demands of Glasgow in five hundred and five hundred pounds. He sent letters, moreover, to the chief magistrates of burghs throughout the kingdom, requiring them to contribute certain sums for his service; as also to all collectors of the land-tax, to all collectors and compellers of the tithe, and to all officers of the revenue, and to the estates forfeited in 1715, demanding the money which

happened to be in their hands. The penalty which he assigned to those who should neglect his summons, was military execution with fire and sword.

During this temporary paralysis of the arm of the law, the following ludicrous circumstance is said to have taken place. The landlady of a Highland sergeant, who resided at the fair market, one day came into his room, exclaiming loudly against a neighbour who she said owed her eight shillings, and who had taken advantage of the decease of the laws to refuse payment. "Contend the hale pack o' ye!" she continued; "ever since I was here, there's been neither law nor justice in the country. Charlie may be what he likes; but he can't be a gude king that prevents pur folk fra getting their ain!"—"Say ye sae?" replied the sergeant in some little indignation, "I can tell ye, though, Prince Charlie has petteer law and stussie path, than ever your auld law had, and I'll be bound to say, wae wae!"—"I'll let ye see ta cood law and chustie too!" The landlady conducted her lodger to the house of the debtor, which he entered with his drawn sword in his hand. "Mistress," he said to the recumbent dame, "do you pe awin this honest woman my landlay ta ight shilling?"—"I'll be bound to pay ye, if ye'll be bound to pay me," said the muckledevil hae ye to do wi't?"—"I'll show you what I have to do with it," said the Highlander; and mounting a cutty stool, he proceeded with great nonchalance to depopulate the good woman's shelves of her shining pewee, and then he handed down one by one into his landlay's apron, "at every successive descent of his arm, 'ere's ta cood law and chustie too!" Fewter plates were at that time the very penates of a Scottish housewife of the lower order; and when the woman saw her treasurebriek thus laid waste, she related discontented, and for some proceeding into another room to get the money, paid the landlay her debt; in return for which she demanded back her plates. The Highland J. P. replaced all the goods in their shelves, except a few, which he desired the landlay to carry home. "What!" exclaimed the poor dame, "can ye get my plates back when I've paid my debt?"—"Ta't you are not," quoted the sergeant, "unless you give me ta other twa shilling for laying ta law upon you." This additional sum, the poor woman was actually obliged to pay; and the Highlander then went home, with his landlay; exclaiming all the way, "I'll be bound to cood law, and chustie path—petteer than ever your Chordie had a's his say!"

CHAPTER IX.

GATHERING AT EDINBURGH.

But to wauton me, to wauton me,
Ken ye what mistat wad wauton me
To see James at Edinburgh Chase,
Wi' fifty thousand foot and horse,
And the Usurper forced to flee:
Oh this is what mistat wad wauton me.

Jacobite Song.

The Court at St. James's, thoroughly alarmed at Charles's progress and success, were now taking measures to prevent the stoppage of the king, which might be capable of at once putting a stop to the rebellion. On the end of September, the king ordered a strong body of troops, consisting of several battalions of foot and some squadrons of horse, to march directly to Scotland, under the command of Marshal Wade. They were appointed to assemble at the city of Edinburgh, and to set out on London on the 6th of October, in order to assume the command. It was the 23rd of October, however, before the army reached Newcastle, on their way to meet the Highland army; by which time, Charles was on the point of marching into England.

This force, considered too small, the king, besides using every endeavour to enlist new men, had reserved a considerable portion of his veteran army from Flanders, along with its youthful commander, William Duke of Cumberland, his second son, who had distinguished himself as the well fought, though unsuccessful battle of Fontenoy. Innumerable levies of militia were also raised throughout the country, to oppose the progress of the insurgents; and His Majesty, the better to carry on the war, was favoured with a loan of 700,000*l.*, by the proprietors of two privateer vessels, which were immediately taken upwards of that sum in specie from the French.

To oppose forces thus leisurely collected, and in such quantities, Charles exerted himself at Edinburgh, for six weeks after his victory, to raise the clans which had not at first declared themselves, and to organize his little army as well as time and circumstances would allow.

He despatched (September 24th.) a messenger to the Isle of Skye, to assure Sir Alexander Macdonald and the Laird of MacLeod, that not imputing their inactivity to disaffection, he was ready to receive them and their powerful clans as the most favoured of his father's loyal subjects. From Skye, this messenger (Mr. Alexander Macdonald, advocate) was commissioned to go to Castle Dornie, the residence of the Lord Lovat, and to deliver the same message to that ancient, but incalculable adherent. The message met with no success at Skye, where Duncan Forbes had been exerting himself to confirm the two ancient chiefs in their loyalty. But with Lovat, the character of a reported victim of a different rank in the hearing of the affair of Preston, he is said to have exclaimed in a transport, that neither ancient nor modern times could furnish a parallel to so brilliant a victory. At once throwing off the mask which he had so long worn, he descended to the court-yard in front of his castle, and, casting his hat upon the ground, drank in a bumper of wine, "Success to the White Rose, and confusion to the White Horse and all its adherents!" He had previously been exerting himself to raise his clan, which he designed to put under the charge of his son, a youth of about twenty years of age, named Andrews. He now resolved seriously and energetically to follow the price, and, calling his son, commanded him to lead out the men. The young man was very unwilling to do so, but could not resist the orders of so arbitrary a father. Lord Lovat could not but be himself should still appear loyal to government, and, in a letter to the Duke of Argyll, threw all the blame of the insurrection of the clan upon his son, whom he did not scruple to represent as the most headstrong and disobedient of children. Forbes knew his lordship too well to believe his assertions, and immediately proceeded to apprehend him. He was enabled to do so, by means of a victory of independent local militia, which he had been employed for some time in raising, and with whom he eventually contrived to over-crow the Clan Fraser so entirely, that they durst not make an attempt to join the rebelval.

No two events could present a greater contrast than those of Lord Lovat and the Lord Preston. The former, ferocious, cunning, and turbulent, was all that an ancient Feudal Baron could have been in wickedness; the latter, gentle, candid, and unambitious, was the very type of a good citizen. Lovat had spent a long life in dark political intrigues, and in the management of the party of the state; Forbes had devoted himself, for thirty years, to the single and consistent object of advancing the pure principles of the revolution. The one was the worst of Jacobites, the other the best of whigs.

Although the latter was generally successful in his negotiations, he could not prevent a certain number of the clans from marching to join the prince's standard. As he himself declares in one of his letters, rebels stalked out from families for whose royalty he could have previously staked his life; and even his own nephew, to his great astonishment, and to the surprise of every assembly, did the white cockade and joined the insurgent army. It would indeed appear, that he was in some cases egregiously deceived, and that, by a policy not less finespun than his own, many whom he considered his friends, had actually assumed to their loyalty, in order to lure him into security, and that they might be able to circumvent him in their turn.

Edinburgh was in the mean time experiencing some of the miseries appropriate to a civil war. For a few days after the battle of Gladsmuir, the communication between the city and castle was open, and the Highlanders kept guard at the weigh-house, an old building situated in the centre of the street leading to the castle, about three hundred yards from the fortress itself; and they at first allowed all kinds of provisions to pass, particularly for the use of the officers. But the garrison soon began to be anxious that the city with them, orders were issued on the 23rd of September, that no person should be permitted to pass. General Guest then sent a letter to the city, threatening to use his cannon against the stations of the Highland guards, unless they permitted him to fire from the castle. The militia of the city of the town to the great extent of the militia, and they were no magistrates—implored a respite for a single night, which was granted. They then waited upon Prince Charles, and showed him General Guest's letter. He immediately gave them an answer in writing, that he might be able to do the better, expressing his surprise at the barbarity of the officer who threatened to

* The house of Stuart had assumed the white rose or cockade; the white Horse is conspicuous in the arms of Brunswick.

hiring distress upon the citizens, for not doing what was out of their power, and at the extravagance which demanded his renunciation of all the advantages he possessed by the fortune of war. He concluded, by threatening to retaliate upon the garrison, in reprisals upon their estates, and also upon their persons, that he would bring the German government." Upon presenting this letter to General Guest, and making earnest entreaty for a further respite, the citizens obtained a promise that no shots should be fired till his majesty's pleasure should be known upon the subject, providing the besiegers should, during that time, offer no annoyance to the garrison.

This condition was broken next day by the levity of the Highlanders, who fired off their pieces, to frighten some people who were carrying provisions up their castle. The government then considered them justified in firing upon the guard. Charles, on learning what had taken place, published a proclamation, exhibiting all intercourse with the castle upon pain of death, and gave orders to strengthen the blockade, by posting additional guards at several places. The garrison related that they were fired at all the Highlanders they could see. On the 4th of October, they commenced a regular bombardment of the city. When it grew dark, the cannonading ceased, and a party, sallying out, threw up a trench across the Castlehill, where they planted cannon, and then returned to the castle, along with their most valuable effects and the streets on which the bullets were perpetually descending with terrific effect, were soon as completely deserted by day, as they usually were by night. In running down to Leith for shelter, a great party met the inhabitants of that town hurrying to the sea, and pushing their boats into the fishing ship, of war, lying off in the roads, and whose intercourse with the shore had been cut off by the Highlanders, was firing into their streets with the same fatal effect. All was perplexity and dismay; and the unhappy citizens were forced to stretch their hands, and execute the cruel necessities of war.

General Guest, who commanded in the castle at this momentous crisis, has been much lauded for the spirit with which he held out to the insurgents; and as his monumental inscription of Westminster Abbey contains an account of his services, and the manner of his death, it may be said, that the thanks of the country have been rendered to him for his good service. It is now to be for the first time disclosed, that the public gratitude has been misdirected in regard to General Guest. The person to whom in relation to the castle was indebted for the preservation of the fortress, was General George Preston of Valley-field, an ancient soldier of the King William school, who had been recently superseded in the command of the garrison by Guest, but who had not retired from his post when the insurrection broke out. At the siege of Preston, the Highlanders returned in triumph and investing the castle, General Guest, who was not free of some suspicions of Jacobitism, called a council of war, and urged that, as the fortress could not be held out, a capitulation should immediately be entered into. All officers present, with the exception of one person, except old General Preston, who, with the spirit of all the *twenty campaigns* he had served glowing in his bosom, solemnly protested against the measure; adding that, if it should be determined on, that he would that night end off an express to London, to lay his commission down, and to fight, as he would, for himself, distinguished by holding it an hour longer. Guest remonstrated against the old general's resolution, which was calculated to reflect so much dishonour upon the garrison; but the veteran remained inflexible. When the governor at length found it impossible to move him, he asked if he would take the responsibility upon himself, and command the garrison in his name; to which the general consented. The government of the castle then devolved upon Preston, who immediately set about those active measures, the result of which he has just announced. The venerable soldier, at the age of sixty, of an age, seventy of which he had spent in the army, was so feeble that he could hardly walk. Nevertheless, his vigilance was incessant. Once every two hours, he caused himself to be carried round the walls in his arm-chair, in order to keep his eyes upon the city. He was asked if the party of Highlanders appeared within sight, to have a cannon loaded with grape-shot discharged at them. It is said that when Charles was informed of the annoyance thus

given to his men, he sent a message to the new governor, to the effect that, if it was not discontinued, he would immediately give orders to burn Valley-field house, the seat of his elder brother. To this General Preston is said to have replied, "I will tell you, that I should share the same fate, if I did not do exactly as he pleased with Valleyfield; for his part, he was resolved to do his duty, so long as he had the honour of holding the commission of his Sovereign. He only begged to add, that as soon as he received intelligence of the destruction of his brother's house, he would give orders that Wemyss Castle should share the same fate." Wemyss Castle was the paternal seat of Lord Elcho, one of Charles's principal adherents; and as it overhung the coast of Fife, and was exposed to the fire of the government vessels lying in the Frith of Forth, there could be no doubt that General Preston was right in the manner threatened. Charles, therefore, saw fit to press his remonstrance no farther.

The distress, indeed, which the blockade of the castle had brought upon the city, was now found to be so unfavourable to Charles's cause, that he was obliged, for the sake of his reputation, to take the same step, and so by proclamation, on the evening of the 7th succeeding its commencement. The cannonade then ceased on the part of the castle, into which provisions were ever afterwards conveyed without molestation.

The prisoners taken at Glenmuir had meanwhile been sent to different parts of the country—the officers to Perth, and the private men to Logierait in Athole. Some sergeants, corporals, and private men, were prevailed upon to enlist in the victorious army; but most of them afterwards deserted. The officers, who, besides their parole, had also taken an oath not to serve against the cause of Stuart for a twelvemonth, held as little faith with their captors, many of them resuming their place in the king's army as soon as opportunity permitted. The wounded, being allowed to carry away their mutilated bodies as they could, travelled into England as beggars, showing their dreadful gashes wherever they went; by which means the curiosity of the English populace was at once gratified, and a salutary terror of the Highlanders spread throughout the country which they designed to invade.

It was not till the 10th of October, when Prince Charles received at Edinburgh, were, notwithstanding the counter-assertions of Forbes, fully as considerable as his circumstances could have led to expect. The first that joined him was Lord Ogilvie, eldest son of the Earl of Arisley, who arrived with 300 men, most of whom were of his own name, and from the county of Forfar. Next day came Gordon of Glenbucket, with 400 men from the head of Aberdeenshire, forming a regiment, of which he and his kinsmen were the officers. Lord Pislogie arrived the 9th, with a great body of gentlemen from the counties of Aberdeen and Banff, attended by their servants, all well armed and mounted; as also a small body of infantry. These valuable recruits were from the northern part of the Lowlands of Scotland, where nonjuration might be said to have been the general rule, and in which the English and Roman Catholic forms of worship are still vigorously flourished. Various other gentlemen from the north, along with some inferior sets of Highland families, joined the army before the end of October, when the whole amount was somewhat less than six thousand men. The Chevalier, notwithstanding the smallness of Preston, found few adherents at Edinburgh, or in any part of the country south of the Forth. Even when he was in complete possession of the city, only about three hundred of the inhabitants, and those not the most respectable, did him homage. The enterprise was looked upon by the citizens as a thing quite foreign to their feelings and ordinary pursuits; it had the charm of romance, and the merit, perhaps, of abstract justice; but it was for them to leave their profitable counters and song firesides, in order to engage in an enterprise which had no other end than to expose them to acquiring military glory, and asserting the visionary claims of a hot-headed foreigner? It was easy to wish the young man well, and to form the resolution of submitting tranquilly to his authority, should he succeed. But the Chevalier, never had in his mind the idea of taking neutral ground, there was not perhaps one that had sufficient courage or enthusiasm to take a personal and active part in the cause. The great mass of people, happy in their own individual concerns and prospects, contented themselves with repeating the common adage, "Whoever the king, I'll be subject."

Besides this description of supineness, the Chevalier had to contend with another feeling of a different sort, but not less inimical to his purposes. This was the stern

Presbyterian principle of dislike to his family, originating in the religious persecutions to which his ancestors had subjected a portion of the people of Scotland. It is true, that the most rigid sect of Presbyterians had, since the Revolution, expressed a strong desire to conciliate with the Jacobites, with the hope, in case the house of Stuart were restored, to obtain what they called a covenanted king; and that a thousand of this sect had assembled in Dumfriesshire, at the first intelligence of the insurrection, bearing arms and banners, and supposed to contemplate joining with the Chevalier. But these extravagant notions were now almost as violently distinct from the established church of Scotland, as ever they had been from those of England and Rome, and had long ceased to play the most prominent part in the national disputes about the succession. The Jacobites, on the other hand, a small part of their congregations, were adverse to Charles upon considerations perfectly moderate, but at the same time well-grounded, and not easily to be shaken.

Some instances have reached us which show the efficacy of these sentiments against Charles's cause, and the same time prove the disinclination of war which an age of domestic peace and increasing commerce had produced in the Lowlands. When the Earl of Kilmarnock exerted himself, in 1715, for the defence of government, he found not the slightest difficulty in raising a large regiment of volunteers, and in procuring arms and accoutrements. By this time, the people were making fortunes by the manufacture of night-caps, and had got different lights regarding feudal servitude; which, added to their prejudices against the pope, the devil, and the pretender, caused them fairly to rebel against their ancient hereditary lord. His lordship assembled them in the morning, and tried them first with entreaties, and then with threats; but not one man would consent to join his standard. He then confirmed his demands to their arms; for, weavers as they were, they still retained the old muskets and trusty broadswords of their ancestors, and occasionally displayed them at blondest wappinshaws. But this requisition they were equally prepared to resist; and one of them even had the hardihood to tell his lordship, that "if they presented him with their guns, they would be *wirre and mair* than he." The Earl of Kilmarnock, however, brought none; but himself and his body-servants to the prince's army.

The Earl of Kellie was equally unsuccessful in his attempt to raise his dependents. This eccentric nobleman is described in the Mercury, as going over to Fife, in order to raise a regiment for the prince's service upon his estates in that well-affected district. He never got above three men,—himself as colonel,—an old Fife laird for lieutenant-colonel, and a serving-man who had to represent all the rest of the troop by his own single person!

His incline, was he had too common to his own country, and in saying so, a cautious rustic, who was asked what side he was going to take in these troubles, may be mentioned as sufficiently indicating the sentiments of almost the whole community regarding the measure of taking up arms. "For my part," said he, "I will be *wirre and mair* than the same as the hangman." "I'll stay till I see what side *he's* to take, and then I'll decide."

It is common to hear the Jacobites blamed, as the cavaliers had been in the preceding century, for *pot-clout*; but this reflection will not hold in the present case. His charge may be said with regard to his English friends, it is very unreasonable so far as his Scottish adherents are concerned. The Chevalier, in common with other persons in distress, had many friends who would have done any thing for him but injure their fortune. They could speak his cause with all the fervour, write in his favour, and even perhaps lend him a little money; but they could not risk or sacrifice *at*; nor could they be expected. Many of them had much more strength and dearer than those of party; the minds of many others were not of a wide collection, and those who had formerly regarded the restoration of the Stuarts as a desirable object, were now alarmed when they saw the horrors of a civil war before their eyes. The Highlanders, owing to the peculiar constitution of their society, found it easy, in the words of the song, to

"—leave their bonnie Highland hills,
Their wives and bairns sea dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
The Young Chevalier."

Compelled by their chiefs, who had high expectations from the enterprise, they could not remain at home with safety; and they were accordingly sent forth by the prospects of a campaign in the wealthy territory of the Sassenach. These circumstances and considerations certainly did not attend the free and enlightened Lowlanders; none of whom found it possible so far to overcome their natural prudence, except those who had laboured under the influence of strong political and religious predilections, or who were in that condition when any change must bring profit and advantage.

Even in cases where the adherent possessed a considerable fortune, a prudential plan was generally adopted, by which it was at least secured to the family. Thus, when the proprietor himself went out, he made over the estate to his eldest son, who remained at home in possession; and, *vice versa*, when the father was averse to active participation, a son went out, along with all the forces, both in the way of men and money, which the household could contribute, assured that, although the youth should fall or be attained, he had still brothers to inherit the patrimonial property for the behoof of the family. Some of the Highland chiefs themselves saw fit to adopt this policy. The MacDonalds of Clanranald, the Macdonalds of Gleanary, were led out by the sons of their respective chiefs. In the subsequent period of the campaign, the wife of the chief of the MacIntoshes raised the clan in behalf of Charles, while MacIntosh himself served as an officer in a militia raised for the defence of government.

It is altogether, rather to be wondered at, that, fifteen years after the expulsion of the house of Stuart, when the popular feeling of loyalty might be expected to have fairly settled down in a new channel, so many honourable and prudent men should have been found to yield to the impulse in succouring its rights with the sword. The generation which had transacted and witnessed the revolution was completely gone; and Prince Charles was but a remote descendant of the party who suffered on that memorable occasion. If time alone could not extinguish his claims by prescription, as it does all others, the changes which had taken place in the constitution and upon the polity of the state, might at least be allowed to have done so. An attempt had already been made without success, and to the effusion of much blood, in the same unhappy cause; and heaven and man had long seemed to have paused in affixing to it the fatality of disaster.

One powerful cause has been assigned in recent times for the support which Charles met with in 1745,—selfishness in his adherents. *Memoirs* and papers lately brought to light, display the interested diplomacy of both parties, and are accepted as a portion of the evidence, completely subversive of the theory of romance which has gradually been reared above the simple history of this insurrection. This is by no means a liberal view of this portion of our history. From the nature of the human heart, selfish motives will mix with the purest and most generous of our emotions; and the selfish Jacobites superior to such considerations, would be to believe them something more than mortal. After all, the chief insurgents only stipulated for prospective advantages,—for rewards which they were to win by their swords, and at the risks of their lives and fortunes. Such a selfishness, however, is the spirit of the age, and its prize had succeeded. To deny that they would not, is just as unreasonable as to say that the soldiers of the king's army were unworthy of their ordinary pay. They stood well enough to better their hearts, at the same time, to gratify the wishes of their chiefs, by endeavouring to redress his injuries.

Take it as it may, this cannot be considered the chief or even the secondary motive for insurrection. Jacobitism was a generous sentiment, arising from a natural attachment to a dynasty, and ascribed by the people as equally natural, to befriend the oppressed and unfortunate. The London mob, at the revolution, however convinced of the impropriety of James's measures in the days of his power, could not behold him brought back from Rome, and taken captive, march, wailing, and with tears and acclamations. No more could the people of the Scottish nation, which remained unattached to government and in possession of their ancient prejudices,—whose minds were susceptible of the more generous impressions, and who could still stand up for a friend against a judge, and a countryman against a stranger, and gallant Charles soliciting their friendship in the way he did, without at once bestowing it. Instead of allowing the Jacobites to have been influenced by considerations of interest, it may rather be said that they were perhaps the

only part of the nation over whom such things had no power. They sacrificed fortune, and favour, and all that was dear to them, for the sake of a mere emotion of their feelings, for the associations of the times that were past, or at least for principle which they believed to be right; whilst the Whigs alone were the men with whom the suggestions of prudence and expediency had any weight, who could reasonably hope for advantage, national or individual, from the issue of the contest. It is true that many persons must have been deluded by the hope of place and wealth, and also that there were many men of broken fortunes, who entered into it from mere recklessness, or because they had no considerations of interest to prevent them. Yet, when we think of the many honourable gentlemen who joined the Chevalier's banner on no other account but because they considered him the rightful heir of the throne,—when we think upon the many high spirited youths who rushed to it with the hope of military glory and lady's love,—when we consider that the great mass acted upon principles of ancient honour, and from a feeling of the most noble and generous sympathy—and, more than all, when we recall the innumerable legends, displaying in such splendid style the disinterested and devoted loyalty of the nation, we cannot help characterising the whole affair, as a noble and generous enterprise, and as a transaction unprecedentedly chivalrous, and which did honour to the nation.

CHAPTER XIX.

INVASION OF ENGLAND.

When first my brave Johnnie laid out to the town,
He had a fine house that he wanted the crown;
But now he has gotten a hat and a feather—
Hey, Johnnie lad, cock up your head!

When we consider that the great mass acted upon principles of ancient honour, and from a feeling of the most noble and generous sympathy—and, more than all, when we recall the innumerable legends, displaying in such splendid style the disinterested and devoted loyalty of the nation, we cannot help characterising the whole affair, as a noble and generous enterprise, and as a transaction unprecedentedly chivalrous, and which did honour to the nation.

When Charles had spent six weeks at Edinburgh, without obtaining a third of the accession which he expected, and when all hope of more seemed at rest for the present, he resolved, with the consent of his council, to prosecute the march to London, though his force was still miserably inadequate to the object, and the whole English nation was by this time hurried in arms to oppose him. He was, however, already provided with arms and ammunition, along with some money and a few officers of experience, from France; and he still entertained hopes of a descent being made from the same quarter, upon some part of the English coast. He had great reliance upon the younger gentry of England, who had recently sent him assurances of their support in case he marched to London; and he placed the greatest confidence in the energies and hardihood of his present force. Upon these grounds the greater part of his council concurred with him in advising an immediate march, and some went even the length of fringing entirely to the troops which had already achieved so great a victory. But there was a strong minority who pleaded that he should remain and fortify himself where he was, holding out Scotland against England, and who only consented to an invasion of the latter country with the greatest reluctance.

Towards the end of October, orders were given to call in all the various parties which had been posted at different parts of the country, and the Chevalier had a grand review of his whole united force upon the beach between Leith and Musselburgh, now known by the name of Portobello Sands, where, by a somewhat remarkable coincidence, George IV. attended a similar ceremony in 1822.

During the last half of October the army had not lain at Duddingston, but in more comfortable lodgings within and around the city, and the 30th of November they left Edinburgh, and pitched a camp a little to the west of Inveresk church, where they had a battery pointed to the southwest. At a still later period of the month, they removed to a strong situation above Dalkeith, having taken a short circuit to the east Esk in front, the North Esk in rear, and opening a line of communication to the west of Edinburgh.

At six o'clock in the evening of Thursday, the 31st of October, Prince Charles finally left the palace and capital of his paternal kingdom, and, accompanied by his life guards, rode to Pinish house. Having slept there that night, he rode on to Edinburgh, and then, in the morning, he gave orders for the march of his army. In order to deceive Marshal Wade as to the point in which he designed to invade England, he had previously sent orders for quarters to all the towns upon the road to Berwick,

and despatched little detachments of his men in various other directions. But he now determined his march towards the western border, at once with the view of eluding the army at Newcastle, and of the night gathering the troops which he expected to come to his standard in that well affected part of the kingdom. He now also appointed his principal officers—the Duke of Perth to be general, Lord George Murray lieutenant general, Lord Elcho colonel of the life guards, the Earl of Kilmarnock colonel of the Hussars, and Lord Pitlislig colonel of the Angus horse.

Though the invasion of England was a desperate measure, the army was now in the best possible condition, and provided with all the conveniences which could elude a deliberate surprise. The men were at ease by their long rest at Edinburgh, well clothed and well pointed; they carried with them provisions for four days; and their baggage was promptly transported, by about an hundred and fifty wains, and as many sumpter horses, carrying large baskets across their backs.

At the commencement of a singular march, the insurgents amounted in gross numbers to six thousand, five hundred of whom were cavalry, and three thousand Highlanders. Thirteen regiments, many of them very small, were composed of the Highland clans; five regiments, and a detachment of the Buffs, of the Lowlands; and besides the two troops of horse, composed of the regular uniform already described, and commanded by Lords Elcho and Balmerino, there were bodies of horse under the orders of Kilmarnock and Pitlislig, the first completely dressed and indifferently armed, and the last clothed in the ordinary fashion of country gentlemen, and armed with such weapons as he pleased to carry, and could most readily command. A small body of the lighter horse was selected to scour the country for intelligence, and to act as the *antenne* or feelers of the marching army.

The different regiments were commanded by their chiefs, and generally officers of the same rank as that dignitary, according to their propriety. Each regiment had two captains, two lieutenants, and two ensigns. To adjust the claims of various persons of these ranks, the Chevalier is said to have generally found as difficult a task, as to adjust the claims of various persons of the same rank, to a commission from a real government, and to a temporary place in an insurgent band, which ran the risk of utter demolition every day. The front rank of the regiments was filled by men of good birth, who in the Highlands, however poor in fortune, are constantly styled gentlemen, and who in the Lowlands, where the rank of gentleman of the ordinary men was only squire. The pay of the captains was half a crown, of the lieutenants two shillings, of the ensigns one shilling and sixpence. The gentlemen of the front rank were each completely armed, in the fashion of the Highlanders, with a musket, a broadsword, a pair of pistols, a sword, and otherwise, a dirk at the belt, to which were also attached a knife and fork; the left arm sustained a round target made of wood and leather and studded with nails; and some who chose to be armed with extraordinary care, besides the dagger at the belt, carried a small stone stuck into the garter of the right leg, which they could use in certain situations, when the other was beyond their reach. The undistinguished warriors of the rear ranks, were in general armed in a much inferior manner, many of them wearing target.

On the morning of Friday, the 1st of November, a considerable portion of the army, under the command of the Marquis of Tullibardine, took the road for Peebles, intending to proceed to Carlisle by Moffat. The remainder left Dalkeith on the 3d, headed by the prince, on foot, with his target and sword, and a single horse, and previously lodged two nights in the palace of the Duke of Buccleuch. This party took a route more directly south, affecting a design of meeting and fighting Marshal Wade at Newcastle. Charles arrived, with the head of his division, on the evening of the first day's march, at Lauder, where, with his target and sword, he took up his quarters, the seat of the Earl of Lauderdale. Next day, on account of a false report that there was a strong body of dragons advancing in this direction to meet him, he fell back upon Channelkirk, in order to bring up the rear of his troops, who had gone on to Thirlstane, the seat of the Earl of Dalrymple, to Kelsie, the seat of the Earl of Lauderdale. Next day, on account of a false report that there was a strong body of dragons advancing in this direction to meet him, he fell back upon Channelkirk, in order to bring up the rear of his troops, who had gone on to Thirlstane, the seat of the Earl of Dalrymple, to Kelsie, the seat of the Earl of Lauderdale. Next day, on account of a false report that there was a strong body of dragons advancing in this direction to meet him, he fell back upon Channelkirk, in order to bring up the rear of his troops, who had gone on to Thirlstane, the seat of the Earl of Dalrymple, to Kelsie, the seat of the Earl of Lauderdale.

The western division, which marched by Peebles, and which had taken the same route, and carried the same baggage, arrived at that sequestered little town on the evening of Saturday the 2d of November. The sun was setting, as the first lines descended from the hills which

But more effectual means were now taken by the king to suppress what was generally styled "the unnatural rebellion." Before the Scottish army set foot on English ground, the mass of the British troops had landed at London from Flanders; and, while the prince was residing in Carlisle, an army of 10,000 troops, chiefly veteran and experienced, was rendezvoused in Staffordshire, to oppose him. It seemed to the nation scarcely possible that he should either elude or vanquish so vigilant and so strong a force; and even the Highlanders themselves

Cumberland. About three, Lord Elcho came in with the Life Guards and some of the principal officers on horseback; "making a very respectable appearance." The main body of the army continued during the whole afternoon to pour into the town; their bagpipes playing and colours unfurled. The prince himself arrived in the dusk of the evening, on foot, and took up his lodging in the house of the Earl of Exeter. The ordinary proclamations had been previously made in the market-place, by order of his officers.

The Highlanders were now somewhat nearer the capital than that of the Duke of Cumberland, divisions of which lay at Litchfield, Coventry, Stafford, and Nottingham. The distance between the two armies of thirty miles intervened betwixt the two hosts, both of which had hopes of an immediate engagement. It was in Charles's power, either to push on to London, or to fight the battle of Tewkesbury, and he was obliged to yield to the latter, his troops expecting he would adopt; and the Highlanders were seen during the whole of the 5th, which they spent in Derby, besieging the shops of the cutlers, to get an edge put upon their broadswords, and quarrelling with the shopkeepers. The Duke of Cumberland's army had now reached its crisis; and, after having penetrated England further than any Scottish host had ever done before, or than any foreign enemy since the time of the Romans, he was obliged to yield to fate which they could no longer brave.

When intelligence reached London that the Highlanders were getting past the royal army, and had reached Derby, within four days' march of the capital, a degree of consternation pervaded the public mind, of which it is not too much to say that the Duke of Devonshire, then in the stone, speaking from information which he procured a few months afterwards on the spot, says that all the shops were shut, and many of the inhabitants fled to the country; that the bank only escaped bankruptcy by paying its notes in specie; and that the Duke of Devonshire committed his most valuable effects to yachts at the Tower-stairs, which he ordered to be ready for sailing at a moment's notice. Fielding, in a number of the *True Patriot*, avers, from personal observation, that "when the Highlanders were within an incredible march, got between the Duke of Argyll and the inevitable army, and saw that it was their last chance to be credited." It was not only the army that had to fear; but a descent was hourly expected upon the coast from France, and the well-affected part of the community had to apprehend an immediate declaration in favour of the Stuarts, and a general massacre of all who even already were taking little pains to conceal their sentiments, but openly exulted in the prospect of a restoration. The proceedings of the Highland army had already been so wonderful, and so entirely beyond calculation, that it was not possible to form any idea how to accomplish. The very elements of heaven were favourable to their cause. The majesty of England himself, alarmed in the highest degree, had ordered his own flag to be erected upon Blackheath; thereby personally imploring the assistance of his Subjects, and signifying his intention of disputing the crown. The Duke of Devonshire was generally supposed that, had the Highland army defeated that of the Duke of Cumberland, which it might have done, and then continued its march to London, the Duke and the King would have melted from his side, and he would have been the first to go to the King, and King James would have done before him. [Swanstone Bridge, six miles beyond Derby, on the road to London, and ninety-four miles from that city, was, in reality, the starting-point of this singular invasion: because the insurgents, after having been defeated at the battle of Preston, on the 17th of August, 1745, were obliged to put up with a truce, and a suspension of the pass till the retreat was determined on. No farther host from Scotland penetrated beyond the Tees, or overran more than the frontier counties; but this last, and it may be added *least* of all the armies Scott the Trent, traversed five counties in England, and concluded the very centre of England.]

mortal man to are; that retreat gave them a chance of posing the war to advantage; but that to advance, was staking ten chances of utter annihilation against one of doubtful success. The Chevalier here received dispatches from Scotland, informing him that a regiment of his own name, and of his own raising, had just landed at Montrose, under the command of Lord John Drummond, and that, these being united to the troops of Lord Strathallan, he had now on the way to join him, a supplementary army of three thousand men. This, he said, and the aid of his own, seemed to be a most desirable object, and the whole council, save Lord George Murray, after ample deliberation and much keen debate, voted unanimously for this course. Charles alone, ever the advocate of strong measures, and to whose armour, indeed, the whole war seems to have been inclined, was of another opinion. He was not without expediency of an onward march. He represented this in the strongest language he was master of, and, when he saw his council obstinate, is said to have condescended to use entreaties, and even tears. But nothing could move the minds of his councillors; and, before the council could be brought to a vote, the Chevalier had finally and firmly determined upon

The resolution of the council not being made known that night to the army at large, the common men, and many of the officers, on commencing their march next morning before day-break, thought they were going to fight the Duke of Cumberland, and displayed the utmost cheerfulness and alacrity. But, as soon as day-light allowed them to see the surrounding objects, and they found, from marks they had taken of the road, that they were retracing their steps, nothing was to be heard throughout the whole army but expressions of rage and lamentation. "If we had been beaten" says the Chevalier Johnstone, "our grief could not have been greater."

The vexation of the army on this account was nothing to the bitter disappointment of its unhappy leader. *L'égistia nulla reueretur* had been his motto from the beginning, and so long as he was going forward, no danger, and far less any privation or fatigue, had given him trouble. He had been so sure of his own strength, that he had turned back from the glittering prize which had almost been within his grasp, he lost all his former spirit, and, from being the leader of his hardy bands, became in appearance, as he was in reality, their reluctant follower. In the march forward, he had always been first up in the morning, had the men in motion before break of day, and had been the last to retire at night. He was now, on his own, at the head of their body; but now all his alacrity gone, and evidently considering his case desperate, he permitted the whole army to march before him (except a rear-guard, whom he often compelled to wait for him a long time); and, on coming out of his lodgings, dejectedly mounted a horse and then rode on, without intermingling with his men, to the quarters assigned for him in the ran.

The retreat the army was concerted with so much secrecy, and conducted with so much skill, that it was two days' march ahead of the royal forces, ere the Duke of Cumberland could make himself certain of the fact, or take measures for a pursuit. When he at length ascertained that they were retiring, he changed the definition of the system which he had hitherto pursued, for one of a more active nature. He ordered his dragoon regiments, and dragons, and having mounted a thousand foot on horses provided by the gentlemen of Staffordshire, he started from Meriden Common, a place near Coventry, to which he had retired; and, passing by very bad roads through Uttoxeter and Cheddle, came to Macclesfield on the evening of the 10th, with full two days after the insurgents had been at the same point. He here received intelligence that, after retreating from Macclesfield, the army had taken Ashburne, Leek, and Macclesfield, the enemy had just that morning left Manchester and set forward to Wigan.

One of the schemes into the Highlands where the advance had been, to march to Wales, among the people were well-affected to the house of Stuart, and the nature of the ground promised to be favourable to their design, in mode of action. It is a fact well known in Wales, that the people of the Highlands, and the people of the Cheviots, had actually felt their homes, and were on the way to join him; but that, when they heard of his retreat from Derby, they returned peacefully each to his own home, convinced that it was now too late to contribute their assistance. The Welsh gentry at that time had the peasantry almost as completely under their power as the English gentry had the Highlands, and their country has ever been noted for the facility with which the people enlist; so that, it is probable, the Cheviot might here have received a prodigious accession of force. But

his retreat kept the country completely quiet; and the Jacobite squires, instead of having their estates confiscated and their blood spilt or attainted, had all their lives afterwards the cheap satisfaction of only boasting in their cups, how far each of them had gone in testification of his valour and loyalty.

The Highlanders managed their retreat in such manner as to unite expedition with perfect coolness, and never to allow the enemy to obtain a single advantage. By cavalry, they kept distinctly a-head of all danger or pursuit, and for six days, two of which they had spent in undisturbed rest at Preston and Lancaster. The troops of the duke were reinforced on the 12th, by a body of horse which Marlborough had ordered to be sent from the north shire, sent with all imaginable haste over Blacketer Edge to intercept the retiring host, but who only reached Preston after it had been several hours evacuated, and the pursuing force of the Duke of Cumberland. After a hot chase, the duke's army was alarmed of an invasion on the southern coast, the pursuing army, amounting to three or four thousand horse, continued their course from Preston, through roads which were the most direct to the country by which they were to march, and, partly by the exertions of men, Orders, and being communicated by the duke to the country by which they were to march, destroy the roads, and attempt by means in their power to retard the insurgent army. But the duke's army, by the aid of the assistance and assistance from either storm in the air or ruts in the ground, these very circumstances served materially to impede the English dragons, and to place the two armies upon an equal footing, and to place the two armies upon an equal footing than they could otherwise have been.

The prince, with the main body of his troops, was at Penrith on the evening of the 17th; but his rear-guard, which throughout the retreat was commanded by Lord Murray, owing to the breaking down of some ammunition waggon, was again retarded, and therefore brought only the length of Staxo. The day, therefore, assumed, allowed the lightest of the duke's horse to overtake the rear of the retreating army. Early in the morning of the 18th, soon after it had commenced its march from Staxo, some of the English chassours were seen by the Highlanders, who were approaching the enclosure around Clifton Hall, a body of light horse seemed to be forming for attack upon an eminence a little way in front. Lord George Murray ordered the Glangary clan to attack against these; but, without waiting for an opportunity, they were dispersed.

The rear-guard consisted of Colonel Roy Stuart's regiment of two hundred men, of the Glangary clan, and a few companies which attended the ammunition waggon; but it was reinforced on the present occasion by the Cameron, Stewarts of Appin, and Cluny Macpherson's regiments. The latter were proclaimed as posthumous heirs, who held, as the law made them, the right to demand to check the pursuit, he despatched Roy Stuart forward to Penrith, requesting that a thousand men might be sent to him from the main body there stationed. With this force he intended to have gained the flank of the Duke's army, and thus to have secured their retreat, and to have attacked them under favour of the approaching night. But Charles returned Stuart with an order, requiring him to march with all speed forward to Penrith, without taking any offensive measures against the Duke's army. As the duke desired the messenger not to mention this order to any one, Stuart was obliged to convey the message this order to some other person, and he accordingly gave this order to some other person, and he accordingly gave this order to some other person, and he accordingly gave this order to some other person.

Before ordering the attack, Lord George went at backwards and forwards along the ranks, speaking to every individual officer, and endeavouring to animate his little host. He then placed himself at the head of the Macpherson regiment (which was on the left of the line), with Cluny by his side. Daylight was gone, and the darkness of the night broke out from the dark clouds. By this light, Lord George saw that the Highlanders mounted dragons, or infantry who had resumed their proper mode of warfare—coming forward upon the enclosures beyond the road. He ordered the two regiments near him to advance; in doing which, they received a fire from the enemy. At this, Lord George exclaimed, "Cluny, lead an ordinary war-cry among the Highlanders, and let them advance in the face of the whole lot wing them, making a direct and unflinching charge."

CHAPTER XX.

RETREAT TO SCOTLAND.

The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.—*Julius Cæsar.*

Providence ordered differently a case so pregnant with the fate of Britain. The councils of Charles at Derby have never been distinctly divulged; but it is scarcely necessary that they should. It is sufficient to know that the five thousand warriors who had hitherto displayed so much audacious courage, now began, like the magician, to tremble at the storm they had raised, and to see that the venture which lay before them was too much for

forced the dismounted dragoons back to their main body with considerable slaughter, and shouted to let the right wing know their success. They then retired to their original position, while the Maccledines, with equal intrepidity, repulsed the dragoons opposite to their body. A severe check having thus been given to the pursuing army, Lord George drew off his men towards Penrith, where they rested and refreshed themselves. He had lost about twelve men in the action, and left an equal number of the enemy slain behind him. The only prisoner he took was the Duke of Cumberland's footman, who declared that his master would have been killed, if the pistol with which a Highlander took aim at his head, had not missed fire. The prince had the politeness to send him a coat of arms before he left.

The whole of the Highland army spent the night of the 13th December at Carlisle, where it was thought necessary, on evacuating the town next morning, to leave a garrison consisting of the Manchester regiment, some men from the Lowland regiments, and a few French and Irish, in all 300, as a sort of fortress, to keep the English army in play till the insurgents should get clear into Scotland. This small garrison, animated with a greater share of courage and fidelity to the cause they had embraced, than of prudence or foresight, resolved obstinately to defend the city, and took every measure for that purpose which the time and season would allow.

Charles left Carlisle on the morning of the 20th, after having publicly thanked the garrison for their devoted loyalty, and promised to relieve them as soon as he could. The men, drawn up in order to hear his address, saw his departure with regret, and, as he reached the walls, many beheld their comrades draw near the battery, and to which they were ever to return. The army reached the Esk, which forms the boundary of the two kingdoms, about two o'clock in the afternoon. The river, usually shallow, was swollen by an incessant rain of several days to the depth of four feet. Yet it rendered the crossing immediately, lest a continuation of the rain, during the night, should render the passage totally impracticable. A skilful arrangement was made, which almost obviated the dangers of the flood. The cavalry was stationed in the river, a few paces above the ford, to be the force of the current; and the foot formed the main body, and solved in ranks of ten or twelve abreast, with their arms locked in such a manner as to support one another against the rapidity of the river, leaving sufficient intervals between the successive lines for the water to flow through, which caused one in perfect safety. Cavalry was placed further down the river, to pick up all who might be carried away by the violence of the stream. None were lost, except a few girls, who, for love of the white cockade, had followed the army throughout the whole of its singular march, with an heroic devotion which deserved a better fate. The transit of the river occupied an hour, during which, from the close numbers of the men, it appeared to be crossed by a paved street of heads and shoulders. When they got to the other side, and began to dry themselves at the fires lighted upon the bank for that purpose, they were overjoyed at once more finding their feet upon native soil, and, for a moment, they forgot the chagrin which had attended their retreat, and lost in present transport the gloomy anticipations of the future.

An expedition was thus completed, which, for boldness and address, is entitled to rank with the most celebrated of the ancient and modern ages. Yet such was the success, and was directed through a country decidedly hostile to the adventurers; it was done in the face of two armies, each capable of utterly annihilating it; and the weather was such as to add a personal necessity to the general evils of the campaign. Yet such was the success, and was directed through a country decidedly hostile to the adventurers; it was done in the face of two armies, each capable of utterly annihilating it; and the weather was such as to add a personal necessity to the general evils of the campaign. Yet such was the success, and was directed through a country decidedly hostile to the adventurers; it was done in the face of two armies, each capable of utterly annihilating it; and the weather was such as to add a personal necessity to the general evils of the campaign.

In their descent upon England, now, in the height of their expectations, private rapine had few charms, the Highlanders conducted themselves with soldierly propriety, and the public mind was every where so exalted, they had been able to pay for food with some degree of

regularity. But, in their retreat, when their pay was more precarious, and they knew they were going home, and that their pursuers, if they did not abstain from making reprisals upon the proud Southron. At first, it was like the torrent which carries all before it; but latterly they resembled the receding wave, which draws back a thousand little things in its voluminous bosom.

The unhappy Garrison of Carlisle saw their fortifications invested by the whole force of the Duke of Cumberland, on the very day following the departure of their fellow-soldiers. They fired upon all who came within reach of their guns, and showed an intention of holding out to the last extremity. But the duke, having previously Whitehaven, erected a battery upon the 25th, and began to fire with superior effect at the crazy walls of the town and castle. On the morning of the 30th, a white flag appeared upon the walls, and the governor signified a wish to enter into a capitulation. The cannon then ceased, and a message was sent by Governor Hamilton to the duke, desiring to know what terms he would be pleased to give them. His Royal Highness replied, that the only terms he would or could grant, were, "that they should not be put to the sword, but reserved for his Majesty's pleasure." These terms were accepted, and the Duke of Cumberland, in the afternoon of the city and castle, placing all the garrison under a strong guard in the cathedral. The fate subsequently meted out to them was such as might have been expected from an enemy smarting under the effects of recent terror, and who were incapable of appreciating generosity or clemency.

The Duke of Cumberland now thought it unnecessary or dangerous to pursue the insurgents any farther; and, accordingly, on the 5th of January returned to London, leaving his troops under the command of General Wade and Lieutenant-General Howe, to pursue the army into Scotland, while Wade remained at Newcastle.

The Chevalier meanwhile pursued his march towards the north. On crossing the Esk, he divided his army into two parties, one of which went by Ecclefechan and Moffat, and the other by Glasgow and Glasgow, and the hardy and Lords Ogilvie and Nairn. He himself led the Lothiel, with the Duke of Perth, Lords Elcho and Pittsligo, Lochiel, Clanranald, Glengary, and Keppoch. He lodged the first night at Annan. Next day, Lord Elcho advanced with four or five hundred men to take possession of the town of Moffat, and the Duke of Perth, on the day following. Dumfries had reason, on this occasion, for the most alarming apprehensions. The thirty wagons which the insurgents left at Lockerbie on their march southward, had been brought into the town by a party of fanatical dissenters, whose zeal for the Protestant cause had caused them to take up arms; and it was to be supposed that the Highlanders would, now that they had it in their power, exact most ample retribution. Besides, the whole country laboured under the reputation of disaffection to the prince—a cause at any time sufficient to excite the passions of most adventurers.

They accordingly marched into Dumfries, as into a town where they expected resistance, or at least no kindly reception; and, on an idiot being observed with a gun in his hand behind a grave-stone in the church-yard, which they apprehended he was about to fire upon them, it was with a great deal of precipitation that they retired to the market place. The prince lodged in a house, now the Commercial Inn, near the centre of the market-place. He had ordered the citizens to contribute the sum of 2000*l.* for his use; some of his men adding, that they might consider it well that their town was not laid in ashes. Nearly eleven hundred pounds of the tax were paid; and two hostages, Provost Crobie and Mr. Walter Riddell, were carried off for the remainder. On the morning of the 23d, the Highland army directed its march up Nithsdale; and the Chevalier spent the night at Drumlanrig, the seat of the Duke of Buccleugh. This residence, a large and stately mansion, was one which governed him in such matters throughout the whole of his expedition. The proprietor of Drumlanrig was strongly opposed to the views of the house of Stuart; and Charles thought proper to put him to the expense of his lodging and that of his men, by obliging him to furnish straw in the great gallery, and he himself occupied the state-bed. Before departing next day, it must be regretted that the Highlanders took that opportunity of expressing their love of King James, by slaying without mercy the Duke of Buccleugh's son, King William, Queen Mary, and Queen Anne, which hung in the grand staircase, a present from the last of these sovereigns to

James Duke of Queensberry, in consideration of his services at the Uni-.

From Annan, Charles proceeded through the wilds of Dalrymple into Clydesdale, designing to march upon Glasgow, though still endeavouring to conceal his intentions from the members of government at Edinburgh. He spent the night in Douglas Castle. He next day proceeded along the uplands of Clydesdale towards the western capital, and halted at Hamilton, where he lodged in the palace of the Duke of Hamilton. He spent the next day in hunting through the princely parks attached to that house, shooting two pheasants, two partridges, and a deer. It has been recorded by tradition, that, at neither of these ducal mansions, did he follow the usual fashion of the time, by leaving vails to the servants.

It was with great difficulty that, in this last day's march, his men were prevented from sacking and burning the sweet little village of Leamnah. During the absence of the army in England, the people of this place, whose ancestors had distinguished themselves in resisting the house of Stuart when in power, committed an act of hostility to Charles's cause, which was calculated to excite their indignation to no common degree. The circumstances, as gathered from tradition, were as follows. The Duke of Buccleugh, in a journey from Glasgow from the Highlands, with despatches for Charles, passed through Leamnah on his way to England, and was recognised by a young student of divinity, whose religious prepossessions led him to regard the prince's adherents with no friendly eye. As the insurgent gentleman was attended by only a single servant, who could not conceive a design of waylaying and capturing him, which he immediately proceeded to put in execution. Taking to himself arms, and having roused the country people, he set out after the two travellers, by a path which he knew, without the Duke or his attendant being aware that he proceeded along the road. He came up with them upon a waste called Brokenscore Moor, within two miles of the village, and, showing his arms, commanded them to surrender in the name of King George. Kinlochmoir's servant, on first seeing the rabble in a disarray, and the Duke of Buccleugh in a journey, he immediately proposed to arrest their progress by a well-directed brace of bullets. But the generous youth resolved rather to surrender at discretion, than thus occasion an unnecessary effusion of blood. He accordingly gave himself up to the angry prodigal, Kinlochmoir, in a journey, he was under no guard, to Edinburgh Castle, from which he was only removed some months afterwards to the shambles of Carlisle. So malicious an act of hostility, in the estimation of most readers, would have almost excused the vengeance which the Highlanders were with such difficulty prevented from executing upon the village.

The city of Glasgow, upon which Charles was now in full march, had much greater reason than Dumfries, or even Leamnah, to expect severe treatment from the insurgents, while its wealth gave additional value to its arms, without in the least degree supplying the possibility of defence. This city, newly sprung into importance, had never required nor received the means of defence, but was now lying with its wide-spread modern streets and well-stored warehouses, fully exposed to the license of the invaders.

Charles, however, did not intend to do violence to the peace and invariable attachment to the new government; and, since the Highlanders entered England, had, with gratuitous loyalty, raised no fewer than twelve hundred men for the suppression of the insurrection. Obnoxious by its principles, and formidable by its numbers, it was a simple plunder, it was eagerly approached by the predatory bands of the Chevalier, who viewed it with feelings somewhat akin to those of the wolf in the fable. By one of their most rapid marches, the first body entered Glasgow on Christmas day, and on the following the prince came up with the rest of the army.

The simple peasantry of Dumfriesshire and Clydesdale viewed the tartan warriors, as they passed along, with sensations different from those with which the men of Teviotdale and Tweeddale had regarded them in their descent upon England. They were not so much alarmed by a strong animal when goaded, and were contemplated with a feeling strangely compounded of fear and awe. In the former case, people had permitted them to enter famili-

arly into their houses, and mingle in the domestic circle; but now, anxious to have as little intercourse as possible, and almost afraid even to behold them, they were funnily playing the game of hide-and-seek. The possessor of doors upon the west-side, glad to propitiate them at any expense, and trusting, by this means, to induce them to go past without entering their dwellings.

The necessities of the army are described as having been at this time greater than at any other period of the campaign. It was now two months since they had left the land of tartan; their clothes were of course in a most dilapidated condition. The length and precipitation of their late march had destroyed their brogues; and many of them were not only bare-footed, but bare-legged. Their hands, having rubbed their eyes, their heads, their faces, were grown to a fearful length; and the exposed parts of their limbs were, in the language of Douglas Graham, tanned quite red with the weather. Altogether, they had a way-worn savage appearance, and looked rather like a band of outlandish vagrants, than a body of efficient soldiers. The pressure of want compelled them to take every practicable measure for supplying themselves; and, in passing towards Glasgow, they had regularly stripped such natives as they met of their shoes and other articles of dress. After their arrival at Glasgow, a joiner, in going home from work, was required by the Highlanders to deliver up his shoes. The joiner, a stout man, having a pair of silver buckles at his insteps, showed great reluctance to comply, when the Highlander stooped down and attempted to take them by force. As he was thus employed, the joiner, in a transport of rage, struck him a blow on the forehead with a hammer which he held in his hand, and killed him on the spot.

Immediately upon his arrival at Glasgow, Charles took measures for the complete refitting of his army, by ordering the magistrates to provide 20,000 pairs of shoes, 6000 pairs of stockings, 6000 pairs of waistscoats, 6000 pairs of cloths coats, 6000 pairs of stockings, and 6000 waistscoats. He is also said to have sent for Provost (Buchanan), and sternly demanded the names of such as had subscribed for raising troops against him, threatening to hang the worthy magistrate in case of refusal. The provost is reported to have replied, "I have signed my name to none; and myself, and that he was not afraid to sign such a cause. He was forced to pay a fine of 500l.

Charles took up his residence at what was then considered the best house in the city—one belonging to a wealthy merchant of the name of Glasgow, which stood at the extreme extremity of the Frongate, and afterwards turned down for the extension of that noble street. At his arrival, he is said to have caused his men to enter this house by the front gate, go out by the back door, and then, making a circuit through some by-lanes, reappear in front of the mansion, as if they had been newly arrived. But this ruse, practised in order to magnify the appearance of his army, was detected by the citizens of Glasgow, whose acute eyes recognised the botanical beauties of the various canals, as if they were previously repainted. The real numbers of the army, when it reached Glasgow, were only about 3000 foot and 500 horse; but the latter, which were all much jaded, sixty were employed in carrying the sick; whilst about six hundred of the infantry neither had arms, nor seemed to be able to use them.

Charles's residence in Mr. Glasfarrow's house, Charles ate twice a day, in public, though without ceremony, accompanied by a few of his officers, and waited upon by a small number of devoted Jacobite ladies. "But nothing could charm an impact," to make the whigs of Glasgow weary of him, either by respect or affection. "Viciously haughty," his casual remarks indicated in the highest degree against him, by his severe exactions upon the public purse, and by the private depredations of his men. To such a height did this feeling arise, that an insane zealot snatched a pistol at him as he was riding along the streets, and fired, but the shot was so far from the beauty and beauty of the streets of Glasgow, but to have remarked with bitterness, that nowhere had he found so few friends. During the whole week he spent in the city, he procured no more than six recruits—a poor compensation for the numbers of desertions which now began to take place, in consequence of the near approach of his men to their own country.

After having nearly succeeded in refitting his army, he held a grand review upon the Green. "We marched," says one of his adherents, (John Daniel, a native of Lanarkshire), "in much the same manner as the Highlanders, with drums beating, colours flying, bagpipes playing, and all the marks of a triumphant army, to the appointed ground, attended by multitudes of people, who had come from all parts to see us, and especially the

ladies, who, though formerly much against us, were now charmed by the sight of the prince into the most enthusiastic loyalty. I am somewhat at a loss," continues the devoted cavalier, "to give a description of the prince, as he appeared at the review. No object could be more charming, no personage more captivating, no deportment more agreeable, than his at that time; was, for, being well mounted and princely attired, having all the best endowments of both body and mind, he appeared to the eyes of the last age; and the majesty and grandeur he displayed were truly noble and divine." It may be worth while to contrast, with this flattering portraiture, the description which has been given of Charles by a sober citizen of Glasgow, "I managed," says this person, quoting his memory after an interval of seventy years, "to get so near him, as he passed homewards to his lodgings, that I could have touched him with my hand; and the impression which made upon my mind shall never fade as long as I live." He had a princely aspect, and his interest was heightened by the dejection which appeared in his pale fair countenance and downcast eye. He evidently wanted confidence in his cause, and seemed to have a melancholy foreboding of that disaster which soon after ruined the hopes of his family for ever."

CHAPTER XXI.

PRELIMINARIES OF THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.

*The Highlander came o'er the hill,
And o'er the knowe, we felt glad we'll
Now be the victors o'er the hill,
For we had but they were ban men!*

*They had these ten rags o' the best,
We had a' hard and white, and a' the best,
Curses that were led to stand the test,
And could na rin away, man!*

Jacobite Song.

Having recruited the spirits of his men, and improved their appointments by ten days' residence in Glasgow, the prince departed on the 3d of January, and sent forward his troops in two detachments, one to Kilsyth, and the other to Cumbernauld. The inhabitants of Edinburgh, who, on the return of the Highland army from England, had apprehended a second visit, and who had resigned, in such a case, to defend the city, now set seriously about preparations for a siege. After Charles's departure, on the 11th of November, the Whiggish party of the community had gradually received the courage which, for six weeks, they were compelled to wear in their pockets; and on the 13th of the month, when the insurgents were at the safe distance of Carlisle, the state officers had returned in a triumphant procession to their courts and chambers, saluted by a complete round of cannon from the castle, and a most valiant performance of "Up and Waur them a', Willie," upon the music bells of St. Giles. Next day Hamilton's and Gardiner's dragoons, with the Prince's and Ligonier's regiment of foot, boldly took possession of the city, probably assured of the safety of the garrison by the superior courage of the judges. These men with the Glasgow regiment, after having guarded the passes of the Forth for more than a month, to prevent the southward march of the host stationed at Perth, retreated to Edinburgh on the 26th of December, when they were met by a detachment of a number of rustic volunteers, and the wreck of the Edinburgh regiment, to hold out the city at all hazards against the approaching insurgents. Their courage fortunately did not require to be put to so severe a proof; for, ere the Highlanders had left Glasgow, the English army, beginning to arrive, strengthened the city beyond all danger.

The command of the army, in the absence of the Duke of Cumberland, who was engaged at court, had been bestowed upon Lieutenant-general Henry Hawley, a Scotchman, of similar military pretensions; who, having charged in the right wing of the king's army at Sherifmuir, where the insurgents were repulsed with ease by the cavalry, entertained a confident notion that he would beat the whole of Prince Charles's army with a trifling force, and did not scruple to stigmatise the conduct of his heroic brother as that of a cowardly Highlander as rank pusillanimity. It happened, in his approach to Edinburgh, that Hamilton's and Gardiner's dragoons, coming out to meet and congratulate him on his accession to the command, encountered him near Preston, where he was met by the insurgent army, who, being pointed out to him, he sharply commanded them to sheathe their swords, and ace to use them better in the campaign about to ensue than they had hitherto done. He did not anticipate that the next week was to see

himself a beaten and disgraced fugitive, even more contemptible than the objects of his insolence.

The march of the English army was facilitated by the people of the Midland and Lowland of Lothian, who brought horses to transport the baggage, and provisions to entertain the men. At Dunbar, at Aberlady, and other places, they were regularly feasted by the gentlemen of East Lothian, each soldier getting a pound of beef, a pound of mutton, a quart of black-berry, and bottle of ale. The first division, consisting of the Scots regiments and Battersca's foot, reached Edinburgh on the 2d of January. Fleming's and Blackney's regiments arrived on the 3d; Major-general Huske on the 4th; and Hawley himself came to town on the 6th, when the music bells were played in his honour, and he was permitted to lodge in the palace so recently vacated by Prince Charles. The regiments commanded by Colonels Chelmondeley and Wolff—the last afterwards so renowned as the hero of Quiberon—arrived next day: Howard's and Monro's were played in the 8th; and Barrell's and Pulteney's on the 10th. The loyal part of the inhabitants of Edinburgh beheld the assembling of this army with the highest satisfaction, and entered into an association to provide them with blankets. The city was also illuminated in honour of the occasion; when a great number of windows belonging to the dissenting churches were broken, and the windows were unoccupied, were indiscriminately broken by the mob.

In his march from Glasgow, Prince Charles slept the first night at the mansion of Kilsyth, which belonged to a forfeited estate, and was now in the possession of Mr. Campbell of Shawfield. The steward had been previously ordered to provide for the prince's reception, and told that all his expenses would be accounted for. He had accordingly provided every thing suitable for the entertainment of his royal highness and suite, confidently believing that he would not be permitted to act the part of an ungrateful servant, who would refuse to do his duty in the morning, however, on presenting his bill, he was told that it should be allowed to him on his accounting (after the restoration) for the rents of the estate, and that in the mean time he must be contented that the balance was not immediately struck and exacted.

On the 10th of January, Charles proceeded to Bannockburn house, where he was a more welcome guest, without the promise of pecuniary remuneration, than he had been at Kilsyth with the prospect of a good reckoning; this house being, as already mentioned, the residence of Sir Hugh Murray, a friend of the prince, and one of his friends. His troops, being the evening in the village of Bannockburn, Denry, and St. Ninian's, while Lord George Murray occupied the town of Falkirk with the advanced guard of the army. In order to employ the time till he should be joined by his northern allies, Charles now resolved to reduce Stirling, which, commanding the principal avenue to the Highlands, had long been felt as an annoying barrier to his proceedings, and to subjugate which would have given an additional lustre to his arms.

Stirling, being a town of four or five thousand inhabitants, was completely surrounded by a wall, and garrisoned by a detachment of the king's army, who were incapable of holding out against the insurgents; yet, by the instigation of the governor of the castle, who had resolved to die before surrendering his charge, a sort of attempt was made to defend it. A small body of militia, the 42d regiment, and a detachment of the king's army, from the castle; and the Reverend Ebenezer Erskine, founder of the sect of dissenters already mentioned, and who was a clergyman in Stirling, did all he could to inspire them with courage, and even it is said assumed an active command in their ranks. By means of these men, the castle was defended for some time, and the whole of the entire side of only garden walls, were provided with a sort of guard, which Governor Blackney endeavoured to animate by an assurance that, even in case of the worst, he would keep an open door for them in the castle. On the 15th day, the 50th of January, the town was completely invested by the king's army, and about eleven o'clock that evening a drummer approached the east gate, beating the point of war which indicates a message. The sentinels, ignorant of the forms of war, fired several shots at this messenger; upon which he found himself obliged to retire, and sent back a messenger to the castle. The garrison then towed the deserted instrument in over the walls, as a trophy; and it was not without considerable difficulty they could be afterwards assured that they had not gained a great victory over the besiegers.

Monday, the insurgents having raised a battery within musket range of the town, and sent him a unequivocal message to surrender, the magistrates implored a respite till next day at ten o'clock, which was granted. The whole of Tuesday was occupied in deliberations and

in adjusting the terms of surrender. The town, however, being stimulated that evening by the discharge of twenty-seven shots from the battery, a capitulation was concluded next morning, by which it was agreed to deliver up the town, under assurance of protection for the lives and property of the townspeople, whose arms, moreover, were permitted to be restored to the castle. The insurgents entered the town about three in the afternoon. Charles was now joined by the troops under Lord Strathallan and Lord John Drummond, which increased his numbers to nine thousand. He also received a considerable quantity of stores, which had been landed from France upon the northeast coast of Scotland, including some battery cannon; besides some Spanish corn, which had been brought to the island of Barra, and safely transported through the Highlands by a party of recruits.

The Highland army, under the command of Sir John the 10th, and nicknamed the Government Blackity to surrender. That officer gave for answer that he would defend his post to the last extremity, being determined to die, as he had lived, a man of honour. They first attempted to capture a large old building at the head of the town, called *Marr's Work*, into a battery; but, finding themselves to be there peculiarly exposed to the fire of the garrison, they were soon obliged to cast about for new ground. Meanwhile, they shut the gates of the town upon themselves, as if resolved to battle with their enemies to the last extremity, and not again to come forth upon the world till the conflict.

On the day that Charles thus commenced the siege of Stirling, Hawley had been joined at Edinburgh by all the divisions of the army which he could immediately expect. As his force consisted of nearly eight thousand men, of whom thirty thousand were expected, he considered himself fully a match for the insurgents, and now determined to offer them battle, though he knew that there were several other regiments on the march to Scotland, which would soon join him. He was perhaps induced to take this rash step, partly by observing that the English forces were much increased, and partly by a wish to relieve the garrison of Stirling; but a blind confidence in the powers of the army, especially the dragoons, and an ardent desire of distinguishing himself, must certainly be allowed to have chiefly instigated him to the measure. He had often been heard to reflect upon the misconduct of Culloden, and had taken great bets, it is said, to the amount of ten thousand pounds, that this new commander would have no better success than himself. He therefore went on to battle under the influence of a sort of hallucination, and altogether without any consideration of the propriety forms so conspicuous a part of modern generalship.

On the morning of the 13th, five regiments, together with the Glasgow militia, and Hamilton's and Ligonier's (late Gardiner's) dragoons, left Edinburgh, under the command of Major-general Huske, and reached Linlithgow, where, meeting with a party of Highlanders under Lord George Murray, who had advanced to lay waste the country, they induced that desultory band to retire to Falkirk, though without coming to active collision. Next day three regiments marched westwards to Linlithgow, to be ready to support General Huske in the event of an encounter; and the remainder of the army, with the artillery, pursued the same route. Hawley himself marched on the 16th, with Coburn's dragoons, which had just come up. The army was accompanied by a North of England Squire, named *Mr. Jones*, whose excessive familiarity had induced him to raise a band called the *Yorkshire Blues*, who were maintained and commanded by himself.

The whole of this well disciplined and well appointed force encamped to the northwest of Falkirk, upon the same field where, four centuries before, Sir John D. G. Campbell and Sir John Stuart of Bonhill, the friends of Wallace, had testified their patriotism in the arms of death.

On the morning of the 17th, Lieutenant-colonel Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyll, who had been hitherto exerting himself to keep the West Highlands quiet, joined the English army, and increased its numbers to nine thousand. The Highlanders, forming the only force which the great Whig Clan Campbell, then supposed able to bring thirty thousand men into the field, thought fit on this occasion to contribute for the service of government.

On the morning of the 18th, the day was spared the necessity of marching forward to raise the siege of Stirling, by intelligence that the Highlanders were in motion; for, Prince Charles, learning the near approach of the English general, had resolved, with his usual ardour, to meet him half way; and was now drawing out his men, as for a review upon the Plean Moor, two miles to the east of

Bannockburn, and about seven from Falkirk. The English army did not, therefore, strike their camp, but judged it necessary to remain where they were till the intentions of the enemy should be revealed.

When the English lay upon the field of Falkirk, and the Highlanders upon the Plean Moor, the English, from their respective camp lights were visible to each other over the level tract of country which intervened. The whole scenery was worthy of the events about to take place, and was calculated to give additional poignancy to that tumult of anxious and agitating feeling which must ever attend the moment when men are engaged in deadly strife. Upon the site of the English camp, an army of Edward I. had, in 1298, gained a bloody though not decisive victory, over the desultory troops of the Scottish Chiefs; slaying two of the most noble and distinguished warriors that ever attempted to defend their country, and compelling the indomitable Wallace to retreat. The Highlanders were, on the other hand, drawn up upon a field where the arms of England received the most decisive overthrow they ever before or since experienced, and which might be considered as opening special favour to Charles, who was the representative, and not an unworthy one, of the hero of that memorable day. Betwixt the two armies lay the straggling remains of the one extensive Torwood, in whose gloomy recesses Wallace used to find a refuge suited to his dismal fortunes, and where a tree was yet shown, which had been immediately sheltered to the person who was deserted by his associates, and closely pursued by the English. Other associations conspired to heighten the interest of the scene. Here was supposed to be the extreme limit of the Roman power in Britain; and the neighbouring country might be considered as one great battle field—a landscape in which nature had lavished all her grandeur and beauty, but which man, from the earliest times, had made the theatre of his blackest and bloodiest work.

On this occasion, as on almost all others throughout the campaign, Charles found himself able to out-general the English. He was not, however, so fortunate in his government had sent against him, though he had drawn out his men, and seemed ready for an immediate encounter with Hawley's army, he kept his real intentions a profound secret from even his own officers, making the main body believe that the evolutions in which they were engaged were merely a feint, and that the battle was not till mid-day, that, having suddenly called a council of war, he announced his determination to march in the direction of the enemy.

The conduct of Hawley displayed as much negligence as that of Charles, in the management of calculation and secrecy. He was not, however, so guarded, with an infinite contempt for the Highlanders, or "Highland militia," as he himself was pleased to term Charles's troops. Having come to drive the wretched rabble from Stirling, he could not conceive the possibility of their coming to attack him at Falkirk. Being apprised on the 16th, by a Mr. Roger, who had passed through the Highland army, and conversed with some of the officers, that there was a proposal amongst them to march next day against him, he treated the informant with great rudeness, and contented himself with giving orders to his own army, to be ready to march on the day of the day of battle, such was his continued security, that he obeyed an insidious invitation from the Countess of Kilmarnock, by retiring from the camp to breakfast with her at Callander house, although quite aware of that lady's relationship to an insurgent chief, and even perhaps of her own notorious attachment to the cause of Prince Charles. The *ruse* of the countess was attended with complete success. She was a woman of splendid person and manners; and Hawley, completely fascinated by her well acted blandishments, spent the whole of this important day upon his lady's company, without casting a single thought upon his army.

Charles, observing the wind to come from the southwest, directed the march of his men towards a piece of ground considerably to the right of Hawley's camp, in order that, in the ensuing encounter, his troops might be enabled to take the English in flank. He took care, at the same time, to despatch Lord John Drummond, with nearly all the horse, towards the other extremity of Hawley's lines, so as to distract and engage the attention of the enemy. In order to produce still further uncertainty among the English regarding his intentions, he sent a party of his men to display the colours displayed in their sight; and upon the Plean Moor, which was thus entirely deserted, he left his great standard flying, as if that had still been his head quarters.

Completely perplexed by the various objects which

they saw dispersed over the country, the English army remained in their camp, not altogether unapprehensive of an attack, but yet strongly disposed, like their commander, to scout the idea that the Highlanders would venture upon so daring a measure. While they were still ignorant of the insidious advance which Charles was making, a countryman, who had perceived it, came running into the camp, and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, what are you about? The Highlanders will be immediately upon you!" Some of the officers cried out, "Seize that rascal—he is spreading a false alarm!" But they were too much alarmed by the exhibition of two of their number, who had mounted a tree, and, through a telescope, discovered the Highlanders in motion. The alarm was immediately communicated to a commanding officer, who, in his turn, lost no time in conveying it to Callander house. Hawley received the intelligence with the most coolness, and contented himself with ordering that the men might put on their accoutrements, without getting under arms. The troops obeyed the order, and proceeded to take their dinner.

It was between one and two o'clock, that several gentlemen, volunteer attendants on the camp, coming in upon the spur, gave final and decisive intelligence of the approach of the enemy. They reported that they had seen the lines of the Highland infantry evolve from behind the Tor Wood, and cross the Carron by the *Steps* of Dumplinie. The drums instantly bent to arms; an urgent message was sent to the countess, and the Highland army was formed, in front of the camp, by officers on foot. The negligence of their general was now bitterly reflected on by the men, many of whom seemed impressed with the idea that he had sold them to the enemy.

The people dwelling between the present positions of the two armies, in the dread expectation of being speedily involved in the horrors of a battle, were at that moment, as may easily be conceived, in a state of great alarm; and though such circumstances are generally overlooked in the narrative, as they are disregarded in the real world, it is not perhaps altogether a less interesting matter connected with the subject of armies. The people might be seen, as we are informed by tradition, hurrying to and fro across the country, equally uncertain where danger was to be avoided, or safety to be sought, and betraying, by their looks, how dreadful the scene must be to the people, who were so near the full people. Some were attempting to transport articles of property upon which they placed a value, and others seemed only anxious to save their children and aged relations. A number of the citizens of Falkirk stationed themselves upon the fortified bartizan of the steeple which the town surrounds, and, in the midst of the gratification of curiosity with a desire of safety, and giving a peculiar liveliness to the general scene of flight and fear.

The family of a farmer named Muirhead, who lived about a mile to the west of Falkirk, was sent to take refuge in the house of a friend at that town; and one of the children, who survived till recent years, used to tell, that in this short but dismal journey, she well remembered crossing the lines of the royal army, near the entry to Bannaskine house, where it stretched across the country, and, in the midst of the confusion, she saw a north a good way up the park towards the south. As the men were giving way, to allow a passage for the children, a hare started up near the place, and ran through the lines; upon which, the soldiers raised a loud shout, and one, more noisy than the rest, exclaimed, "Halloo, the Duke of Perth's motto!"—it being a general belief that that zealous old catholic lady was a witch, and therefore able to assume the disguise of a hare, which, in the present case, she could not be supposed to do, but for the purpose of spying the English troops, and then to be seen by the soldiers, and to excite shouts of laughter, as a capital joke upon the distinguished insurgent leader, against whom it was directed.

The last message which had been despatched to Callander, succeeded in bringing Hawley to a sense of the exigency of his affairs, and he now came gulling up to his own house, and, in the midst of the confusion, he saw his personal betrayal the haste with which he had left the hospitable table of Lady Kilmarnock. The day, which had hitherto been calm and cloudless, became at this moment overcast with heavy clouds, and a high wind began to blow from the southwest, and a severe shower of rain to a severe winter storm. The seventeenth of January, old style, being in reality the twenty-eighth, it may be necessary to remind the reader, that the weather must have been now beginning to exhibit rather the austere character of a Scottish February, than the comparatively serene temperaments of the preceding month.

and, extrinsic as the circumstance may appear, it is certainly supposable, that the dismal appearance of the western sky, and the terrors with which it seemed to be clouded, reflected upon the sun's addition to the only stars which the English army, unused to such a climate, was about to encounter.

While they stood in the position already mentioned, Charles was eagerly leading forward his desultory bands to a wild upland, of irregular surface, called Falkirk Moor, two miles to the north of the English camp. In crossing the Carron at Dunnachie Steps, and thus making for a rising ground where he could overlook Hawley's position, he precisely acted over again the very course he had pursued four months before, in crossing the Esk at Musselburgh, and ascending the heights above Copeland's position. And it may be added, that there is a remarkable resemblance in the corresponding localities. Hawley, on learning the direction Charles was taking, seems to have immediately suspected that he was in danger of becoming the victim of a similar course of measures to that which had occasioned the defeat of Cope; and, had he the bad effect of that general's caution before his eyes, he appears to have immediately adopted the resolution of disputing the high ground. He therefore gave a hasty command to the dragoons to march towards the top of the hill, in order, if possible, to gain the heights of the English camp; and he commanded to follow at a quick pace with their horses, and to be inserted in the musket. To this precipitate measure, by which he placed his army on ground he had never seen, and which was the unfittest possible for the movements of regular troops, while it was proportionally advantageous for the lighters, the disasters of the day are altogether to be attributed.

The dragoons galloped up a narrow way called Maggie Wood's Loan, by the eastern extremity of Bantaskine Park, where a man, who only died lately, heard them coming, and, when they were within a few hundred yards, and venting the most furious threats against the men they were about to encounter. The foot followed, with a similar show of promptitude and courage; and the artillery, consisting of ten pieces, came last of all, driven by a band of Falkirk carters, who, with their horses, had preceded the dragoons, and galloped up the hill at noon. Whether from accident, or from the design of these fellows, who were all rank Jacobites, the artillery stuck in a swampy place at the end of the Loan, beyond all power of extrication; and the drivers then cut the traces of the horses, and galloped back to Falkirk. The sudden stoppage of the artillery, and the noise of the gun, now let forth its fury full in their faces, binding them with rain, and rendering the ascent of the hill doubly painful. Still they struggled on, encouraged by the voice and gesture of their general, whose white uncovered head was every where conspicuous as he galloped about, and who, to do him justice, seemed ardently desirous to recover the effects of his negligence.

Before Hawley commenced this ill-starred march, Charles had entered Falkirk Moor at another side, and was ascending the hill. His troops marched in two parallel columns, about two hundred paces asunder, that which was nearest the king's army consisting of the clans that had been in England, and the other comprising all the late accessions, with some low country regiments. The former was judiciously designed to become the first line, and to stand up to the enemy's bayonet.

A sort of race now commenced between the dragoons and clans, towards the top of the moor; each apparently esteeming the preoccupation of that ground as of the most essential importance to the event. The clans attained the eminence first; and the dragoons were obliged to take up somewhat low ground, where they were prevented from coming into direct opposition with the Highlanders by a morass on their left.

The three MacDonald regiments, according to the right of the Great Clan Colla, to that distinguished position at the head of the first line, were ordered to perform eventually the right wing of the army; and, in the fray; but, on the present occasion, Glencairn's minor regiment of MacGregors, exerting greater speed in the ranks of Hawley's dragoons, and being therefore the first to reach the top of the hill, took that post of honour, which they retained throughout the day.

The first line of the insurgent army was therefore formed by the following regiments, reckoning from right to left: MacGregor, Keppoch, Clanranald, Glengary, Appin, Cameron, the Frasers under the Master of Lovat, and the M'Intoshes, under the Earl of Argyll. On the right extremity, Lord George Murray had the chief command, fighting as usual on foot. On the left there was no general commander, unless it was Lord John Drummond, whose attention, however, was chiefly directed to his

French regiment in the rear. The second line was chiefly composed of low country regiments, which stood in the following order:—Athole, Ogilvie, Gordon, Farquharson, Cromarty, and Preston. The third stood on an eminence behind the second line, with the horse having been implored by the army not to hazard his person by that active collision with the enemy, for which, as at Preston, he expressed his ardent desire.

Opposite to the Highland army thus disposed, but rather inclining to the north on account of the morass, and of the declivity, the English foot were drawn up also in two lines, with the horse in front, and a reserve in the rear. The first line comprised the following regiments from right to left:—Wolfe, Cholmondeley, the Scots Royal, Regent, and Ligonier's; the second, Blackney, Moore, Fleming, Barr, and Battersea. The reserve was composed of the Glasgow Regiment, Howard's, and the Argyll Militia.

Falkirk Moor, an upland now covered with thriving farms, and intersected by the Union Canal, was then a tract of the most rude and savage character, irregular in its surface without rising into peaks, and bearing no vegetation but a shaggy species of heath. It was upon its broad ridge at the top, that the two armies were disposed. Charles's army, from its precedence in the race, occupied the most elevated ground, facing the east. The English stood upon a little lower, with their backs to the west, towards the town of Falkirk. The country was not encumbered by enclosures of any kind; but a sort of hollow, or *dean*, as it is called in Scotland, commenced nearly opposite to the centre of the Highland lines, and ran down between them to the river, widening further as it approached the plain below, and opening up at one place into a spacious lake. By this ravine, which was too deep to be easily passed over from either side, two thirds of the English were separated from about one half of the Highland army. Owing to the convexity of the ground, the wings of both armies were invisible to each other.

To conclude this account of the disposition of the English, the Argyll Highlanders and Ligonier's regiment were stationed in the hollow just mentioned: the Glasgow regiment was posted at a farm house behind the left extremity; and the horse stood a little in advance of the foot, opposite to the right wing of the Highlanders, without any portion of the ravine intervening. General Hawley commanded in the centre, Brigadier Cholmondeley on the left, and Major-general Huske on the right. The horse were immediately under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Murray, who was posted on the left with his own regiment (lately Gardiner's), had Cobham's and Hamilton's on his right, and personally stood almost opposite to Lord George Murray.

In numbers, the two armies were nearly equal, both amounting to about eight thousand; and as they were alike unprovided with artillery (the Highlanders had also left their behind), there could scarcely have been a better match, so far as strength was concerned. But the English had disadvantages of another sort, such as the unfitness of the ground for their evolutions, the interruption of the wind, and the greater fall of the ravine, and comparative lowness of their ground, and the circumstance that they had the wind and rain full in their faces, while the Highlanders were rather impelled than retarded by the powerful auxiliary.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.

Up, an' rin awa, Hawley,
Up, an' rin awa, Hawley,
Tak' care, or Charlie's gude claymore
May give your lugs a clack, Hawley!—*Jacobite Song.*

It was near four o'clock, and the storm was rapidly bringing on premature darkness, when Hawley ordered his dragoons to advance, and commence the action. As already mentioned, he had an idea that the Highlanders would not stand against the charge of a single troop of horse; much less did he expect them to resist three regiments, amounting to thirteen hundred men. The result showed, however, that he was completely mistaken, and that the Highlanders had a greater fallow in military science than one then prevalent throughout Europe. The Highlanders were indispensable and tantamount in an eye. Colonel Ligonier himself is said to have expressed his surprise at Hawley's order; and the men showed most unequivocal signs, they thought it the height of rashness. Advancing slowly and timidly towards the Highland line, they no sooner received the fire of their opponents, than, without discharging a single piece, or staining a single sword with blood, they wheeled about with one consent,

and retreated. Ligonier's and Hamilton's—the cravens of Preston—rushed headlong over the left wing of their own foot, who lay upon their faces; bawling as they went along, "Our brethren, we shall all be massacred this day!" Cobham's, with only a lesser collection of cowardice, followed in a body down the ravine between the two armies, so as to receive the fire of the whole Highland line as they went along.

The Highlanders, according to an order from Lord George Murray, had only fired the dragoons when they were within half pistol shot. The order, however, brought a considerable number to the ground, including several officers of distinction, and, in the graphic language of Douglas Graham, caused many others to swing in their saddles. It would appear also, that this sudden firing when given by the dragoons, had the good effect of staggering and turning the raw horses of at least Ligonier's and Hamilton's; an effect not extended to Cobham's, because that regiment had previously stood fire in Flanders.

From this general disaster, there was but one small, though honourable exception, in the conduct of a party of the troops who happened to be near Lieutenant-colonel Whitney; a brave officer, who had remained behind his retreating horse at Preston, though wounded in the sword-arm. Inspired probably by the courage of this officer, and being a man of a noble and generous heart, he charged with great spirit. As the colonel's band made the first attack, he recognised John Roy Stuart, a former friend, and cried out, "Ha! are you there? We shall soon be up with you." Stuart exclaimed in reply, "You shall be welcome when you come, and by G—, you shall have a warm reception." At that moment, the unfortunate leader received a shot, which tumbled him lifeless from the saddle. His party rushed restlessly through the front line of the Highlanders, trampling down all that opposed them. But their bravery was unavailing. The Highlanders, taught to fight in all postures and under every variety of circumstances, though thrown upon their backs beneath the feet of the cavalry, used their dirks in stabbing the horses under the belly, or, dragging down the men by their long-skirted coats, engaged with them in mortal struggles, during which they killed many of the horses, and some of the men. The chief of Clanranald was overwhelmed by a dead horse, from which he could not extricate himself, when one of his own clan tumbled down beside him in the arms of a dismounted dragoon. From this situation he could not extricate himself, and was known to any more than a few of his own men, who were standing at a distance depended upon the success which this man might have with the dragoon. After a brief but dreadful interval, the Highlander contrived to stab his foe, and then sprung to relieve his prostrate chief.

The dragoons being thus disposed of, Lord George Murray, who from his situation did not see much of the English army, ordered the Keppoch regiment to keep their ranks, and sent the same command to the rest of the MacDonald corps. But nothing could restrain the impetuous bravery of these men, who, running forward, and loading their pieces by the way, were immediately ready to attack the royal infantry, now disorderly by the retreat of the dragoons. Receiving one imperfect fire from the front line of the English, or rather from the confused mass into which the flank had been thrown, they rushed down the ravine, and fired their pieces as they went along; and then fell on, sword in hand, with the fury with which they made this charge was such as nothing could resist; and in a moment the whole upper or southern half of the army simultaneously gave way, having already found their pieces almost useless with the rain, and being apparently in a state of confusion, it was impossible to oppose both the Highlanders and the storm.

The individuals, who from the steep of Falkirk beheld this extraordinary spectacle, used to describe the main event of the battle as occupying an amazingly brief space of time. They first saw the English army rushing down the ravine, and then saw the Highlanders enter the misty and storm-clouded order at the top of the hill; then saw the dull atmosphere thickened by a fast-rolling smoke, and heard the pealing sounds of the discharge; immediately after, they saw the dismounted troops burst wildly from the thunder-cloud in which they had been involved, and then saw, in a spread disorder, the Highlanders rushing down the ravine, and the storm-ment till they pictorially styled "the break of the battle," what did not intervene more than ten minutes;—so soon may an efficient body of men, for whose dismounted state no fast might seem impossible, become, by one transient emotion of cowardice, a feeble and contemptible rabble.

Immediately on ascertaining the fortune of the day,

"Yet it was to appear from a passage in Dr Johnson's Journey to the Western Islands, that the dragon regiments also comprised men of great personal courage." "The Highland weapons," says the doctor, "gave opportunity for many exertions of personal courage, and sometimes for single combats in the field; like those which occur in France, and which are not confined to the ranks, nor to the living, was after the retreat of the king's troops, engaged at a distance from the rest with an Irish dragoon. They were both skillful swordsmen and the contest was not easily decided. The dragoon at last had the advantage, and the Highlander called for quarter; but quarter was refused him, and the fight continued till he was reduced to defend himself upon his knees. At that instant, one of the dragoon's comrades, who was standing by, offered quarter to the dragoon, but he thought himself obliged to reject what he had before refused, and was immediately killed."

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 6, NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—At \$5 for 32 numbers, payable in advance.

tate retreat, leaving its camp, baggage, and stores; it only shot bullets from the "cannon" in cantonnements." The battle was lost, it was only *defrayed*.

General Hawley displayed all the ordinary address of his profession, in glossing over the defeat of Falkirk. He represented himself as having given a severe check to the Highlanders, but retreated to his camp on account of the weather; the Highlanders, however, were not backing up Stirling. His determination had been to remain in his camp all night, but, the rain having rendered it uncomfortable, and hearing that the rebels were pushing to get between him and Edinburgh, he had eventually marched and taken post at Linlithgow. Seven pieces of art cannon, he allowed, were *missing*, (for which he blamed the recreant artillery-men,) together with about three hundred men; but the loss on the part of the enemy was reported to be much more considerable. Altogether, it appeared from his despatch that a colic had taken place with the Highlanders, but that what little was yet known about the matter seemed favourable to his party.

It was impossible, however, to impose these specious and plausible pretensions to a victory upon the minds of the British public; and in a few days after the following *yes* & *no* article, ridiculing the terms of the government Gazette, made the round of the Journals. "The shoe-blackers of Westminster, being in arms against the shoe-blackers of this neighbourhood (Whitehall), early yesterday morning were in motion to attack them. Our people were not at first any advice of the enemy's motions; and though several were sent out to Tothill Street, Millbank, and about other ways, they were not perceived till the front of them appeared at the bottom of King Street. Upon this, the shoe-blackers formed with all expedition to get the moving on to get advantage of the front. But parties of the chimney-sweepers coming round by Channel Row and the Park, in spite of our teeth got to the windward of our friends, the wind being then north-east. Just as the armies engaged, a violent gust arose, which blew the soot from the chimney-sweepers so that the eyes of the people were blinded, and they could see at all, and thought proper to retreat in good order into the Mewse. The enemy's loss was judged to be very considerable; but no particulars can be given, as it is believed they carried off their dead and wounded in silence. The victors followed in the Broadway, just over against the Horse-Guards. Our friends kept the field—especially the killed and wounded. We found, when we came to our quarters, that several stools, baskets, brushes, and blacking-pots, were missing. This was owing to the behaviour of Jacob Linklater and Tom Scrutiny, who, being left in charge of the stores, abandoned at the beginning of the action; but some accounts say, that what they could not carry off, they threw into the fire of a neighbouring gin-shop. The shoe-blackers are getting up a new set of tools, and design to attack the chimney-sweepers, who are now quiet in their cellars."

This was not the only joke circulated through the newspapers at Hawley's expense. Some months afterwards, when the insurrection had been finally suppressed, his dragons were put into quarters at Redbank, a town in Scotland, where the chroniclers of the day were engaged in amusing incident took place. A dreadful storm coming on, of almost as violent a description as that which occurred at the battle of Falkirk, the horses, which had large in a park near the village, rushed tumultuously together, and, in consequence of the violence of the battle array, stood trembling and snorting, exactly as they had done before the commencement of that action, and apparently impressed with a belief that they were about to endure the fire of an enemy. When they had thus stood for some time, permitting the rain to come full in their faces, all at once it began to thunder; upon which their agitation was greatly increased, and, turning tail upon the storm, they rushed in the utmost disorder, out of the park, through the village, and along the open country, as hard as they could scamper; thus completely acting over again the whole of the disastrous evolution which their masters had made them perform on the noted 17th of January. The people of the village and of the country through which the animals fled, beheld this hippodromical representation of the battle of Falkirk with the greatest extraordinary interest.

It was also noted as a capital joke against Hawley, that, when the Edinburgh Convention met, the gaiters, wherewith to hang the Highlanders who should surrender to him in the victory he expected to achieve, and that, after he returned in a state so different from that of a conqueror, he had to use these conspicuous emblems of his folly for the execution of his own purposes. He changed no fewer than four or five, permitting their bodies to remain till sunset. Such a sight had not been seen in Edinburgh, since the day before the Duke of York opened the Scottish Parliament in the year 1681, when five rebellious ministers were simultaneously executed in the Grassmarket. The captain of the artillery, who had deserted his charge at the beginning of the action, upon a horse which he cut from the train, was cashiered with infamy; and many of the private soldiers, who had displayed extraordinary cowardice, were severely whipped.

The only trophy which Hawley brought with him from Falkirk, was a Major MacDonald, of Keppoch's regiment, cousin to that chief, who was taken prisoner under most extraordinary circumstances. Having dismounted an English officer in the action, this youth took possession of the horse, which was very beautiful, and immediately mounted it. When the English cavalry fled, the animal ran off with the unfortunate major, notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain it, nor did it stop till it was at the head of the troop, of which, apparently, he was the grand commander. Seeing himself thus in the hands of the enemy, he attempted to pass himself off as one of the Argyll militia, endeavouring to conceal the distinctive colours of his tartan, as well as possible, by the officer's cloak, which he had also taken; but, before proceeding very far with the army, he was detected, and taken prisoner. He was afterwards kept under guard over him of *twenty* men. Reaching Edinburgh next day, the Lord Justice Clerk committed him to the castle; and in a few months afterwards he paid the forfeit of his life upon the scaffold.

While the English industriously denied that they had taken the battle of the Highlanders, on the other hand, made no very ostentatious claims to the victory. Aware that they had not acted with uniform promptitude, and mortified at the safe retreat which Hawley had effected, they were not so much disposed to rejoice at the final success, as to be anxious to have it achieved. Instead of pursuing the enemy to Edinburgh, and attempting to strike them with a second and more decisive blow, they gave themselves up for some time to unavailing allegations regarding their respective misdeeds. Lord George Murray protested that the victory would have been complete, if Lord John Drummond had supported him with the left wing; and Lord John, on the other hand, blamed Lord George for not permitting the men under his own charge to go forward in a body after the retreat of the dragons. Innumerable speculations were put forth, as to the various ways in which the day might have been more decisive; every one appearing to have forgot that the very circumstances which had marred the victory on their part, were, in a great measure, those which had occasioned the defeat on that of the enemy, and that, had they only done what they had done, the fortune for which they had seen fit to give them, without grieving for that which she could not bestow. The general issue was certainly a matter of true regret, every thing considered; as the advantage of the ground, the misbehaviour, the storm, Hawley's commanding a body of regular troops, a whole army, and the acknowledged misbehaviour of some of the British regiments, were circumstances not likely to be ever combined again. Moreover, a drawn battle, or any thing approaching to it, was decidedly a misfortune to the Highlanders; for, by familiarising the regular troops with their mode of fighting, and thereby diminishing the terror in which they were held, it tended to reduce the combatants to a level; and thus, indeed, the equivocal triumph of Falkirk may be said to have led to the perfect overthrow of Copen.

The succeeding day, during which it continued to rain with little intermission, was spent at Falkirk by the insurgents, in securing the spoils, and burying the slain. They employed the country people to dig a spacious pit upon the field of battle, into which they precipitated the naked corpses. The rustics who stood around, easily

distinguished the English soldiers from the Highlanders, and their respective nationality, by the spot, gaiters which scarred their shoulders, and breasts,—the odd work of the broad-sword. It was also remarked, that all the Highlanders had bannocks or other articles of provision concealed under their left armpits. The number of slain inhuman in this pit was such, that some years after, the surface, and the ground round there is still a considerable hollow at that part of the plain.

The Highland army lost more this day by an accident, than it did on the preceding, by the fire of the enemy. A private soldier of the Clanmaird regiment had obtained a musket, as some of his spoil upon the field of battle; finding it loaded, he was engaged at his lodgings in extracting the shot; the window was open and nearly opposite there was a group of officers standing on the street. The man extracted a ball, and then fired on the piece, to clear it in the most expeditious manner of the powder; but unfortunately, it had been double loaded, and the remaining ball pierced the body of young Glencairn, who was one of the group of bystanders. He soon after died in the arms of his clansmen, begging with his last breath that the man, of whose innocence he was satisfied, might not suffer; but nothing could restrain the indignation of his friends, who immediately seized the unhappy perpetrator, and loudly demanded life for life. Young Clanmaird would have gladly protected his clansman; but, certain that any attempt he could make to that effect would only enshroud his family in a feud with that of Glencairn, and in the first place, cause that regiment to quit the Prince's service, he was reluctantly obliged to assent to their demand. The man was immediately taken out to the side of a park-wall near the town, and pierced with a volley of bullets. His own father poured a shot into his bony thorax, the desire to make his death as instantaneous as possible.

The prince, who had most occasion to regret this accident, as it endangered the attachment of a valuable regiment, exerted himself, by showing the most respectful attentions to the deceased soldier's family, in a feud with that of Glencairn, which was caused by the death of a private soldier, to be opened for the reception of the youthful soldier, as the only part of the church-yard of Falkirk which was worthy to be honoured with his corpse; and he himself attended the obsequies as chief mourner, and the grave which he himself consigned his head to the grave. Charles's judicious kindness was not unappreciated by the grateful Highlanders; but, nevertheless, a considerable number yielded to their grief, or rage, so far as to desert his standard.

Another incident took place this day upon the street of Falkirk, which had almost become as trivial as the former, and which illustrates in a striking manner the peculiar ties of clanship. Lord Kilmarnock had brought up to the front of Charles's lodging a few prisoners when he had taken, the preceding night, in the street of Edinburgh, a man, who was standing leaning within the open window, with a paper in his hand, apparently conversing with Lord Kilmarnock about his capture; when a man was seen coming up the street in the uniform of an English regiment, with a musket and bayonet in his hand, and a black cockade in his hat. The volunteers, among whom Mr. Home, the narrator of the incident, was one, beheld the man with surprise, and conceiving that he designed to assassinate the Prince, expected every moment to see him take aim and fire. Charles, observing the prisoners look on with fear, turned round in the same direction, and, immediately comprehending the cause of their alarm, called in some surprise to Lord Kilmarnock, and pointed towards the soldier. The earl instantly descended to the street, and, finding the man by that time just opposite to the window, went up to him, struck his hat off his head, and set his feet upon the black cockade. At that instant, one of the numerous Highlanders who stood upon the pavement, rushed forward, and violently pushed Lord Kilmarnock from his place. The earl pulled out a pistol and presented it at the Highlander's breast, and the man, who was standing so close to Kilmarnock's breast. In this posture they stood about half a minute, when a crowd of Highlanders rushed between the parties, and drove Kilmarnock away. The man with the dirk in his hand then took up the hat, put it on the soldier's head, and the Highlanders marched off with him in triumph.

it out of Scotland, if not that of totally annihilating it. Ignorance alone of the real extent of his victory, and of the condition to which he had reduced the enemy, must have induced him to take this retrograde movement, so dishonourable to his arms, and so favourable to the decisions which were now laying for his total overthrow.

Among other articles which the prince had brought away with him from Glasgow, was a printing-press, with its accompaniments of types, workmen, &c. One sensible of the advantage which the other party had over him in their command of the public press, and no doubt incensed at the lies they had employed to bring about against him, he had determined to set on foot a paper in Glasgow, in which he would give the first lease to the *Scotsman*, and the second to the *Journal* of his march into England, and the third to the *Journal* of his march into Scotland, which, if not free of a little gasconade, was certainly quite as faithful as the *Gazettes* of government. He had brought the press along with him, in order to continue his publications occasionally; and he now issued, from Bannockburn, a quarto sheet, containing a well-timed and not inaccurate account of the proceedings of the *Falkirk*. It was, however, destined to be the last of its kind, as the rapidity of his subsequent evolutions rendered it impossible to transport so large and complicated an engine without more trouble than it was worth.

He now resumed the siege of Stirling Castle, having first sent a summons of surrender to General Blakeney, which that officer answered with his former firm-

He had been advised, by an engineer of the name of Grant, who had conducted the siege of Carlisle, to open trenches in the church-yard, which he had abandoned to the enemy, and to place batteries to bombard that position by the citizens, who represented that it must ensure the destruction of their houses. There were two other points from which the castle might be taken, and which were pointed out by Mr. Grant—the Gowan Hill, an irregular eminence under the castle walls on the north side, and the Ladies' Hill, a small bare rock facing the south east. He had a French engineer, who had recently arrived in Scotland, if it would be possible to raise an effective battery upon either of these eminences. The person thus consulted was the Marquis of Montrose, and he pointed out the Chevalier of the order of St. Louis; but a man so whimsical both in his body and mind, that the Highlanders used to parody his *non de guerre* into Mr. Adm-ral. It is the characteristic of such men, that they may be very good in their own way, but they are very bad in every other. The wretched old Freuchied Scotsman at once undertook to open a battery upon the Gowan Hill, though there were not fifteen inches depth of earth above the rock, and the walls of the castle overlooked by at least fifty feet.

After many days of incessant labour, a sort of battery was constructed of bags of sand and wool, and a number of cannon brought to bear upon the fortress. General Blakeney had not taken all the advantage he might have done of his position to interrupt the works, considering that it was necessary to keep the garrison occupied in the work of taking the castle, and thus give government time to concentrate its forces against them. But when the cannon well opened against him, he thought proper to answer them in a suitable manner. Such was the eminence of his situation, that it is said he could see the very shoe-buckles of the besiegers as they stood behind the parapets. The battery was composed of three pointed positions, and scarcely did the least harm either to his fortifications or his men. The besieged, on the contrary, were able to destroy a great number of their opponents, including many French picquets, who were, perhaps, the best soldiers in their army. The works were demolished at leisure; and the siege was continued, as a matter of course, after a considerable loss of men.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood—
The princesses in number five—
Duke William, sweetest prince alive!—

Swift.

When the news of Hawley's manœuvres at Falkirk reached the court of St. James's, where a drawing-room happened to be held on that particular day, every countenance is said to have been marked with doubt and apprehension, excepting those only of the king himself, the earl of Stair, and Sir John Cope. It was now thought necessary to send a general against the insurgents, the best and most popular of whom the country

could boast, and who, by one decisive effort might at length be the main of success. The Duke of Cumberland, who, after tracking their course to Carlisle, had thought them only fair game for an inferior hand, was now requested to resume the command which he then abandoned, and immediately to set out for the north. He lost no time in obeying his father's orders; and was so expeditious as to arrive unexpectedly at Edinburgh early in the morning of the 30th of January, after a journey performed in the short space of four days.

This young general, whose name is still so much exalted in Scotland, and of whom it must be confessed that he never was victorious anywhere else, was a man of great personal integrity, firmness, and enthusiasm in his profession, though almost entirely unacquainted with the science of war. He was compared, to the more pious worthily qualification of humanity. He had a good humoured jolly face, which procured him the epithet of "Bluff Billy" but, although it was hoped that his presence in Scotland might counteract the influence of the public mind, his personal graces could never bear any comparison with those of his cousin and rival; and while his rank perhaps dazzled the people a little, he failed entirely in exciting the high interest and deep affection which he had bested so far to excite upon the subject of his country. He was however, sincerely beloved by the troops, who wished nothing so ardently as to have him at their head instead of Hawley, and notwithstanding their late disgrace, are said to have been inspired with the utmost confidence when they learned that he was to

On his arriving at Holyroodhouse, he immediately went to bed—occupying the same couch of state which Charles had used four months before. After reposing two hours, he rose, and proceeded to the great hall, where, before breakfast, he is said to have been busy with General Hawley and Huske, and other principal officers, whom he summoned so hastily that they appeared in their boots. During the course of the forenoon, he received the Duke of York, the Duke of Gloucester, the University, and the principal citizens, all of whom had the honour of kissing his hand. Meanwhile, the music-bells were rung in his honour, and the magistrates prepared to present him with the freedom of the city. According to an agreement, a number of ladies, chiefly belonging to whig families of distinction, paid their respects to him in the same hall where Charles had so lately entertained his fair adherents. They were dressed in the most peculiar manner, and, in the words of Ker, did him this singular honour to appear with a *bush*, at the top of which was a crown, done in bangles, surrounded by the words, "William Duke of Cumberland, Britain's Hero." He kissed the ladies all round, made them all bow to him with satisfaction, and then retired to hold a council of war.

The army had received various reinforcements since its retreat from Falkirk, and been prepared to march for some days before the duke's arrival. The council therefore, determined that it should set forward next morning towards the position of the insurgents, with his Royal Highness at its head. So prompt a resolution gave new courage to the troops, and raised the hopes of the friends of government, hitherto very much depressed. In the same degree it damped the spirits of the insurgents, who had already determined to retire to the Highlands, but whose resolution was materially accelerated by so vigorous a move on the part of their enemies.

The duke set out from Holyroodhouse, at nine o'clock in the morning of Friday, the 31st of January, after having been only thirty hours in Edinburgh. An immense crowd had collected in the court-yard and around the exterior porch of the palace, brought together to see a prince of the blood, and that they might be able to see the duke's countenance, and to compare it with the recollections of his rival. A white historian has recorded that, as he stepped into his coach, an old man exclaimed: "God bless him—he is far bonnier than the Pretender!" and there are said to have been some others, who, borne away by the enthusiasm of the moment, attempted to greet him with a huzza. But his looks elicited no such demonstration. The duke's countenance, and the general feeling rather was one of pity for the gallant youth against whom he was becoming what appeared to

powerful and irresistible a force. They saw him depart with sensations acutely painful and agitating; for it was the general impression that this singular struggle for the empire was soon to be determined, and that, as it were, by a personal conflict between two persons immediately representing the great parties concerned.

The army had departed early this morning in two columns; one by Borrowstownness, led by General Huske, the other by Lillithgow, of which the duke was to take command in person. Ligonier's and Hamilton's dragoons patrolled the roads in advance, to prevent intelligence reaching the insurgents. The army comprised altogether fourteen battalions of infantry, four regiments of cavalry, the Argyre militia, and a train of artillery. The whole might amount to ten thousand men.

The Duke of Cumberland had been presented by the Earl of Hopetoun with a coach and twelve horses; and, thinking it necessary to make his departure from Edinburgh with as much parade as possible, he used this splendid equipage in passing through the town. As he proceeded, he was surrounded by a vast concourse of people to have pressed great surprise at the number of broken windows which he saw; but, when informed that this was the result of a recent illumination, and that a shattered casement only indicated the residence of a Jacobite, he laughed heartily; remarking, that he was better content with this explanation, than if he had been told that the same family had ever been with him in his first impression, which ascribed the circumstance to national poverty or negligence. His coach was followed by a great number of persons of distinction, and by a vast mob. He went through the Grass-market, and left the city by the West Port. When he had proceeded a little way, he was met by a great number of mounted men, called Gamekeepers and others, who surrounded his horses. The state-officers and others then crowded about him to take leave, and the mob could no longer abstain from raising a hearty huzza. He took off his hat, and, turning round, thanked the people for this pleasing expression of their regard; adding, that he had but too much reason to be sensible of the great regard which was placed upon him; and that he was very much obliged when fortune gave him an opportunity of doing so. "I am in a great haste, my friends," he cried, "but I believe I shall soon be back to you with good news. Till then adieu." So saying, he shook hands with those nearest to him; paused a moment; and then exclaimed, "Come, let us have a song and a parting glass." And a ditty which had been composed in his own honour.

"Will ye play me fair?
Highland Laddie, Highland Laddie."

Then stretching forth his hand, as if addressing the object of his hostility, he set forward at a gallop, to put himself at the head of the army.

He lodged that evening at Linnithgow, and it was the general expectation that he would engage the Highlanders next day. Straggling parties had been seen hovering on the hills between Falkirk and Linnithgow, which on the morning of the 1st of February, had fallen back to the Torwood, giving out that they would there await the attack. But he proceeded towards Falkirk, stray Highlanders were brought before him, who reported that they were in reality conveying their baggage over the Forth, with the intention of retreating to the Highlands; and the intelligence was soon confirmed by the noise of a distant explosion, occasioned by the firing of a cannon from the tower of the church of St. Ninian's. The duke walked all the way from Linnithgow to Falkirk on foot, at the head of the Scots Royals, to encourage the men after the manner of his rival; but he now thought it unnecessary to pursue the march with extraordinary speed, and therefore rested this evening at Falkirk, where he found the army of the rebels surrounded in the late morning, deserted by their canters.

When his royal highness arrived in Falkirk, and it was debated what lodging he should choose, he is said to have inquired for the house which "his cousin had enjoyed," being sure, he said, that *that* would not only be the most comfortable in the town, but also the best provisioned. He accordingly passed the night in the same house and the same bed, which have been already described as accommodating Charles on the evening of the battle. He was warmly welcomed by the friends of the king, who were gathered by the insurgents, and when General Blakeney informed him, that, but for his reasonable relief, he must have speedily surrendered the fortress for want of ammunition and provisions. A considerable number of straggling adherents of the *Châtelain* were taken prisoners, including a lady whom popular re-

Loudoun, hanging with his native troops still nearer upon the north, their position was by no means an agreeable one. Money and provisions were in almost utter want in the mean time; and the return of spring seemed only necessary to permit the three armies to narrow their circle, and crush the insurgents by an overpowering force.

CHAPTER XXV.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE NORTH.

The North!—What do you mean by the *North*, and the *Third*.

Whatever were the advantages or disadvantages of a position which had only been chosen as the best that could be obtained, the Highland army displayed no symptom of depression under their unfortunate circumstances, but on the contrary, maintained all the soldierly courage and alacrity which had so strikingly distinguished the more brilliant era of the campaign. They projected a number of expeditions, sieges, and surprises, almost all of which they executed with promptitude and success, notwithstanding the season was uncommonly severe, and the Highlands a winter campaign. Lord Loudoun having annoyed them a good deal by incursions upon their side of the Frith, a party under the Duke of Perth at last succeeded in surprising and dispersing his army, taking several hundred prisoners, without the exchange of a shot. Another party reduced Fort Augustus with equal ease; while Lochiel laid siege to Fort William, which, during his absence, had proved a grievous annoyance to the country of his clan. Lord John Drummond was despatched with a considerable force, to fortify the passage of the river against the aid of the Duke of Cumberland; and several minor adventurers even went so far as to skirmish with the advanced parties of the royal army, some of whom were surprised and taken prisoners with a dexterity and ease which struck terror into the main body, and confirmed them in their previous impression of the activity and vigour of the Highland warriors.

The most remarkable of all these expeditions was one projected by Lord George Murray upon his native district of Athole. It has already been said that the Duke of Cumberland subjected Angus to military coercion; it remained for the Duke to take advantage in the upper part of Perthshire toward that country with even greater severity. The mother of the Duke of Perth and the wife of Viscount Strathallan, for the crime of having relations in the insurgent army, were seized in their own houses, and hurried to Edinburgh, where they remained prisoners for a twelvemonth in a small and unhealthy room. All the houses whose proprietors had gone with Prince Charles, were burnt, or retained for quarters to the military; the unhappy tenants being in either case expelled to starve upon the snowy heath. When Lord George heard this at Inverness, he resolved to succour his country from its oppressors. Having taken care to secure all the passes, so as to prevent his intentions from becoming known to the enemy, he set out about the middle of March, with seven hundred men, none of whom knew the precise object of his expedition. On the morning of the 10th, he had reached a place called Dalnaspield, upon the confines of Athole, a hall was called, and the whole body divided into a number of small parties. Lord George then informed them, that he wished to surprise all the different posts of the royal troops before daylight, and to begin, and to conclude, at the same time; for which purpose, each party should select a post for whose strength it might be proportioned; and the general rendezvous, after all was done, was to be the bridge of Bruar, two miles from Blair. The chief posts to be attacked were Bun-Rannoch, the house of Keenymore, the house of Blairtattie, the house of Lude, the house of Faskally, and the inn of Blair; besides which, there were a great number of less strength and importance.

The parties set out immediately, each taking the shortest way to its rendezvous; and most of them were ready at the point of attack before daybreak. At Bun-Rannoch, where there happened to be a late wake that night, the garrison (a party of Argyleshire men) were surprised in the midst of their festivity, and made prisoners without exchange of shot. The sentinel of Keenymore being alarmed, he hurriedly alarmed the party within, that house was not taken till after a short resistance, and the slaughter of one man. At Blairtattie, the whole party was surprised, inclusive of the sentinel, and made prisoners after a brief but ineffectual

resistance. The garrisons of Lude and Faskally were taken in the same manner, and only at this inn of Lude did the party attack and battle the Highlanders, or succeed in making their escape.

This last party taking refuge in the castle of Blair, Sir Andrew Agnew immediately got his men under arms, and marched out to see who they were, and what they were about. It was now a great uproar, and Lord George Murray stood at the place of rendezvous, with only four and twenty men, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the various parties. Fortunately he received intelligence by a countryman, of the approach of Sir Andrew; otherwise he must have been cut off, or he would have been taken prisoner by the insurgent army. He hastily consulted with his attendants, as to the best course which could pursue in such a dilemma; and some advised an immediate retreat along the road to Dalwhinnie, while others were for crossing over the hills, and gaining a place of safety by paths which they could not pursue. The genius of his excellent soldier suggested a mode of procedure, not only safer than either of these, (by which all the parties, as they successively reached the place of rendezvous, must have been sacrificed), but which was calculated to disconcert and confound the enemy. Observing a long turlow in a field near the bridge, he ordered his men to enclose themselves behind it, lying at a considerable distance from each other, and displaying the colours of the whole party at still greater intervals. Fortunately, he had with him all the pipers and drummers of the army, as soon as they saw Sir Andrew's men appear, to strike up their most boisterous pibroch. All the rest, he commanded to brandish their swords over the wall.

The Blair garrison happened to appear just as the sun rose above the horizon; and Lord George's party, who properly obeyed the mode of attack seriously alarmed, being preparations which seemed to have been made for their reception. After listening half a minute to the tumult of bagpipes, and casting one equally brief glance at the glittering broadswords, they turned back, (by order of their commander, however), and fled upon the hills, leaving the Highland leader, delighted with the success of his manoeuvre, kept post at the bridge till about the half of his men had arrived, and then proceeded to invest Blair.

When rejoined by all his men, Lord George found that no fewer than thirty different posts had been surprised, and morning between the hours of three and five, without the loss of a single man. The same success, however, did not attend his deliberate siege; which he was obliged to raise on the 31st of March, after having only reduced the garrison to great distress for want of provisions.

One of the principal reasons for the retreat into the north, had been the hope of their procuring uninterrupted supplies from France; by which means Charles expected to prolong the war at his pleasure, and not to fight till he should be grievously fatigued. But it soon appeared, that this was entirely fallacious. Out of all the supplies which were despatched to him from France—and, to do Louis justice, they were neither few nor far between—very few ever reached their destination: being generally picked up by the English war vessels, which cruised in great numbers along the coast. The Highland army contained about £13,000, besides other valuable matters, was taken under circumstances peculiarly distressing.

During Charles's march into England, the Highland party stationed at Montrose were grievously annoyed by the Hazard spoil of war of eighteen guns, which lying near the coast, and being permitted to fire at pleasure without firing. They were incensed beyond measure at this annoyance, and the more so that their peculiar mode of warfare was such as to prevent the possibility of reprisal. At last an intrepid and ingenious officer, whose name has unfortunately been forgotten, formed a plan, by which the annoyance was to be carried into effect in the following manner. One day, when a heavy fog favoured his purpose, he prevailed upon his men to accompany him in a few fishing boats towards the sloop, under the pretext of examining it. Before they were within the reach of the sloop, the boats were to be pulled up by the men on board. But there was no occasion to retire, or even to fear. The sailors, at sight of the Highlanders fell down upon their knees, and, with uplifted hands, implored the quarter which they might have so easily caused the enemy to beg from them. The Highlanders immediately got on board, and compelled the sailors, with pistols at their breasts, to steer the vessel into port.

This vessel was afterwards despatched to France as a *sloop*, under the name of "the Prince Charles," and was

returning to Scotland with the valuable cargo above mentioned, when she was taken up and chased by the *Sheerness* man of war. The place where the rencontre happened was near the northern extremity of Scotland, where a dangerous sea perpetually boils round a bold high coast, affording no port or place of shelter. The crew, prevailing to board the *Sheerness*, and having made all sail to escape the guns of the *Sheerness*, which, however, kept so close as to kill thirty-six of the men. After a day's chase, the Prince Charles ran in upon Tongue Bay, where she was safe from the *Sheerness*, but not, as it soon appeared, from a more deadly enemy.

After the Duke of Perth had surprised and dispersed Lord Loudoun's troops, some of them retired to what is called Lord Reay's country, a wild district, but recently emerged from the condition of a forest, at the very northern extremity of Scotland. They were there residing with Lord Reay when the crew of the Prince Charles landed with their treasure near that nobleman's house. Lord Reay, on learning the fact of the disembarkment, sent a person with a boat to ascertain their numbers; and finding them not above his strength, drew out his men early next morning, and went in pursuit of the cause of his alarm. He was surprised after dark (March 26th), and, after they had given a few fires, succeeded in capturing the whole party, which consisted of twenty officers, and a hundred and twenty soldiers and sailors. His factor disposed of the treasure in a very remarkable way. Having given the soldiers a few shillings for their share, which was stowed contained only shot, he appropriated it to himself, and founded, by its means, what is now a very wealthy and respectable family.

But this mishap was only a presage of the darker woes which were closed fast on the fortunes of the Chevalier. The last act of this dreadful drama was approaching, when heroism, generosity and devotion, were all to meet one common fate of death and sorrow; and hearts, which had hitherto beat high with the noblest sentiments, were either to be still more despised, or to be crushed under the weight of despair. It is painful to approach this part of our narrative; but, as the Highland bard somewhere expresses it, nature demands the night as well as the day, and so must the pibroch of triumph occasionally give way to the coromach of lament.

The capture of the *Sheerness* so reduced the insurgent army to the condition of great distress. Charles himself had not above five hundred leuts, nor could his officers procure any subsidies from their tenants in the south, by reason of the strict blockade under which the Highlands were lying. The distress of all the country was such, that the nobles, though extensive, and comprising a considerable proportion of Lowland territory, was soon exhausted of provisions; inasmuch, as a fugitive prisoner reported to his own army, the best officers among them were glad when they could procure a few blades of raw cabbage from the farmers' gardens. Charles endeavoured to remedy this evil by dissipating the army, as much as he considered prudent, over the face of the country; but this had only the additional evil effect of weakening his force numerically when the day of conflict arrived.

When Charles was at Inverness, the Duke of Cumberland had his head quarters at Aberdeen, which is upwards of one hundred miles distant from that town. The weather continued, till the beginning of April, to be unfavourable for the march of regular troops. But, about that time, a few days of dry cold wind, sweeping away the snow from the hills, and drying the rivers, rendered it possible to proceed without much difficulty; and the duke accordingly ordered a march upon the 8th. He had been by this time supplied with a fleet of victualling ships, which were to sail along the coast, and send provisions on shore as required by the army. His march was attended with great inconvenience, two of droves, with Kingston's horse, a body of Argyleshire Highlanders, and a detachment of Lord Loudoun's regiment, which had been shipped over from Ross, amounted altogether to about nine thousand men.

His Royal Highness's march upon the 10th, was unopposed in the neighbourhood of the town. Two Highland spies were here seized, one of them in the act of notching the numbers of the army upon a stick, according to a fashion which also obtains among the primitive Indians of America.

On the 11th, the army was ordered to march on, where the Earl of Findlater testified his loyalty by distributing two hundred guineas among the troops. Strict orders were here issued to them not to stir out of the camp upon pain of death. During this day's march, the army, keeping constantly upon the shore, were

closely accompanied by the fleet. The weather was also good, and the men were cheered by the prospect of crossing the Spey without difficulty.

This great mountain-stream, so remarkable for its depth and rapidity, had hitherto been esteemed by Charles as affording a sufficient barrier between them and the Duke of Cumberland, and as indeed completely protecting their country upon the east. Charles had, several weeks before, despatched Lord John Drummond with a strong party to defend the fords; and some batteries were raised, which was expected might accomplish that object. But, on the Duke approaching with a quantity of cannon sufficient to force the passage, Lord John very properly judged it wise to abandon a position which he had not the power to maintain; and he accordingly fell back upon Inverness, where his appearance did not fail to excite considerable alarm.

The royal army forced the Spey, upon the afternoon of Saturday the 12th of April. For this purpose the troops were divided into three bodies, one of which crossed at Gormach, another near Gordon Castle, and a third close by the church of Belly. The men had the water up to their waists; but such was the ease with which the operation was conducted, that only one dragoon and four women were swept away by the stream. In the earlier ages of Scottish history, the Spey had occasionally proved a better defence, and more readily than the river had resisted the various hostile parties which it happened to separate.

The duke encamped this evening upon the banks of the river, opposite to Fochabers, himself lodging in the manse of Belly. He marched next day (Sunday) through Elgin to the Duke of Devon, where he encamped about thirty miles from Inverness. The march of next day brought him to Nairn, which was only sixteen miles from the position of the insurgents. On arriving at the bridge which gives entrance to this town from the east, the vanguard found it not yet evacuated by the rebels; but they had attempted to do so, and were defeated. Some firing took place from both ends of the bridge; but at last the insurgents retired without much harm having been done on either side. The advancing party gave chase for several miles; but the pursuit was stopped by a reinforcement, the other in turn retreated.

During the 15th, which was the duke's birthday, the army lay inactive in their camp at Nairn; and, as each man had an allowance of brandy, cheese, and biscuit, at the duke's expense, the day was spent with appropriate merriment. The duke, however, was not without the part of Prince Charles, which is allowed to have had a strong effect in deciding the fate of his enterprise.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PRELIMINARIES OF THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

The day approached, when Fortune should decide the contest. The wind was from the *Dryads*.

On Monday, the 14th, when intelligence reached Inverness of the royal army having crossed the Spey, Charles rode out, towards Nairn, to support his retiring party; but returned to Inverness before the evening. He then commanded the drums to be beat, and the pipes to be played through the town, in order to collect his army. The wind, as usual, blew from the streets, he walked backwards and forwards through their lines, and endeavoured to animate them for the action which seemed impending.

"They hail his appearance, and received his addresses with all their usual enthusiasm; and, in the midst of the buzz which ensued, many voices exclaimed, 'We'll give Cumberland another Fontenoy!'" He then mounted his horse, and, with colours flying and pipes playing, led them out to the parks around Culloden House, three or four miles from the town, where they prepared to bivouac for the night.

At six o'clock in the morning of the 15th, the army was led forward to Drumossie Muir, (about a mile still further from Inverness, in an easterly direction,) and there drawn up in battle order to receive the Duke of Cumberland, who was expected to march this day from Nairn. What was the duke's march, and the progress of the army, when they were met at Falkirk, amounting to only about six thousand men. He had issued orders, some time before, to the parties dispersed throughout the country, commanding them immediately to join; but the Frasers, the Kennedys, the Glenglens, the Macdonalds, the Macgregors, some recruits from Glengarry, and a large body of MacKenzie's, which had been raised by the Earl of Cromarty, were still absent. Under these cir-

cumstances, it was with some satisfaction that Charles learned the delay made by the enemy at Nairn, which seemed to promise time for the augmentation of his host.

The scarcity of provisions had now become so great, that the men were, on this important day, reduced to the miserable allowance of only one small loaf, and that of the worst kind. Strange as the avowment may appear, we have heard and tasted a piece of the bread served out on this occasion to the unfortunate heroes of the *Forty-five*; being the remains of a loaf or *hannock*, which having, in all probability, been found at first upon the person of one of the slain, has been carefully preserved, ever since, as a relic of the year 1746, by the successive members of a Jacobite family. It is impossible to imagine a composition of greater coarseness, or less likely either to please or satisfy the appetite; and perhaps no recital, however eloquent, of the miseries to which Charles's army was reduced, could impress the reader with so strong an idea of the real extent of that misery, as the sight of this singular relic. Its ingredients appear to be merely the husks of corn, and a coarse unclean species of dust, similar to what is found upon the floors of a mill.

During the afternoon of this day, many of the troops, and even the cavalry, upon provisions not once so small in quantity, and so wretched in quality, as the position and either retired to Inverness, or roamed abroad through the country in search of more substantial food. Before the evening, those who remained had the mortification of seeing the virtual ships of the enemy enter the narrow straits, which skirted the position, as if to tantalize them with the sight of a feast which it was in their power to taste.

Drumossie Muir is a vast heathy flat, two miles inland from the south shore of the Moray Frith, five miles distant from Inverness, and ten or twelve from Nairn. On the 14th the insurgents stood with their faces towards the Duke of Cumberland's camp, and on the 15th towards the Duke of Cumberland's camp, and on the 15th towards Inverness behind them, a barrier of mountains, with the river Nairn intervening, on the right hand, and the sea, with the parks of Culloden, on the left. There is a remarkable similarity between the ground and that of Fontenoy, the only difference being, that the former being an elevated flat parallel with, and adjacent to, a bay of the sea. But the comparative positions of the armies were reversed in the present case, in so far as the Highlanders awaited the shock of battle upon ground corresponding to the position of Sir John Cope, and the enemy upon ground corresponding to the position of the Duke of Cumberland.

It was more unfortunate for the Highlanders that they should have thus stood upon the defensive, than it had been for the army of Sir John Cope, because the advantage of their peculiar mode of warfare lay solely in the wild onset which they could make upon a passive body, while the regular troops were better fitted to sustain an attack with the necessary fortitude; and Charles may thus be said to have virtually renounced the chances which had hitherto won him so many victories, and put a corresponding advantage in possession of the Duke of Cumberland.

Many things, however, which appear imprudent to a superficial observer, or upon which that stigma has been fixed by an unfortunate event, would, if strictly inspected, and judged without regard to the issue, be found to be the result of necessity, or the result of necessity, or the most prudent course of action, under the circumstances could be pursued. This applies, we are persuaded, to the deeds of individuals as well as of public bodies, and ought to be constantly kept in mind, as a reason why we should judge leniently and with caution of what appear to be the failings of our fellow creatures. But it applies with particular force to the actions of a military leader, whom we are perhaps too apt to consider prudent when successful, and who is, on the other hand, scarcely ever called in question but when unsuccessful.

The leader of the insurgent army has hitherto been censured with unsparring rigour for meeting his enemy upon ground so favourable to the action of cavalry and artillery, and where he himself could bring so little of his own peculiar strength into play. It has appeared to what appear to be the failings of our fellow creatures. But it applies with particular force to the actions of a military leader, whom we are perhaps too apt to consider prudent when successful, and who is, on the other hand, scarcely ever called in question but when unsuccessful.

who avowed themselves unable to bear the fatigues of a hill campaign.

The historians and others who urge this charge of imprudence against the prince, do not seem to have taken into consideration the condition of the Highland army at this interesting crisis; nor do they allow for the weight of the misadventure which awaited Charles in remaining upon the course he did. The men, it must be remembered, were on the point of starving. There was no reason to suppose that delay would improve their circumstances. Had they retired to the hills, and permitted the Duke to advance to Inverness, they must have perished before reaching any place where provisions or shelter could be obtained. Even Lord George Murray, who is said to have chiefly advocated a retreat into the hills, allows, in a letter written after the battle, that the army were reduced to such a condition by famine, as only to have the alternatives of fighting or perishing. The reasons which remained for their meeting the royal army on the moor, were in reality very strong. It seemed to be essentially necessary that Inverness should be protected, as a defensible position, and as it contained their magazine and baggage. It was also obvious, that the men would fight either under the privations they were enduring, than when their misery had become aggravated by the fatigue of a mountain warfare. To have adopted, moreover, any expedient by which battle was to be avoided, was justly deemed by his royal highness as calculated to display the weakness of his army, and to shake the confidence in their superiority to the king's troops, and unmoved them for that extravagant exertion of courage, in which hitherto their chance of victory seemed altogether to lie.

Besides the prudential considerations which determined his conduct, there was probably another, arising from his feelings, which, if not holding a private place in his mental councils, may at least be allowed to have seconded and confirmed them. The victories hitherto achieved by his Highlanders, had been so astonishing in their nature, and so uninterrupted by the least share of bad success, that he began to be conscious of the impossibility of believing nothing impossible to them. He had seen them already successful over a body of troops as great as that of the Duke of Cumberland; and he was certainly justified in expecting them to do again what they had done before. He moreover seems to have entertained the ambitious of displaying the valour of his countrymen, and perhaps his own also, in a pitched battle. Such an emotion was not, we confess, consistent with the duties of true generalship; but it ought to be recollected, that the campaign had hitherto been conducted upon principles which set modern tactics at defiance. The most chivalrous of those knightly kings from whom Charles drew his descent, had once given way to a similar impulse, and expired it with his life. While we yield to James the admiration naturally excited by his romantic undertakings, we must not forget that he was never reprehended an hereditary ardour for glory in his descendant. Better, Charles would think, and it is not easy to condemn the sentiment, stake the whole fortune of the enterprise upon one fair and honourable battle, with the chance of a more brilliant triumph than any yet achieved, than stake it upon a war of attrition, and, after all the unsoldierly deaths in a prison of our own choosing.

There yet remained, however, before playing the great stake of a pitched battle, one chance of success, by the irregular route, by which the army was accustomed; and Charles, however anxious to be victorious, we speak of, had the good sense to put it to trial. This was a night attack upon the camp of the Duke of Cumberland. He rightly argued, that if his men could approach without being discovered, and make a simultaneous attack in more than one place, the royal forces, probably either engaged in drinking their commander's health, or sleeping off the effects of the debauch, must be completely surprised and cut to pieces, or at least effectually routed. On the proposal being agitated among the chiefs, it was voted to wait until the morning, and demur, though some could not help pointing out the extreme hazard of the attempt, and the evil effects which must result from it in case of failure. The time appointed for setting out upon the march, was eight in the evening; when daylight should have completely disappeared; and in the mean time, great pains were taken to conceal the secret from the army.

The disposition thus made was allowed by the best military men of the period to have been altogether admirable; because it was impossible for the Highlanders to break one regiment without finding two ready to oppose them. The arrangement of the Highland army was also allowed to be very good, upon a supposition that they were to be attacked.

Duke William, full of anxiety for the event of the day, took the opportunity afforded by the halt, to make a short speech to the troops. The tenor of his harangue, which he had preserved in the note-book of an English officer, shows, in the most unequivocal manner, how apprehensive his royal highness was regarding the behaviour of his troops. Without directly advertising to Preston or Falkirk, but evidently having those disastrous events in his eye, he implored them to be firm and collected—to dismiss all remembrance of former failures from their minds—to consider the great object for which they were here, no less than to save the liberties of their country, and the rights of their master. Having read a letter, in which he said he had found upon the person of a stranger, and in which sentiments of the most truculent nature were breathed against the English soldier, he represented to them, that, in their present circumstances, with marshy ways behind them, and surrounded by an enemy's cavalry, their interest lay in fighting. He was grieved, he said, to make the supposition that there could be a person reluctant to fight in the British army. But, if there were any here who would prefer to retire, whether from dissimulation to the cause, or because they had relations in the rebel army, he begged them in the name of God to do so, as he would rather face the Highlanders with one thousand determined men at his back, than have ten thousand with a tythe who were lukewarm. Catching enthusiasm from the language of the valiant duke shouting "Flank! flank! flank!" the soldiers found their courage screwed to the proper point, and impatiently desired to be led forward to battle.

It was suggested to the duke, at this juncture, that he should permit the men to dine, as it was now nearly one o'clock, and give time for that meal; and as they would not probably have another opportunity of satisfying their hunger for several hours. But he decidedly rejected the proposal. "The men," he said "will fight better and more actively with empty bellies; and, moreover, if you had a concourse of soldiers, who would desert they got to their dinner at Falkirk."

The army now marched forward in complete battle array, their fixed bayonets glittering in the sun, their colours flying, and the sound of a hundred drums rolling forward in defiance of the insurgents. Lord Kilmarnock had had reason to be alarmed, on seeing the army approach, that he felt a presentiment of defeat, from the cool, orderly, determined manner in which they marched. When within six hundred yards of the Highland lines, they found the ground so marshy as to take most of the regiments up to the knees, and the British artillery horses then sinking in a bog, some of the soldiers slung their carbines, and dragged the carriages on to their proper position. Soon after, the bog was found to terminate upon the right, so as to leave that flank uncovered; and being perceived by the all-vigilant duke, he ordered Colclough to repeat the order to the British artillery, Royals, and a body of horse to cover the whole wing in the same manner with the left. The army finally halted at the distance of five hundred paces from the Highlanders.

The day, which had hitherto been fair and sunny,

jected to some doubt. By information, derived through a channel of the most unquestionable nature, from Campbell of Dunstaffnage, one of the inferior chiefs in command of the Highlanders, we are enabled to state a fact, which at least shows that the duke was not labouring under a mania which had seized so many of their countrymen. On the night before the battle of Culloden, the heads of the clan held a meeting, unknown to the rest of the army, for the purpose of deliberating upon the line of conduct which it was eligible for them to pursue in the action which seemed pending. The resolution was, that the clan should give the royal army one chance more of suppressing the insurrection—that is to say, should continue faithful for one other battle; but that, if the Highlanders, as they were again, as they had so often done before, then should the clan declare for the Prince.

We anticipate the astonishment and incredulity with which this statement will be received; but can only aver, that, from the way in which the information has reached us, we are induced to give it implicit credit.

was now partially overcast, and a shower of snowy rain began to beat with considerable violence from the north-east. The Highlanders, who had found the weather so favourable to their attack, and who were so much disconcerted on finding it against them at Culloden; and the spirits of the regulars were proportionally raised by the circumstance. Charles saw and felt the disadvantage, and made some attempts, by manoeuvring to get to windward of the royal army; but these were all squandered away, and he was left at Falkirk with all his movements so that, after half an hour spent in mutual evolutions to outflank each other, the two armies at last occupied nearly their original ground.

Whilst these vain manoeuvres were going on, an incident took place, which served to excite the heroism and devoted loyalty of the Highlanders. A poor mountaineer, under whose ragged exterior a haughty Southern would have deemed that nothing but the meanest sentiments could dwell, resolved to sacrifice his life for the good of his prince and nation, and approached the ranks of the English, demanding quarters, and was sent to the rear. As he lunged backwards and forwards through the lines, apparently very indifferent to what was going on, and even paying no attention to the ridicule with which the soldiers greeted his uncouth appearance, Lord Fife, contrived to catch him, and, as he was passing, the Duke, happened to pass in the discharge of his duties, when all at once the Highlander seized one of the soldiers' muskets, and discharged it at that officer; receiving, next moment, with perfect indifference, and as a martyr, the shot with which another soldier had just terminated his career. He was then taken to the rear. He had intended to shoot the Duke of Cumberland, but fired prematurely, and without effect, at an inferior officer whose gaudy apparel seemed, in his simple eyes, to indicate the highest rank. The incident somewhat resembles one which occurred at the battle of Bannockburn; when Henry de Bohun attempted to slay King Robert Bruce. But the daring of the English knight was not equal to that of the Highlander; his chance of success having been great, and of his escape still greater, while the Highlander was, in every event, certain of destruction.

There is an interesting illustration in print, in which the beginning, middle, and end of the battle of Culloden are simultaneously represented, and which therefore conveys a remarkably distinct idea of the whole scene. This draught is calculated to be of material service in portraying the various successive changes in the action, and also in enabling a writer to give a picturesque idea of the ground, and of the positions and appearance of the armies. The spectator is supposed to stand within the enclosures so often mentioned, and to look northward along the lines towards Culloden House and the Moray Firth. In the fore ground, rather for the sake of giving a portrait of the hero of the day, than because this was his position, the artist has represented the duke on horseback, with a walking-cane extended in his hand, a star upon the breast of his long gold-laced coat, and his large good-bumoured head bent over to water a dog which he is driving round towards an side-d-camp, to whom he is giving orders. The long compact lines of the British regiments, each three men deep, extend along the plain, with narrow intervals between; the two flags of each regiment rising from the centre; the officers standing at the extremities, and the ranks of the Highlanders, in the distance, in advance, beating the proper points of war. The men have all tri-cocked hats, long coats resembling the modern surtout, sash-belts from which a sword depends, and long white gaiters buttoned up the sides. The character of the dress, there is one of *voluntarily simplicity*, strongly contrasting with the trim and consistant outline of the present military costume, which has almost reduced a soldier to the primitive "forked animal" of King Lear. The dragoons exhibit, if possible, still more cumbersome superfluity of attire; their long loose skirts flying behind them, and their long hair, which is curled up in a topknot, their prodigious stirrups-leathers, their huge holster-pistols and carbines, give altogether an idea of dignity and strength, fully as much in contrast with the light fantastic huzzar uniforms of modern times.

The Highlanders, and the regulars, stand in lines equally compact, like the regiments of the French, each three men deep. The only peculiarity in their dress, which is so well known as to require no general description, seems to be, that the philibeg, or kilt, is pulled through between the legs, in such a way as to show more of the person than is eligible for the eyes of the spectators of that peculiar garment. They have muskets over their left shoulders, basket-hilted broadswords by their left sides, pistols stuck into their girdles, and a small pouch hanging down upon the right loin, perhaps

for holding their ammunition. By the right side of every piece of ordnance, there is a cylindrical piece of wickerwork, for the protection of the artillerymen, all of whom appear to wear kilts like the rest.

The ground upon which the armies stand, is the plain swelling more already described, out of which Culloden House raises its erect form, without any of the plantations which now surround it. The spires of Inverness are seen upon the left, close to the rear. Upon the Moray Firth, which stretches along the back ground of the picture, the victualing ships ride at anchor, like witnesses of the dreadful scene about to ensue; and the magnificent hills of Ross raise their lofty forms in the remote distance, as if also taking an interest in the impending fate of the day.

Such were the aspect and circumstances of the two armies, upon whose conduct, during the next little hour, the eternal interests of Britain might in some measure be considered to depend. The hopes and fears of both parties may be supposed to be keen, on such an occasion, truly agitating—quite as much, so, indeed, as if each individual had staked his own life and fortune upon the issue. The soldiers on both sides, aware of the danger, as well as dishonour, which would attend a defeat, and deriving confidence from the merits of their respective causes, were all more wrought up to a degree of the highest resolution—it may almost be said, of desperation. Never, perhaps, was there a battle commenced before, with so high a stake depending upon its issue, and in which a greater struggle was therefore to be expected.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

Fair play, I'm sure the memory
Of all our Scottish fate;
Fair play, I'm sure the memory
Of all our Scottish fate;
How proud were we of our young Prince,
That he should be the only one
But all our hopes are past and gone
Upon Culloden day.

There was no lack of bravery there,
No lack of blood and valour;
For, one to two, our lads we dared,
For freedom or for death.
The better of you is best,
Of the two and the day—
Upon Culloden day.

Jacobsen Song.

The action was commenced by the Highlanders, who fired their cannon for a few minutes without being answered by the Royal Artillery. They had brought them to bear upon a point where, by means of glasses, they perceived they could perceive the duke. But the shot went clear over the heads of the king's troops, and for a long time did no other mischief than carrying off a leg from one of Blyth's regiment.

A few minutes after one o'clock, soon after the Highlanders had opened up their battery, Colonel Belford got up to the front of the cannon, chafed with the view, provoke the enemy to advance. The colonel, who was an excellent engineer, performed his duty with such effect, as to make whole lines through the ranks of the insurgents, besides tearing up the ground at their feet, and striking down the cottages and the huts of the Highlanders in a manner almost as terrific. He then fired two pieces at a body of horse amongst whom it was believed the prince was stationed; and with such precision did he take his aim, that that personage was bespattered with dirt raised by the balls, and a man holding a led horse by his side was killed.

Meanwhile, the duke rode about, calling upon his men to be firm in their ranks—to permit the Highlanders to mingle with them—to let them feel the force of the bayonet—to "make them know what men they had to do with"—and to order his dragoon's regiment to form an *enfilade* at the extremity of the left wing—that is to take a position perpendicular to the general line, so as to be ready to fall in upon and enclose the Highlanders, as soon as they should attack that division of his army. He also ordered two regiments of the rear line, or reserve, to advance to the second line. Finally, he took his position between the first and second lines, opposite to the centre of Howard's regiment, and of course a little nearer the left than the right wing.

Prince Charles, before the commencement of the battle, had rode along the lines of his little army, endeavouring, by the most judicious exhortations, encouragements, and language, to excite the Highlanders to their highest pitch of courage. They answered him with cheers, and with many an expression of devotion, which he could

only understand by the look with which it was uttered. He then again retired to the eminence which he originally occupied, and prepared with an anxious mind to await the result.

The great object of both parties at the battle of Culloden seems to have been, which should force the other to leave its position and make the attack. Charles for a long time expected that the duke would do this, because he was favoured with the wind and weather. But the duke, finding his cannon rapidly thinning the Highland ranks, without experiencing any loss in return, had no occasion whatever to make such a motion; and it therefore became incumbent upon Charles to take that course himself.

The victory of Preston, where the Highlanders felt little or no annoyance from cannon, had done away with a great deal of the fear in which they originally held these engines of destruction; and it seems to have been a capital error on Charles's part, to have restrained them, on the present occasion, to a pious, while that terror got full reason and leisure to return. He ought to have, on the contrary, rushed up, at the very first, to the lines of his enemy, and endeavoured to silence their artillery, as he had done at Preston, by a *coup de main*. Had he done so, a great number of lives might have been saved, and the flank would have been more completely broken, and a more uniform and simultaneous impulse.

It was not till the cannonade had continued nearly half an hour, and the Highlanders had seen many of their kindred stretched upon the heath, that Charles at last gave way to the necessity of ordering a charge. But the aide-de-camp intrusted to carry his message to the lieutenant-general—a youth of the name of MacLachlan—was killed by a cannon-ball before he reached the first line; but the general sentiment of the army, as reported to Lord George Murray, supplied the want; and that general took it upon him to order an attack, without Charles's permission having been communicated.

Lord George had scarcely determined upon ordering a general movement, when the MacIntoshes,—a brave and devoted clan, though never before engaged in action,—a clan which had broken the ranks of the English, and the French, broke from the centre of the first line, and rushed forward through smoke and snow to mingle with the enemy. The Atholemen, Camerons, Stuarts, Frasers, and MacLeans, then also went on. Lord George Murray heading them with that rash bravery which has ever marked the chief of the clan. The coming of one or two minutes, the charge was general along the whole line; except at the left extremity, where the MacDonalds, dissatisfied with their position, hesitated to engage.

It was the emphatic custom of the Highlanders, before an onset, to *scrag their bonnets*—that is, to pull their little blue caps down over their brows, so as to ensure them against falling off in the ensuing *mêlée*. Never, perhaps, was this motion performed with so much emphasis as on the present occasion, when every man's forehead was desirous to range close to the enemy. A Highlander had fallen a victim to the murderous tilley. A Lowland gentleman, who was in the line, and who survived till a late period, used always, in relating the events of Culloden, to comment, with a feeling of some thing like awe, upon the terrific and more than natural splendour of rage, which glowed in the eyes of the Highlanders in every eye, as he surveyed the extended line at this moment. It was an exhibition of mighty and all-engrossing passion, never to be forgotten by the beholder.

The action and event of the onset were, throughout, so diversified and so mental, as to excite much interest. Notwithstanding that the three files of the front line of English poured forth their incessant fire of musketry—notwithstanding that the cannon, now loaded with grape-shot, swept the field as with a hail-storm—notwithstanding

* One of this corps, though not of the clan name—old John Grant, long keeper of the inn at Aviemore—used to tell, that the first thing he saw of the enemy, was the long line of white gaiters belonging to an English regiment, which was suddenly revealed, when about twenty yards from the front of our British line, and was accompanied by a great smoke. According to the report of this veteran, the mode of drilling used by his leader, upon Culloden Moor, was very simple,—being directed by the following string of orders, expressed in Gaelic. "Come, my lads!—walk in, with your faces to Fortrose, and your backs to the Great Wall of our British empire." "Fire!" "Make good ready—present—now take good aim—fire—be sure to do execution—that's the point."—*Information by the editor of the Culloden papers.*

the flank fire of Wolfe's regiment,—onward, onward went the headlong Highlanders, flinging themselves into, rather than rushing upon the lines of the enemy, who, in the confusion, did not stop to deliberate among their weapons. All that courage—all that despair could do—was done. They did not fight like living or reasoning creatures, but like machines under the influence of some uncontrollable principle of action. The roar of the cannon—the scream of the onset—the thunders of the musketry—the din of the trumpet—and drums—confounded one sense; while the flash of the firearms, and the glitter of the brandished broadswords, dazzled and bewildered another. It was a moment of dreadful and agonising suspense—but only a moment; for the whirlwind could not keep the ranks with greater rapidity than the Highlanders cleared the line. They swept through and over that frail barrier, almost as easily and instantaneously as the bounding cavalcade brushes through the morning labours of the gossamer which stretch across its path. Not, however, with the same unconsciousness of the event. Almost every man in their front rank, chief and gentleman, fell before the deadly weapons which they had braved; and although the enemy gave way, it was not till every bayonet was bent and bloody with the strife.

When the first line had been completely swept aside, the assailants continued their impetuous advance till they came near the second, when, being almost annihilated by a profuse and well directed fire, the shattered remains of what had been but an hour before a numerous and confident force, at last submitted to destiny, by giving up and flying. Still a few rushed on, resolved rather to die than to forsake their well-accrued and dearly estimated honour. They rushed on—but not a man ever came in contact with the enemy. The last survivor perished as he reached the points of the bayonets.

The great advantage of the position, which the Highlanders on this occasion, is proved by the circumstance that, at one part of the plain, where a very vigorous attack had been made, their bodies were afterwards found in *layers three and four deep*; so many, it would appear, having in succession mounted over a prostrate foe, and then fallen. The Duke of Cumberland was particularly great among the brave MacIntoshes; insomuch, that the heroic lady who sent them to the field, afterwards told the party by which she was taken prisoner, that only three of her officers had escaped.

When the tide of the charge was performing this glorious work, fatal charge, the MacIntoshes, as the story stated, withheld themselves on account of their removal to the left wing. According to the report of one of their officers, the clan not only resented this indignity, but considered it as an ominous evil fortune to the day; the clan never having fought elsewhere, but on the right wing, since the auspicious battle of Bannockburn. The Duke of Perth, who was stationed amongst them, endeavoured to appease their anger by telling them, that, if they fought with their characteristic bravery, they would make the left wing a right, in which case he would as soon have chosen the noblest and bravest of the ground. But the insult was not to be expiated by this appeal to the spirit of clanship. Though induced to discharge their muskets, and even to advance a good way, they never made an onset. They endured the fire of the English regiment, which was directed at them, and they stood on, hewing up the heather with their broadswords, but they at last fled when they saw the other clans give way. Out of the whole three regiments, only one man is commemorated as having displayed conduct worthy of the gallant name which he bore. This was the Chief of the Knapoch, a man of a cheerful and generous nature, noted for great private worth. When the rest of the clan retreated, Keppoch advanced, with a pistol in one hand and a drawn sword in the other, resolved apparently to sacrifice his life to the offended genius of his name. He had got but a little way from his regiment, when he was brought down to the ground. A clansman of more than ordinary devotedness, who followed him, and with tears and prayers conjured him not to throw his life away, raised him with the cheering assurance that his wound was not mortal, and that he might stand by the side of his chief, and behold his name followed to take care of himself, and again rushing forward, received another shot, and fell to rise no more.

When the whole front line of Charles's host had been thus repulsed, they only remained to him the hope that the English would not be able to follow up the victory of the clans had fallen back, might yet make head against the English infantry; and he eagerly sought to put himself at their head, in order to make one last desperate effort at success. But, though a troop of the Irish piquets, by a spirited fire, checked the pursuit which a body of dragoons commenced after the MacDonalds, and one of Lord Lewis Gordon's regiments did similar service in regard to another troop which now began to break through the inclosures on the right, the whole body gave way at once, on observing the English regiments advancing to charge them. Their hearts were broken, with despair rather than with terror; and the confusion of their system, and the confusion of their ranks, was such, that they were unable to make any resistance. "Prince—ohon! ohon!"—the ejaculation by which Highlanders express the bitterest grief. As they said this they fled; nor could all his entreaties nor those of his officers, prevail upon them to stand.

It was indeed a complete rout. The mountaineers had done all that their system of warfare taught them, and all that their natural strength had enabled them to perform; they had found this vain; and all that then remained was to withdraw. Charles saw the condition of his troops with the despair of a ruined gamester. He could scarcely be persuaded that God had struck him with so severe an infliction. He lingered on the field, in the fond hope that all was not yet lost. He even moved to charge the enemy, as if his own single person could have availed against so big a destiny. Conformed to his feelings, and in tears, it required the utmost efforts of his attendants to restrain him from making such hopes by a retreat; and he at last only left the field when to have remained would have but added his own destruction to that of the many brave men who had already split their heart's blood in his cause.*

The pursuit of the routed forces did not immediately follow the retreat of the insurgents. After the latter had withdrawn their shattered strength, the English regiments, upon many of which they had produced a dreadful impression, were ordered to resume the ground which they had lost, and to dress their ranks. The dragoon regiments, which the duke had been obliged to enclose the charging Highlanders as in a trap, were checked, as already stated, by the flanks of the Prince's second line; and they had altogether been so severely handled by the insurgents, that it was some time ere they recovered the vigour sufficient to commence or sustain a general pursuit.

The English dragoons at length did break forward, and join, as intended, in the centre of the field, so as to make a vigorous and united charge upon the rear of the fugitives. Charles's army then broke into two great bodies, the one retreating towards the north, and the other open road for Inverness, while the other turned off towards the southwest, crossed the river Nairn, and found refuge among the hills.

The fate of the first of these divisions was the most disastrous, their route subjected to the easiest pursuit. It lay along an open moor, which the light horse of the enemy could bound over with the utmost speed. A dreadful slaughter took place; involving many of the inhabitants of Inverness, who had approached the battle ground from curiosity, and whose dress subjected them to the enemy's aiming vigour of the solidiers. Some of the French, who had the sense to fly first, reached Inverness in safety; but scarcely any who wore the Highland dress escaped with their lives. A broad pavement of carnage marked four out of the five miles in which the pursuit was continued, and that city, the last of the slain being found at the place called Milburn, about a mile from the extremity of the suburbs.

It is remarkable as characteristic of the Highlanders, that in their retreat some of them displayed a degree of coolness and bravery, which would have done credit to the best troops of the line in any other right wing retreat, as already stated, almost without any annoyance. In their way to cross the river Nairn, they met a large party of English dragoons which had been despatched to intercept them. Such was the desperate fury of their appearance, that the troopers opened their ranks to permit them to pass, and then to retire. Only one man attempted to annoy the wretched fugitives. He was an officer, and dearly did he pay for his cruel temerity. Advancing to seize a Highlander, the man cut him down with one blow of his claymore. Not that he was the first to fall. He was followed, and, with the greatest deliberation, possessed himself of his victim's gold watch. He passed him to the rear, whilst

* It required all the eloquence, and indeed all the active exertions of Sullivan, to make Charles quit the field. A more than ordinary effort was made by Sullivan, the subject at the point of death, declared he saw Sullivan, after using entreaties in vain, turn the head of the prince's horse, and drag him away.

the commander of the party could only look on in silence, astonished at the coolness of the mountaineer, if not secretly applauding him for so brave a deed.

Another Highlander signalled himself in a still more remarkable way. He was one of those prodigious bodilystrength; his name Golice Macbane. When all his companions had fled, Golice, singled out and wounded, set his back against a wall, and, with his target and claymore, bore singly the onset of a party of dragoons. Pushed to desperation, he was resisted obstinately at his knees, who crowded and encumbered themselves to have the glory of slaying him. "Save that brave fellow," was the unregarded cry of some officers. Poor Macbane was cut to pieces, though not till thirteen of his enemies lay dead around him.

When Charles retreated, it was with such precipitation, that his bonnet and wig flew off his head before he cleared the battle ground. The peruke being fortunately entangled in falling by some part of his horse's furniture, he easily recovered it; but his bonnet reached the ground, and was necessarily left behind. A High-lander would have seen, in this loss of his gold-encircled and coronet-like head-piece, an ominous emblem of the departure of the crown from him and his family. He happened fortunately to retreat along with the right wing, and reached the hills in safety.

The statistics of the day were with such precipitation, that the battle of 18th, which was with hasted little more than forty minutes, most of which brief-space of time was spent in distant firing, and very little in the active struggle. It was as complete a victory as possible on the part of the royal army, but a still more disastrous defeat on that of the Highlanders. Less praise is due, however, to the victors than to the vanquished. Their force and condition for fighting were so superior, their artillery did so much to their hands, and the plan of the battle was so much in their favour, that to have lost the day would have argued a degree of misbehaviour rarely met with in military conduct. The only excuse is, however, the natural result of incidental circumstances. Great praise was awarded afterwards by the voice of fame to Barre's, Morro's, and some other regiments, for their fortitude in bearing the attack of the Highlanders, and for their killing so many; but these battalions were only the vanguard of the army, and the whole front line shaken so much, that the MacDonald regiments made a simultaneous charge along with the other clans, the day might have had a different issue. Such was the opinion of the Chancellor Johnstone, whose experience in warfare must be considered to judge correctly. But the circumstances altogether, to prove, that, at this period, the fortune of the day was very doubtful, and that indeed the tide of courage, which had hitherto sustained the hearts of the duke's soldiers, was just beginning to turn and ebb, when the Highlanders relented their retreating. They had, it will be observed, swept over and destroyed a great portion of the first line; their friends behind had done much to obviate the trap-stratagem of the enclosures; and, above all, when the clans retired from the struggle, some time was passed before the duke's horsemen subsequently made their success to commence pursuit. Had not much been done to appeal the duke—had not the Highlanders performed such prodigies of valor as to make them be feared even in flight—had it not, indeed, been a question in the minds of the British soldiers whether they should not have made use of the victory they had seen and felt—the chase would have been more instantaneous and energetic, and the fight less easy and secure.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONSEQUENCES OF THE BATTLE OF CULODEN.

The target is torn from the arms of the just,
The sword is chief of the victor's crest;
The claymore for ever in darkness must rest,
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue;
Why slept the red ball in the breast of the cloud,
Nor when dravny revolved the wheels of the wood?
Forewarn, my young hero, the gallant and good!
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy head.

—*Macdonald.*

The very cruelty which the victors exercised after they were certain of their good fortune, is a proof that they did not achieve their victory without great pains; as bad temper is the sure result of a difficult argument. Not that the soldiers were less humane by means of their muskets and bayonets, they unheeded their swords after the action, and, with the gestures of savages, ran loose over the field, cutting down all who ex-

hibited any symptoms of life, and even taking a malignant pleasure in inflicting fresh stabs upon the bosoms of the slain. They did this as much in sport as in rage; it is said that, at last, they sought amusement by splashing one another with the horrid liquid which overflowed the field. According to the report of one of themselves, they finally "looked like a good butchers, rather than an army of Christian soldiers."

It was afterwards related to nullify this dreadful scene of forgery, in an order with the signature of Lord George Murray, to the effect that no quarter was to be given to the king's troops. Though such had really been the case, would it have excused a butchery which took place before it was discovered?

The true cause of the cruelty so much complained of on this disastrous occasion, and which has so effectually tarnished the renown of the Duke of Cumberland, is to be found in the several defeats which the victors had before sustained from the Highlanders, of which the last was not the least. When they at length overpowered an enemy from whom they had experienced so much annoyance, they did not well know how to use their good fortune; but, in the heat of the moment, went to the extreme of cruelty, as the measure at once consistent with their own desire of vengeance, and to be attributed to the contempt of the more civilized nations. The English actually looked on the heaths in human shape—beasts, with the additional disqualification of being more pestilent and dangerous than the most of the brute creation. The simple honour of the victors, in the bestial manner of the unhappy clansmen, were totally unknown to, or at least unappreciated by the dissolute and inconsiderate soldiery; who, in stabbing their still living but unresisting bodies, probably felt no more compunction, than if they had been only clanking upon a common animal, which it was necessary to annihilate utterly, lest they should still have the power of striking.

It is a trite remark, but one which applies well to the present case, that civil contests are ever attended by circumstances of greater violence and cruelty than any other species of warfare. The passions of the moment, the prejudices of both parties, that no quarter was given or taken on either side. It was but natural for the Highlanders to fight with desperation, and rather to die than be taken; for the fate with which the Carlisle prisoners were menaced, assured them that they had no mercy to expect from government. But the same excuse does not hold with the regular forces, who must have been aware that the insurgents had all along been as kind as circumstances would permit to their prisoners, and in general allowed them to go at large upon parole. The king's troops ought therefore to have treated the highlanders as the friends of Coluden, since the Highlanders could be expected to show to the king's troops. The reverse was the case.

The barbarities which followed the victory of Culoden, when the fervour of battle must have been cooled, and the victors completely assured of receiving no more resistance from the enemy, were such, that they can scarcely be related by the present age; and the writer who now undertakes to display them in their real colours, may perhaps incur the charge of exaggeration or prejudice. Hence this imputation, however, nor any sentiment of horror shall be admitted to stiffen the statements which so many former historians have, for these or for worse reasons, withheld.

The most obvious charge of barbarity which can be brought against the Duke of Cumberland, in reference to this period of the campaign, is that he did not take the precaution of taking the heads of the victors in civilized warfare, of attending to the wounded of the enemy in common with those of his own army. Charles, who, notwithstanding all the attempts which have been made to show him up as a monster, cannot be denied to have been a victor with moderation and humanity, had all along treated the wounded of his prisoners with the most anxious and considerate kindness; even Cumberland himself, at various periods of the campaign, in order to provide for their comfort. But with the Duke of Cumberland, whose opportunities of displaying humanity were so numerous, the same was not the case. Not only did he permit the bloody scene already described where the wounded insurgents were indiscriminately massacred, but he actually took a personal interest in

the completion of the dreadful work. Soon after the battle, he was riding over the field, accompanied by Colonel Wolfe, the future hero of Quebec, when he observed a wounded Highlander put up on the elbow, and look at him with what appeared to his eyes a smile of defiance. "Wolfe," he cried, "shoot me that Highland scoundrel, who thus dares to look on us with so insolent a stare."—"My commission," said the gentle and excellent Wolfe, "is not authorized to make with the sword, he can never consent to become an executioner." The Highlander, in all probability, was soon despatched by some less scrupulous hand; but it was remarked that, from that day, the recusant officer declined visibly in the favour and confidence of his commander.

It was a fact equally authentic with the preceding, that, on the day after the action, when it was discovered that some of the wounded had survived both the weapons of the enemy and the dreadful rains which fell in the interval, he sent out detachments from Inverness, to put those who were supposed to be alive to death. The vigorous exertions of his barbarous commands performed their duty with awful accuracy and deliberation; carrying all they could find to different pieces of rising ground throughout the field, where, having first ranged them in due order, they despatched them by shot of musketry. On the following day, the Prince of Cumberland was sent out to search the houses of the neighbouring peasantry, in which, it was understood, many of the mutilated Highlanders had taken refuge. They found so great a number as almost to render the office revolting to his ears; but, as it was supposed that the rebels had received more aid from the hands of the officers, all were conscientiously murdered. An unconcerned eye witness afterwards reported to the writer just quoted, that on this day he saw no fewer than seventy-two individuals "killed in cold blood!" Dreadful, however, as this scene must have been, it was surpassed in the number of wickedness by that of supererogatory cruelty which was acted by the soldiers in the course of their other operations. At a little distance from the field of battle, there was a wretched hut, used for sheltering sheep in stormy weather, into which the Highlanders had retired, and were actually crawling. The soldiery, on discovering them, actually proceeded to secure the door and set the house in flames; so that all within perished, including many persons who were merely engaged in attending the wounded. In the rubbish of this habitation, between thirty and forty individuals were afterwards found, were found by the country people, after the monsters had departed from the scene of their ravages.

But by far the most horrible instance of cruelty which occurred in the course of these unhappy times, was one which took place in the immediate vicinity of the House. Nineteen wounded officers of the Highland army had been carried, immediately after the battle, from a wood in which they had found their first shelter, to the court-yard of that residence, where they remained two days in the open air, with their wounds unattended, and only receiving aid of kindness from the steward of the house, as that official chose to render at the risk of his own life. Upon the third day, when the search was made throughout the neighbouring cottages, three miserable men were seized by the ruthless soldiers, tied with ropes, tossed into a cart, and taken out of the house. They were then ordered to the ground, where they were commanded to prepare for immediate death. Such as retained the use of their limbs, or whose spirits, formerly so daring, could not sustain them through this trying scene, fell upon their knees, and, with piteous cries and many invocations to heaven, implored mercy. But they petitioned in vain. Before they had been ranged up for the space of a single minute—before they could utter one brief prayer to heaven, the platoon, which stood at the distance of only two or three yards, received orders to fire. Almost every individual in the unhappy company fell prostrate upon the ground, and expired in pain. But a few of the worst of the men were ordered to climb to their muskets, and dash out the brains of all who seemed to show any symptoms of life. This order was obeyed literally. One individual alone survived—a gentleman of the clan Fraser. He had received a mortal wound in the head, and the blow of a life-butt of a soldier's musket was accordingly applied to his head to despatch him; nevertheless, though his nose and cheek were dashed in, and one of his eyes dashed out, he did not expire. He lay for some time in a state of agony not to be described, when Lord Boyd, observing that the man was still alive, ordered him to be conveyed to a secure place, when he recovered in the course of three months. The unfortunate man lived many years

The intelligence of the battle of Culloden, so important in its nature and results, produced different effects upon the public mind, according to the sentiments of those by whom it was heard. The Jacobites received it as a total overthrow to their fond and long cherished hopes; while the friends of the partitions of government saw support, and, too, overpowering to admit of a thought upon the misery in which it involved so many of their countrymen. The news reaching Edinburgh during the night between Saturday and Sunday, and being announced to the ears of the slumbering inhabitants by discharges of cannon, many of the unhappy Jacobites were found next morning stretched upon their couches in a state of insensibility.¹⁰

broken up; and there remained no hope, in the estimation of men of sense, that it would ever again unite in such force as successfully to make head against the enemy.

The prince, under this conviction, despatched a messenger to the Badenoch party, within two days after the battle, thanking them for their zeal in his service, but desiring them to do what they thought was best for their own preservation, till a more favourable opportunity for action presented itself. The party, which numbered little above a thousand men, accordingly dispersed; and there was not then, any where, three hundred men together in arms against the state.

The prince received, at Glenbisdale, a messenger from Lord George Murray, stating that he would not leave his country, as Lord George had heard that he intended. Clanranald, who here joined the party, along with Mr. Lockhart, younger of Carnwath, Mr. James MacDonald the banker, and some others, offered to fit up a few summer sheelings in various parts of his country, for the accommodation and shelter of quarters, as occasion should require, till he (Clanranald), and some other chosen persons, should take a trip to the Isles, and look out for a vessel to convey his royal highness to France. But Charles was overpersuaded by his fears, and by the advice of Sullivan; and firmly announced his resolution to see the rebels to the Isles.

The prince spent four days in Arasaig, awaiting the arrival of one Donald MacLeod, who had been required to come from the Isle of Skye, in order to act as his guide to the Isles. Before Donald arrived, an alarm was one day given that the enemy were at hand, and the whole party immediately dispersed, each to seek shelter where best he might, among the neighbouring hills and woods. Charles was wandering alone through a forest, pondering his altered fortunes and his present distress, when, in the midst of a gloom, he observed an aged Highlander approaching him. He asked the man if he was Donald MacLeod of Gualterig, in the Isle of Skye. The Highlander answered in the affirmative; when the prince rejoined, "Then I am he who sent for you; you see the distress I am in; I throw myself into your arms; I am your son; do with me as you like; and your father resigns me to your mercy into your hands." The old man never could repeat this moving address without shedding a flood of tears.

In the evening of the 24th, Charles, along with Sullivan, O'Neil, Burke, and other seven persons, embarked in an open eight-oared boat, at Port Arannagh, the pilot being a certain boat-lad named Donald MacLeod, acting as bay, sat at the stern, with Charles twistist his knees. This aged person, being an experienced mariner, was certain, from the appearance of the sky, and the direction of the wind, to entreat the prince to defer his voyage till next day. But Charles insisted upon immediately leaving the continent where he apprehended so much danger. In the boat there were four pecks of oatmeal, and a pot in which they could boil meat when they landed.

As old MacLeod had foretold, they had scarcely got thirty miles to sea when a storm arose. The wind blew a tempest; the waves of the Atlantic rose with tumultuous fury; and it was altogether a night surpassing in danger all that MacLeod, an experienced boatman, had ever before seen upon that wild sea. The boatmen were all in a foam, and the crew were in great distress, and they had neither the power nor compass. In the darkness of the night, none of the crew knew where they were, and serious apprehensions were entertained lest the boat should either founder, or be driven upon Skye, where the person of the prince would be in great danger.

Mr. Carnegie of Balmarnock, an Angus gentleman, who had been engaged on the prince's side at the battle of Colloiden, used to tell in after life, that, although he made considerable haste in returning home, he had observed the field, he was thirty miles from the shore, when he observed a countryman of the name of Peter Logie, who, to retard his motions, had a club foot, and moreover was a very little and weak looking man. This body, as Balmarnock used to call him, was afterwards taken up and questioned by the king's soldiers, regarding his share in the rebellion. He was so conscientious a Jacobite, that he would not prevaricate even to save his life; and he thought proper to give a candid affirmation to all the three successive questions, which demanded, if he had been at Preston—at Falkirk—and at Colloiden. But when at length asked, "What was your share in the rebellion?" he, being accompanied by a glance at the club-foot—had given an answer very far from the truth, though sufficiently expressive of wounded vanity. "I had the honour," said Peter, "to be his royal highness's dancing master."

would at once become a prey to the militia, who were roaming about that island in great numbers. At length, a period was put at once to their danger from the sea, and their apprehensions from the militia, by the approach of daylight, which showed them to be upon the coast of Scotland, and that the storm having carried the boat upwards of an hundred miles in nine or ten hours. They landed at Rossinisk Point, the northern corner of the Island of Benbecula, and, having hauled their boat upon dry land, prepared a humble supper of oatmeal and the flesh of a cow, which they had killed and killed.

In order to give the reader a proper idea of the danger which the prince now ran, it is necessary to remind him that the reward of thirty thousand pounds, which had been offered by the British government for his apprehension, at the beginning of the campaign, still hung over his head, and indeed was now more ostentatiously offered than ever. The magnitude of the sum was such as seemed calculated to overcome every scruple on the part of his friends; and it was daily expected, throughout the whole of the country, that he would be given up by one or other of them for the accomplishment of such an end might be omitted, parties of soldiers were sent out in every direction, each eager than another to secure the splendid prize. The duke's instruction to his officers was, "No prisoners, gentlemen, you understand me." Among all who were employed in this duty, no man seems to have been so eager as the leader of the Campbells, now raised to the rank of general. On a report arising that the Chevalier had taken refuge into Kilda, that active person instantly repaired to the island with a large fleet. Sir Kilda, "placed far amidst the melancholy main," is the remotest of all the Western Islands, and is peopled by only a few aboriginal families, who subsist chiefly on fish and sea-fowl, paying a rent to the Laird of the vicinity. When the prince arrived to collect the same, was then the only visitor whom the lonely Sir Kildans ever saw. On Campbell's fleet coming within sight, the people fled in terror to caves and the tops of mountains; and it was not without considerable difficulty that the general could procure a hearing amongst them, who, when he asked them, "where you found," "what had become of the Pretender?" expecting to discover their guilt by the confusion of their manners, or perhaps to get a candid confession. But the only answer they could get from the simple Islanders, was "that they had never heard of such a person; and that they were the last of the tribe; and that they had a report, probably communicated by some stray fishermen, that their laird (MacLeod) had been at war with a woman a great way abroad, and that he had got the better of her. The general returned on board, to retrace his long disagreeable voyage, with feelings which need not be described, but in which few of our readers will be disposed to sympathise with him.

Meanwhile, the Duke of Cumberland took measures for disarming the insurgent clans, and for inflicting that vengeance upon their country, which the atrocity of their late life merited.

The Earl of Loudoun, the Laird of MacLeod, and Sir Alexander MacDonald, with seventeen hundred militia, and General Campbell, with his eight hundred Argyle men, were marched into Lochabar; six hundred Grants were sent into the Glens of the Firth; and the Duke of the North Britains were despatched to Ross-shire; to effect these desirable objects. Lord Forrester, son of the Earl of Seaforth, raised the Mackenzies, to guard the passages to the Isles; orders were given along the coast to prevent any suspicious persons from making their escape by sea; and the Earl of Mar kept bodies of local militia were placed at all the passes out of the Highlands, and even at the fords of the Frew and the ferries across the Frith of Forth; in order to insure the ultimate and leisurely capture of all the unfortunate insurgents.

From the month after the battle of Colloiden, when every preparation had been made, the duke set out from Inverness upon a tour of vengeance. He had previously issued a proclamation, requiring the rebels to deliver up their arms, and submit to the king's mercy, and that he would be so generous a proposal. These, therefore, who would not take the chance of civil, he now determined to visit, if possible, with the certainty of military execution. He went to Fort Augustus, with Kingess's horse and eleven battalions of foot, his high accommodation a summer camp was established. A house was erected

of turf, and provided with windows and furniture, for his own use. There, in the midst of the rebel country, with all his troops extending in parties around him, he might be compared to a huge blue-bellied spider, riding in the midst of his wide-spreading meshes.

Several of the clans had, in the meantime, entered into a bond of mutual defence, for the desperate purpose of resisting the power which they saw was about to close upon and destroy them. At the head of this movement, were the chiefs of the clans of Ross, Clanranald, Stewart, and of the clans of Keppoch, Barisdale and MacInnion, each of whom was to assemble his men, and bring as many other leaders as he could advertise or persuade into the measure, on the 15th of May. When the day of meeting came, few were found at the place of rendezvous, on any of the terms of the bond, but under which each clan lay, of defending its own country. They expected assistance from France, but none arrived in time. The duke therefore found them still in open rebellion, and yet incapable of resistance.

A period of rapine and massacre now ensued, upon whose details we would willingly shut our eyes, but which the duty of an historian compels us, however reluctantly, to record. The general outline of the devastation, as given in the heartless publications of the day, was simply, that strong parties of soldiers, and desperadoes, in the name of the government, had entered the country, burnt all the houses, carried off all the cattle, and shot every male inhabitant who fled at their approach. But the filling up of this dreadful picture comprises a thousand horrors. By the conflagration of the houses, the merable innocent persons, including the young, the sick, and the aged, were rendered homeless; by the abstraction of the cattle, the same persons were deprived of their daily food; by the massacre of the fugitives, many of whom were innocent of even the imaginary crime imputed to them, the whole population was laid in lament over the bloody corpses of the kindred. Under circumstances of such unparalleled distress, the widows and orphans of the slain had either to resign themselves to a slow and lingering death, or to anticipate it by perishing of fatigue, among the pathless mountains, in wandering towards the distant coast, to reach the merciful arms of the government. Some followed the parties which drove their cattle towards Fort Augustus, with the miserable hope of getting back a few for their subsistence by working upon the pity of the oppressors. But they had only the mortification of seeing their property sold, and their families reduced to the mercenary droves of the south. It might have been expected that at this place, where there was a sort of public market for the time, the wretched victims would have been able to subsist at least upon charity. Instead of that mitigated fate, they were reduced to such extremities of hunger, as often to approach the shambles where the soldiers killed cattle for their own use, and, with the humblest air and many entreaties, beg permission to lick up the blood and the soil of the slaughtered beasts!

Before the 10th of June, the task of desolation was complete throughout all the western parts of Inverness-shire; and the curse which had been denounced upon Scotland, by the religious enthusiasts of the preceding century, was at length so entirely fulfilled in this remote region, that it would have been almost too cruel to repeat, for a few days they were degraded glens, without seeing a chimney smoke, or hearing a cock crow.

It is generally allowed that the duke himself, though the instigator of these cruelties, did not show so much open or active cruelty as some of the more mercenary instruments of the royal vengeance. General Hawley, the officers, apparently thinking no extent of cruelty a sufficient compensation for his loss of honour at Falkirk. The names of Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, Captain Caroline Scott, and Major Lockhart, are among the blood-down to calling every man a rebel, and every man a wolf. The last, in particular, did not even respect the protections which Lord Loudoun had extended (by virtue of a commission from the duke), to those who had taken an early opportunity of submitting to him; but he expected to be saved on that unhappy day, as he ordered them to execution and their houses to the flames, that, though they were to show him a protection from Heaven, it should not prevent him from doing his duty!"

It reflects great credit upon the Highlanders, that, in the midst of all these calamities, they displayed no disposition to take mean or invidious means of avenging them, though, with arms in their hands, and acquainted as they

were with the country, they might have often done so both easily and securely. Only one soldier is said to have perished by the hand of an assassin, during the whole of this frightful campaign. The only person who was to the triumphant party a matter of great gratulation, affording them a sort of excuse for further cruelties: while, by the thinking part of the Jacobites, it was regarded with horror and bitterness of spirit. A domestic tale, which the Jacobites told of George, on his return home after a short expedition, shows, that during his absence, his property had been destroyed, his wife violated, and his home rendered desolate. In the bitterness of the moment, he vowed deadly revenge. Learning that the officers who had commanded the spoilers, and who had been the ravagers of his wife, rode upon a white horse, he rushed abroad with his musket, determined never to rest till he had accomplished his vow. After wandering several weeks, without discovering the villain, he one day observed an officer approaching at the head of a party, armed upon white horses, and he immediately described. This was not the real perpetrator of his wrongs, but a very worthy man, Major Monro of Culcain, a younger brother of the late Sir Robert Monro of Foulis, who had, unfortunately for himself, borrowed the white horse of the Jacobites. The infuriated Highlander took aim from behind some crag, and fired; the officer looked the road, and shot the major dead. He then fled through the rugged country, and was soon beyond pursuit. On afterwards learning that he had killed an innocent man, he burst his gun, and renounced the vow which had bound him to vengeance. Bodding and various other writers narrate the circumstance of Culcain's assassination, but it is only now for the first time justified, by a full disclosure of the facts which led to it.

Whilst the natives and the fugitive prince were endeavouring to escape, Duke William, and his army, lay encamped at Fort Augustus, during their time in a ceaseless round of festivity. Enriched by the sale of their spoils, the soldiers could purchase all the luxuries which the Lowlands could supply, or which could be conveniently procured from the frumpkins; and for several weeks their camp exhibited all the coarse and dissipated revelries of an English fair. It was common, while thousands were starving around them, to hear these microbes talking, over their feasts, of the languor and tedium of their campaign—looking with affected horror upon the wretched natives, and with a hypocritical order to bring them into such a wilderness, and in order to amuse them, the duke instituted races, which were run by the troops of the camp, with circumstances of indecency which forbid description. General Hawley acknowledged that he had seen Howard, and probably rendered a proficient in that exercise by his practice at Falkirk, gained it by four inches.

"At this time," says the volunteer Ray, "most of the soldiers had horses, which they bought and sold with one another at a low price, and on which they were constantly riding about, to the neglect of their duty, which made it necessary to publish an order, that, unless immediately parted with, the animals should be sold. I saw a soldier riding on one of these horses, when a comrade passing by asked him, 'Tom, what hast thou given for this fellow?' 'Twenty shillings,' he said. 'I saw a comrade buy a horse for eighteen pence!' Notwithstanding this lowness of price," continues Ray, "the vast quantities of cattle, such as oxen, horses, sheep, and goats, taken from the farmers of Yorkshire, and sent up in the lumps, by the jockies and drovers of Yorkshire, to the Lowlands, cost the Government a deal of money—all of which was divided as booty among the men who had brought them in. These, being sent out in search of the pretender, frequently came to the rebels, who had left them, refusing to be reduced to obedience; and the soldiers commonly plundered and burnt, so that many of them grew rich by their share of spoil."

The manners of the British soldiery at this time have been already described as extremely dissolute; but to intensify their vice, they now added a degree of savage barbarism, which would have actually disgraced the brigands of Italy. Not content with laying waste the country of the active insurgents, they extended their ravages, before the end of the season, over peaceful districts, and the very gates of the capital; and for some time Scotland might be said to have been a common-law-outside its whole bounds as a conquered country, subject to the domination of military law. The voice of Lord President Forbes was occasionally heard amidst the anarchy, and he took of pity described in the allegory as interpreting the same scene; but, on this occasion, the old man remonstrating with the duke, by a repre-

sentation that his soldiers were breaking the laws of the land, his royal highness is said to have answered with scorn, "The laws, my lord! By G—, I'll make a law; and I'll send a lawless soldier to seize the property of the innocents, even within a few miles of the seat of the Court of Session; nor did the soldiers ever appeal to the neighbouring justices for warrants, when about to plunder their houses. The lawful creditors of unfortunate individuals were, in innumerable instances, mortgaged, and the lawless soldier seized the property which they looked for payment, and unceremoniously expose it to public rump for their own behalf. Such transactions often took place on Sundays, to the general scandal of the nation."

The license of the soldiery extended to the most tranquil districts of the country, and was often exercised upon people of unquestionable innocence. A party of dragoons, hurrying through Nithdale in search of some wandering insurgents, drew up, hungry and fatigued, at the door of a lonely widow, and demanded refreshment. Her son, a lad of sixteen, dressed them up some young soldier, and the good woman brought new milk, which she told them was all her stock. One of the party inquired, with seeming kindness, how she lived—"Indeed," quoth she, "the cow and the garden, y' God's blessing, is a' the weel that I can get my hands on; and I'll be true to the cow, and destroyed the garden. The poor woman thus rendered destitute, soon died of a broken heart; and her disconsolate son wandered away beyond the inquiry of friends or the search of compassion. Afterwards, in the Seven-years' War, when the British army had gained a great and signal victory, the soldiers were making merry with wine, and recounting their exploits, when a dragoon cried out, "I once starved a Scotch witch in Nithdale. I killed her cow and destroyed her greens; but," added he, "she could live, for all that, on *her* God, as I can live on *my* God, and I'll be true to *my* God, soldier, starting up, "Don't you rue it?" "Rue what?" said the miscreant, "ye rue sugh like that!" "Then, by—," cried the youth, unsheathing his sword, "that woman was my mother—draw you, brutal villain, draw!" The soldier, who had been standing with his back to the dragoon, turned round, and while he turned him, through the throes of death, exclaimed, "Had you rued it, you should have been only punished by your God!"

At length, a public outbreak of a peculiarly heinous nature became the means of terminating this *regime of terror*. The Duke of Cumberland, who was at the head of the garrison by some unexplained expression uttered in the course of business, was seized by the ruffians, stripped naked on the public street, bound upon a lamp-post, and there flogged in military fashion, notwithstanding the protestations of the Duke of Devonshire, and the general horror of the people. The news of this transaction, which happened six months after the total suppression of "the rebellion," spread over all Scotland, and had nearly occasioned a new insurrection. The state-officers of the country, who had hitherto meekly submitted to the domination of the Duke, then at his instigation, rose in remonstrance against a system which promised so much mischief; and on their representation, farther violence was prohibited by the express command of government.

Besides the measures already described as having been taken by the Duke of Cumberland and his friends, the others were adopted of a nature which would have led to the dissolution of government to attain that object. The general assembly of the church, about the end of May, was required to command all the placed clergymen throughout the country, to read a proclamation from their pulpits, in which they were directed every minister and every layman were adopted of a nature which would have led to the dissolution of government to attain that object. The general assembly of the church, about the end of May, was required to command all the placed clergymen throughout the country, to read a proclamation from their pulpits, in which they were directed every minister and every layman were adopted of a nature which would have led to the dissolution of government to attain that object. The general assembly of the church, about the end of May, was required to command all the placed clergymen throughout the country, to read a proclamation from their pulpits, in which they were directed every minister and every layman were adopted of a nature which would have led to the dissolution of government to attain that object.

It is not observable, in any authentic documents, that the Duke gave any sanction to the fugitives, were punished with death; but it is at least clear, from the proclamation was read in the churches of Perth and its vicinity, by order of the Duke of Cumberland, threatening that punishment all who concealed them, or even their arms. Rewards were also offered in Ireland and

the Isle of Man, for the apprehension of any who might land in those territories; and the British ministers at foreign courts in alliance with his majesty, were ordered to secure all who might take refuge there. No means, on short notice, were ordered, which might tend to the grand object of exterminating these unhappy victims of state resentment.

The consequence was, that, besides the numbers who perished in the course of what the soldiers termed *rebel-raiding*, hundreds were immured in the jails of the state, and the inmates of the Brixton prison. The chief men of distinction who fell into the hands of government, besides the Earl of Cromarty and Lord MacLeod, who had been taken before Culloden, were the Earl of Kilmarnock, Lords Lovat and Belmerino, the Marquis of Tulibardine, and Secretary Murray. Lord Kilmarnock's capture was attended by circumstances particularly affecting. During the confusion of the flight from Culloden, being half-blinded by smoke and snow, he mistook a party of dragoons for FitzJames's horses, and was accordingly taken. He was soon after led along the lines of the British infantry, in which his son, then a very young man, held the commission of an ensign. The earl had lost his hat in the strife, and his long hair was flying in disorder around his head and over his face. The soldiers stood mute in their lines, beholding the unfortunate nobleman. Among the ranks of the Earl of Boyd, compelled by his situation to witness, without the power of alleviation, the humiliation of his father. When the earl came past the place where his son stood, the youth, unable to bear any longer that his father's head should be exposed to the search, stepped out of the ranks, without regard to discipline, and taking off his hat, placed it over his father's disordered and wind-beaten locks. He then returned to his place, without having uttered a word, while scarcely an eye was that saw his filial affection, but what confessed its merit by a tear.

Lord Lovat, after parting with Charles, had sought refuge in the wildest parts of Inverness-shire, along with a considerable number of attendants, who carried him upon a sort of litter, with all the devotion of clannism to their chief. His lordship was at length taken, about the beginning of June. He was found wrapped in a blanket, and deposited in the hold of a boat, which was conveyed upon a littleisle in the centre of a lake; to which place of concealment he had retired for shelter. On the search becoming very close, Belmerino voluntarily resigned himself, after having only endured the life of a fugitive for two days, and was afterwards taken, and handed to a private gentleman, the commander of a troop of volunteers, at one of the passes out of Dunbartonshire; and Secretary Murray, after escaping from the Highlands, was taken in the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Hunter of Polmold, Pechlesshire. They were all dispatched, under safe custody, to London.

CHAPTER XXX.

CHARLES'S WANDERINGS—THE LONG ISLAND.

He meant not on a hat, a muffler, and a keelie, but to escape Shakespeare.

Charles was left in the remote and desolate island of Benbecula, where he had arrived after a night voyage of no ordinary danger. His accommodations in this place were of the most wretched kind. He had a small detached part of a door, was his palace; his couch of state was formed of billy straw and a salt-cloth; and the regal banquet, composed of oat-meal and boiled flesh, was served up in the homely pot in which it had been prepared. The storm continued for fourteen hours; and it was not till the third day after (Tuesday the 20th of April), that he could leave the island. They set sail for Stornoway, the chief port in the Isle of Lewis, where Donald MacLeod entertained hopes of procuring a vessel to convey the prince to France. A storm, however, coming on, as on the former voyage, obliged him to anchor in the bay of the small Isle of Glass, about forty miles northward of Benbecula, and fully as far distant from Stornoway. They disembarked about two hours before daybreak, and finding the inhabitants engaged in the hostile enterprise of the Laird of Lewis, who had been commissioned by the character of merchantmen who had been commissioned to a voyage to Orkney; Sullivan and the prince calling themselves Sinclair, as father and son; and the rest of the crew taking other names. They were entertained here by Donald Campbell, a farmer; who was so kind as to lend his own vessel, the little *Shakespeare*, to convey them to Stornoway, in order to hire a vessel for the prince's service. Donald set out next day, leaving the prince in Campbell's house.

A message came from the faithful MacLeod on the 3d

of May, intimating his having succeeded in his object, and requiring the prince immediately to set forward. Another boat, therefore, being manned, Charles set sail next day for Stornoway. The wind proving contrary, he was obliged to land in Loch Scaforth, at the distance of thirty miles from Stornoway. All this way he had to walk on foot over a rugged and uneven ground, in addition to all other disadvantages, was extremely wet. It was fortunate, however, that he did not immediately reach his destined port, as the people there, apprised of his approach by a zealous presbyterian clergyman of the Isle of Uist, had risen in arms against their prince, and the lions possessed by an idea, that he would burn their town, carry off their cattle, and force a vessel into his service. Being misled by the ignorance of their guide, the discomfited little party did not get near Stornoway till the 5th at noon; when, stopping at the Point of Arra, about half a mile from the town, they sent forward their guide to Donald MacLeod, imploring him to bring them to some refreshment. Donald soon came with provisions, and took them to the house of Mrs. MacKenzie of Kildun, where the prince went to sleep. Returning to the house in the morning, he was alluded to. He exerted his eloquence, to show them the absurdity of their fears, representing the inability of the prince with so small a band to do them the least injury, and finally threatening, that if they should hurt a hair of his head, he would surely amply requite them upon them, in that their lonely situation, by his royal highness's friends. By working upon their pity, alternately, and their fears, he succeeded in pacifying them; and all they at last desired was, that he should leave their country, and proceed to perform that service. He then returned to the house in which the prince was reposing, and informed him of the disagreeable aspect of his affairs. Some proposed to fly instantly to the moors; but Charles resolved to stand his ground, lest such a measure should encourage his enemies, should they hear of it. He learned, that the boat, in which they came to Lewis, had been taken out by sea by two of the crew, while the other two had fled to the country, from fear of the people of Stornoway. They were, therefore, obliged to spend the afternoon, in a state of painful alarm, at Mrs. MacKenzie's house.

The prince, Sullivan, and O'Neal, had at this time only six shirts amongst them. They killed a cow during their residence at Kildun; for which the lady refused to take payment, till compelled by his royal highness, who also procured two pecks of meal, and a quantity of brandy and sugar. Edward Burke acted as cook, though the prince occasionally interfered with his duties, and, on the present occasion, prepared with his own hands a cake of oat-meal, mixed with the brains of the cow. With these provisions, the whole party set sail next morning for the boat, which had returned ashore during the night. The prince wished to go to Bollein in Kintail; but the men refused, on account of the length of the voyage. Soon after, four large vessels appearing at a distance, they put into the small desert Isle of Eurn or Uffir, near Harris, a few miles north of Glass, where they had been three days.

The island was inhabited by only a few fishermen, all of whom fled to the interior at the approach of the boat, which they believed to be sent with a press-gang from the vessels within sight. They lay for several days, in quantities of about twenty, in the most satisfactory manner, the wanderers who made a hearty meal upon it. The prince was going to lay down money upon the place where they got the fish, but the ingenious Donald prevented him, by representing the necessity of acting up to their supposed character of a press-gang; adding, according to the report of Dugald Graham—

"Is it not the man of war's men's way,
To take all things, but nought to pay?"

Charles yielded to the suggestions of his sagacious councillor, though not without violence to his conscience. His lodging here was a miserable hovel, the roof of which was so imperfect, that it had to be covered with a sail-cloth. They lay upon the floor, keeping watch by turns. After a residence of four days upon this little island, the party once more set sail, and touched at the straits of Glass, where the Long Island, touched at Glass (where they had been before), with the intention of paying Donald Campbell for the hire of his boat. Before they had got time to land, four men came up, and it was thought necessary to send Edward Burke ashore to confer with them, before the prince should remark his person on the

island. These fellows manifesting a desire of seizing the boat, Burke, to escape their clutches, was under the necessity of hastily jumping back into it, and pushing off from the shore. On account of the calm, they went to row all night, though excessively fatigued for want of sleep. About three o'clock they had their sail set, and the wind, which then began to rise.

Not having any fresh water, they were obliged, during this miserable day, to subsist on meal stirred into brine. Charles himself is said to have partaken this nauseous food with some degree of satisfaction, observing that, if ever he was to be a soldier, he should not find it troublesome, that those who dined with him to-day." It ought to be mentioned, that they fortunately were able to qualify the salt water drumcake, as it was called, with a dram of brandy.

Charles's route having been discovered by his enemies, the Long Island was now invested by a great number of men, the landward militia, and the seaward militia, by nearly two thousand militia; so that it seemed scarcely possible he should escape. He was actually eluded for three leagues by an English ship, under the command of a Captain Ferguson; but escaped among the rocks at the Point of Ross, in the landward militia, and the seaward militia. As he was in this course, the boat was espied and pursued by another ship; and it was with the greatest difficulty the crew got ashore upon Benbecula. But Providence seemed to guard him in all dangers; for scarcely had he landed, when a storm arose, and blew the crew off the coast. Charles, clutched at the double escape he had made, could not help exclaiming to his companions, that he believed he was not designed to die by either weapon or water.

Soon after landing upon Benbecula, one of the boat-men began to search among the rocks for shell-fish, and had the good fortune to catch a crab, which he held up to the prince with joyful celebration. Charles, with a start, took a pail or bucket, which they carried with them, and ran to receive the fish from the man's hands. They were fortunately soon able to fill this vessel with crabs; and they then directed their steps to a hut about two miles distant, where they were to reside for some time.

On reaching the hovel, he was found to be one of the very meanest and most primitive description; the door being so low, that they were obliged to enter upon their hands and knees. Resolving here to remain for some time, Charles ordered his faithful servant to take a message to the Laird of Clanranald, the father of his youthful adherent, acquainting him of his arrival, and of his present hapless condition.

Clanranald, who had lived in the Long Island during the whole progress of the war, came immediately, bringing with him some Spanish wines, provisions, shoes, and stockings. He found the young prince had recently agitated Britain in the extreme of a manner, and whose pretensions to a throne he considered indubitable, reclining in a hovel little larger than an English hog-stye, and a thousand times more filthy; his face haggard with disease, hunched up, exposed to the weather, and his swining to an expressive language of Douglas Graham, as dingy as a discoloured. He procured him six good shirts from Lady Clanranald, with a supply of every other convenience which was attainable; and after spending a day or two in the hut, it was determined that he should retrace his steps, and secure place of hiding near the centre of South Uist.

Before removing, the prince despatched Donald MacLeod to the Mainland, with letters to Lochiel and Secretary Murray, desiring to know the state of affairs in the country, and requesting from the secretary a supply of cards for the purchase of provisions. On making application to Murray, whom he found with Lochiel near the head of Loch Arkad, Donald was informed that "he had only sixty louis-d'ors for the supply of his own necessities, and could not spare any for the use of his royal highness." The faithful messenger, having received orders from both gentlemen, and purchased two ankers of brandy at a guinea each, returned to the Long Island, where he arrived after an absence of eighteen days.

When Donald returned, he found the prince in a better humour than that in which he had been, having been so long upon the water, and upon four sticks, as he was wont to cover him when asleep. His habitation was called the Forest-house of Glenoraclade, being situated in a lonely and secluded vale, with a convenient access either to the hills or the sea, in case of a visit from the enemy. South Uist is remarkable for its barrenness, and the soil is very poor. He showed himself remarkably expert in shoot-

ing fowl upon the wing.* Sometimes he also went out in a boat upon the creek near his residence; and, with hand-lines, caught a species of fish called Lyths. Most of the fishy boatmen still remained with him, and he was provided by Glenoraclade with a dozen of stout fellows to act as watchmen and couriers. The old gentleman, as well as his brother Boisdale, often attended him, to cheer his solitude and administer to his comforts.

After having spent several weeks in this fashion at Glenoraclade, Charles was at length obliged to abandon his former place of residence, on learning that the myrmidons of government, whose vessels cruised every where around, had now resolved to sweep over the whole of the Long Island from end to end, for the purpose of enclosing him in their toils. "It is impossible," says one who attended him, "to express the consternation which this intelligence occasioned among the prince's attendants. The island invested by war-vessels, traversed by hundreds of soldiers, every ferry guarded, and no person permitted to leave the coast without a passport—escape seemed to be altogether impracticable. Charles, however, showed no alarm; and, by the activity and vigilance of the people of the island, all of whom knew who and what he was, and took every means to assist him, he at length evaded all the perils that environed him."

It was when thus hard pressed in South Uist, that Charles became indebted for his immediate preservation to Miss Flora MacDonald; a name which, according to the prediction of Dr. Johnson, will *live in history*, and which no historian, it may be added, will ever mention without profound respect. This lady, daughter of Macleod of Uist, in the island of South Uist, and therefore a gentlewoman by birth, was then in the prime of life, possessed of an attractive person, and endowed with the invaluable accomplishments of good sense, sprightliness, and humanity. Her father having died during her infancy, she was married to Macdonald of Ormaclade, in the Isle of Skye, who was at the head of one of the corps of militia now patrolling South Uist. She was generally an inmate in the family of her brother, the proprietor of Milton; but, at present, she resided, on a visit, at Ormaclade, the nearest place to South Uist, though she was not at home. O'Neal being employed to ask her good services for the prince, she expressed an earnest desire at least to see that celebrated personage; and was accordingly brought to an interview with his royal highness. She found him emaciated with bad health, though his countenance was as bright as the sun, his humours cheerful, and, unable to resist the influence of his prescience, she at once agreed to do everything in her power for his service.

When the project for his escape had been settled, Miss Macdonald prepared to her step-father, and demanded a passport for herself, a man-servant, and her maid, whom she entitled Betty Burke; professing to be bound for Skye, on a visit to her mother. Captain Macdonald, unsuspecting of his step-daughter's design, granted the passport without demur, and even, at Miss Flora's suggestion, recommended her to Burke to be his wife, as he was a single man, of fine and a good servant. She returned to the prince, who now lay by himself in a little hut upon the shore, about a mile from the house of Ormaclade. She was accompanied by the Lady Clanranald and some other attendants, who carried a female disguise for her.

On entering the hut, they found his royal highness engaged in roasting the heart and liver of a sheep upon a wooden spit; a sight at which some of the party could not help shedding tears. Charles, always the least concerned at his distressing situation, and the most disinterested, in his kind and unostentatious manner, endeavoured to cheer the idea of his lofty pretensions, jocularly observed that it would be well, perhaps, for all kings if they had to come through such a fiery ordeal as he was now enduring. They soon after sat down to dinner, Miss Macdonald on his right hand and Lady Clanranald on his left. A small shal-

* During his residence at this place, he one day shot a deer, which Edward Burke carried home. "Whilst some collops of the venison were preparing, a beggar boy came in, and, without saying a word, laid down a large piece of venison on the table. E. B., being very angry, gave him a smart stroke with the back of his hand; at which the prince said, 'Oh, man, thou don't remember the scripture, which commands to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. You ought rather to give him what he has begged, than to give him a smart stroke on the cheek, which I shall pay.' This was presently done, and the prince added, 'I could not bear to see a Christian perished for want of food and raiment, had I the power to assist them.'"

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 6, NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA—At \$5 for 32 numbers, payable in advance.

had been previously made ready, and was now floating near the shore.

The party was soon informed by a messenger, that General Campbell, with a great party of soldiers, had arrived at Ormacleid, in quest of Charles. Lady Clanranald judged it proper to go home, to amuse them. The commanding officer was very strictly by her, she readily excused herself, by the pretext that she had been visiting a sick child. She was afterwards taken into custody, along with her husband; and both paid for their kindness to the prince by a long confinement at London.

Soon after she had left the prince, he and his company were dreadfully alarmed by seeing four wherries, full of armed men, sailing along close by the shore. They instantly extinguished a fire of heath and sticks which they had lighted to warm themselves, and sought concealment behind the rocks of the beach. The boats sailed past like a musket-shot, without the sailors having perceived them.

In was on the evening of Friday, the 28th of June, that Charles set sail from the Long Island, where, during the last two months, he had encountered so many risks. O'Neil, Edie, and his faithful friends, Sullivan, an Irish serving-girl—namely, a coarse printed gown, a light-coloured quilted petticoat, and a mantle of dun camlet, made in the Irish fashion, with a hood. His circumstances had rendered it necessary, some time before, that he should part with his faithful friends, Sullivan, O'Neil, Edie, and Donald MacLeod; and when he now embarked for Skye, he was only accompanied by Miss MacDonald, and a person named Neil MacEachan, neither of whom he had ever seen a week before. It is worthy of remark, that the last-mentioned person, who passed for Miss MacDonald's servant, but who was in reality a sort of preceptor in the family of Clanranald, was the father of Marshal MacDonald, Duke of Tarentum, so much distinguished for military achievement and honourable bearing during the wars of Bonaparte.

Burke, after having nearly starved to death in the course of a long confinement in a cave in South Uist, finally escaped all his troubles, and spent the rest of his life at Edinburgh in the humble situation of a street porter or chairman. Good old Donald MacLeod was seized soon after parting with the prince, and taken on board a ship of war, where he was imprisoned in the same manner. The only consolation worthy of record, as exemplifying the pure and exalted honour of the old man. The general asked if he had been along with the Chevalier. "Yes," said Donald, "I wanna deny't."—"And do you know," enquired the general, "what money was upon that gentleman's hands?"—"No less than thirty thousand sterling," replied the general, "what money was upon your family paper for ever?"—"What, then?" replied MacLeod, "what thought I had gotten't? I could not have enjoyed it for two days. Conscience would have got the better of me. But, although I could have gotten really a fortune and Scotland for my pains, I would not, after his throwing himself upon my care, have allowed a hair of his head to be touched!" Sullivan made his escape, soon after parting with his master, in a French war-ship which came to South Uist for the purpose of taking away the prince; and O'Neil surrendered as a prisoner of war.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHARLES'S WANDERINGS—SKYE.

Far over yon hills of the heather so green,
And down by the corrie that sings to the sea,
The lovely young Edie and her sister Jane,
The dew on her head, and the tear in her eye.
She looked a boat with the breeze that swung,
Away on the wave like a bird of the air.
And, as ye to tresser, she sighed and she sang,
Farewell to the land I shall ne'er see again.
Farewell to my home, the gallant and good,
Farewell to the land I shall ne'er see again.

Jacobite Song.

The weather continued fair till they had got several leagues from shore, when it became somewhat tempestuous. Exposed in an open boat to the cold night air, at the mercy of a raging sea, and at the same time haunted by the fear of man's more deadly enemy, the sensation of the little party could be supposed to have been very agreeable. Charles could not help perceiving the uneasiness of his attendants; and, anxious to compensate,

by all the means in his power, for the pain which he occasioned to them, he endeavoured to sustain their spirits by singing and talking. He sung the lively old song, entitled "The Restoration;" and told some playful stories, which yielded them considerable amusement.

When day dawned, they found themselves surrounded by a shoal of seals, and saw many meadows of grass in what part of the Hebrides they were. They sailed, however, but a little way farther, when they perceived the lofty mountains and dark bold headlands of Skye. Making with all speed towards that coast, they soon found themselves off Waterish, the western point of the island. Their first adventure occurred when they had nearly reached the destruction of the prince, and which ran high to involve the whole party in one dreadful fate. They had no sooner drawn near to the shore, than they perceived it became covered with a body of armed men, all of them clad in the sanguine garments which broken shackles had rendered dangerous to the princely fugitive. The boat was within shot of these men, before they were observed. When the boatmen at length perceived them, they lost no time in changing the direction of their oars. The soldiers called upon them to land, upon peril of being shot at; but it was resolved to escape at all risks, and the exertions of their utmost energies in pulling off their little vessel. The soldiers then put their threat in execution, by discharging a volley, the balls of which struck the water in every direction around, though fortunately without hitting the boat, or any of its crew. The whole of the party, excepting Charles, the Chevalier, and his faithful friends, displayed a high degree of fortitude on this trying occasion. Charles at first called upon the boatmen "not to mind the villains;" for so he termed the soldiers; and they assured him, that, if they cared at all, it was only for the while, as he replied; with undaunted courage of demeanor, "Oh, no fear of me!" He then entreated Miss MacDonald to lie down at the bottom of the boat, in order to avoid the bullets; as nothing, he said, would give him at that moment greater pain than if any accident were to befall her. The truly noble woman was firm, and she replied; with undaunted courage, "I was here with a purpose to save his life, and not to take care of her own—that she would consider herself degraded if she were to use any measure for her own safety, while the person of her prince was exposed"—and she refused to be moved from her place, as she felt that she was so much more valuable than her life, by occupying the place of security which he had pointed out to her. Charles was astonished at the extravagant heroism of his conductress, and proceeded to use still more urgent entreaties, as the bullets were every moment coming in great numbers from the shore. But he gained no success, and all that he could urge; and he only at last prevailed upon her to take the measure of safety which he suggested, by agreeing to lie down along with her. The matter thus comprised, they encoined themselves together in the bottom of the boat; and the rowers soon pulled them out all but their heads.

When once more fairly out to sea, and in some measure recovered from this alarm, Miss MacDonald, overcome with the watchfulness and anxiety of the night, fell asleep upon the bottom of the boat. Charles had previously rendered the most anxious attention to his main object, refusing to partake of a small quantity of wine which Lady Clanranald had brought to him before embarking, upon the plea that it should be reserved for her, both on account of her sex, and the extraordinary hardships she was undergoing. He now sat down beside her, and watched her tender and anxious sleep, lest the boatmen should happen to disturb her in the course of their awkward evolutions.

In the eagerness of Duke William's emissaries to take Charles upon the Long Island, where they had certain information he was, Skye, on which the prince was now about to land, and which is at least sixty miles distant from the most distant cluster of islands, was completely unwatched. It is true, the MacDonalds and MacLeods, who chiefly possessed Skye, had remained well affected to government, and now formed a sort of militia for the ostensible purpose of capturing the great public enemy, Alexander Macdonald, and the Laird of MacLeod, chiefs of the two clans, were in secret friendly to the Chevalier, having only refrained from joining him for prudential reasons, and would have been very

unwilling to injure him. The whole clans of course took their cue from the chiefs, and were equally inclined to be passive. There were only several troops of regular infantry upon the island, from whom any harm could be apprehended; and they, fortunately, were not very vigilant.

Proceeding to Kilbride, near the northern extremity of the island, the little party landed at a short distance from Moydhat, or Mugstat, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald. Sir Alexander himself was known to be absent, in attendance upon the Duke of Cumberland; but Flora had taken care, before leaving Uist, to apprise his lady, by means of a friend named Mrs. MacDonald, of her visit and its purpose. And now, therefore, went forward to the house, along with Charles and Mr. MacEachan, in full hope of meeting with a favourable reception.

Lady Margaret MacDonald, to whose honour the prince's life was now to be intrusted, was the daughter of Alexander Earl of Eglinton—an unworthy Jacobite, and of Susanna, daughter of Sir Archibald Kennedy of Colzeau, who had ranked among the most devoted cavaliers of the preceding age. Descended from the exiled family, and married to a chieftain who was very true but an active partizan, educated in High Church principles, and possessed of an honourable and exalted mind; she could not fail to befriend the unfortunate wanderer who had now come to her shores. It was fortunate that her ladyship possessed a mind so free and unprejudiced, and a mind sufficient to second her predilections and benevolence.

Leaving Charles alone at a safe place in the neighbourhood of Moydhat, his heroic conductress went forward to the house, with MacEachan, to reconnoitre, and apprise Lady Margaret of his arrival. This precaution proved to be entirely unnecessary, for there were several British officers in the house with her ladyship, belonging to the parties called to patrol the island. Miss MacDonald, with an exertion of presence of mind which reflects the highest credit upon her, went into a room where these officers were sitting, and conversed with them about the usual topics of the day, and the professed object of her journey. She had previously consulted with Lady Margaret, regarding the disposal of the prince; and her ladyship had determined upon sending him to the neighbouring isle of Rassay, the place of which she was in hiding with some select friends, in whose company the prince would be quite safe.

Lady Margaret, being obliged to remain at home for the entertainment of her military guests, was obliged to depote Mr. MacDonald of Kingsburgh, Sir Alexander's

There still lives (July 1827) an ancient adherent of this family, who happened to be tending cattle near the house, at the same time that Flora MacDonald passed towards it from the shore, attended by her supposed servant. He was born in the same year with the prince; and has then of course twenty years of age, and is now an hundred and seven. He remembers, he says, with as much distinctness as if the circumstance happened yesterday, seeing two women, one of them mealy, and the other finely dressed, approach him as he was sitting upon the hill-side. She turned back and in appearance, and also shortest in stature, asked him in Gaelic, if there was not a well in that neighbourhood. He answered that there was; and he immediately conducted the strangers to a spring, which, from its dedication to the Virgin, was called St. Mary's Well. Here the tallest lady put her foot into the well, and pocketed, and pulled out a thing which looked at first like a little purse, but afterwards assumed the shape of a cup. This she dipped into the well, and taking up a draught, presented it, with an obeisance, to the shortest and finest lady. That lady having satisfied her thirst, the tallest returned the bank note, and concluded to take a draught for herself. When she had done so, her thirst, she returned the cup to her pocket in its collapsed form; and, taking out a shilling, presented it to the islander, who looked with wonder upon this mysterious and unusual scene, during the whole of which the tallest lady never uttered a word. "I never heard," said the old man, "been master of silver money, and I did not think it less of it because it was given to me by our dear prince."

factor, who happened to be in the house, to receive and take charge of the prince. Kingsburgh, who, like all the factors of great Highland families, was a gentleman, and one of the best of the clan, displayed on the occasion a readiness to render any service that was asked, and promised to conduct Charles to his own house of Kingsburgh, which is about a dozen miles from Moydlat. He therefore went out to the hill where Charles was left, carrying some wine and provisions for his refreshment. Though the weather was very warm, and the sun shone brightly, the adventure was left, he could not find him for a considerable time, and began to fear that some unhappy accident had befallen him. At length, perceiving some sheep make a sudden start at a particular part of the shore, and rightly judging the cause, he made towards that place, and on approaching it gave a cough, which caused the object of his search to start out of his concealment. On perceiving the old gentleman, Charles rushed forward, with a large knotted stick in his hand, as if ready to knock him down; but, on learning who the intruder was, and seeing what purpose he had been sent, his royal highness at once changed his threatening attitude for one of the blandest friendship. Kingsburgh then produced his provisions, of which Charles partook with great avidity, having ate nothing for many hours. They soon after set forward together towards Kingsburgh.

After having dined with Lady Margaret, and the officers of the house, Kingsburgh could be supposed to have got a considerable distance from the house, Miss MacDonald rose to depart. Lady Margaret affected great concern at her short stay, and entreated that she would prolong it at least till next day; reminding her that, when last at Moydlat, she had promised to much to her friends. Flora, on the other hand, pleaded the necessity of getting immediately home to attend her mother, who was unwell, and entirely alone in these troublesome times. After a proper reciprocation of entreaties and refusals, Lady Margaret, with great apparent reluctance, permitted her young friend to depart.

Miss MacDonald and Mr. MacEachan were accompanied in their journey by the lady (Mrs. MacDonald) whom she had despatched as an avant-courier to Moydlat, and by the male and female servant of that gentleman. The lady, who was accompanied by Kingsburgh and the prince, who had walked thus far on the public road, but were soon after to turn off upon an unfrequented path across the wild country. Flora, anxious that her fellow-traveller's servants, who were uninitiated in the secret, should not be made aware of the prince's presence, and in order about to take, called upon the party to ride faster; and they passed the two pedestrians at a trot. Mrs. MacDonald's girl, however, could not help observing the extraordinary appearance of the female with whom Kingsburgh was walking, and exclaimed, that she had never seen so tall a person, and so fine in her life; she continued, addressing Flora, "what lang slender she takes, and how her coats wamble about her! I daresay she's an Irish woman, or else a man in women's clothes." Flora confirmed her in the former supposition, and soon after parted with her fellow-travellers.

Kingsburgh and the Prince, in walking along the road at first, were not without some conversation with a number of country people whom they met returning from church, and who all expressed wonder at the preternatural height and awkwardness of the apparent female. In crossing a stream which traversed the road, Charles held up his petticoats indelicately high, to save them from being wet. Kingsburgh pointed out, that, by doing so, he must excite strange suspicions among those who should happen to see him; and his royal highness promised to take better care on the next occasion. Accordingly, in crossing another stream he permitted his skirts to hang down and dash upon the water. Kingsburgh again represented that this mode was as likely as the other to attract disagreeable observation; and the prince could not help laughing at the difficulty of adjusting this trifling, and yet important matter. His conductor further observed that, instead of returning to the house, and waiting till the prince should appear, by a courtesy, his royal highness made a bow, and also that, in some other gesture and attitudes of person, he completely forgot the lady, and assumed the man. "Your enemies," remarked Kingsburgh, "call you a pretender; but if you bow, I can tell you, you are the ruler of your country." "I repeat," replied Charles laughing, "I believe my enemies do me as much injustice in this as in some other and more important

particulars. I have all my life despised assumed characters, and am perhaps the worst dissiminator in the world." The whole party, Charles, Kingsburgh, and Miss MacDonald, retired in safety at Kingsburgh House, about eleven at night.

The House of Kingsburgh was not at this time in the best possible case for entertaining guests of distinction; and, to add to the distress of the occasion, all the inmates had long been gone to bed. The old gentleman, however, lost no time in putting matters in proper trim. He immediately sent a messenger to the party he introduced Charles into the hall, and sent a servant up stairs to rouse his lady. Lady Kingsburgh, on being informed of her husband's arrival, with guests, did not choose to rise, but contented herself with sending down an apology for her non-appearance, and a request that they should be the less troubled to wait for her in the house. She had scarcely despatched the servant, when her daughter, a girl of seven years, came running up to her bed-side, and informed her, with many expressions of childish surprise, that her father had brought home the most "odd, muckle, ill-lucken'd wife she had ever seen,—and brought her into the hall too!" Kingsburgh himself immediately came up, and desired her to lose no time in rising, as his presence was absolutely necessary for the entertainment of his fellow-travellers. She was now truly roused, and even alarmed; the mysterious mention of her husband's name suggested to her the thought that he had taken under his protection some of the proscribed fugitives who were then known to be skulking in the country.

As she was putting on her clothes, she sent her daughter down stairs for her keys, which she remembered to have left in the hall. The girl, however, came back immediately, declaring, with marks of the greatest alarm, that she could not go into the hall for fear of the tall woman, who was walking backwards and forwards through it, in a manner, she said, perfectly frightful. Lady Kingsburgh then went down herself, to see what she could do to relieve the alarm. On reaching the door, at sight of this mysterious stranger. Kingsburgh coming up, she desired him to go in for the keys; but he bade her go in herself; and, after some further demur, in at last she went.

On her ladyship entering, Charles rose up from a seat which he had taken at the end of the hall, and advanced to meet her. He was not without some confusion beyond a doubt; for, in performing the ceremony which was then so indispensable at the introduction of gentlemen to ladies, she felt the roughness of a male cheek; and such were her feelings at the discovery, that she almost fainted away. "Not a word passed between her and the unfortunate stranger. When she got out of the hall, she eagerly made up to Kingsburgh, and disclosed to him all her suspicions. She did not upbraid her husband for having been so imprudent, but, on the contrary, asked if he thought the stranger would know any thing regarding the prince. Kingsburgh then took up his hat, and with his coat and sword on his back, said, "dear, this is the prince himself!" She could not restrain her alarm when he pronounced these emphatic words, but exclaimed, "The prince!—then we'll be a hanged no!" Kingsburgh replied, "Hoot, you, can die be once—could he ever die a better man? We are only doing to save the humanity, which any man would be a fool to lose." "Go," he added, "and make haste with supper for his royal highness. Bring us eggs, butter, cheese, and whatever else you can quickly make ready." "Eggs, butter, and cheese!" repeated Mrs. MacDonald, alarmed upon a notion not less interesting to her, in honour of her housewifery; "what supper is that for a prince—he'll never look at it!" "Ah, my good wife," replied Kingsburgh, "you little know how this poor prince has fared of late! Our supper will be a treat to him." Besides, to make a formal supper, would cause him to eat the most disgusting soup, and to come to supper yourself!" Lady Kingsburgh was almost as much alarmed at her husband's last expression as she had been about her provisions. "Me come to supper!" she exclaimed, "I ken naething about how to behave before Majesty!" "But you must come," replied Kingsburgh, "the Prince will not dine without you; and you'll find it no difficult matter to behave before him—he is so easy and obliging in conversation."

Supper being accordingly soon after prepared, and Miss Flora MacDonald, informed, Charles, who was always the most respectful attendant on the young lady—rising up whenever she entered the room, and giving her the *pas* in all matters of precedence—placed

her upon his right hand and Lady Kingsburgh on his left. He ate very heartily, and afterwards drank a bumper of brandy to the health and prosperity of his landlord. When his glass was empty, he took up his wine glass, he took out a little black stunted tobacco-pipe which he carried about with him, and which, among his companions, went by the name of "the cutty;" and proceeded to take a smoke; informing Kingsburgh that he had been obliged to have recourse to that exercise, during his wanderings, on account of a toothache which occasionally afflicted him. Kingsburgh then produced a small china punch-bowl, and, in Scottish fashion, made up, with asquebaugh, hot water, and sugar, the celebrated composition called toddy; dealing it out to Charles and himself in glasses. His royal highness was pleased to express himself as perfectly delighted with this beverage, and soon, with Kingsburgh's assistance, emptied the little bowl; after which it was again filled. The two friends, unequal in rank, but united in common feelings, talked over their drink in a style so familiar, so kindly, and so anxious to the satisfaction of each other, that they did not observe the lapse of time; and it was an hour not the earliest in the morning ere either talked of retiring. It might have been expected that Charles, from fatigue, and from a wish to enjoy once more the comforts of a good bed, to which he had been so long a stranger, would, as soon as possible to-morrow, he had been in the contrary, Kingsburgh had to perform the disagreeable duty of breaking up the company. After they had emptied the bowl several times, and when he himself was becoming anxious for repose, he thought it necessary to hint to the prince, that, as he would require to be up very early, and so on to propose that they should now go to bed, in order that he might enjoy a proper quantity of sleep. To his surprise, Charles was by no means anxious for rest. On the contrary, he insisted upon "another bowl," that they might, as he said, finish their conversation. Kingsburgh valued his feelings as a host, and as a person so long retaining the prince was absolutely necessary that his royal highness should retire, for the reason he had stated. Charles as eagerly pressed the necessity of more drink; and, after some good humoured altercation, when Kingsburgh took away the bowl, to put it by, his royal highness rose to detain it a moment, and while he was so detained, he set broke into two pieces, Charles retaining one in his hands, and Kingsburgh holding the other. The plea was thus put at an end; and the prince no longer objected to go to bed.

After having retired from the supper table, Lady Kingsburgh desired Miss Flora to relate the adventures of the whole party, as they had been passing in the evening. At the termination of the recital, her ladyship enquired what had been done with the boatmen who brought them to Skye. Miss MacDonald said they had been sent back to South Uist. Lady Kingsburgh observed that they ought not to have been permitted to return so immediately, lest, falling into the hands of the prince's enemies in that island, they might divulge the secret of his route. Her conjecture, which turned out to have been correct, though happily without being attended with evil consequences, determined Flora to change the prince's close confinement that day.

So soon did Charles enjoy the novel pleasures of a good bed, that, though he seldom during his distress slept above four hours, he on this occasion slept about ten, not awaking till roused, at one o'clock next day, by his kind landlord. Kingsburgh enquiring, like a good host, how he had slept, the prince answered that he had enjoyed a more agreeable, or a longer sleep, in his life. He had admitted, however, that a good bed was. Kingsburgh begged leave to tell his royal highness, that it was full time to think of another bed. It would be proper, he continued, for him to go away in the same dress which he wore when he entered the house; and he would endeavour to raise suspicions among the servants; but, as the removal of his disguise might have taken air, it would be advisable to assume another garb by the earliest convenience. The only reformation he thought it would be allowable to make in his habiliments at present, was a change of shoes, those which he had worn at the foot of the bed, which worn so much that his toes protruded through them. Kingsburgh happened to have a pair in the house which he had never worn, and those he provided for the accommodation of his royal highness. When Charles had been fitted up in new, Kingsburgh took up the former, tied them together at the heels, and put them under his horse, observing, that they might yet stand him in good stead. Charles asked him what he meant

by that, and the old man replied, "Why, when you are fairly settled at St. James's, I shall introduce myself by shaking these shoes at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment, and protection under my roof." Charles smiled at the conceit of the good old gentleman, and bade him be as good as his word. Kingsburgh accordingly kept these strange relics of his royal visitor as long as he lived. After his death, and when all prospect of Charles's restoration to St. James's was gone, his family permitted them to be cut to pieces, and dispersed among the peasantry. It is the recollection of his great granddaughter, that Jacobite ladies often took away the pieces they got, in their bosoms.

When the prince had dressed himself as well as he could, the ladies went into his chamber, to put on his apron, and pin his gown and cap. Being of very painful disposition, Lady Kingsburgh requested her in Gaithe to ask for a lock of his royal highness's hair. Flora from bashfulness, desired her ladyship in the same language to prefer the petition herself. Charles observed their debate, and enquired its object, which was no sooner explained to him than he laid down his head upon the lap of his young countess, and told her to cut off as much as she chose. Flora severed a lock, the half of which she gave to Lady Kingsburgh, and the other half retained for herself.

The prince being now dressed, and having taken his baggage in readiness to his departure. He had observed that Lady Kingsburgh, like most ladies of birth and fashion of her time, took snuff; and, on approaching her to take his leave, he asked to have "a pinch from her mull." The good lady took that opportunity of presenting the box to his royal highness, as the saying is. It is accepted with many thanks, rendering at the same time his warmest acknowledgments of the kindness with which he had been treated under her ladyship's roof. After he had taken a tender farewell, she went up stairs to his bedroom, and folded the letter which he had left, declaring that they should never again be separated. The tiller of his life, she should be employed as her winding-sheet. She was afterwards induced to divide this valuable memorial of her distinguished guest, with the amiable Flora, who, it may be mentioned, many years afterwards, carried her adventurous life, and though often reduced to the exigencies of the greatest distress by the republican insurgents, she never parted with it till the day of her death, when her body was wrapped in its precious folds, and consigned with it to the grave.

Charles therefore set out from Kingsburgh, with the intention of crossing to Portree, a little town, opposite to Skye, about ten or twelve miles distant, where he had the cheerful prospect of finding a boat ready to convey him to that island. He was accompanied by his faithful friends, Flora and Kingsburgh; the last carrying in her arm a suit of male Highland attire for his royal highness, which had overtaken his father. Donald Roy was empowered to disclose the king's secret to young Raasay, and beg his assistance in getting his royal highness transported over to his father's hiding-place.

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It was a relic of their prince, and because it was a pretty pattern. It was a stamped linen or cotton gown, with a purple flower upon a white ground. A Jacobite manufacturer of the name of Carmichael, at Leith, afterwards made a number of similar suits, and an immense quantity of cloth, precisely similar in appearance, to the loyal ladies of Scotland.

When Donald Roy made application to young Raasay, he was mortified by the information, that old Raasay had left his hiding place upon the island, and gone towards Mull, a part of Clevenary's estate, upon the Mainland. The young gentleman, however, though he had been reserved from the insurrection for the purpose of saving the estate, was as well affected to the Chevalier as either his father or his younger brothers, who led out to Kinsaid, instantly proposed to conduct the wanderer to Raasay, where he could find the remainder of the old gentleman's advice might be obtained for further procedure. Donald approved of the plan; but the difficulty was, how to get a boat. They could not trust a Portree crew, and all the Raasay boats had been destroyed, or carried off by the military, except two, belonging to Malcolm MacLeod, a cousin of young Raasay, which he had somewhere concealed.

There was at that time in the same house with young Raasay, a younger brother, named Murdoch MacLeod, who had been wounded at the battle of Culloden, and was afterwards foundering. Murdoch, being informed of the business in hand, and that he would be able to give life for Prince Charles; and, it having occurred, that there was a little boat upon a fresh-water lake in the neighbourhood, he, with his brother, and some women, brought it to the sea, by extraordinary exertion, across to Kinsaid, and landed the prince and his party, upon the other a steep precipice. The gallant brothers, however, the assistance of one little boy, rowed this boat, and got one of his good boats, with which they might return to Portree and receive the wanderer; or, in case of not being able to do so, they might be able to make small boats, though the danger was considerable.

Malcolm MacLeod, who was soon to act a conspicuous part in the deliverance of the prince, had been a captain in his service, and fought at the battle of Culloden. Being easily found by his cousins, he lost no time in coming to the assistance of his royal highness, and in manning with two stout boatmen, named John Mackenzie and Donald MacFarriar, the oldest and most cautious man of the party, suggested that, as young Raasay was hitherto a clear man, he should be so in the present occasion run any risk; but that he himself, and the others, should be as well as they could be, should alone conduct the expedition. Young Raasay answered, with an oath, that he would go at the risk of his life and fortune. "In God's name, then," said Malcolm, "let us proceed." The two boatmen, however, stopped short, and refused to move, till they should be informed of their destination. They were sworn to secrecy, and made acquainted with not only the extent of their voyage, but also its object; after which, they expressed the utmost eagerness to proceed.

The boat soon crossed the narrow sound which divides the two islands, and, being landed about half a mile from the harbour of Portree, Malcolm MacLeod and MacFarriar were despatched to look for Prince Charles, who had by this time advanced, with Kingsburgh and Miss Flora MacDonald, to the little inn at Portree. Donald Roy effected a meeting between the two parties; and it was resolved that they should immediately embark. Before leaving the inn to do so, Charles asked the landlord to have silver for a guinea; and, on it appearing that there was only thirteen shillings of silver to be found in all Portree, his royal highness was about to accept that sum in exchange for his gold; when Donald suddenly exclaimed, "I will not take it, unless it be a extraordinary symptom of indifference to money, would point him out as a great man, and perhaps occasion his destruction. Nothing, therefore, now remained to be done in Skye, but to take leave of the two faithful friends, whom he had been so much indebted during his stay upon the island, and to beg their assistance in procuring a boat for his journey to the mainland. It was proper that he should part with Miss Flora MacDonald at the inn. He could not, without much agitation, bid farewell to that young lady, whose whole conduct, during the three days of his acquaintance, had been marked with so much heroism and generosity. The man, who, indeed, must have not only made the strongest impression upon his heart, but exalted his opinion of her sex, and of human nature. He embraced her in the tenderest manner, thanked her for her extraordinary

services, and concluded by presenting to her a miniature of himself, which he desired that she would ever keep for his sake.

He was then conducted towards the boat, in which young Raasay and his brother were at that time waiting with the greatest anxiety. Before going on board, he turned to take leave of his remaining friend, the generous Kingsburgh. He threw his arms round the neck of this excellent old gentleman, thanked him warmly for his valuable services, and, reminding him of the pleasant recollection of his stay, expressed the hope that they should yet meet to drink a festive cup to the health of the Kings of England. Tears fell from the eyes of both, as they closed in a parting embrace; and the prince was so much affected, that his nose gushed with blood. Kingsburgh expressed alarm at so singular a mark of sensibility, but Charles assured him never to fail to happen when he parted with dear friends. In expressing his thanks to the old gentleman, he said that he only wished he could have a MacDonald to go through with him all the way; it being impossible for him to find greater kindness, or more fidelity, among any other class in the wide world.

When he entered the boat, and the names of all the individuals composing the crew, including young Raasay, were announced to him, he would not permit the usual ceremonies of respect, but saluted them all as his equals. It was evening when Charles left Portree; a heavy rain, which fell upon him, was accompanied by a storm of King James the Fifth, during his celebrated tour through the Western Isles; and it may be supposed that the contrast between his great great great grandfather's pomp on that occasion, and his own present mode of travel, must have afforded the unfortunate prince matter for some musing. He was accompanied by a little on the passage to Raasay, and after a voyage of ten miles, landed, about daybreak on the 1st of July, at a place called Glam. As almost all the houses in Raasay had been burnt by the soldiery, and as some were not suitable as places of concealment, it was not without difficulty that a place was accommodated. A resolution was at length made, that the whole company should lodge in a little hotel which some shepherds had lately built, though it could afford them absolutely nothing but shelter from the open air. Bandles and trunks of baggage were deposited upon the ground, and down to a nest composed of provisions which had been sent along with the prince from Kingsburgh. It was observed, with delight, by the Highlanders, that Charles would not eat wheaten bread or drink brandy, so long as there remained any oat-bread or whisky, which he had expressed a preference for by terming "his own country bread and drink."

Though there were no parties of military upon Raasay, and although all the inhabitants were well affected, it was thought proper by Charles's attendants to use the utmost caution. Watches were established upon the tops of all the neighbouring hills, and no one of the party appeared in public except young Raasay, who was, as already mentioned, a clear man. Donald Roy being stationed upon Skye, to give intelligence in case of any annoyance from that quarter, the Prince might have almost considered himself secure upon this wild and secluded island, and the apprehensions of his lodging in a house of the question, he might also be esteemed as by no means in the worst possible predicament as to living. Young Raasay was in the midst of his own flocks, and had only to use insidious means, to procure his royal highness, and the whole party, plenty of fresh provisions.

The prince and bed of state were one made, in the primitive Highland fashion, of heather, with the stalks upright, and the bloom of uppers. He enjoyed long, but not unbroken slumbers; often starting, and giving unconscious expression to the feelings and imagery of his dreams. Malcolm MacLeod, who watched him on these occasions, informed that he had half expressed exclamations were sometimes in French, sometimes in Italian, and occasionally in English; though the ingenious tourist could not help questioning Malcolm's ability to distinguish at least two of these tongues. One of his expressions in English was, "Oh God, poor Scotland!" His mind had been so much agitated by the lodging in a house of the military tyranny, by which, in consequence of his unfortunate enterprise, a great part of the nation was then so bitterly agitated.

The only stranger, besides the prince, then known to be upon the island of Raasay, and of course the only person from whom they apprehended any danger, was a man who had come about a fortnight before for the ostensible purpose of selling a roll of tobacco. The tobacco had been long sold, and yet the man wandered about, ap-

permitted him to enter; but no sooner had the warm-hearted Highlander set his eyes upon the unfortunate prince, than he burst into tears, and had to leave the room.

During the course of the day, a consultation being held as to the best means of transporting Charles to the Mainland, it was agreed that John MacKinnon should go to his chief and hire a boat for that purpose. He was enjoined to conceal the fact of the prince's being in his house from that old gentleman, and to pretend that the boat was intended for the use of his brother-in-law, who was coming to Scotland; but the force of clanship proved too much for his discretion; and he disclosed the secret. The chief, delighted with the intelligence, at once got ready his own boat, and, with his lady, set out to pay his respects to the wanderer. On John returning to the house, confessing what he had done, Charles felt somewhat uneasy; but resolved to make the best of the circumstances. He went out and received the old chief; and the whole party then partook of an entertainment of cold meat and wine, which Lady MacKinnon laid in a neighbouring bower above the shore.

It was now determined that Charles should be conducted by the old laird and John MacKinnon to the Mainland, while Malcolm should remain in Skye, to interrupt or distract the pursuit which would probably be made after him. It was about eight o'clock at night, when the party repaired to the water's edge, where they found a small boat, and, at the moment, two English men of war were in sight, apparently bearing towards them; and Malcolm, in high alarm, counselled the prince to delay his voyage till next morning, more especially as the wind was favourable to the enemy, which it would not be to the boat. Charles, however, would not listen to his suggestions; urging, with enthusiastic vehemence, the result of former good fortune, and that he felt confident the wind would change in his favour the moment that he required its good services. He then wrote a short note to Murdoch MacLeod, apologising for his non-appearance, and, in the same, he begged him to inform him that he had now got safe off the island at another place. He next took out his purse, and desired Malcolm's acceptance of ten guineas, along with a silver stock-buckle. The generous Highlander positively refused to take the money, which he saw from the splendour of the prince's equipage should ill be spared; but Charles at length prevailed upon him to do so, asserting that he would not have need of it in the skulking life he was now leading, and at the same time expressing a confidence that he would get his own exchequer supplied on reaching the Mainland. "Malcolm," he then said, "let us make a party of four, and let us part." A light was instantly procured from the lid of Malcolm's musket, and the two fond, though unequal companions, took a last parting smoke from "the cutty." When they had finished, Charles presented the stump which had done him so much good service, to Malcolm, as a sort of token of affectionate comradeship, desiring him to think of the giver whenever he should use it. Malcolm gratefully accepted the gift, which Charles could the better spare that he had got a newer and more commodious pipe at Mr. MacKinnon's house.

The tender and long-drawn sighs of the prince went into his heart with the chief and Mr. John MacKinnon, immediately put out to sea, under the management of a few stout rowers. The affectionate Malcolm sat down upon the side of a hill, partly to watch the proceedings of the two tenders, and partly that he might be enabled to see the prince at a distance, and eye-sight would permit. He afterwards used to tell, with the true superstitious reverence of a stickler for the *jus divinum*, that, precisely as the prince predicted, he had not gone far out to sea, when the wind shifted in such a manner as to part him effectually from the inimical and admiring audience. He afterwards used to have been convinced of the truth of what his royal bravo had only said in sport, or by way of a gray bravado—that Providence made a point of favouring him.

Malcolm returned home next day by the way of Kingsburgh, where he related to the prince's late adventures, and a grateful and admiring audience. He then informed Lady Kingsburgh of one circumstance, which he must have given her unqualified pleasure. During his travels with the prince, his royal highness had expressed a high sense of the value of her ladyship's present—the snuff-box also which she had given him, and which he had worn with a grateful and admiring audience. He then informed Lady Kingsburgh of one circumstance, which he must have given her unqualified pleasure. During his travels with the prince, his royal highness had expressed a high sense of the value of her ladyship's present—the snuff-box also which she had given him, and which he had worn with a grateful and admiring audience. He then informed Lady Kingsburgh of one circumstance, which he must have given her unqualified pleasure. During his travels with the prince, his royal highness had expressed a high sense of the value of her ladyship's present—the snuff-box also which she had given him, and which he had worn with a grateful and admiring audience.

some of his profession have been so remarkable, used to observe, that all the official courtiers served his majesty for selfish ends, except himself, who, for his part, had no other contact with the king than "stark love and kindness." The prince expressed himself an ardent admirer of the principle symbolised by the device, and declared he would endeavour to keep the box as long as he lived.

Malcolm, being asked his opinion of the prince, as one who had seen him in the extremes of both prosperous and adverse fortune, replied, that he was the most cautious man he ever saw, and that he was, at the same time, the bravest, not to be rash." Amidst all the conflicting opinions regarding Charles's courage, this is perhaps the most satisfactory and nearest the truth which has been uttered, and, granting it to have been appropriate to his royal highness, he must be acknowledged to have possessed the qualities of a perfect soldier.

About ten days after he had parted with the prince, Malcolm was apprehended, put aboard a ship, and conveyed to London. Kingsburgh was also made prisoner, and conveyed first to Fort Augustus, and afterwards to Edinburgh Castle, where he lay a year and a day. The same party of soldiers which had come to Skye in consequence of information forced from the boatmen on their return to South Uist) captured the gallant Flora MacDonald. All these three persons, at a time when the *Habena Corpus Acti* of Scotland was not suspended, were taken into custody without trial, without trial, without trial, without being asked any questions; a violation of the liberty of the subject which seems to have been passed over unnoticed, in the terror with which the recent bloody triumphs of government had inspired the people, or which was perhaps rather owing to the maxim then apparently paramount in the public mind of England, that all the natives of Scotland had forfeited their rights as British subjects, and were now slaves subjected to military law. On being discharged from jail, Miss MacDonald was provided with a post-chaise, to convey her back to Scotland, and a quantity of money, to enable her to do so; and, being desired to choose a person who might accompany her, named her fellow-servant, Malcolm. "And so," Malcolm used afterwards to observe, triumphantly; "I went up to London to be hanged, and returned in a brow post-chaise with Miss Flora MacDonald!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

CHARLES'S WANDERINGS—MAINLAND.

"The mair coo'k the kerr was o'er the brow of Ben-Connal.
He kerr'd his bed in a sweet meadow-land;
The cauld that soars o'er the cliffs of Clannairn,
And the unkindly lie o'er the cliffs of Clannairn,
The sun can sleep on his shielie of the shielie,
The comitant coo'k on his rook of the rook;
But, oh! there is one whose hand lies i' the loom,
Not house, ha, nor, ha, nor in the country ha ha.
The time comes i' the night, and the name is no more,
There's a thought o'er the brow of Ben-Connal,
Flora MacDonald's Lament.

Charles, after having spent upwards of two months in the isles, was now returning to the Mainland, where dangers as great awaited him. The country opposite to the isles, which he intended to land at, was a district where he had first reared the standard of his enterprise, and whose population was so entirely and so zealously devoted to him. In every respect it was well calculated to afford him shelter, except that it was in a great measure laid waste, and that the soldiery had subjected the whole to a peculiarly sharp system of surveillance. Hunted, however, as he had been, out of the Hebrides, and relying upon the fidelity of the people, which he had previously experienced on so many different occasions, he hesitated not to throw himself once more upon its protection. It eventually appeared that he could not have added much to his former success.

This district, as already mentioned, is indented in a remarkable manner by lochs or arms of the sea, which, stretching into the land from ten to twenty miles, form a series of mountainous promontories, from five to ten miles in length. A map of the district, which may be compared to the finger of the hand, has been taken, and separated. Let the reader place his hand in this manner on a table, and, imagining the spaces betwixt his fingers to represent the sea, while the digits themselves rise eminently up like the hills between, he will have a tolerably good idea of the district. Let the thumb represent the space between his thumb and fore-finger to be Loch Houra, that betwixt his fore and third finger to be Loch Nevis, and that betwixt his mid and fourth to be Loch Morer, and that betwixt the fourth and the fifth to be Lochannagh, while the exterior of that digit represents Loch Shiel; and he will be better able to understand the

nature of the dangerous circumstances in which Prince Charles was soon to be involved.

After a rough night voyage of thirty miles, during which they passed and were hailed by a boat containing armed militia, but which could not stop to loiter, and a company on account of the storm, Charles landed safe, with the boat's crew, about four in the morning of July 5th, at a place called Little Mallig, on the south side of Loch Nevis. Here the whole party slept three nights in the open fields. The old laird and one of the boatmen, who had been sent to search for the prince, and Charles, along with John MacKinnon and the other three men, took to the boat, and rowed up the Loch. In doubling a point, they had the misfortune to be espied and pursued by a boat's party of militia. In the chase which ensued, the boat was driven to the shore, and the prince, to the zeal of his honest friend, MacKinnon, who, by voice and example, so animated the rowers, that they speedily outstripped the enemy. When they had got to some distance, and escaped observation by doubling another point, the boat was put to shore, and Charles, with John and one other companion, immediately ascended the hill, while the rest remained to treat with the pursuers in case of being followed to their landing-place. On arriving at the summit of the hill, they had the satisfaction to see the boat which occasioned the alarm, returning from its fruitless pursuit.

The prince spent three hours on this eminence, and then returning to the boat, was rowed first across the loch to a little island near the seat of MacDonald of Scotchoun, and afterwards back to Mallig, where he rejoined the old laird. The whole party then set out for the seat of MacDonald of Scotchoun, where they remained for a distance of seven or eight miles across the promontory, betwixt Loch Nevis and Loch Morer. This journey, according to the familiar but not unapt illustration of the spread hand, was simply a movement across the terminating joint of the mid finger. Passing a shieling, in the neighbourhood of which the prince had been seen, the prince, apprehensive of recognition, desired John MacKinnon to fold his plaid for him in the correct Highland fashion, and throw it over his shoulder, with his knapsack upon it. Then, tying a handkerchief about his neck, and assuming a menial air, he hid himself once more from observation, and, after a short rest, refreshed by a draught of milk from the hand of a grandson of MacDonald of Scotchoun. Pursuing their journey, they came to another shieling, where they procured a guide to conduct them to Morer House, the object of their journey. The guide, however, was a man who was to be burnt, and its master, reduced to the necessity of living in a bothy or hut hard by. Nevertheless, Morer, who had been an officer in the prince's army, received his guests with all the kindness of a loyal-hearted Highlander, and, when he had given them such entertainment as his situation would permit, conducted them to a cave, where they might be assured of concealment. Here they slept ten days, during which their kind landlord went in quest of young Clannairn, whom, however, he did not find. At his return, Charles expressed a resolution to part with the venerable laird of MacKinnon, whose fidelity and strength were inadequate to the fatigue of the journey, and to go with only John MacKinnon to Borodale, where he conceived himself sure of good entertainment. Morer having added his son, a boy, to the party, and provided a guide, Charles left the cave in the evening, crossed Loch Morer into Arassig, and reached the town of Arassig early in the morning.

The reader must now conceive Charles to have crossed over another finger, and to be established, as it were, on the lower or south side of the external joint of the third from the thumb. He must also now suppose the roots of the fingers to be all closed up, and that the tip of the middle finger, which is the point of the promontories, and enclose the unhappy wanderer within a circle of danger, from which it seemed impossible that he should escape alive. In more plain language, intelligence of his arrival at Loch Nevis having by this time reached the royal army, and the king's army being in the neighbourhood of the point of the promontories, the army was taken up by the British cruisers. This chain consisted of single sentries, planted within sight of each other. By day, these men were perpetually on the look-out for travellers, none of whom were permitted to pass without examination; and, by night, large fires being lighted along the posts, they crossed continually from one to another,

so as to leave no piece of ground within a space of twenty miles for more than a few minutes at a time unvisited. The men had to be constantly on the alert, and on excessive vigilance, that, at first sight, wonder is excited how the prince should have been able to baffle it. Yet it had one fault; and by taking advantage of it, an escape was achieved. The sentinels, it will be observed, crossed each other at the points exactly between the fire, and then returned to his own. Of course, after passing each other, their backs were mutually turned towards each other, and the space between them for a certain time left unobserved.

Charles, on being brought to Borodale, found the master of the house, a young man, who, after a short interview, the blackened ruins of his mansion. John MacKinnon, in handing the prince over to Borodale, said expressively, "I have done my duty, do you yours." "I am glad of the opportunity," was Borodale's answer, "and shall not fail to take care of his royal highness." John then returned home, and was captured, just as he landed at his own house in Skye. Being conveyed to Kilvory, along with two of his rowers, who were taken with him, he was there examined, or rather required to disclose the place of the prince's concealment. On his refusing to do this, one of the men was seized, stripped, and tied to a tree, and another man, a cald-dane-hill, till the blood gushed out of both his sides, in order to make him confess; and MacKinnon himself was threatened with similar treatment. However, he resisted all the cruel importunities of his captors, who were at length obliged to send him on board a cald-dane-hill, and he was ed him to London, where he remained in confinement till July 1747.

From Borodale Charles despatched one of his host's sons for MacDonald of Glenaladale, a gentleman of the Clanranald sept, who had accompanied him in his expedition, and the master of the house, who had been taken by his aged friend, the Laird of MacKinnon, had been taken in his neighbourhood, he thought it necessary to shift his quarters; and accordingly, Borodale conducted him to a cave four miles to the eastward, which, being almost inaccessible, and known only to a few persons in the neighbourhood, seemed the most effectual possible concealment. He was accompanied to this place by Borodale and his son Ronald, who had been a lieutenant in Clanranald's own company.

Glenaladale, receiving the Prince's letter from the hands of his youthful bearer, on the 30th of July, lost no time in obeying the summons. Borodale, in turn, received a letter from a gentleman of the district of Morer, his son-in-law, informing him that the fact of the prince's concealment on his lands was beginning to be whispered about, and representing that, as it would evidently be dangerous for him to remain any longer where he was, the writer of the letter had prepared a more eligible place of concealment in Morer, to which his royal highness ought immediately to repair. Ronald MacDonald was sent to reconnoitre this place, the prince resolving to remain where he was till assured by that young gentleman of its superiority in point of safety.

Next day, however, an alarm arising that a tender was hovering upon or approaching the coast, his royal highness thought proper to anticipate the report of his new quarter-master, by leaving the cave, and setting out towards Morer. Accompanied by Glenaladale, his son Ronald, and the young man who had been sent to find him, he came to a place called Corriebein Cabir, where he was met by Borodale's son-in-law, who told him that Clanranald had come to a place not many miles off, in order to conduct his royal highness to a safe place, which he had prepared for that purpose. Charles was extremely anxious to throw himself upon the protection of this kind and faithful adherent; but the lateness of the evening, and his comparative proximity to the place prepared for him in Glen Morer, determined him to prefer that lodging for the night. Accordingly, he proceeded on his original route, intending to effect a junction with Clanranald next day.

Borodale, who had gone on before as a forward guard, learning through the course of the night that General Campbell, with several men of war and a considerable body of troops, had anchored in Loch Nevis, and that Captain Campbell, with a detachment of his troops, lower part of Arisaig, waited upon the prince next morning (the 23d) with that alarming intelligence, which obliged him to decamp immediately, without attempting to join Clanranald. Being now completely surrounded with his enemies, and they being aware that they had surprised him, he was obliged to take the most prudent and most cautious measures. Leaving Borodale and another of his train behind, and only accompanied by Glenaladale

and other two MacDonalds, so that the party might be as little conspicuous as possible, he set out early in the forenoon, and by mid-day reached the top of a hill called Scoorrig, at the eastern extremity of Arisaig, where he stopped to take some refreshment, while one of his attendants (John MacDonald, brother to Glenaladale) went to Glenfinnan for intelligence, and to appoint two men to guard the prince, who, in the meantime, remained on the top of a hill called Swernack Corrican, above Locharky, in Lochiel's country. The prince soon afterwards set out, with his two remaining friends, and about two o'clock came to the top of a hill called Frigh-vinn. Here observing some men driving cattle, and others coming in the evening, he sent a man and soon after returned with intelligence that they were his tenants flying before the approach of a strong body of troops, who had come to the head of Locharky, to prevent the prince from escaping in that direction. It was therefore immediately proposed that route, and the prince, who was only despatched a messenger to Glenfinnan, which was only about a mile off, to recall Glenaladale's brother and the two men who were to have gone to Locharky. Glenaladale likewise sent a man to a neighbouring hill, for Donald Cameron of Glenpean, who had taken the precaution of sending a detachment of the soldiers, and from his acquaintance with the country, promised to be an excellent guide. While they waited the return of these messengers, one of the tenants' wives, pitying the condition of her landlord, came up the hill with some new milk, for his refreshment. The prince, perceiving her approach, caught his head with a handkerchief, and assumed the appearance of a servant who had got a headache. The day was excessively warm, and the milk, of course, grateful to the palate of a way-worn traveller; but Glenaladale used afterwards to confess, that he could as well have spared a cask of gunpowder, which he could have carried so much more easily, moreover, that he could get her dismissed without the pain in which she had brought the milk, so as to enable him with safety to give the prince a share more suitable to his real than his supposed rank.

The messenger who had been sent to Glenfinnan soon after returned, without having found Glenaladale's brother or the two men, they having run off towards the head of Locharky, a hill which was not far from the intelligence that an hundred of the Argyll militia were approaching the very hill on which the prince was stationed. On this alarming news, the terrified party dislodged without waiting for Glenpean, and set forward on their perilous journey. About eleven at night, as they were descending a hill, a body of about a hundred men, they observed a man coming down one of the hills towards them; upon which Charles and young MacDonald stepped aside, while Glenaladale advanced to discover whether he was friend or foe. This person turned out to be the very man they were most anxious to see, Donald Cameron of Glenpean, who had made all haste to overtake them after receiving their message. Glenaladale immediately brought him to the prince, who had lodged one night in his house soon after the battle of Culloden, and to whom he now recounted all he knew regarding the conduct of his guides, and the manner of sending the party of his guide he set forward with them through a road so wild and rugged as to be almost impervious even in daylight.

Travelling all night with untiring diligence, they arrived next morning (July 24th), at the top of a hill in the Braes of Locharky called Mannyn-Cullum, from whence they could perceive their enemy's camp, distant about a mile. Cameron knew that this hill had been searched by the enemy, and therefore, conjectured that it would not be again searched that day, counselled that they should take up their abode there till the evening, and endeavour in the meantime to procure the refreshment of sleep. They reposed for two hours, after which the whole party except the prince got up, keep search. They had not been long awake when they were alarmed by the appearance of a man at a little distance. Cameron, on account of his acquaintance with the country and its people, was selected to approach and accost this person, who, to the great joy of the whole party, turned out to be Donald Cameron of Glenpean, the same man whom he had not so soon discovered, on the preceding day, that the prince did not keep his appointment, then he began to wander in a state of extreme alarm through the country, in search of either of his royal highness, or of intelligence regarding his fate. The same apprehensions were felt by the whole of the party, they had entertained regarding him; and it was now with sensations of the utmost pleasure that these unfortunate gen-

lemen mutually congratulated each other upon a meeting which they had so little reason to expect.

Charles remained, with his trusty little band, upon the hill Mannyn-Cullum, all that day, without experiencing any disturbance from the soldiers. They set out about nine in the evening towards the south, and at one in the morning (July 25th), came to Corriannagall, on the confines of the county of Perth. Here Cameron hoped to fall in with, and procure provisions from, some of the people who had fled before the face of the encroaching soldiery. The party had been but poorly fed during their harassing and perilous march, and they now possessed only a little bitter and some oatmeal, which they could not venture to eat.

For two days the prince had now been skirting along the interior of that chain of sentries, which has been described as extending from Loch Houra to Loch Seil. In his dreary and stealthy night journeys, he could distinctly see the fires which marked the posts of the enemy, and even hear the steady cries of the sentinels, as they slowly crossed backwards and forwards. These fires were placed at brief intervals, and every quarter of an hour, a patrolling party passed along to see that the sentinels were upon the alert. It seemed scarcely possible that a whole night party could pass so near the great trail without being discovered. Here Cameron hoped to get a tall whose meshes were so open strong and easily to be set. Yet the want of provisions, and the fear of being soon inextricably environed, rendered it unavoidably necessary that they should make the attempt, though it was only to anticipate their fate.

The next morning (the 26th) fixed for the succeeding night, Glenaladale and Glenpean ventured down to some shielings, in search of provisions, while the prince and the other two MacDonalds remained upon the hill. The shielings were found to have been abandoned, and the two commissaries returned without their errand. It was then judged best to retire from the present camp, and to a secret place upon the brow of a hill, at the head of Lochnag, which was about a mile from the position of the troops, and where they might expect to spend the intervening day in greater security. Here they slept for some time. After awaking, Glenpean and Glenaladale's men, who had sent to procure them, in quest of food, while Glenaladale and the younger MacDonald watched over the prince, who still remained asleep. The commissaries did not return till the afternoon, when two small cheeses proved all that they had been able to procure from the neighbouring country. They had very dry food; and, though they did not know when they might get more, they were obliged to use it very sparingly. To increase the mortification of the unhappy prince, the commissaries reported that a troop of a hundred men were coming up the opposite side of the hill, in search of the fugitive country people, and that they possibly might light upon their place of concealment.

Under these distressing circumstances, it was his royal highness's wisest, or rather his only policy, to remain as closely concealed as possible. Notwithstanding, therefore, that the soldiers searched very narrowly, and all the while the prince and his friends were in great consternation, till eight in the evening, when the searching party got set out at a quick pace towards the steep hill called Drumachosi. On reaching the top of this eminence, they discerned the fires of a camp directly in their front, which they thought could be scarcely seen. Resolved, however, that they should not stir, they waited till they approached the dreaded object till they could actually hear the soldiers talking to each other. Then creeping up the next hill, they spied the fires of another camp, which also seemed to lie directly in their path. Here they at last determined to make the attempt.

Cameron, at this juncture, with the true generosity of a Highlander, proposed to go forward himself, and, as it were, prove the possibility of escape, before permitting the prince to hazard his more precious person. "If I get safe through," he remarked, "and also return safe, then you may venture with greater security, and I shall be all the better fitted to conduct you." Be it remarked, he made this courageous proposal in the face of an oncoming which, though ridiculous enough, was perhaps sufficient to have unmanned a person who, with equal superstition, had not so noble or so exciting a cause to brace his nerves. Charles, however, who was a man of a steady and clear sign, he averred, that they had great cause to go through. Charles, notwithstanding his perilous circumstances, could not help laughing at his fantastic alarm, though he must have been, at the same time, deeply impressed with admiration of the devotedness and resolution of the prince.

Glenpean having put the passage to the proof, and, to the great joy of the company, returned in safety, the

highness on a particular day at a place near the head of Glenochie, where he had a little hut in a secret place for his own security.

Charles, in number amounting to ten, on a very stormy night, and travelling along the tops of the mountains, reached Drumadail, a high mountain on the side of Loch Lochie which commands an extensive view of the country. There they rested all day, and Grant was placed in command of the party, and the day was appointed. Charles and his attendants remained upon the hill, and as they had no provisions, and durst not stir to search for any, they were in great distress for want of food. Grant at length returned, with intelligence that Clunes not having found Clunes had come to the place had gone away. In his return he had shot a buck, and secured it in a concealed place. At night they all set out for the place where the buck lay hid, and made a delicious meal of it, without bread or salt. Next morning, having dispatched another messenger to search for Clunes, that gentleman came with his two sons. The faithful robbers then committed his royal highness to the care of his new protectors, and took their leave of him, all except Hugh Chisholm and Prince Cluny, who remained with him some time longer.

Charles was now informed by Clunes, that all the friends of the prince were so strictly guarded, that it was impossible for him at present to reach the country of Rannoch and Badenoch, where Lochiel and Cluny were; and that it was absolutely necessary he should remain where he was, till the vigilance of the guards was relaxed. The messenger was then sent back at the bottom of Locharkaig, to which he conducted the prince. Charles and Clunes skulked securely about this place for several days. When the weather was rough, and there were no troops apparent in the neighbourhood, they lodged in the hut; when otherwise, they remained upon the hill.

About this period, Lochiel and Cluny, who had hitherto remained concealed in the country south of the Chain, judging that the prince must be north of that tract of country, despatched MacDonald of Lochgary and Dr. Cameron (Lochiel's brother) to learn what they could concerning him. Their messenger was not long in returning the passes, made in view of safety to the north of the lakes, and very soon met Clunes, who told them he would conduct them to the object of their search.

Charles was at this moment sleeping on the hill, with one of his attendants for a pillow, and a watch. Grant happened to nod upon his post, and did not perceive the approaching party till they were very near. He instantly flew to awaken the sleepers. The party had a formidable appearance; for, besides Clunes, Lochgary, and Dr. Cameron, there were two servants; and at a little distance they looked like armed militia. Grant and young Cameron counselled an immediate flight to the top of the hill in the face of the enemy; but Charles resolved rather to keep close behind the loose stones amidst which they were skulking, and to fight the enemy in ambush. He represented that, in case of flight, the militia would soon get within gun shot, and bring them down without resistance. "I am a good marksman," he said, "and can charge quick. I am therefore sure to do some execution." With Grant's assistance, he thought he might venture the enemy to a level in point of command, coming to close quarters. They took out the brace of pistols which he had previously shown, and expressed a hope to make these serviceable in the close struggle. Every thing considered, he hoped that they would repulse the advancing party, or at least die like brave men with arms in their hands. Grant scarcely hesitated to give his opinion in union with his own dauntless spirit, and they had presented their muskets along the stones, and were almost on the point of firing, when fortunately the peculiar form of Clunes was distinguished in the party, which assured them they had nothing to fear.

They immediately took notice of desperation, and Charles could not help returning thanks to Heaven for having prevented him from destroying so many dear friends. His satisfaction was increased by receiving a message from his beloved friend Lochiel, for whose recovery, of which the doctor informed him, he thrice of a flight, the militia would soon get within gun shot, and bring them down without resistance. "I am a good marksman," he said, "and can charge quick. I am therefore sure to do some execution." With Grant's assistance, he thought he might venture the enemy to a level in point of command, coming to close quarters. They took out the brace of pistols which he had previously shown, and expressed a hope to make these serviceable in the close struggle. Every thing considered, he hoped that they would repulse the advancing party, or at least die like brave men with arms in their hands. Grant scarcely hesitated to give his opinion in union with his own dauntless spirit, and they had presented their muskets along the stones, and were almost on the point of firing, when fortunately the peculiar form of Clunes was distinguished in the party, which assured them they had nothing to fear.

the day before, and were preparing a portion of it when Dr. Cameron approached. He was not so very much surprised to find himself enjoyed under the novel luxury of some bread, which had been procured for his use from Fort Augustus.

Charles now expressed a wish to cross the Chain and join Lochiel; but this measure was considered premature by his attendants, on account of a distemper which had recently appeared in the newspapers, that he had gone over Corryarrack with Lochiel and thirty men, which would undoubtedly occasion a vigilant search in those parts. He was advised to remain where he was, as in all probability the attention of the troops would be directed to the mountains, and he was to be content with proportionate closeness to the south. In the mean time, Dr. Cameron ventured into Lochaber to procure intelligence, and Lochgary posted himself upon the isthmus, betwixt the east end of Loch Lochy and the west end of Loch Linne, to watch the motions of the troops. The prince, at the same time, despatched his faithful attendant Glenaladale, who had shared every privation with him for a month past, to await the arrival of the French vessels which he now expected at Lochannan in Arisnig, and to apprise him of that event whenever it should occur.

Charles was sleeping upon the mountain side, with his few remaining attendants, he was roused at eight o'clock in the morning by a child, who exclaimed she saw a body of red coats. Looking down into the vale, he perceived a troop of Highlanders, who were descending the hill, and searching the adjacent woods. This occurred in consequence of information which had been communicated to Fort Augustus. The party, in great alarm, ascended the face of the mountain, along the deep channel of a winter torrent, which produced, along the steep ascent, a very disagreeable travelling. Another hill called Mullatargart, which is prodigiously steep, high, and craggy. On the top of that eminence they remained all day without a morsel of food. In the evening, one of Clunes's sons came, and told them that his father would meet them at a certain place, and that he had no objection to his going. Charles set out for this spot, which was only to be reached by the most inaccessible paths. Tiring along amongst rocks and stumps of trees, which tore their clothes and limbs, they at length proposed to halt and rest all night. But Charles, though the most exhausted of all the party, insisted upon keeping on, and was accompanied by Clunes. After proceeding some way farther, Charles had to acknowledge himself utterly incapable of further exertion; when the generous Highlanders took hold of his arms and supported him along, though themselves tottering under the influence of this unparalleled fatigue. Almost perishing with hunger, and sinking under the dreadful exertions of the night, they at last reached their destination; where, to their great relief, they found Clunes and his son, with a cow which they had killed and partly dressed. Here they remained for a few days, till Lochgary and Dr. Cameron returned, and they were then informed that the passes were now so strictly guarded, and that he might safely venture at least a stage nearer to Lochiel.

The prince now crossed Locharkaig, and was conducted to a fastness in the firwood of Auchnacree, belonging to Lochiel, where he received a message from MacDonald of MacPherson of Glengary, informing him that they were in Badenoch, and that the latter gentleman would meet him on a certain day at the place where he was, in order to conduct him to their habitation, which they judged the safest place for him. Impatient to see these dear friends, he resolved not to wait for Clunes's coming, but to set out with such guides as he had. Accordingly, he decamped on the 28th of August, and, travelling all night, came next day to a place called Corineur. He crossed the Chain or great Glen of Albyn in safety, and joined Lochiel at a place called Mallaunary, a part of Badenoch which joins to the Braes of Rannoch.

Lochiel had resided in this part of the country for several months, accompanied by Cluny, the proprietor of the ground, and Dr. Stuart Thriepdale, a gentleman of Perthshire. By this time he was almost recovered from his illness, and he had been in the hills of Colledun, but was still unable to walk without assistance. When Charles came to see him, he was residing in a miserable little hut, with MacPherson of Breakachie, Allan Cameron, his principal servant, and two servants of Lochiel. On seeing the prince approach with his party of five persons, and his horse, he instantly fell into the same mistake which Charles and Peter Grant had lately escaped so narrowly—he took them for a party of militia,

of whom he knew there was a troop stationed only four or five miles off. Under that apprehension, he had prepared his firearms, of which he possessed a considerable quantity, and was on the point of firing off a volley, when he recognised some of the persons composing the dreaded little band. On perceiving that the prince was among the number, he hoisted a flag as fast as he could to inform them of his error. He then stepped forward, and exclaimed, "Oh no, my dear Lochiel; we do not know who may be looking at us from yonder hills; and, if they see any such motions, they will immediately conclude that I am here." Lochiel then conducted him into the hut, where he found a more liberal and better informed experience of ever since the battle of Colledun. There was plenty of mutton, an anker of whiskey containing twenty Scots pints, some good beef sausages made the year before, plenty of butter and cheese, and a large well cured bacon ham. The first thing he called for was a great slab of butter, which he laid upon a plate, and the mained collops were then dressed for him with butter, in a large sauce pan which Lochiel and Cluny always carried about with them, and which was the only fire vessel they had. "Now, gentlemen, I live like a prince," cried Charles, as he devoured the collops out of the pan great slices, and with the sword, with the sword, with the pleasures of the day—with meeting Lochiel, and finding food so superior to any he had lately eaten.

Two days after, Cluny, having gone to Auchnacree and found his royal highness gone, returned to Mallaunary. Upon his entering the hut, he beheld his knee-knelt to Charles, but the prince, contented him by taking him in his arms and kissing him. "I am sorry, Cluny," he said, "you and your regiment were not at the battle of Colledun; I did not hear till lately that you were so near us that day."

The day after Cluny arrived, thinking it time to remove from Mallaunary, he conducted the prince and his attendants to a little shining trenched Uiskibarra, which, though dreadfully smoky and uncomfortable, was more eligible in other respects as a place of concealment. Charles expressed no ill-humour at the *desagrement* of the mode of his mode of travelling, and he slept in the night. He then removed to a habitation the most remarkable in which Charles had yet been—a curious half aerial house called the Cage, situated in the wild recesses of the great mountain of Bannalder, which seemed to promise the most effectual protection that could be devised.

Cluny's own description of "the Cage" has fortunately been preserved. "It was situated in the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain called Letternick, a part of Bannalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. The house was within a few rods of the mountain. There were five or six rows of trees laid down, in order to level a floor for the habitation; and as the place was steep, I raised the lower side to an equal height with the other; and these trees, in the way of joists or planks, were levelled with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing in the crevices of the rocks, and the roots of the fir, the oak, the birch, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes, made of heath and birch twigs, up to the top of the Cage, it being of a round or oval shape; and the whole thatched or covered over with fug (moss). This whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree, which inclined from the face of the rock, which was so much of the same colour, that one could discover no difference in the clearest day. The Cage was no larger than to contain six or seven persons; four of whom were frequently employed playing at cards, one idle looking on, one basking, and the other firing bread and cooking."

On the 2d of September, the prince and his attendants left the Cage till the 13th of September; and it was destined to be his last place of concealment in Scotland. Two French vessels, despatched on purpose to bring him off, early this month anchored in Lochannan; and Glenaladale, according to appointment, set off for the purpose of conveying him to the coast, and to the safety of the joyful event. The good gentleman found Charles away, nor was Clunes at hand to give him notice of his new place of

retreat. Fortunately, as he was wandering about, a poor man accidentally met him, and gave him a direction to Clunes's place of concealment. On finding that gentleman, a message was instantly despatched to Benaider ; and Glenaladale then returned to Lochna-nough, to inform the ships' crews that Charles would be with them as soon as possible.

Charles, on receiving this delightful intelligence, immediately left the Cage, with Lochiel, Lochgarry, John Roy Stuart, and several other friends ; and, travelling only by night, reached Moirdart upon the 19th. As carts had been taken to inform as many brethren as possible as well as to give a publicity of escape which was never presented itself, a considerable company soon assembled upon the shore opposite to the vessels. Charles was destined, like the hare which returns after a hard chase to the original form from which it set out, to leave Scotland, where he had undergone his distresses, to make a chase, precisely at the point where he had first set his foot upon its territory. Under what different auspices did he first see the wild hills around Lochna-nough fourteen months before ! He was then in the hey-day of hope—a kingdom lying open before him ready to be reaped by the sword and the distaff, and to be ruled by him as high as his own—and the country, by its tranquillity, apparently inviting him to proceed. Now, ragged and forlorn—his person shattered by the inclemencies of nature, and his mind agonised by the deception of his fortunes—he stood amidst a troop of ill-fated and ill-fortuned fugitives of whose mis-fortunes he was in no sense the cause—the country all round him teeming to his alarmed imagination with fiends thirsting for his life—and every thing seeming to inform him that the brilliant hopes he had so long enthusiastically entertained of freedom were proclaimed to the friends whom he left, that he would soon be back from France, with a force which should set his pretensions at rest ; he also hoped to fight yet one other glorious battle by the side of his brave Highlanders, and then to reward them for the valour they had shown in his behalf. But the wretchedness of his present appearance was strangely inconsistent with the magnificence of his proffered hopes. The many noble spirits who had already perished in his behalf, and the utterable misery which his enterprising friends of whose fortunes he was now returned to his remembrance, and, looking round him, he saw the tear starting into many a brave man's eye, as it cast a farewell look back upon the country which it was never again to behold. To have maintained a show of resolution, and to have started to affecting, would have been impossible. He had drawn his sword in the energy of his harangue ; but he now sheathed it, with a force which spoke his agitated feelings : he gazed a minute in silent agony, and finally burst into a flood of tears. Upwards of an hundred unfortunate gentlemen accompanied him on board, and the anchor being immediately raised, and the sails set, the last of the Stuarts was quickly borne away from the country of his fathers.

Thus did Charles end a series of adventures, such as few princes had ever encountered before him. His career was distinguished at first by extravagant dissipation, and afterwards by the miseries of his prison ; but he afterwards declined amidst a shower of blood. Then, a proscribed fugitive, with a price set upon his head, he spent five months in a state of perpetual alarm, enduring fatigues, hunger, and exposure to the elements, enough to have killed most men. The dangers which he escaped, and the hardships which he endured, were not without their value in a great measure to be ascribed to his own sagacity and fortitude ; but it could never have been achieved without the concurrence of the generous people amongst whom he was cast. The constancy displayed by the Highlanders on this occasion was beyond all praise. They showed that the rule state of society is not without its virtues, and that poverty can sometimes be incorruptible. Charles's life was intrusted to several hundred individuals, many of them in the lowest grade of humble life, and some of them even belonging to what modern civilisation would deem the lowest of the human scale. They have ever so much as entertained the idea of giving him help, but all endeavoured, to the utmost of their power, to further his escape, even at the risk of their own lives. The generosity of their behaviour is said to have recommended them, for the first time, to the respect of the English ; while, from this time, the reversing principle, and pure and lofty feeling, might reside under the tartan and blue bonnet of Scotland, as well as beneath the silk and fine linen of the South.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TRIALS AND EXECUTIONS.

*Th' Overruled tribunals, condemn'd me not !
Unaid my sins, reverse the state of death,
And let me say, where'er my doom is sent,
My years have been in doing justice.
—Lyc. On noble faith ; you lament in vain ;
—Charles. And you recite your sorrows to a stone.*

—Tiss. Andromeda.

Long before Charles's escape, a multitude of his followers, less fortunate than him, had met a cruel and bloody death upon the scaffold of England. The vendicity of government, after their final victory, had been precisely apportioned to their previous panic and pusillanimity ; and, in the emphatic language used by Johnson on the occasion, it was now necessary that statutes should reap the refuse of the sword. We are never so prone to commit an act of inhumanity as during the surprise and agitation which follows personal danger ; and even the annoyance of a harmless fly will sometimes provoke us to an act at which, in cooler moments, we would shudder. On the same principle, the rulers of this time, though perhaps not naturally cruel, displayed a blood-thirstiness and insatiable desire of vengeance, which no doubt appeared justified by the occasion, but of which they must have afterwards repented.

The officers of the English regiment taken at Carlisle were the first victims of this sanguinary calumny. Eighteen of the most distinguished gentlemen, at the head of whom Sir Townly their colonel, were tried before a grand jury, at the Court-house on St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark, in the county of Surrey, on the 15th of July, and four following days. All were condemned to death except one ; and, on the 20th of the month, an order came from the king's council, ordering the execution, on the succeeding day, of nine who were judged to be most guilty, namely, Francis Townly, George Fletcher, Thomas Chadwick, James Dawson, Thomas Deacon, John Berwick, Andrew Blood, Thomas Syddall, and David Morgan ; the other eight being reprieved for three years.

These ill-fated persons were roused from sleep at six o'clock in the morning of July 30th, to prepare for their execution. On coming down into the courtyard of their prison, they ordered coffee to be got ready for their breakfast, the first order which they made, and which, though the whole was very remarkable. Only Syddall, of all the rest, was observed to tremble when the halter was put about his neck ; and he, to conceal his agitation from the spectators, took a pinch of snuff. When their irons had been knocked off, their arms pinched, and their shaggy heads shaved, they were each put in three sledges, to each of which three horses were attached. In the first sledge, along with Townly, Blood, and Berwick, the executioner sat with a drawn scimitar. The procession was accompanied by a party of footguards.

Kennington Common was the place appointed for the execution, and the same spectacle was expected to be attended with all those circumstances of barbarity awarded by the English law of treason, the London mob had assembled in extraordinary numbers to witness it. A pile of faggots and a block were placed near the gallows ; and while the prisoners were being led down to the block, took some written papers from their coats, and threw them among the spectators. These were found to contain declarations, to the effect that they died in a just cause, that they did not repent of what they had done, and that they doubted not but that their country would be avenged. These expressions which were considered treasonable. They likewise delivered papers to the sheriff, and then threw away their hats, some of which were gold-laced—for they were all dressed like gentlemen ; and it is said that these pieces of dress were found to contain other papers, in which they put their pockets, put them on, and drew them over their eyes ; and then they were turned off. When they had been suspended three minutes, the soldiers went in under the bodies, drew off their shoes, white stockings,

and breeches ; and the executioner pulled off the rest of their clothes. When they had been stripped perfectly naked, the last mentioned official cut down Mr. Townly, and laid him on the block. Observed that the body to receive the blow, for the humane purpose of rendering it totally insensible to what remained. These not having the desired effect, he cut the throat. The *verenda* were first cut off, and thrown into the fire. Then cutting open the body, he took out the bowels and heart, which he also threw into the fire, and, finally, with a cleaver, separated the head from the body, and put both into a coffin. Mr. Morgan was next cut down, and after him the rest, the executioner unbowed and beheading them one by one, as he had done Mr. Townly. On throwing the last head into the fire, which the bowels and heart, which he also threw into a loud voice, "God save King George !" and the spectators responded with a shout. When this barbarous ceremony was concluded, the mutilated bodies were conveyed back to prison on the sledges ; and the heads of Townly and Fletcher were three days after fixed upon Temple-bar, while those of Deacon, Berwick, Chadwick, and Syddall, were preserved in spirits, in order to be disposed in the same way at Carlisle and Manchester. Townly's body was buried at Pancras ; but those of the others were interred in the burying-ground near the Foundling Hospital.

The mob of London had booed these ill-fated gentlemen on their passage to and from their trials ; but at the execution they looked on with faces betokening at least pity for their misfortunes, if not also admiration of their courage. A circumstance, observed at the time, excited a good deal of comment, and was the subject of this. This was the appearance, at the place of execution of Charles Deacon, a very youthful brother of one of the culprits, himself a culprit, and under sentence of death for the same crime, but who had been permitted to attend the last scene of his brother's life in a sledge, and with a guard. Although the circumstances were so affecting, and afterwards to the knowledge of the public, James Dawson, the son of a gentleman of Lancashire, and who had not completed his studies at St. John's College, Cambridge, was attached to a young lady, of good family and fortune, at the time when some young men were endeavouring to stir up the mob to join the insurgents. Had he been acquitted, or if he could have obtained the royal mercy, the day of his enlargement was fixed by the parents of both parties to have been that of their marriage. When it was ascertained that he was to suffer the cruel death which has just been described, he was accompanied by his friends, to witness the execution ; and she accordingly followed the sledges, in a hackney-coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend. She got near enough to see the face which was to consume her lover's heart, besides all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without being guilty of any of those extravagances which her friends had apprehended. She also succeeded in restraining her feelings during the progress of the bloody tragedy. But when all was over, and the shouts of the multitude rang over her head's departure in her ears, she drew her veil, and, in a low voice, and crying, "My dear, I follow thee, I follow thee—sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together," fell upon the neck of her companion, and expired in the very moment she was speaking.

Previous to this period, bills of indictment having been found, by the grand jury of Surrey, against the Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromarty, and Lord Balmorino, these three noblemen were tried by the House of Peers, on Monday the 26th of July. This high solemnity was conducted with great state. A hundred and thirty-five peers were present. Lord Charles Hardwicke acted as the occasional lord high steward, or president of the assembly. Westminster Hall was fitted up in a most magnificent manner for the purpose. Mr. George Ross was appointed solicitor for Kilmarnock and Balmorino, and Mr. Adam Gordon for Cromarty, at their own request.

The three rebel lords, as they were styled, proceeded from the Tower, early in the forenoon, towards Westminster Hall ; Kilmarnock in Lord Cornwallis's coach, attended by General Williamson, deputy-governor of the Tower ; Cromarty in General Williamson's coach, attended by Captain Hamilton ; and Balmorino in a third coach, accompanied by Mr. Fowler, gentleman jester, who had the axe covered by him. A strong guard of soldiers paraded along side of the coaches. The Court, who had likewise moved in a procession from the House of Peers to the Hall, being duly met, and pronounced open, having been made for the appearance of the prisoners,

might repose and prepare himself, in the room fitted up for him, as long as he thought convenient, remembering only that the warrant for execution was not to be executed on the day of the execution. The complaint made by Lord Kenmore in 1716, that the block was too low, it was raised to the height of two feet; that, to fix it the more firmly, props would be placed directly under it, that the certainty or decency of the execution might not be obstructed by the block, for by that means the bodies would be soon removed out of sight. Being further informed, that an executioner was provided, who, besides being expert, was a *very good sort of man*, he exclaimed, "General, this is one of the worst circumstances that you have mentioned. I cannot thoroughly excuse, for a work of this kind, your hearted and compassionate; and a rougher and less sensible person would be much more fit for the office. He then requested that four persons might be appointed to receive the head, when it was severed from the body, in a red cloth, in order that it might not, as he had been informed, be the case in some former executions, roll about the scaffold, and be thereby mangled and disfigured; adding, that this was a small circumstance in comparison, but he was not willing that his body should be exposed to any unnecessary indecency after the execution of his life. The executioner, thus, in this conversation, his lordship is said to have maintained as much composure as the least compassionate reader can do in pursuing a mere report of it. General Williamson advised him, in conclusion, to think frequently on the circumstances of his death-scene, in order that they might make the less impression when presented to his senses.

At six o'clock in the morning of the day of execution, a troop of life-guards, a troop of horse grenadiers, and about a thousand foot guards, were drawn up on Tower Hill, in the form of a battalio, and the court consisting of the scaffold, and his hands, formed by two lines, extending to the lower gate, with a proper space for the procession to pass. About eight o'clock, the sheriffs of London, their undersheriffs, and their officers, namely, six sergeants at mace, six yeomen, and the executioner, met at the Tower. The sheriffs then went to the house hired by them for the reception of the prisoners, which was about thirty yards distant, and in front of which the scaffold had been erected. At ten o'clock, the block was fixed, covered with black cloth, and several sacks of saw-dust were provided, to be strewn upon the scaffold. Soon after, the two coffins were brought upon the scaffold. These were covered with black cloth, ornamented with gilt nails, and upon that of Kilmarnock was a plate with this inscription, "Gallienus Comes de Kilmarnock, decollatus 18^o Augusti 1646. Etat. suæ 42^a." with an oval coronet gilt, and white Balmerino's bore, "Arthurus Dominus de Balmerino, decollatus 18^o Augusti 1746. Etat. suæ 58^a," surmounted by the coronet of a baron.

These preparations over, the officers to whom the management of the execution was by law assigned, went in procession to the Tower, and stood in front of the warder within asked, "Who's there?" and was answered by an officer, "The sheriffs of London and Middlesex." According to ancient usage, the warder asked, "What do they want?" and the officer answered, "The Lord William, Earl of Kilmarnock, and Arthur, Lord Balmerino." The warder said, "I will go and inform the lieutenant of the tower." When General Williamson consequently informed the Earl of Kilmarnock that the sheriffs were waiting for the prisoners, his lordship, having completely prepared himself for the terrible announcement, went in to the Tower, and said, "I am ready, General, I am ready, and will follow you." In going down stairs, he met Balmerino at the first landing-place, who embraced him affectionately, and said, "My lord, I am heartily sorry to have your company in this expedition." The two unfortunate noblemen were their persons. The first, however, gave the second a bill, and the second gave receipts to the deputy-lieutenants for their duties. As they were leaving the Tower, the deputy-lieutenant, according to custom, cried, "God bless King George!" to which Kilmarnock made a bow, while the inflexible executioner exclaimed, "God bless King George!" The procession moved in a slow and solemn manner towards the house prepared for the reception of the lords; Kilmarnock, attended by Mr. Sheriff Blackford, with Messrs.

Foster and Home, two presbyterian clergymen, and Balmerino, supported by Mr. Sheriff Cockayne, accompanied the chaplain of the Tower and another minister of the episcopalian persuasion. As they were moving along, some person was heard to exclaim from the surrounding crowd, "Which is Balmerino?" when that nobleman instantly turned half round, and politely said, "I am Balmerino." The hearse and a mourning coach followed the procession, adding an inexpressible solemnity and gloom to a scene already as melancholy as can be conceived.

On arriving within the area around the scaffold, the two lords were conducted into separate apartments in the Tower, and their friends and acquaintances, who their friends were admitted to see them. The walls of this house were hung with black, as well as the passage leading from it to the scaffold, and the scaffold itself, at the expense of the sheriffs. When the pageant had come to the scaffold, the troops which lined the road from the Tower looked in behind the rest, and the scaffold was thus surrounded by soldiers six deep.

About eleven o'clock, Lord Kilmarnock received a message from Lord Balmerino, requesting an interview; which being consented to, Balmerino was introduced into Kilmarnock's apartment. The conversation which followed is reported by Mr. Foster to have been precisely as follows:—BALMERINO. "My lord, I beg leave to ask your lordship one question."—KILMARNOCK. "To any question, my lord, that you shall think it proper to ask, I believe I shall see no reason to decline giving an answer to."—BALMERINO. "I do not desire to know or know of any other, judging by the price, to give no quarter at Culloden?"—K. "No, my lord."—B. "Nor I, neither; and therefore, it seems to me an invention to justify their own murders."—K. "No, my lord, I do not think that inference can be drawn from that."—BALMERINO. "I was informed by several officers that there was such an order, signed 'George Murray'; and that it was in the duke's custody."—B. "Lord George Murray! Why, then, they should not charge it upon the prince." His lordship then took his leave, embracing his fellow sufferer with great tenderness, and saying, "My dear lord Kilmarnock, I am only sorry that I cannot pay all this reckoning alone. Once more, farewell for ever!"

Lord Kilmarnock spent nearly an hour after this conversation, in devotion with Mr. Foster and the gentleman who attended him. He was then informed that he had been repented of his crime, and had resumed at this last hour his former attachment to the reigning family. His rank giving him a dreadful precedence in what was to ensue, he was led first to the scaffold. Before leaving the room, he took a tender farewell of all the friends who attended him. When he stepped upon the scaffold, notwithstanding all his previous attempts to familiarise his mind with the idea of the scene, he could not help being somewhat appalled at the sight of so many dreadful objects; and he muttered in the ear of one of the attendants, "I am in this a terrible man!" He was, however, in a dark black and bore a countenance which, though quite composed, wore the deepest hue of melancholy. The sight of his care-worn but still handsome figure, and of his pale resigned countenance, produced a great impression upon the spectators, many of whom were women, and some of whom were children. He was affected, that he was obliged to drink several glasses of spirits, to brace his nerves for the work of death.

From a rare contemporary print of the execution of Lord Kilmarnock, it appears that the scaffold was very small, and that there were not above six or seven persons altogether upon it at the time his lordship stepped upon the block. The block is a piece of wood, considerably higher than may be generally supposed; the culprit only requiring to kneel and bend a little forward in order to bring his neck over it. The cloth which originally covered the surrounding rails, is turned up, in such a manner as to give the spectators a full view of the victim of the dreadful circumstances of the scene. The culprit appears kneeling at the block, without his coat and waistcoat, and the frill of his shirt hanging down. The figures upon the scaffold, all except one of awfully inhuman character, are dressed in black. The first of the shades of King George the second's reign, which our grandfathers used to call by the dignified appellation, "a stand of mournings;" and most of them have white handkerchiefs at their eyes, and express, by their attitudes, the most violent grief.

As the execution was drawing near, when the unhappy Kilmarnock approached the scene of his last sufferings. After mounting the scaffold, and taking leave of Mr. Foster, who chose to retire, he stripped off his upper

clothes, turned down his shirt, and arranged his long dress, which, (previously in a bag,) under a large napkin of damask cloth, which he had brought for the purpose of forming it into a cap. He also informed the executioner, to whom he gave a purse containing five guineas, that he would give the signal for the descent of the axe, about two minutes after he should lay his neck upon the block, by dropping a handkerchief. Then he went backward and knelt upon a black cushion, which was placed for the purpose before the block. Whether to support himself, or as a more convenient posture for devotion, he happened to lay his hands upon the surface of the block, resting with his neck; and the executioner was obliged to desire him to let them fall down, lest they should be mangled or break the blow. Being informed that the neck of his waistcoat was in the way, he rose once more upon his feet and with the help of one of his friends, (Mr. Walkingshaw of Scotsdown), had that garment taken off. His hands and the neck being placed completely bare to the shoulder, he again knelt down as before. Mr. Home's servant, who held a corner of the cloth to receive his head, heard him at this moment receive the executioner that he would give the signal in about two minutes. That interval he spent in fervent prayer, and in looking up to heaven with his hands now and then of his head. Having then fixed his neck down close upon the block, he gave the signal; his body remained without the least motion till the descent of the axe; which went so far through the neck at the first blow, that only a little piece of skin remained to be severed by the second.

The head, which immediately dropped into the cloth, was not exposed in the usual manner by the executioner, in consequence of the prisoner's express request, but deposited with his body in the coffin, which was then descended to his friends, and deposited in the hearse. The scaffold was then cleared, and strewn with fresh saw dust, so that no appearance of a former execution might remain to offend the feelings of Lord Balmerino; and the executioner, who was dressed in white, changed such of his clothes as were bloody.

While the body lay in the apartment of Balmerino, who, upon his entrance, said that he supposed Lord Kilmarnock was now no more, and asked how the executioner had performed his duty. Being informed upon this point, he remarked that it was well done. He had previously maintained before his friends a show of intrepidity, and had said, "I am not afraid of death; and them; twice taking wine, with a little bread, and desiring them to drink him 'a degree to heaven.' He now said, "Gentlemen, I will detain you no longer, for I desire not to protract my life!" saluted them with an bow, and then, with a sigh, he turned from every eye his own; and hastened to the scaffold.

The appearance of Balmerino upon this fatal stage produced a very different sensation among the spectators from that occasioned by Kilmarnock. His firm step, his bold bluff figure, but above all his dress, the same as that of the first, and the same as that which he had worn throughout the late campaign, excited breathless admiration, rather than any emotion of pity, and made the crowd regard him as a being of a superior nature. So far from expressing any concern about his approaching death, he even reproved the tenderness of such of his friends as were about him, and said, "I am on the scaffold, he bowed to the people, and inspected the inscription upon his coffin, which he declared to be correct. He also asked which was his hearse, and ordered the man to drive near. Then looking with an air of satisfaction at the block, which he designated as his "pillow of rest," he took out a paper, and putting it in his spectacles, read it to the few about him. It contained a declaration of his unshaken adherence to the house of Stuart, and of his regret for ever having served in the armies of their enemies, Queen Anne and George the First, which he termed the only fruits of his life deserving of present life.

Finally, he called for the executioner; who immediately appeared, and was about to ask his forgiveness, when Balmerino stopped him, by saying, "Friend, you need not ask forgiveness; the execution of your duty is the same as my forgiveness." He then, with a sigh, he said, "Friend, I never had much money; this is all I now have; I wish it was more for your sake; and an sorry I can add nothing to it, but my coat and waistcoat." He took off these garments, and laid them upon his coffin for the executioner.

As the executioner was about to strike, this singular man displayed the same wonderful degree of coolness and intrepidity. Having put on a flannel vest which had been made on purpose, together with a cap of tartan, to

denote, he said, that he died a Scotsman, he went to the block and, kneeling down, went through a sort of religious service, the intention of the executioner; showing him how he should give the signal for the blow by dropping his arms. He then returned to his friends, took a tender farewell of them, and, looking round upon the crowd, said, "I am afraid there are some who may think my prayer bold; but, (addressing the executioner) I can remember, sir, what I tell you, it arises from a confidence in God, and a clear conscience."

At this moment, he observed the executioner standing with the axe, and, going up to him, took the fatal weapon into his own hand and felt its edge. On returning it, he said to the duke, and received my soul,"—and animated him to do it with vigour and resolution; adding, "for in that, friend, will consist your mercy." With a countenance of the utmost cheerfulness, he then knelt down at the block, and, uttering the following words:—"O Lord, reward my friends, forgive my enemies, bless the priests and the duke, and receive my soul,"—dropped his arms for the blow. The executioner, recollecting the deliberation of Lord Kilmarnock, was thrown out by the suddenness with which the signal was given in the present case, and gave his blow without taking accurate aim at the proper place. He hit the unfortunate nobleman between the shoulders, depriving him, in a great measure, it was supposed, of sensation, but by no means producing death. It has been said by some who witnessed this dreadful scene, that the unfortunate man turned his head half round, and gnashed his teeth either with rage or pain; while his eyes glared dreadfully in the face of the executioner. If this was the case, it fortunately did not prevent the man from recovering his presence of mind; for he immediately brought down another blow, which went through two thirds of the neck. Death immediately followed this stroke, and the king's army was then allowed to proceed, and was replaced by some of the by-standers; and a third blow completed the work.

The fate of these unfortunate noblemen excited more public interest than perhaps any other thing connected with the insurrection. The Jacobites, together with all sorts of other persons, were attracted to the scene, and the behaviour of Balmerino; while the Whigs, and all persons of a pious disposition, admired the placid and devout resignation of Kilmarnock. Every member of the state seemed to have chosen his favourite nobleman, in whose behalf he was prepared to talk, dispute, and even to fight. There was a kind of holy enthusiasm, and a great interest, in the public of their history, and discussing their respective and very opposite characters. Among these it is remarkable, that no one did justice, either to the profound humility and sorrow-struck contrition of Kilmarnock, or to the dauntless magnanimity and serenity of Balmerino. One set came about Kilmarnock's long prayers and death-wrung petitions to King George; the other talks with indignation of Balmerino's continued rebellion and his soldier-like levity. It is still more remarkable, perhaps, that no publication of the time addressed the propriety of allowing the king's army to go to any of the rebels. All the fugitive writers seem to have been impressed, on this occasion, with a terrible idea of the power of government, and to have thought that the only way in which they could make sure of their own lives was to permit the law to be gorged with criminals. The only advantage which they could see appears to have been made, was the simple insertion in one or two of the Jacobite journals, of the well known passage in Measure for Measure:

"No ceremony that to the great begets,
Not to the king's crown nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Becomes them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. Alas! alas!
What more may the souls that were forfeit once,
And he that might their advantage once have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that,
And may you then be breathe within your lips,
Like me new made."

To-morrow? Oh! that's sudden; spare him, spare him! He's not prepared for death."

James Nicholson, Walter Ogilvie, and Donald MacDonald, forming a selection from the Scottish officers taken at Carlisle, were the next victims of the offended state. They were condemned at St. Margaret's Hill, on the 24th of August (along with Alexander MacGowrie, whose name I have already mentioned), at the same session, on the 22d, Nicholson had kept a

coffee-house at Leith, and was a man in middle life; but MacDonald and Ogilvie were both young and good looking, the first a cadet of the family of Keppoch, and the other a native of the county of Banff. They were conducted to the place of execution in a sledge, guarded by a party of horse grenadiers and a detachment of the foot-guards. MacDonald and Nicholson appeared at the place of execution in their tight, and were there for an hour in devotion upon the scaffold, and were then executed in precisely the same manner with Francis Townley and his companions, except that they were permitted to hang fifteen minutes before being dismembered; the horrid circumstances of the former execution having been so much more atrocious, and the latter more unsensitively cruel, which usually assembles on such occasions.

During the course of the two ensuing months, many trials took place at St. Margaret's Hill, without any of the prisoners receiving sentence of death. But, on the 15th of November, judgment was at length pronounced upon no fewer than twenty-two persons, who had been convicted singly at different times; and out of these five were ordered for execution on the 28th of November. The names of the unfortunate persons were John Hamilton, Alexander Leitch, John Wedderburn, James Bradshaw, and Alexander Bradshaw. Hamilton had been governor of Carlisle, and signed its capitulation; Leitch was an aged and infirm man, who had distinguished himself by his activity as a captain in the Duke of Perth's regiment; Sir John Wedderburn had acted as receiver of the excise duties, and was raised to the peerage; and Andrew Wood was a youth of little more than two-and-twenty, who had displayed great courage and zeal in the regiment of John Roy Stewart; and Bradshaw was a respectable and wealthy merchant of Manchester, who had abandoned his business, and spent his fortune in the cause of the king, and was afterwards taken prisoner.

The execution of these gentlemen, which took place on the 28th of November, was attended with some affecting circumstances. Before nine o'clock in the morning, the servants of the keeper unlocked the rooms in which Sir John Wedderburn, Mr. Hamilton, and James Bradshaw were confined, and called to them, to signify to them that they were to die, desired them to prepare themselves for the sheriff, who would immediately come to demand their persons. Although this was the first certain intelligence they had of their fate, they received it with calmness, and said they would soon be ready to go. The prisoners, however, were not permitted to take farewell of a fellow-officer of the name of Farquharson, who had been respected, and was confined on the same side of the prison. The keeper's servants proceeded to rouse the rest of the doomed men, besides one of the name of Lindsay, who was said to expect to share their fate. When they were told to prepare for the sheriff, Wood enquired if Governor Hamilton had been finally consigned to execution; and being answered in the affirmative, remarked, "that he was sorry for that poor old gentleman." They were led into the fire part of the prison, and were then allowed to sign their names, and to receive the policy of government in granting reprieves at the last hour, Bradshaw still hoped to be pardoned, and endeavoured, on this occasion, to display a confident cheerfulness of manner. Wood, entertaining no such expectations, called for wine, and drank the health of his friends, and then said, "I thank you for the wine, but I have no title. Lindsey's reprieve arrived at the moment when he was submitting to have his hands tied, and produced such an effect upon his feelings as almost to deprive him of the life which it was designed to save. The sanguine Bradshaw, whose halter was just then thrown about his neck, eagerly enquired, "if that was any news for him." "The sheriff is come, and waits for you." This was the awful answer knelt upon the poor man's ear.

They were drawn to the place of execution in two sledges, Bradshaw shedding tears of disappointment and wretchedness. They arrived at the foot of the fatal tree, where they were not permitted to stand, but were placed in the midst of a vast crowd of spectators. Bradshaw, and also Sir John Wedderburn, were observed to look earnestly at the gallows as they drew near to it. The whole party for King James, and declared they did not fear death. Bradshaw was tied up first, and the rest of the party followed in the sledge, and were then drawn away from beneath them, while they were yet imploring the Almighty to receive their souls. On being cut down, their bowels were taken out and thrown into a fire which blazed near the gallows. Their bodies were afterwards surrendered to their friends.

After the execution of these gentlemen, proceedings with still greater energy at Carlisle and York, where

it was thought necessary to try the most of the insurgents who had been taken at Carlisle, by the forms of an English court of law, and to try the remainder, placing them at the mercy of their countrymen, who were now too generally suspected of disaffection to be intrusted with a commission so important. Carlisle, the principal scene of their misdeeds in England, was selected for the trial of most of the prisoners, as it was more likely than any other to produce a jury of the stamp required by government. The result proved that, however much the Scottish people might labour under the imputation of humanity, their Cumbrian neighbours were not in the least degree tinged with that disloyal vice.

About a hundred of the insurgents were such it might be termed—of these still starved persons was impelled, like one of their own *droves* of black cattle, from the Highlands towards Carlisle, where, on being imprisoned, they were found to amount to no less than three hundred and eighty-five. To try so many individuals, with the certainty of finding almost all of them guilty, would have looked something like premeditated massacre; and might have had an effect upon the nation very different from what was intended. It was therefore determined that, while all the officers, and others who were distinguished themselves by zeal in the insurrection, should be tried by a court of law, the remainder should be committed to cast lots, one in twenty to be tried, and the rest to be transported. Several individuals refused this extrajudicial proffer of grace, and chose rather to take their chance upon a fair trial. The evidences were chiefly of the kind which might be expected from a party of indicted were found against a hundred and nineteen individuals; and the 9th of September was appointed the day of execution.

The time which intervened between the indictment and trial of the Carlisle prisoners, was occupied by the judges at York, where the grand jury had given an indictment against seventy-five insurgents then confined, whom the judges appeared to be tried on the 2d of October. Notice has already been taken of the countenance which was given to the bloody proceedings of government by a party in the nation, and the publication of a sermon, in which the king's army, the vanquished Jacobites was not only incultured, but insisted on. The reader will learn, with equal surprise and horror, that even the pulpit was occasionally made a vehicle for such inhuman sentiments. A dreadful incident occurred here, on the 21st of August, when the clerk of the prison, in the name of the sheriff, read a petition faith and that glorious minister by preaching before the judges, a sermon, the spirit of which is sufficiently indicated by its text—[Numbers, xxv. 5.] "And Moses said unto the judges of Israel, Slay ye every one his man, that were joined unto Baal-peor." The judges again sat down at Carlisle on the 9th of September; on which, and the two following days, most of the hundred and nineteen prisoners were arraigned. On the 12th, the grand jury sat again, and found bills against fifteen more. Out of the *hundred and thirty-seven* persons arraigned, *two* were found guilty, *one* obtained delay, on account of an allegation that he was a *peer*, eleven pled guilty when arraigned, *thirty-two* pled guilty when brought to trial, *thirty-seven* were found guilty, *eleven* found guilty but recommended to mercy, *thirty-three* acquitted, and *five* remained to prison to be tried.

The trials at York commenced on the 2d of October, and ended on the 7th, when, out of the seventy-five persons indicted, *two* pled guilty when arraigned, and *fifty-two* when brought to trial; *twelve* were found guilty, *four* found guilty but recommended to mercy, and *five* acquitted. Several of the prisoners were removed to the process of all these trials appears to have been extremely simple. Most of the prisoners endeavoured to take advantage of the notorious slavery in which the clans were held by their chiefs, by pleading that they had been forced into the insurgent army against their will; but their defence was in every case rejected.

Before the middle of October, an order was sent to Carlisle for the execution of thirty, out of the ninety-one persons there imprisoned under sentence; ten at Carlisle on the 18th October, ten at Brampton on the 21st, and ten at Penrith on the 28th. But of the first ten, one was removed to York, and the remainder were removed to Thomas Coppock, Edward Roper, Francis Buchanan of Arnprior, Donald MacDonald of Kinlochmoidart, Donald MacDonald of Tyernside, John Henderson, John MacNaughton, James Brand, and Hugh Cameron. They were executed, according to order, and all the prisoners who were not removed, had already attended the former executions. Out of the ten

who were appointed to die at Brampton, only six eventually suffered; James Innes, Patrick Lindsay, Ronald MacDonald, Thomas Fraser, Peter Taylor, and Michael Delard; one having died in prison, and the remaining three having been reprieved. Mercy was also extended to three of the ten who were designed for execution at Penrith. The names of those who suffered at the latter place, were, Roland Lyon, David Home, Andrew Swan, James Harris, John Robolston, Philip Hunt, and Valentine Holt.

In addition the twenty-two persons thus executed in the west of England, other twenty-two suffered at the city of York; namely, on the 1st of October, Captain Hamilton, Daniel Fraser, Edward Clavering, Charles Gordon, Benjamin Simon, James Main, William Colony, William Dempsey, Angus MacDonald, and James Sparks; on the 8th of the same month, David Roe, William Hunter, John Edusworth, John MacLean, James McGregor, Simon Mackenzie, Alexander Parker, Thomas Macgregor, Archibald Kennedy, James Thomson, and Michael Brady; and, on the 15th, James Reid. Eleven more were executed at Carlisle on the 15th of November; namely, Sir Archibald Primrose of Dunnichen, Charles Gordon of Dalpersy, Patrick Murray, James Innes of Straloch, Patrick Keir, Alexander Macdonald, Robert Reid, John Wallace, James Mitchell, Molineux Eaton, Thomas Hayes, and Barnaby Mathews.

All these unhappy individuals are said to have behaved, throughout the last trying scene, with a degree of decorum and firmness which perfectly astonished the spectators. Every one of them continued, till his last moment, to justify the cause which had brought him to the scaffold; and some even declared that, if set at liberty, they would act in the same manner as they were doing there. They all perished in their moment for the exiled royal family, particularly for the Prince Charles, whose execution, representing as a pattern of all manly excellence, and as a person calculated to render the nation happy, should it ever have the good fortune to see him restored.

The lives of nearly eighty persons had now been destroyed, and the nation was in such a state of excitement had been thrown by the insurrection; and the appetite of the common people for bloody spectacles had been saliated almost to loathing. There yet remained, however, a few individuals, who, having excited the displeasure of government in a peculiar degree, were marked out for execution; and among these, Charles Ratcliff, younger brother to the Earl of Derwentwater who had been executed in 1716, and who had himself only evaded the same fate by making his escape from Newgate. This gentleman, taking upon himself the name of Earl of Derwentwater, was made prisoner, in November 1745, on board a truch vessel on its way to Scotland with supplies for Prince Charles. After lying a year in confinement, he was brought up to the bar of the king's bench (November 21, 1746), when the sentence which had been passed upon him thirty years before, was again read to him. He endeavoured to perplex the court regarding his identity; but it was established satisfactorily, and he was condemned to be executed on the 8th of December. That day he came upon the scaffold in a suit of scarlet, faced with black velvet, and trimmed with gold; a gold laced waistcoat, white silk stockings, and a gold lace cravat. He was a manly and handsome man, and his countenance, with a manly courage and proud bearing, which seemed to indicate, that he held the malice of his enemies and the stroke of death in equal scorn.

At the fall of all the *marquis*, as they were styled by their own party. This was the regular old man, who was impeached by the house of commons on the 11th of December; his trial took place before the house of peers on the 9th of March 1747, and several successive days. On this momentous occasion, he seems to have exerted himself to the utmost for distinction and glory which had carried him through life with no much distinction. But the evidence produced against him was of that kind which no artifice could invalidate. He was confronted with a prodigious number of letters, which he had written to the exiled family, and in particular to the Young Chevalier, promising assistance and money, and stating the proposed elevation of his family to a dukedom. There had been procured from Murray of Broughton, who preferring to live the life of a dog to dying the death of a man, had engaged with government to make all the disbursements at his own power. Lord Lovat could make no effective stand against such evidence, and although he uttered an exculpatory and palliative speech of some eloquence, he was condemned to die.

During the space of a week which intervened between

his sentence and his execution, he maintained, without the least interruption, that flow of animal spirits and energy, which he had been so long accustomed to make throughout his life. He talked to the people about him of his approaching death, as he would have talked of a journey which he designed to take; and he made the circumstances which were to attend it the subject of innumerable criticisms and playful remarks. When informed in the forenoon, that he left the prison, that a scaffold had fallen near the place of execution, by which many persons were killed and maimed, he only remarked, "The main mischief, the better sport." He was so weak as to require the assistance of two persons in mounting. Here he maintained the same degree of indifference to death. He held the edge of the axe, and expressed himself satisfied with its sharpness. He called the executioner, gave him ten guineas, and told him to do his duty with firmness and accuracy; adding that he would be very angry with him, if he should hack and mangle his soldiers. He professed to die in the Roman catholic faith, and spent some time in devotion. One of his last expressions was the "*Dulce et decorum*" of Horace. With the same cool resignation, he submitted to the executioner, who fortunately performed the work by one blow.

Five months after the act of indemnity was passed in June 1747, granting the king's pardon to all who had committed acts of treason previous to the year 1745, except about eighty persons, whose names were specified.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PRINCE CHARLES IN FRANCE.

Bra.—Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Julius Cesar.

Prince Charles terminated his voyage at the small port of Roscoff, near Morlaix, after having sailed in a fog through the midst of the British fleet, then cruising on the coast of Bretagne. Immediately on stepping ashore, he is said to have thrown away his knives, and returned thanks to Heaven for having escaped unscathed through so many dangers. He and his company were still dressed in the miserable attire which they had worn in Scotland; but they were speedily refitted by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood.

On his arrival, he was met by the French court, who he was landed, than the castle of St. Antoine was fitted up for his reception, and his brother, attended by a great number of young noblemen, set out from Paris, to meet and congratulate him. On arriving at that capital, he did not stop for any refreshment, but drove on to Versailles. The king was at that time engaged in council upon affairs of importance; but when he heard that the prince was come, he immediately rose and came out to give him welcome. The fame of Charles's proceedings in Scotland had made a strong impression upon the result of this march, and upon the nation in general, who so strongly desired to admire the great hero's heroism; and in now meeting the gallant youth who had braved and suffered so much, he could not help embracing him with emotions of the tenderest nature.

"My dearest prince," he exclaimed, "I thank Heaven for your presence, and for that you returned in safety after so many fatigues and dangers. I am glad to see yourself possessed of all the qualities of the heroes and philosophers of antiquity, and I hope you will one day receive the reward of such extraordinary merit." After spending a quarter of an hour in conversation with the king, Charles passed to the apartment of the queen, who received him with the same demonstrations of respect and affection. As he was withdrawing from the palace, the whole court crowded around him, to express the admiration which they entertained for his exploits, and the satisfaction with which they saw him thus greater joy was the observation of an eye witness, or expressed themselves in terms more warm, had the dauphin himself been engaged in the same dangerous expedition, and returned from it in safety.

The subsequent cause gave rise to a supposition that Louis XVI. but was sincere in his demonstrations of welcome. It would appear, however, that the monarch really entertained a strong personal regard for Charles, and that to previous friendship was now added a feeling of a still warmer nature, a generous admiration of the valorous and fortunate man, who had been employed in his late campaign. If his most Christian majesty afterwards consented to sacrifice Charles to a necessity in state policy, it must be held to have been only one of those

unfortunate circumstances in which monarchs are obliged to violate their own feelings for the sake of their country. The chief reason for supposing the kindness of the queen to be equivocal, is that she was prepossessed in favour of Charles, on account of his resemblance to his mother, who had been her early and most intimate friend. She is thus said to have regarded him rather with the fondness of a mother than the favour of a queen. This affection for her was heightened by her interest in his fate. She beheld him with all that indefinable mixture of love and respect with which it seems so strikingly the characteristic of the female heart to treat those who acquire a name for "the dangers they have passed." She is said to have often detained him in her chamber. The affairs of her household, and her attendant ladies the strange and varied adventures he had met in Scotland; and with so lively a feeling of pity were these recitals usually attended, that she seldom failed to leave the fair assemblage drowned in tears.

The attentions which his appearance every where excited amongst the public, agreeable as both must have been to a youthful mind, were entirely neutralised by the intelligence which was every day arriving, of the cruelties executed by the British government upon his unfortunate countrymen. The British government, in part afterwards put into his mouth, "nought could so deeply wound and nought could seem fair," so long as his mind was occupied with the gloomy sensations which naturally arose from that cause. He was nevertheless obliged, soon after his arrival, to pay a public and ceremonious visit to the French king, who was then at Versailles. He had invited him, that of Regent of Scotland, England, and Ireland, the interview which he had already had being only private and *inognito*. On this occasion he moved in procession from his castle of St. Antoine, with the Scottish gentlemen who had come over with him; Lords Ogilvy and Elche, together with the venerable Glenbuckie, and Kelly his secretary, in one coach; he himself in the next, along with Lord Lewis Gordon and the elder Lochiel; the third contained four gentlemen of his bed chamber; and young Lochiel and some other gentlemen rode upon a horseback. The whole made a very respectable appearance. Charles himself, who wore a dress as remarkable for its costliness and splendour as his late attire was shabby and wretched. His coat was of rose colour velvet, embroidered with ermine tissue. His waistcoat was of rich gold brocade, with a sparkling pattern. His breeches were of damask in his hat and the buckles in his shoes were diamonds. The George at his bosom, and the order of St. Andrew, which he wore at one of the buttons holes of his waistcoat, were illustrated with large brilliants. "In fine," says the good Jacobite who records his appearance, "he glittered all over like the star which appeared at his birth." He supped with the royal family; and all his friends and attendants were entertained at various tables, which had been appointed for them, according to their rank.

It is to be regretted that the extent of friendship which the French king entertained for Charles, was destined to prove to give way before the more powerful influence of politics. The only motive which he had ever had for urging the claims of the house of Stuart against the reigning family, or for detaining Charles at his court, lay in his wish to annoy, by his presence, the British government, and in a certainty that, by resigning him at some convenient place, he could make a peace, when such could not otherwise be well obtained. It has been already seen that, after he had succeeded in fairly embroiling Britain in a civil war, he had Charles in a great measure to work out his own fate; contented with having achieved the object of his ambition, and as indifferent to the fate of the tool as the archer is to that of the arrow which he drives through the mail of his foe. Now that Charles was returned, although he felt personally an affection for the gallant young man, he yet scrupled in seeking to employ him once more in the same hazardous manner, and ordered several regiments of the exiled cavaliers, at the head of which he placed Lochiel, Lord Ogilvy, and others who had distinguished themselves in the late insurrection. He removed the minister who was chiefly blamed for the late mismanagement, and proposed to Charles when in Scotland, and put another in his place, whose attachment to the Stuart family was unquestionable. He posted the new regiments at Dieppe, Boulogne, and Calais; and caused the report of a new invasion to be loudly proclaimed.

Charles, who was willing in his turn to vail his better feelings to the dictates of policy, had too much good sense not to comprehend the true motive and object of

was every where shown to the public enemy of their country, while they themselves were treated with ill-suppressed contempt. They therefore complained to the French monarch, that he had not executed one important article of the treaty. His majesty gave them for answer, that he only awaited the return of a messenger from Rome, with an answer to a letter which he had written to the old pretender, demanding that Charles should be withdrawn by paternal authority from the kingdom, before taking active measures to that effect.

The messenger mentioned by the king, returned on the 9th of December [1748], with a letter from the old Chevalier, enclosing another under a flying seal, addressed to his son, in which he commanded the prince to return to his father, and to obey him, after having read the last epistle, sent it to Charles, by which he was made a last chance of declaring his submission to the royal authority; but the inflexible prince, though always said to have entertained the utmost respect for his father, refused to obey him, and to execute his commands. He declared openly that no pensions, nor promises, nor tages whatever, should induce him to renounce his just rights; that, on the contrary, he was resolved to consecrate the last moments of his life to their recovery. The king, who was extremely angry, and unwilling to depart, then called a council of state, where he was resolved to arrest him, and carry him out of the kingdom by force. Louis was still so averse to treat his unfortunate ally with disrespect, and still entertained so warm an opinion of his son, that he refused to give an arrest was presented for his signature, he exclaimed, with great sorrow, "Ah, pauvre prince! qu'il est difficile pour un roi d'être un véritable ami — (Ah, poor prince! how difficult it is for a king to be a true friend!) — The order was refused, and the prince, who was then, and was blazed all over Paris before the evening of the 10th of December, prince's return heard, and carried him the intelligence; but he affected not to believe it. Next day, as he was walking in the Tuilleries, a person of condition informed him that the king had just given an arrest, and that he did not prevent it by an immediate departure; he was resolved to brave the very extremity of his fate, he treated the intelligence as chimerical, and, turning to one of his followers, ordered a box to be hired for him that night at

The preparations made for his arrest were upon a scale proportioned to the importance of his character, or rather were dictated by the extent of public favour which he was supposed to enjoy. No fewer than twelve hundred of his men were drawn out and posted in the court of the Palais-Royal, and the grenadiers and carabiniers armed in cuirasses and helmets, filled the passages of the Opera-house; the Guet, or city police, were stationed in the streets to stop all carriages. The sergeants of the grenadiers, as the most intrepid, were selected to seize the king; and the sergeants of grenadiers took post in the court-yard of the kitchen. The king's valet, the commander of the French Guards, and who was commissioned to superintend, waited in a coach, disguised, to see the issue of the enterprise. 'The Mousquetaires had been already ready to mount on horseback; troops were posted upon the battlements of the Bastille; the prison of Vincennes, in which the prince was to be detained. Hatchets and scaling-ladders were prepared, and looksmiths directed to attend, in order to take his royal highness by escalade, in case he should throw himself from the window; and the king was to stand on a siege-bench, supported by two physicians and three surgeons, and to be ready to be in readiness to dress whoever might be wounded.

into this well prepared and formidable trap, Charles entered with all the untinkling boldness of a desperate man. Scorning the repeated warnings he had received, and regarding a friendly voice which told him, as his friend, that he was about to be betrayed, he was so much moved by the assurance of the Duke that he was not alone, that he drove up as usual to that place; where, as he stepped forth, he was met by a troop of soldiers, whose lieutenant alighted on the ground, that he was surrounded by six sergeants dressed in plain clothes, who seized his person; one taking care of each limb, while other two were sent to the court-yard of the Palais-Royal; the soldiers in the meantime keeping off the crowd with fixed bayonets, and seizing the few persons who attempted him. When he was brought into the court-yard, Major de Vaudreuil, who was sent to fetch him by the Duke's Baron, announced him to the Duke, and the Duke, with a look of surprise and royal highness, said, "Friend, I have ordered to arrest you in the name of the king." Charles immediately presented his sword; but, that not satisfying his captors, they searched his person, and found a pair of pistols, a dagger, and a penknife and a book, the last of which they together with the Duke's sword, took, and which the Duke had provided for himself, and

purpose, and hurried him into a hired coach, which was immediately driven off, attended by a strong guard. Another party in the mean time entered his palace, and arrested all his followers and servants, who were immediately conveyed to the Bastille, though soon afterwards liberated, and sent to the Bastille, where they were kept in liberty, and thrust into an upper room of narrow dimensions, where he was left to seek repose, attended by only a single friend—the faithful Neil MacEaschan, who, with the exception of his faithful companion, his journey was uneventful, and he arrived in safety at his residence through Skye. So long as he remained in the presence of soldiers or any officers of the French government, he had maintained a lofty air, and spoken in a haughty tone, but it is to be feared that he was superior to his misfortunes; but when he was alone, and he was left to himself, he was a friend to observe him, he gave way to a tumult of painful feeling which agitated his breast. Throwing himself upon a chair, according to the report of MacEaschan, as he lay there, he was visited by a family in Skye, he clasped his hands together, and burst into tears, saying, “Ah, my faithful mountaineers! you would never have treated me thus: would I were still with you!”—his mind apparently reverting, at this moment of peculiar distress, to the glories of his late brilliant life, though unwelcome enterprises.

The ill-fated prince was soon after conveyed out of the French dominions, which he never again entered. He spent the remainder of his life chiefly at Avignon, a city in Provence, but belonging to the pope. He did not cease to cherish all hope of a restoration to the throne of his ancestors, and was even accused of being at the head of at least one conspiracy, which was set on foot for that purpose by his English adherents in the year 1753. On that occasion he even ventured to visit London, in order to transact the business of the proposed insurrection. He was warmly received by his friends in the capital, but adopted the wise resolution not to molest the government, although said to have involved many of the most honourable names in England, did not arrive at any head; being probably repressed by a well-timed act on the part of government—the execution of Dr. Archibald Cameron. He was afterwards known to have taken the opportunity of his visit to London, to have written a letter to the king, in which he expressed his affection for his country, and his willingness to be faithful for the satisfaction of his friends. It is also said—for these facts hang but on vague authority—that he was once more in the metropolis at the period of the coronation of George the Third, and that he caused the bestowal of the king's knight on that occasion, to be answered by a knight of his own. He was afterwards driven down into the area, after the champion had deposited his gauntlet. Perhaps nothing could have better exemplified the weakness of his pretensions or prospects, in opposition to the monarch then crowned, than the light manner in which he was charged with this, as contrasted with the manner in which the king's champion of the object which he mailed himself to defend, and the object which represented the claims of his rival.

Charles, in the latter years, was degraded by the views of a disappointed and aimless man. After his transactions in Scotland, during which he displayed so much moderation and humanity, and after the numerous testimonials of his dying adherents, which paint him with so many excellences, it is impossible to doubt that he originally possessed both a noble mind and a good heart. After miseries such as it is the lot of few men to bear, it is a fate than which none can be considered more deplorable, to be the guest and generous prince into the domestic tyrant, to be the victim perhaps to be either wondered at or condemned. In ordinary life, instances are seen every day of men who entered into life with good prospects, and principles equally good, but whom some unlucky accident has "spiced at the world," and finally precipitated down the long descent of folly and crime. If pity and pardon are to be allowed to such errors—and they cannot easily be—how may sympathy be extended to the feelings of a man who has been so wronged? In many instances greater in degree, but took their rise in his birth and continued with his existence.

CONCLUSION

The insurrection of 1745 was no sooner suppressed by the stern course of policy which has been described, than the members of the legislature began to take into consideration a number of measures, by which it was proposed not only to prevent any such revolt for the future, but to annihilate, if possible, the spirit which excited it. These measures were in a general sense salutary, and, in the estimation of at least one party of the nation, absolutely indispensable. But it is to be regretted, a

by every one who can appreciate the mild government of the Brunswick dynasty, or the security which it has given to the national liberties, that they were also tyrannical in spirit, and severe in execution. The old remark, that a suppressed rebellion strengthens the hands of a government, held good in this instance; and perhaps the best apology which can be offered for both the military and civil cruelties of this period, is that no man, or body of men, can well manage a sudden accession of arbitrary power.

The first act of the legislature, as a matter of course related to the Scottish mountaineers, whose share in the war had been so pre-eminently conspicuous. It was de-nominated the Disarming Act, and proceeded upon two principles:—that no person should be armed at all, as an object, without, as it but too obviously appeared, he produced the desired effect. In order that this enactment might not be defeated like its predecessors, penalties of a peculiarly severe nature were imposed upon all who should be found in possession of arms, and it was provided that if any man, residing within the Highland line, should fail to deliver up his arms before the 1st of August 1747, or if any man should attempt to conceal arms either in his house, or in the fields, he was to be, for the first offence, confined for six months, and to be transported to the place of banishment, if he should be again found in possession of arms. If payment was not made within one month, he was to be transported to America as a common soldier, if able to serve; if not able to serve, he was to be transported to the place of banishment, and there to remain for six months, and then only liberated, if he should be found to have been employed in any manner on a fishing or trading voyage, or in any other manner, during the next ten years. If the offender was a woman, she was to be fined in the same sum, imprisoned till payment, and afterwards confined for six months. A second offence was to be visited with double the punishment, and no less a punishment than transmigration to the place of banishment.

Not only was the Highlander deprived of his arms, but their very dress was proscribed, and by still severer penalties. The same act ordained that, after the 1st of August 1747, if any person, whether man or boy, within the same tract of country, were found wearing the clothes commonly called "the Highland clothes" that is, the plaid, philibeg, trews, shoulder-belts, or any part whatsoever of the Highland garb, or if any person were found wearing a dress composed of tartan or party-coloured cloth, he should be imprisoned six months without bail for the first offence, and, on its repetition, be transported for seven years.

It was thus hoped, that not only would the Highlanders be incapable of aiding levying war against the state, but that, their distinction as a nation being destroyed, they would with all haste become obedient servants to government, like the rest of the community. As might be expected, the Highlanders were not slow to take advantage of these warm professions, and to shew that they were not inclined to regard that family, or their government, with any additional degree of favour. On the contrary, their previous disaffection was exasperated by these warm professions, and they were determined to form a new and more powerful 'loyal' clan, 'said Dr. Johnson, "murmured, with an appearance of justice, that, after having defended the king, they were forbidden for the future to defend themselves, and that the sword should be forfeited which had been so illegally drawn." The Highlanders, however, were not altogether discontent, the change of their dress produced feelings still less favourable to the existing government. Had the whole race been decimated, as their lively history General Stuart remarks, more violent grief, indignation, and revenge, could not have been excited among them, than by the change of dress, and the abolition of their ancient prejudices. It may be said, in conclusion, that, if the Highlanders have eventually become good servants to the state, and undistinguishable in dress and demeanour from the rest of the population, no part of the blame is to be ascribed to either of these most ungenerous and unjust enactments.

The next act of the legislature also regarded the Highlands, though, for the sake of uniformity, it was extended to the whole of Scotland. This was the celebrated act for abolishing heritable jurisdictions. It was supposed that, by putting an end to the power which all landed proprietors had hitherto possessed, of judging in civil and criminal cases among their dependents, the spirit of clanship would receive a mortal blow. Accordingly, it was resolved to buy up all these petty jurisdictions from the proprietors, and to vest them in sheriffs, who were to be appointed by the king. It was also resolved, that the hereditary jurisdiction of the vestry, and in the family of Argyle, should be purchased, and transferred to the high court and circuit court of justice; and that all constabularies should be abolished.

WALDIE'S SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 10, 1833.

NO. 9.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 6, NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—At \$5 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

Great Britain in 1833.

BY BARON D'HAUSSE,

EX-MINISTER OF MARINE UNDER KING CHARLES X.

INTRODUCTION.

After the last number of the "Library" went to press, we received from London the new work of Baron D'Haussé, and concluded to make it supersede the "Subaltern's Furlough" for the present. This production of an exiled minister will be found to possess uncommon interest, and it is now published in America, probably in a shorter time after its appearance in London, than has ever been the case with a foreign work. The London Literary Gazette of the 27th of July, says of it:—"The volumes are not yet published. We believe they will be ready next week." Thus the work is prepared for distribution over our whole country, in six weeks from the date of its issue in Great Britain, and may be read from Louisiana to Canada in the shortest possible period, realising completely the advantages of the "Library" mode of circulation. We mention this incidentally, not that we think the rapidity of its issue adds to the intrinsic merits of the book. The London Journal above quoted remarks:—

"To the production of Baron D'Haussé we would particularly invite attention. We enjoyed the gratification of his acquaintance, and can vouch for his partaking in character more of what we would call strong English sense and sterling ability, than of French vivacity and imagination. His remarks, therefore, even where not profound, are not superficial, and the errors into which he has fallen, though they amuse us, ought not to warp our minds from the consideration due to his more accurate and original remarks, or the conclusion to which they lead him. Having premised so much, we shall not detain our readers from the worthy baron, who has thus profitably occupied his time, which his more unfortunate associates, De Polignac, Peyronnet, and Montbel, have spent so painfully within the fortress of Ham."

The reader will naturally be prepared to find a Bourbon ex-minister favourably disposed to their cause; but this very adherence to an exiled benefactor, evinces a fidelity of principle that does credit to the Baron.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To the English reader some account of the author of this work cannot fail to be interesting. It is but fitting that he should know who and what the individual is who so freely criticises his country. With this view, we have thought it necessary to give the following sketch of the life of the author.

Descended from an ancient family of the Parliament of Normandy, the Baron D'Haussé was still young at the epoch of the first revolution. Devoted, like his ancestors, to the royal cause, he entered the ranks of the army of Brittany. He formed part of the division of M. de Froté, when that general surrendered and was assassinated in open contempt of the terms of capitulation.

M. D'Haussé was arrested upon that occasion; and afterwards, upon being restored to liberty, was subjected to a strict surveillance. Nevertheless, he did not hesitate to take an active part in the conspiracy against the consular government, being one of those concerned, in 1804, in the abortive attempt of Piechgru and the Cadoul. Although arrested upon the discovery of the plot, M. D'Haussé escaped total; but was subjected to a stricter and more rigorous surveillance than he had hitherto undergone.

From this period he took no part in public life, nor do we hear more of him till the period of the restoration.

He was returned to the chamber of deputies in 1815, and prominently occupied the majority of that chamber.

An official career now opened to M. D'Haussé. Being called to fill successfully some important positions, he distinguished himself by his talents, and still more by an activity and political energy which were crowned with marked success. His labours, together with the various projects which he had in contemplation, are recorded in the works he has published concerning the departments under his control. These departments are indebted to him for excellent roads, handsome and useful public buildings, bridges, &c. Nor was he inattentive to agriculture: in his *Etudes Administratives sur les Landes*, published in 1826, he proves what well directed efforts may accomplish, even in the most sterile soils; he indeed the country between the Garonne and the Adour attests the advantages derived from his able superintendence.

The reader who may wish for a further account of the agricultural improvements effected by M. D'Haussé, and of the efforts made by him in favour of the poor of the different departments over which he presided, is referred to the *Etudes sur les Landes*.

It may not be irrelevant to observe in this place that while M. D'Haussé was prefect at Bordeaux, he was distinguished by kindness and hospitality towards our countrymen; and men of the most varied and opposite political sentiments allow him to have been an active and enlightened prefect.

In 1820 M. D'Haussé was appointed to the ministry of war. His liberal ideas may be forced of his activity of his efforts to improve the army, and his efforts to distinguish by kindness and hospitality towards our countrymen; and men of the most varied and opposite political sentiments allow him to have been an active and enlightened prefect.

The events of July, on which it is not necessary to dwell at length, compelled M. D'Haussé to fly to his native country. Thence, by the assistance of friends, and to the courage of a friend, he escaped the fortress of Ham.

Upon his arrival in England, Baron D'Haussé sought to divert the tedium of exile by literary composition, which had been always familiar to him; and these pages, as well as certain memoirs, relating to events in which he has borne a part, are the results of his labours.

These sketches of England were composed after an experience of three years' residence. They are certainly written in a free—it is for the public to say whether it is a fair, spirit. The object of Baron D'Haussé appears to be to speak the truth honestly as regards the institutions, customs, and manners of England; to avoid servility on the one hand, and on the other a steer clear of intemperate abuse.

London, June, 1833.

PREFACE.

Brought to the shores of England by the force of circumstances to which my will was subservient, it became my anxious care to profit from the time I should have to reside in that country, by studying its manners, its customs, and its institutions. Thanks to the benevolent disposition which the English are wont to display towards foreigners, to that innate and exclusive curiosity which rivets itself to every object, living or inanimate, acquainted with those who have played a conspicuous part in human affairs, I have to record to their praise the testimonies of interest which I received at their hands, and which have converted my esteem into a feeling of attachment. My exile has thus assumed the appearance of a visit, and my prospective gave me a title to their confidence and marked attention.

An alternate state of frequent intercourse with a numerous and distinguished society, apparently not unwilling to yield a free range to my remarks, and of absolute solitude, afforded me the opportunity of collecting the most valuable materials, and of the leisure to devote so indispensable for arranging and acquiring a thorough

knowledge of them. To this varied occupation I devoted all my time. Availing myself of the advantageous position in which I was placed, in order to form a correct judgment of a people who have been in France the theme of exaggerated blame or eulogy, or, according to the dictates of pure caprice, I hope to have steered a course altogether free from both extremes. To those who, in their ignorance of England, or in their appreciation of it through the perverted medium of a conventional enthusiasm, affect to judge of her by their inflated notions of ecstasy and admiration which no argument can shake, to such the opinions I have uttered will doubtless appear fanciful or too rigorous. Others again will condemn them as too favourable, who, tenaciously adhering to prejudices which should long since have been banished, and encouraging these prejudices by their inflated notions of hostility, disdain to acknowledge that there can exist any thing noble, honourable, or of value, out of their own country, and beyond the sphere of those customs in the midst of which they have been reared. Such is the fate reserved to impartiality; and I submit to without complaint. If my observations are tinged with criticism, I may venture to declare that they never can assume a character of personality or of calumny.

It will be gratifying to me to bestow praise on what may appear deserving of it. If occasionally called upon to use the language of censure, I shall never give utterance to expressions which might elicit in question the attachment I so uniformly entertain for the English nation, in return for the noble and generous hospitality of which I have been the object during my residence in England.

LONDON.

Few foreigners land in England without being impressed with the conviction that a difference, manifested almost at every instant, exists between her manners and customs and those of other countries, and, above all, those of France—a difference which should be the subject of regret, and which that study is in fact at every instant by a sentiment of national superiority to which one is obliged to yield. After a little this opinion disappears: one sees that the costumes of all classes of society differ in nothing from those of the Continent; that the mode of address is the same, though in a certain degree less courteous; and that there exists so much more difference in the hotels, or in the prices which they demand. The comparison between England and the Continent ceases when one examines the roads and carriages: in this respect all is admirable, in reference to the appearance or convenience, and it must unsolicited be admitted that in these matters England enjoys an immense superiority.

The country from the sea-coast to London has the aspect of the greater part of the maritime provinces of France; meadows, fields surrounded by ditches surmounted by hedges. The farm houses and dependent buildings have nothing which distinguishes them from buildings of a like nature on the continent; the only difference one perceives is, that in England there prevail more neatness and order: the cottages, which are dwellings inhabited by people of very small means, are numerous and of an agreeable aspect; their fantastical architecture is covered over, if one may so say, with a fringe of flowers or ivy, which the English employ with much taste. You occasionally obtain a faint view of mansions situated in the midst of extensive parks and plantations.

The small towns that you pass through, from the irregularity with which they are planned, and from the fact of the houses being situated on the very borders of the road, or some few feet from it, with gardens or a small patch of ground at the door, have, in truth, the appearance of large villages. No public edifice, nothing, in a word, which on the continent gives to a collection of houses the character of a town, presents itself to the eye of a traveller. Something vague and confused, which one cannot account for—a species of confusion of architecture, which one cannot explain, you can distinguish objects of a conical form, then an imposing mass which crowns the whole of this vaporous picture, fixes the attention of the stranger—it is London, with its sombre and misty sky, its numerous steeples, and its majestic St. Paul's. None of the long avenues, the imposing luxury of the approaches to conti-

mental towns—none of those magnificent, yet often impracticable, schemes which conduct you to them: the only indications of a rich metropolis are handsome houses separated from each other by gardens, diminishing in extent as you approach, and disappearing to make way for the houses which form the suburbs of London; or the winding roads of unusual breadth, but devoid of either the numerous *travellers* kept in admirable order, and filled with carriages of all kinds and fashions, circulating with inconceivable rapidity. At last you have reached London.

Here are new subjects of wonder, for every thing is new under a different aspect from any thing in France which could form a subject of comparison. In London there is a crowd without confusion—a bustle without noise—immensity with absence of grandeur. One sees large streets ornamented with buildings, paved with slabs of stone. These are separated by iron rail, symmetry, or ought that resembles architecture. Some compensation is afforded for all that is wanting in art by the existence of squares whose centre presents a garden embellished by statues, flowers, and green sward, with the additional beauty of fine trees.

Here, also, are numerous bridges, two of which rival the most magnificent works of the kind; docks in which are sheltered thousands of vessels with the rich freight they are to transport; churches with colonnaded porticos, and steeples which rival the castles and cathedrals in form and the boldness of their elevation than by their elegance. Few of the public buildings are distinguished from private habitations; but every thing partakes of the animation imparted by the movement of a numerous, active, and busy population.

In traversing the tempestuous changes: disengaged from the howl of waters, it is illuminated by a row of gas-lamps ranged on either side of the streets. The beholder, in following their astonishing development, which throws into the shade the dark façades of the houses and the boldness of their elevation, is surprised to find that line them, might fancy that the sunbeams have been cast from a palace lighted up on the occasion of some great event.

The parks are within the limits of this great city, or of its suburbs; their chief attractions are a copious supply of water, and trees of growth of centuries; they offer the additional advantage of a green turf for pedestrians.

The prospect from them is varied by the number and diversity of the surrounding houses, and by the picturesque disposal of many clumps of trees scattered here and there by chance, rather than by design.

In the more recently built parts of the town there is nothing inspiring but the breadth and handsome proportions of its streets; and in the city, nothing but its immense population and the impress of life which commerce imparts to it. With the exception of the churches, whose style, whether Greek or Gothic, is tolerably pure, few buildings fit the attention; the glancing flash of a rainbow may surprise him into admiration by the profusion or the singularity of their ornaments, or by the beauty of their site. To this cause, and the irregularity in the line of buildings, is chiefly owing the effect produced by the houses in all-Mall, Waterloo Place, Regent-street, and Bedford-square. The artist has been taken to reproduce the same style of architecture, that one might fancy oneself in an ancient Greek or Roman city: there is not a house which has not a monumental character. The slightest examination reveals the numerous imperfections, the glaring flash of imitation, the want of reason, and at variance with the common rules of art. The only object in studying such an architecture would be to record its defects and endeavour to avoid them. It is more pleasing to consider and enjoy it in its general effect, without minutely examining its imperfections.

Among the public buildings to be excepted from this rigid censure are Somerset House, the New Post Office, the Orphan Asylum, Newgate, the Mansion House, the Bank, and, in a less elevated order, some Club-houses, such as the Union, the United Service, the Athenæum, and the Travellers'. Three of the theatres, namely the Covent Garden, the Drury Lane, and the Adelphi, would not rather be mentioned as a collection of brick houses piled together, without symmetry, without plan, and without effect; it is conventionally called a

palace, because it is the dwelling of kings. Buckingham Palace, which is intended to be substituted to St. James's, appears to have been specially constructed to prove how many millions an architect may expend on a work of such extravagantly bad taste.

Westminster, the seat of our legislative houses of parliament, is an edifice in the semi-Gothic style, in which have been heaped together all the inconveniences of this kind of architecture, without any of its redeeming beauties.

There is only the White-Hall that beautiful part of their ante-chamber and hall through which Charles I. passed to the scaffold, to lay down the first king's head which a tribunal of blood presented as a sacrifice to the delirium of a rebellious people.

It should appear, that inspired by the sight and study of Westminster, St. Paul's the English architects had drawn from the sensations inspired by these sublime compositions the courage to repudiate the bad taste which is apparent in the other classes of building. Their churches offer in general much more matter for praise than for blame. Beauty of proportions, purity of style, situation, effect, all are here united. There are few churches which do not present, either in their ensemble or in their details useful subjects of study; and there are many of them which may be cited as perfect models.

Not less remarkable for a character of graceful solidity, and a justness of proportions than by the granite exclusively used in their construction, Waterloo and London bridges are among the most stupendous and the most beautiful monuments of hydraulic architecture of which a nation can boast. And if the bold enterprise of an under-water communication, destined to unite the eastern extremities of Southwark and of the city, can be completed, London will be in possession of the most surprising work of its kind which art has ever produced.

The vast basins known by the name of Docks, wherein are classed, according to their destination, those vessels which are to be employed in commerce, together with their cargoes, prove what a combination of wealth and talent may effect. Nothing is more calculated to convey a just idea of the commercial prosperity of England than these establishments.

Many of the squares are decorated with bronze statues, whose feeble effect is impaired, and whose merit is almost totally obscured, by the black smoke which is with thick costs of black smoke, which not only obliterates the sculptural details, but spoils every thing else in London. But, to judge them as they are, these productions do not give a favourable opinion of the talent of English sculptors. St. Paul's and Westminster contain several works of better execution; but there are few even of these which can be classed among the *chef d'œuvres* of the art.

The hospitals of London are numerous; two among them, Bedlam and the London hospital, are alone remarkable for their architecture; the rest are but large private houses applied to this service.

Among the prisons, the Penitentiary (the costly experiment of system-mongers and benevolent theorists who seek the improvement of the physical and moral condition of the prisoners,) deserves an attentive examination. It is a water city, with its streets, its lines, its quarters, its hospitals, its churches, its population, its manners, its customs, its laws. Nothing but a sight of the Thames can give one an idea of it. But where is this view to be obtained? Commerce has seized on both banks; she has even encroached on the very bed of the river to build her establishments, reserving to herself but winding and narrow ways to transport thither all sorts of merchandise. It is only through the balustrades forming the parapets of the bridges, or from the gliding barks that plough the waters, that one can seize upon a glimpse of this singular city, so unique in the world, holding admiration in continual exercise without exhausting it.

One is often tempted to ask, not if there is a police in London, (its agents clad in a blue uniform with numbered collars, scattered every where night and day, would not that question superfluous,) but what the police does, no little attention is paid to its details—so great is its seeming importance, in order not to appear

over-m meddling; certain it is, however, that the interference of the police is not visible in the cleanliness of the streets, nor in the indication of their names (for the names are wanting at the ends of most streets,) nor in the passing to and fro of carriages, which are drawn up and parked at the entrance of all public places, according to the irresponsible caprice of their drivers. It often happens, in consequence of this confusion, that vehicles of all sorts become locked together; this gives rise to a reciprocation of abuse and blows; nor is the interference of the police of any avail. In the most crowded streets, which, in being driven on market-days from one end of the town to the other, occasion frequent obstructions and often serious accidents. A certain class of women too, in spite of English modesty, exercise their shameless calling in a most brazen manner, unchecked by the police; neither the absence of public places, nor the danger to the health and safety of the public; nor bestow their attention on an infinity of objects which in other countries claim and deserve the attention of this part of the municipal administration. In England, trifles like these are disregarded, and interference is limited to matters of more importance. On the other hand, there are few capitals where robberies are more infrequent, where robbers are so soon discovered and punished, or where popular movements (brought about generally, it is true, by a populace without courage, and without principle) are so soon repressed; where there are fewer dissensions, and consequently fewer collisions between the different classes of society; or where all these results are obtained with so little constraint, vexation, and noise.

In this rapid summary I do not pretend to make the traveller acquainted with London; I describe it such as it presents itself to his examination on first passing through its streets. I limit myself to explain the first impressions which it produced on my own mind. It is, in fact, a bird's-eye-view, the details of which will be developed as we go along.

The inviolable London afford at every step the clearest indications of prosperity. The number and outward appearance of the country-houses, the wealth and extent of the villages, and the activity of the population, answer to the idea that one has formed of the importance of this capital. The castle, its park, the Tower, the parks, and its beautiful site—Kew with its gardens—Hampton Court, with its parks, its fine trees, and its invaluable collection of pictures—Richmond, with its picturesque site and abundant vegetation, present to the indolent native, as well as to strangers, objects and pleasures for the most agreeable of the day. Clarendon House, Woolwich, and Chatham, on the other hand, have attractions for those whose graver thoughts seek useful instruction in the study of monuments and establishments destined to create and maintain the power of nations.

DINNER.

To judge of the English by the simplicity of their cuisine, one might be disposed to think that they deny to the taste those gratifications which are accorded to other senses. I know not whence arises this strange delicacy which prevents people from avowing that they find a pleasure in tasting well-cooked dishes, while at the same time they want their capability of being able to appreciate a pleasing melody, a handsome object, or a perfect performance of the numerous enjoyments tributary to the sense of feeling.

Without taste, the organisation of man would be imperfect. To refuse to this sense the means of accomplishing its full gratification would be to counteract the wish of Nature, which in her infinite foresight has attached a pleasure to the gratification of each want. However, it is the dominion of a false susceptibility, that many people hesitate to admit that they attach any importance to the enjoyments of the table. For a long time the French language wanted an expression to render the idea of a man exercising with discernment the exquisite faculty of taste, and until the word *gourmandise* was invented, one was obliged to brand with the ignominious name of *gourmand* any one who sought more at his meals than to appease his hunger, or satisfy the cravings of his appetite.

To enjoy oneself at table is, in France, an axiom of good sense and good company. In England, on the contrary, to eat to live, seems to be the sole object; there the refinements of cookery are unknown. It is not, in a word, a science; neither does the succession in which dishes should be served, or the order in which they should be demolished, have to do with the art of dining. To cover a table with immense pieces, boiled or roasted, and to demolish them, in the confusion in which chance has

placed them, appears to be the whole gastronomic science of the country. The most ordinary seasoning of the English *cuisine* is a profusion of spices unparingly thrown into the sauces. To correct the effect of this, recourse is had to the insipid simplicity of plain-boiled vegetables, which continually circulate round the table, and with which the host would fain lose the guests' attention. The meat is either boiled or roasted. The fish is always boiled, and is served invariably with melted butter. The numerous transformations which the natives of the deep undergo before appearing on a French table are altogether unknown in England. Eggs are excluded from English dinner parties, and even when produced at other meals, they are served in the shell; for the talent of making an omelette enters not into the education of an English cook. English fowls are of an indifferent quality; and game is subjected to a process of roasting which deprives it of all its delicacy. The confectionary is badly made and without variety. The vegetables, condemned only to figure as correctives of a too exciting cuisine, do not appear upon the table. The *entrées* are limited to a very scanty supply of creams and insipid jellies.

The following is the order in which an English dinner is served. The first course comprises two soups of different kinds; one highly peppery, in which float morsels of meat; the other a soup *à la Française*. They are placed at either extremity of the table, and helped by the master and mistress. The long table is then surrounded by fish of fish, and by roast beef, or the toughest part is served round. Where there is no *platenez*, a salad occupies the middle of the table. This course being removed, regular *entrées* are brought in, and the servants hand round dishes with divisions, containing vegetables. The course which follows is equivalent to the second course in France; but, prepared without taste, it is served confusedly. Each guest attacks (without offering to his neighbour) the dish before him.

The creams have often disappeared before the roast is thought of; which, ill carried out, is the least desirable part of the English *cuisine*. The English carve on the dinner table, and as, before proceeding to this operation, each person is asked whether he wishes to taste of the dish or not, a considerable time is lost in fetching the plate of the person who accepts. A dinner never lasts less than two hours, and the long table is not cleared until the gentlemen sit at table after the departure of the ladies. The salad appears again before the desert, flanked by some plates of cheese. After the table is removed, dried and green fruit with biscuit are placed on the table. These courses will not very brilliant. The dessert is the least agreeable, and is the part about which the English give themselves the least trouble. Their table only presents an agreeable *"coup d'œil"* before dinner. It is then covered with the whitest linen, and a service of plate of greater variety, richer, and more resplendent than is to be seen in any other country.

The dessert served, conversation commences. The gentlemen lean their elbows on the table to converse more familiarly with their neighbours. The ladies draw on their gloves, and, in order not to soil them, eat the dessert by the fire. The conversation is not very agreeable, and, up to this period, the guests have only as it were, slaked their thirst with a few glasses of wine taken with each other.

It is a civility in England for one to take a glass of wine with you. On an occasion you are begged to bring your own. "This provision," which is not to be declined, imposes on you the necessity of drinking when others are thirsty. It is often renewed, without much real inconvenience, however, for those who do not wish to drink; for custom allows you merely to take a little from the glass, and to leave it to others for each fresh challenge. Sometimes, between these frequent libations, but not commonly, a glass of beer is swallowed. This is not wonderful, for the strength of the English wines is more calculated to excite than allay thirst. The same want of system which is to be seen elsewhere in the service of the dinner, exists in the distribution of the wine. The different species of wine succeed each other without regard to their respective qualities. To empty bottles and *wine-season* (*viner*) the conversation appears to be the only object of the guests. Accordingly, is as deficient in *gourmandise* as in *gastromonie*.

At a signal given by the mistress of the house, the company rises, but only the ladies retire. The master of the house takes his plate and his glass, and places himself near the person he wishes to honour. The other guests draw near to each other, and then commence

without interruption the circulation of four glass decanters, which each man, after helping himself, passes to his neighbour. Sometimes idle conversation springs up on this occasion; sometimes interesting political discussions, which, from the warmth of manner and the force of argument exhibited, are not unlike those parliamentarian ones which the English may be justly considered as the rehearsals. Local interests are sometimes talked of, and above all hunting and coursing, which are in England important affairs. Presently the conversation becomes more animated, is carried on across the room, and grows confidential and friendly. After the quarters of an hour or an hour, they are interrupted by the announcement of coffee; but instantly after this announcement, the conversation is resumed; nor does it cease till all the subjects under discussion are exhausted.

At length, the gentlemen quit the dinner table, and go to join the ladies in the smoking room, the tea-table, or occupied in turning over a collection of caricatures. Coffee, which has been poured out since the moment of its announcement, and consequently cold, awaits the guests, who in general take but a little, preferring two or three cups of very strong tea. The party is prolonged until about ten o'clock.

There are many exceptions to the state of things I have been describing. In many houses there are French cooks; but the dinners which they send up are neither appreciated nor remembered. In order that the arts may be encouraged, and that the French may be better necessary; it is essential also to have connoisseurs; and if England, in cookery as in music, borrows her professors from foreign lands, she will never obtain either a national *cuisine* or a national music.

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Ten o'clock has already struck: the ladies, who have been more than an hour in the drawing-room, await, round the tea table, the end of the conversation which is still prolonged in the dining-room. Some strangers arrive, and the ladies, who have not yet retired, are obliged to exhibit a little politeness to such of the ladies present as they are acquainted with. They group themselves afterwards round the fire-place, to chat together if they are intimate, or if they have been introduced; that is to say, if their names have been interchanged by the friendly and confidential society of the ladies. Without exception, custom does not sanction any intercourse between strangers. The dinner-guests enter the drawing-room one after another; they approach the ladies; they take coffee or tea, and sometimes *liqueurs*; they then form groups, and remain silent, or indulge in trifling conversation. The conversation is without violence or warmth, and with much forbearance towards opposite opinions. Some form parties to play at cards. Others approach the piano to hear a *sonata* coldly executed; or romances sung by voices often agreeable, but rarely animated; for in England music is not a passion nor even a taste. It is but an affair of *ton* and *convenance*, a means of killing time. Some of the ladies range themselves round a table covered with knick-knacks, which are passed from hand to hand with a lazy curiosity, and have no other merit than their exorbitant cost. How many are the ladies who, in the drawing-room, apply to the purchase of clocks, wanting in all the English apartments, or of more elegant species of furniture than that covered with printed calico, which one sees in the greater part of the best furnished *salons* of the capital.

Many of the pictures, which consist of engravings and coloured lithographs, as well as caricatures, are turned over, till the moment when the sated appetite is again stimulated by the display of cold meats, confectionary, and fruits in an adjoining room. Sometimes the sound of the piano provokes a country-dance, which is performed by the ladies and gentlemen, but has been borrowed from France the graces which have always distinguished her dancers.

The dress of English women differs very little from that of the French. Some additions of finery, some jewels of an equivocal taste, alone protest against the inviolability of their national laws. The French, on the contrary, elegant *recherche* of the toilet, which distinguishes the ladies of the high ranks of society to be more highly appreciated.

An English *salon* presents in its *ensemble* and arrangement a *coup d'œil* quite different from a French one. The furniture is heavy, and the decoration, which the comparison is quite in favour of the latter. The cause of this is owing to the grouping and incongruity of the English furniture; you seldom see the furniture of an English room uniform, rarer still it is to find it ranged in order. Among a dozen chairs and fauteuils, which are not always alike in height, size, and destination. The greater part

of them are so low, that one falls down rather than sits in; and a disagreeable effort is necessary to rise from this position. The posture of the body is accordingly ungraceful, and it provokes a negligence of manner which extends into the usages of society. A disuse of those immense and heavy *fauteuils*, which appear calculated to produce sleep rather than conversation, and the substitution of furniture better adapted to elegant society, would be a step made towards a nobler carriage. The distinctions heretofore established by the hierarchy of ranks are now hardly remembered. It is only in set parties that the prodigious signs of *l'Étiquette* are to be seen in the ordinary intercourse of English life; they are not remarkable.

French is spoken with much grace, and with evident complaisance towards foreigners, in almost all distinguished families. In the English ladies, above all, speak it as their maternal language.

There is one English custom which makes a disagreeable impression upon a stranger on his admission to English society. He is not conducted down stairs; the master of the house, who scarcely comes forward to receive him when he enters, dispenses with the ceremony of accompanying him when he withdraws. English politeness confines its duties on this occasion to a pull of the bell, as a notice to the servant who is intrusted with the duty of doing the honours of the ante-chamber. In a word, if the saloons of London present less grace, less elegance, and less refinement than those of France, they exhibit a higher degree of courtesy towards social superiors, and particularly towards foreigners, who are received with cordiality and treated with distinction.

A BALL.

Great importance is attached to a ball in England; a long time before it takes place the newspapers announce it, and they entertain their readers with it after it is over. No detail escapes them, and the most pompous terms are employed to describe the most unimportant circumstances. I shall say no more on this subject, at her magnificent mansion in Berkeley square, one of the most brilliant balls we remember to have witnessed. Her ladyship's long suite of splendidly furnished apartments were thrown open on this occasion. In one of the rooms the dancing took place. The ladies, with a profusion which did honour to the generosity and good taste of the noble hostess. The guests began to arrive at ten o'clock; at eleven o'clock the saloons were full. An hour elapsed ere the curiosity of the assembly had sated itself in admiring the splendour of the decorations. The length of the evening was not to be regretted, as the company looked towards the ball room.

"The seductive Miss —, wearing in her hair a garland of roses, and dressed in white satin; the graceful Miss Helen —, in a robe of scarlet carpe; the exquisitely shaped Miss Adelaide —, in a robe of black satin, and the lovely Lady —, in a robe *lamée*, in silver and gold, opened the ball with Lord —, Lord —, Sir William —, and Sir —."

"A splendid supper, consisting of every delicacy of the season, succeeded the refreshments served during the course of the evening. The company, who had been separated, deeply impressed with the graceful reception and refined politeness of the lady of the mansion, and the hospitality of her noble husband."

To this account of a ball, at which I was present, extracted from the *Chronicle*, I have now to add, that which it had been officially sent, I will append a faithful recital of what I witnessed.

The house in which the *fête* was given, though handsome enough for an English mansion, was, nevertheless, of moderate size; by comparing its extent with the number of persons invited, it was obvious that (as at most of the London *fêtes*) space was really wanting.

The receiving room was divided by a sliding partition, which was removed for the occasion. Two lustres, lighted with about fifty wax candles, and reflected by handsome mirrors, contrasted disadvantageously with the deep red drapery of the saloon. Some vases of flowers lined the foot and angle of a staircase, which two people could scarcely ascend abreast.

Having made my appearance at half past ten o'clock, I found the master and mistress of the house alone, and not more than twenty ladies. The drawing room, which did not arrive till eleven. Twenty large *fauteuils* and two sofas placed perpendicularly to the chimney, and in a very inconvenient position, were soon occupied. Two hundred ladies, detained at home by the type of the London *salon* in a domestic fire side till twelve o'clock, now filled the two saloons. Beyond, was a small room, whose originally narrow

dimensions were still further reduced by a table covered with caricatures, albums, and knick-knacks. This room communicated with a small ante-chamber, and led into a gallery crowning the staircase, on the steps of which three or four ladies in court dress were seated.

At twelve o'clock the ball room was thrown open. For a few minutes the other rooms were freed of the unpleasant crowd; but the respite was of short duration, for the carriages which every moment continued to set down guests, in rapid succession, to the extent of the apartments, obliged, at length, a part of the assembly to take refuge in the hall, which was quietly abandoned by the servants, these latter establishing their head quarters on the steps outside the door. To move was now impossible for those who had not the strength to leave their cloaks, or the courtesy to leave a portion of their dress in the midst of the crowd.

The supper room was thronged with people who could not make their way out: they who, dying with thirst, in vain attempted to enter this apartment, accused those who were of immoderate appetite.

In the ball room there was the same crowding, the same suffocation, with this additional difference, that the male dancers opposed to the approach of the crowd of effective *coup de pieds*, and the ladies a certain portion of their person which shall be nameless. The orchestra was composed of a violin, a violoncello, a violon, a trombone, and a key organ, which mingled its sharp tones with those of the other instruments, and sometimes excited solos.

At three o'clock, such of the party as suffered most from suffocation, proceeded to the supper room, and commenced in getting up the equipages, owing to the confusion which reigned among them: at length, however, the owners entered their carriages, their dresses which three or four hours before were so smart, now all discomposed; but there was the next day the consolation of seeing them in the same plight. The supper room was supposed to have had the ball, and those details of it which one could not have observed there.

A PRIVATE CONCERT.

"We are not obliged to have recourse to my talents in order to exist," said L.—"I have been able to produce ten thousand francs earned at Paris to fifty thousand in London. In France the arts are undervalued, and there they know how to class artists in the order of their respective talents: in England, however, they understand music as little as they know the value of the arts, and, plain as the noise, is, in this respect, a noise which, as content to hear, provided they are not obliged to listen."

L.—"was chagrined when he thus addressed me; he had been singing: they had heard him, but they had not listened."

A few days after this conversation, I was invited to another concert. There were about sixty ladies present, promiscuously seated. Their conversation, carried on in a loud voice, did not announce much inclination to listen to the music. A handsome person, rather strangely dressed, entered without being announced; four or five young men followed her; they all placed themselves near the piano-forte. At the instant when conversation was most animated, the sound of a voice was heard, which, aided by the thumping on the instrument of the person who accompanied it, tried to raise itself above the tumult. The young lady, in the instant she caught the voice, no longer received. This melody of voices talking, crying, singing, joined to the sounds of a discordant instrument and the clinking of tea-cups, produced the effects of the best organised *clarières*. Occasionally the singing ceased; then it commenced again, without these interruptions being at all resumed.

I was told that the *artists* were pupils of the Royal School of Music; a species of *forlorn hope*, who are put forward on these occasions, to encounter the first effects of the lively sympathy felt by the English for music, and who soon make way for a *prima donna* like to claim more attention. Presently a thick-set man, with a counter-tenor voice, sat down to the piano; then another large man, with a faint treble; then a tall woman, who, opening her mouth with an unpleasant grimace, afforded a wide passage for a voice really well suited to an inattentive assembly.

Some pretenced amateurs approached the musicians; but it was only for the purpose of talking more at their ease than in the more crowded part of the room, where the noise was too deafening. These people seemed to think that their presence alone in company, if they bestowed none, exhibited an unequivocal desire to be thought *amateurs* and courteous towards the *artists*.

The performers, after executing some few more pieces,

the merit of which was altogether lost, retired, recompensed by the money they received for the cold reception given to their musical efforts. Their exit appeared to cause the termination of their singing, and the concert of the concert will have been appreciated only in exact proportion to its cost.

AN EVENING AT VAUXHALL.

The English people have yet to complete their education in the pleasures of amusements, and they seem to think that it is enough to be spectators at public places. All other species of participation, all that enthusiasm which communicates its pleasure from one to another, must not be looked for. The real lovers of art are necessarily few in a crowd, composed of people who go to theatres and public places, for the purpose of occasionally breaking in on the monotony of their habits. John Bull shows himself silent, grave, heavy, on these occasions; he does not dance: he is quite satisfied with appearing at places to which his curiosity is attracted.

Vauxhall is the most celebrated garden in England for evening amusements, yet the *divertissements* exhibit little variety. A noisy orchestra, musicians in grotesque dresses, grime-makers, optical illusions; porter, fowl, and salad; brilliant illuminations, and sometimes ingenious fire-works, compose the attraction, which Vauxhall has. When one has walked there till one is completely tired, eaten to perfect satiety, and drunk in proportion, one returns home with the gravity of demagogue of monks quitting their chapel to repair to their cells.

The two classes of society which, in Paris, give *celui qui plait* to the other, are not to be met at Vauxhall. The "*beau monde*," disdains them, and the *bourgeoisie* cannot be taken into account on account of the expense. Add to this, that Sunday in England not being devoted to those diversions to which a part of that day is devoted in other countries, the English *bourgeoisie* would be obliged to give to Vauxhall the time required either for labour or repose. Besides, it would be necessary to dress better on these occasions than the English tradesman is accustomed to do on a week day.

Nothing, therefore, is more *triste* than the long corridors of Vauxhall, notwithstanding the thousands of small lamps with which the walls and the sides of the tables, on each of which a cold fowl is placed to tempt the very ready appetite of the visitors. Neither the singers, who make themselves heard by dint of bawling, from the balustrade of a Chinese temple, for a public which is not to be met in the orchestra; nor the multitude of birds and beasts; nor mills turned at a cascade in this corner, nor a transparency in that, can give to these gardens a passing interest. In leaving them, one asks, why one went thither? And one is surprised that nothing has been reaped from the journey, but a lighter pocket and heavier limbs, together with a plentiful crop of *ennui* and yawns, the heralds of a needed sleep to which the visitant is about to surrender himself.

FAMILY CONNECTIONS.

English families are too numerous to be long knit together. It is a rare occurrence, indeed, if the affection of parents and relatives should spread itself over the numerous progeny of each house connected with them, and display that delicate care, that affectionate kindness, which is remarked in other countries. If these attentions are bestowed on the young, they are not so profuse *envis* with the development of bodily and mental faculties.

As soon as an education fitting for the future career of a young man is given him, so that he may be enabled to provide for himself, he is trained to do without those parental cares. This is one of the reasons why a large number of families cause so little anxiety to the parent, his paternal fortune being insufficient to secure to each of them an appropriate establishment. The family increases without the father giving himself any uneasiness as to what shall become of them. The eldest son is sent to the army, the second to the sea, the third to the law, and the relation having nothing more to trouble the parents about. As to girls, all being by law excluded from the inheritance of the real estate, all have an equal chance of forming establishments. Happy they

whom nature has endowed with personal charms,* or who belong to respectable families! (*à des maisons en crédit*).

The second generation little engages the solicitude of relatives, who often are unacquainted with all the members of it. In support of this assertion, I will cite the following anecdotes, however improbable they may appear to French readers.

I arrived at a country mansion at the same time as one of the sons of my mother. We found in the saloon a family composed of the father, the mother, two young persons, and a child ten years old. We bowed to these strangers, and after some moments of silence, we opened the conversation by some common-place remarks. A few moments afterwards, the host and hostess entered, embraced in an affectionate manner the lady who preceded us, shook hands with the husband, asked the names of the children, and were astonished to find them so tall and handsome. They then presented their son to the members of the strange family, telling him that these were his sister, his brother-in-law, two nieces, and a nephew. An almost incredible story, yet a fact! The brother had never seen his sister, who was much older than himself, and he was totally unacquainted with his family. If he was aware of the name of his brother-in-law, it was as much as he could remember. After this, these sympathies produced by ties of blood were exhausted.

"I should like to dance," said a young lady dressed in black, on hearing the violin of a village fiddler. "I should like to dance, but I dare not."

"For whom are you in mourning?" said I.

"For my child and my brother."

"Is he long dead?"

"A fortnight."

"That is very recent."

"Oh, but I had no great reason to love him; we did not know each other."

"He did not live in England, then?"

"Oh yes; but on his estate, far from London, where he hardly ever came, and where I very rarely go. From my earliest infancy I have been brought up by an uncle, whom I never left, even to visit my father's house. Thus it is that I happened to have never once seen my brother, and I learn his death through the newspapers."

"If he returned, then, to this earth, he would not know you?"

"Impossible."

"In that case, then, you may dance. That is just what I mean to do, give me your hand,"—and in a moment we were on the floor of the ball-room.

A kind of social position, unknown in other countries, and the singularity of which is not even remarked here, is created in England by separations and divorces, and the second marriages entered into after those conjugal partings. The children, whose birth has preceded the divorce, maintain their social relations with their parents. Do they go to their father's house? They meet a step-mother. Does duty draw them towards their mother? They pay their respects to a father-in-law. They are well received every where,—and put up with every thing—nothing astonishes or offends them. One would be tempted, indeed, to believe that they rejoice in an event which has doubled the objects of their affections, owing to the friendly intercourse and kindness interchanged between them and those new relatives given to them by the disunion of their families.

MARRIAGE.

"Marriage," says Figaro, "is the drollest of all serious matters." A witicism which was not without its truth in Paris at a epoch at which Beaumarchais wrote it without being in London. There are four things which are allied to drollery in an English marriage, and nothing which gives rise to gaiety. Elsewhere, marriage is a tie which joins, if it does not completely unite, two beings who have agreed to pass their lives together. In England it is a chain which binds one's movements, one's wishes, even one's thoughts. There is no country in the world where more attention is bestowed on the subject of marriage, with more satisfactory results.

Youth is already passed before people in England think of entering into this state. Few men think of marrying before thirty, and few women before twenty.

* Beauty in England is most frequently preferred to fortune. The consideration of fortune, which in other countries balances the choice of men, and too often influences it, is avoided by the more of the English law as regards the rights of women. It is not impossible that this may have an effect on the physical preference of the English race.

please them by adopting their manners and their language, and exaggerating the advantages of their nation, these occasions he divides himself altogether of his national habits, to sympathise more fully with strangers, and exhibits a politeness, a courtesy, and a readiness to oblige, which the persons who had seen him out of his own country could form no idea of.

There is some radical vice either in the character, or in the organisation, or in the customs of the English, for they are contented no where: they appear tormented by a rage of locomotion which drives them from town to country, from their native land to other countries—from their estates to the sea side. It is a matter of course to them to move, and to move they move, in a place than at that; their great object is, not to be tomorrow where they are to-day. The variety and amusement which other people seek in the exercise of their imagination, the English look for in a change of place: they have exhausted land-journeys, they shut themselves up within the narrow walled walls of a yacht—behold them exposed to the inconveniences and dangers of the sea, sailing about without definite end or purpose, unlimited as to time, without prospect of present or future enjoyment, and already looking forward to the end of their pleasure, which is happier at the place than it is in the place itself. This is a habit which is common to a great number of families of all classes and ranks, and of various fortunes. Without speaking of Brighton, where, in subservience to fashion, some of the winter months should be passed, (fatiguingly enough it is admitted,) one can find on all public roads numbers of families who quit commodious habitations, and all the *agrémens* attached to actual ownership, in order to establish themselves as lodgers in other countries, there to undergo all the miseries which result from non-possession. Customs, affections, habits, love of solid life, which is sacrificed, before an English family are informed what they shall find at their new abode; for their preference is not determined on any ground of reason, but suggested by the whim of the moment: people travel to Italy, to Saxony, to France, to Scotland, from one country to another, without any precise object.

On leaving England, families let their houses: and if the term is not expired on their return, they hire another house for a month, for a week, or for a year, as the case may be. When they find it inconvenient to move, they carry it with them, they take it with them, they carry it to another, rather than remain stationary.

A foreigner is tempted to ask whether that comfort, which is the Englishman's boast, is so general that he finds it wherever an unreflecting caprice may conduct him; and if, supposing it to be so, he is to be contented to carry it with him to the continent? Compelled to answer negatively, he asks if this "comfort" is, after all, so real and so extensive a blessing as the English pretend—and, from question to question, he proceeds to doubt whether this *summa bonum* is really so valuable and necessary, sacrificed as it is so very lightly by the English themselves.

LIFE OF A FOREIGNER.

There are two indispensable conditions necessary to the foreigner who wishes to pass his days in the bosom of plenty and of a distinguished social position, a celebrity, or a name which stands in the place of it. He should prepare himself to pay very dearly for the hospitality which he is obliged to seek in furnished apartments, as well as for every article with which he has not the means to provide himself. The comparatively dear price at which all consumable and other articles are sold, is still further enhanced to foreigners, by the established custom of charging them double for every thing. This is a custom observed in all countries, but in none is it so religiously followed as in England.

A foreigner should be pleased in English society, so much is he the object of delicate and unwearied kindness; so great are the efforts made to obtain his good opinion, in return for the services heaped upon him. The pleasures which he enjoys are multiplied, and the pains which he is attributed to the English ladies, who, with a grace few from coquetry, a kindness without affectation, occupy themselves in doing the honours of the house. Almost all Englishwomen speak French with fluency, and they employ this language exclusively in their conversation with strangers till a part. They know how to show their learning without pedantry, and they have the talent to keep up a conversation, whatever be the turn it takes.

The men are colder, more reserved, more penetrated

with their national dignity. Their politeness is neither warm, nor engaging. One may say of it, indeed, that it consists in desiring to be asked for that which they ought to offer.

To the two conditions already mentioned, as indispensable towards an agreeable existence in London, a third must be added, which is this: a person who enters the metropolis must be prepared to be asked for his name, your name. You are then sought for, probed upon, lionised. You become an object of curiosity, that is looked at, studied, and sometimes questioned to importunity. On a foreigner's complaisance in lending himself to this national habit depends the ease with which he negotiates with you are in a position to gratify it, you should not hesitate in complying, the more especially as, in consequence of the delicacy of the questioner, you can do so without any sacrifice of personal dignity. The English ladies are grateful for this obligingness and for the polite manners of strangers; their candour justifies them, their delicacy proves that they are not insensible to them.

Possessed of the advantages we have laid down, one is sure to enjoy in England all the *agrémens* which can vary the life of a man of the world. But if these advantages are wanted, you must go into the country where you are only considered in relation to the part you can play in it, or to that which you have played elsewhere; however severe, however multiplied the privations which you impose upon yourself, they are unable to contend against the enormity of the prices and the continual demands upon your purse.

ENGLISH FORTUNES.

The extreme inequality in the distribution of all sorts of property in England can alone explain the marvellous wealth of some individuals. The effect of the law of primogeniture (securing, as it does, the greater part of the fortune to the eldest son) is to throw a few large fortunes into the hands of a few families, and to leave a very small number of hands. The equality that might be produced by dissipation, on the one hand; on the other, the chances of commercial speculation and the different circumstances which change the social position; can have no influence on the great mass of noble families, which constitute the basis of real property, and ensure the maintenance of large fortunes.

This system of inequality must have advantages compensating for those disadvantages which common sense and common justice would require to be removed. These exceptions are not at all so numerous as those which afflict the observer in a country governed by the system of an equal distribution of property.

Whilst the younger children, excluded from the division of the paternal property, obtain an advantageous position by the resources which a varied industry presents, their eldest maintain the splendency and augment the wealth of their house. They often employ their fortune less according to the suggestions of their own will, than according to public opinion and irresistible custom. In truth they are but the stewards and dispensers of their revenues. The tendency to accumulation is prevented, by the desire to please, by the luxury and elegant style of their houses, by the necessity they labour under of keeping up their grounds, by the attention they are obliged to give to agriculture. The circulation of their capital is also promoted by the golden suffrages they buy of electors, to send them to parliament, and by the very large salaries they receive, in consequence of the influence which they are very eager to uphold. The sums expended on these occasions not only exhaust whatever savings may have been made, but often trench upon anticipated resources. Be this, however, as it may, this expenditure has a very considerable influence on the position of the rich families in Europe, one should consider the sway exercised by a large fortune and an illustrious name over interested or grateful dependents as a phenomenon worthy of remark.

For the middle classes, commerce and places in the courts, the army, the navy, and the church, and the church prebend, with the rich emoluments thereto attached, offer to the elder branches of great families the means of nursing, or improving, their private fortune. Honours obtained in these professions repair in some sort the unequal distribution of real property, and thus tend to relieve the country of those lowly fortunes.

Thus a brilliant lot awaits the elder branches, while an advantageous position is assured to the younger. The general aspect of the country presents an orderly and satisfactory air which announces a real property. Viewed under the relative well-being of classes and

individuals, England bears off the palm from the most favoured countries of the universe. In no kingdom does such a wide spread competency prevail. To what are we to attribute this result, if not to the distribution of property?

If one look only into account the immensity of certain large fortunes, those overgrown magnitude would seem to depend on the absolute poverty of a vast number of individuals, one would have some difficulty in discovering the secondary causes of this general prosperity. Of how many small fortunes are composed the enormous fortunes of the Duke of Bedford, of the Duke of Buccleuch, of the Marquis of Worcester, of the Marquis of Stafford, whose rents-roll vary from four to eight millions of francs? and those of a number of private individuals, who would consider themselves poor if their income did not amount to six or eight thousand pounds a year, one hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand francs? London, the city alone excepted, is the property of a dozen persons, upon whose ground the houses and squares are built. The ground-rent amounts to several times the revenue of the soil, and after a certain number of years, the houses revert to the ground landlord. There are some individuals who possess two or three thousand, other five or six thousand houses. This kind of proprietorship exists in almost all towns which have increased of late.* It is an inexhaustible source of wealth for the proprietors.

The universities of Cambridge and Oxford are not less remarkable than those of private individuals. The universities of Cambridge and Oxford have property in land, which produces to each an annual income of many millions of francs.

The corporations of London, and those of the principal towns, possess great lands, and public funds, immense properties. These are sufficiently well managed with a view to productiveness, but very ill managed, if one considers the application which is made of their produce. This may or may not increase the sum of general wealth. Every thing depends on the manner in which the money is given for the use of the managers, and on the conditions which they impose on the distribution and arrangement of the property.

Governed by a spirit of pride, or by the routine of inherited habit, the English people have been contented with this state of things. They have not made John Bull think that he ought to consult common sense, or rather sound reason, and allow himself to be carried away by theories and changes, which would establish a more equal distribution of wealth. The bait is attractive. The mind must be powerfully seduced by all the considerations which present themselves in the name of the new system, and above all, a system like this, which interests so many people. It is difficult to refrain from trying a remedy which offers so many rich spoils. Let, however, the machinery of such a system be once put in action, and its consequences are irresistible. The social system which exists at present will disappear, and who can say what shall occupy its place? Who can tell the extent of the sacrifices at the price of which it will be necessary to purchase the change?

The administration and expenditure of those fortunes of which I have been speaking would appear to require vast combinations, and a machinery not inarratable in its kind. Every country gentleman who possesses an income of 160,000 sterling to keep forty men-servants in his ante-chambers, one hundred horses in his stables, a sumptuous table, and a sporting establishment, he would appear to have attained the limits assigned to luxury, by the habits of our social state.

An considerable part of such a fortune would suffice to support a family of twenty or thirty as they appear; but the taste for improvements demands another portion of it. Roads and canals are made, palaces and *chateaux* are constructed, the proprietor gives himself up to the expensive mania of innovations and improvements; he wishes to become a member of parliament, and to bring into contact with him, his relations and dependents, and forty or fifty thousand pounds a year are devoted to these purposes. But this is not all; his estates must be looked to; and forty men are perhaps paid for the purpose of protecting his game. In order to avoid the inconvenience of being called to account for the maintenance of domestic establishments, the proprietor remains at the country, although it sometimes happens that the proprietor only resides there for a few days in each year. An extravagance commanded by *bon ton*, and a prodigality

* Devport, which contains a population of forty thousand inhabitants, belongs to a single proprietor.

to which ideas of grandeur and dignity are attached, dispose of the rest of his wealth. Such are the means disposed of by the people of large fortune in England in the disbursement of their wealth, which has the effect of producing a competence in all classes of society.

COUNTRY LIFE.

It is in their vast and magnificent chateaux in the country that the English display all their luxury. Here it is that the appointments of their servants, the profusion of their table, the beauty of their equipages, are in the highest degree remarkable. In the month of July, London is abandoned by that portion of society which plagues itself on governing the fashion and giving the tone. The portion of London society which cannot afford to leave town assumes a species of *incognito*, goes out rarely, and receives no visits. In addition, they cause the front windows of their houses to be closed, so that nobody may suspect that they are still in London.

The first two months of sojourn at their country-seats the English consecrate to business: they invite few strangers, and limit their visits to a few near neighbours. In the month of October visiting commences: a numerous host of visitors, with a numerous suite of servants and equipages, successively pay their visits of civility. Whilst affecting perfect freedom, and proclaiming absolute liberty, these country *réunions* are, nevertheless, remarkable for the minute observance of a rigorous etiquette. Each house is but a fraction of the court, with its customs, its laws, its pretensions.

An English day is much cut up by the frequency of meals. Tea is served up at nine o'clock; and at this meal nobody is waited for, hardly even the master of the house. When the clock strikes, the first comes place themselves round the table, make the tea, and the servants successively supply the cups with bread and eggs, of which the breakfast is composed. On the sideboard are placed cold meats: those who wish for a slice of meat, stand up, cut off a suitable portion, and return to their places. Neither wine, beer, nor water are served at this meal—only has one tea or coffee to quench their thirst. For the frequent visits of the nobility officiating at the tea-table. Custom excludes the presence of servants; and the persons composing the company, generally occupied in reading the newspapers, or with their letters, do not think of supplying the want of servants by transmitting from hand to hand such things as others have not.

Another meal unites the greater part of the company between one and two o'clock. Lunch is better managed than the breakfast, and is served as the *déjeuner à la fourchette* in France.

At six o'clock the company assembles in the drawing-room. The toilet of the men is expected to be made with great care: the ladies, dressed as for the most brilliant soirees of the capital, make a display of their diamonds, and of those dresses which they have received from London or Paris. In the ante-room, the servants are ranged in straight lines on either side. The master and mistress of the house occupy arm chairs at either extremity of the table: the guests place themselves without affectation according to their respective ranks.

At twelve o'clock, a fourth and last repast, served on trays, is placed at the disposal of those whose stomachs are not contented with the repasts of the day. This last meal is composed of cold meat and broiled fowls, covered with a layer of olives, pepper, capsaicum, and salt. A few glasses of hot wine, or of Sherry or Madeira, fill up the remainder of this last repast.

The intervals between meals are devoted to riding, hunting, coursing, or shooting, to visits in the neighbourhood, or to reading, ample materials for which are presented by the immense newspapers of the capital and the periodicals of every kind.

There are occasions in which all superiority of rank disappears, and when all classes are confounded together. Such are a marriage, a birth, or a recovery from ill health. Every one in the house from the lord to the lowest groom, is admitted on these occasions.

At dinner the company (on this day more numerous by invitations addressed to neighbours not generally visited), passes into the largest apartment of the mansion, where the tenants and servants are already assembled. The principal personage walks through the hall, and speaks to every body. He then sits down at one of the extremities of the hall with his private friends, who are ranged in files on either side of him. At the other end, and in the same order, are ranged the ser-

vants, not even excepting the lowest. The men are in their livery, the women in their best dresses; a dance now commences, and a general merriment soon takes place. Ranks are confounded, and the glove of the mistress of the house, and of the most disdainful lady, is soiled in the hand of a groom, or a stable boy. At twelve o'clock the ladies retire, and leaves the scene to the servants, who prolong the ball and their momentary equality, till the hour when it is necessary for them to resume their accustomed avocations and return to their inferiority.

To sum up, this kind of country-life does not present all the pleasures which so considerably an expense, and the apparent liberty enjoyed, ought to procure. One does not always escape the prevailing *ennui*, resulting from nursing meals without order, and from the solitary walks which follow them. Nor does the etiquette practised on these occasions add to ease or good fellowship: for it is not generally the custom to meet or acknowledge each other's acquaintance, unless in the evening. The interminable dinners which wind up the day do not tend much to enliven it. At country-seats in England, there is certainly much display of fortune, and all the *étiquette* and pomposity which vanity can desire; but there is wanting the freedom, the pleasure, the ease, which one finds in a French chateau. After a sojourn of some months, we discover that we have spent our time and our money, and obtained in return a change of scene and place and a few pleasures, without gaining any social ease and little true affection; in a word, a great deal of luxury and little enjoyment.

ENGLISHWOMEN.

Notwithstanding the efforts made to persuade them to the contrary, Englishwomen play in society very unimportant part. Their education would appear to prepare them for a very different future from that which is reserved for them. But the national manners impose a yoke upon them; and one sees the most decided character prostrate before custom, and assuming the apparent uniformity which distinguishes the exterior of the English people. Happy effect of the empire of custom, amongst a grave and reflecting nation, which has had the wisdom, up to the present time, neither to examine nor discuss its manners and constitution, which has consequently remained without guile, without conceit, and without affectation.

English female education proposes not to itself to create special beings—a species of idols, destined to be placed on a pedestal to attract the attention, command the admiration, and receive the homage of mankind. Education is restricted to the private and domestic, and is intended to teach history, music, and drawing. A Swiss governess (for Switzerland generally supplies governesses to Great Britain) familiarises the pupils with the principles and practice of the French language. Habits of order and subordination result from the nature of the intercourse between parents and their children. Maternal affection is seldom accompanied with that officiousness so prevalent in France. Instead of an interchange of caresses, it is limited to attentions on the one part and respect on the other; and the admirable subordination which characterises the political arrangement takes its origin from the bosom of domestic affection. The origin given to their infancy and youth indisposes Englishwomen to display. Their education leaves something to desire, it is true, on trivial points; but these imperfections may in some sort be considered as advantages. Englishwomen seldom do not hesitate to make a sacrifice of talents, of what a too complaisant flattery might render them vain, to their duties as wives and mothers. Reason applauds such sacrifices. The piano is no longer opened unless it is to supply the place of the violin at an off-acting society; and the piano, for which the pencils and crayons of a whole society had been laid out in contribution, are only turned over by the idle. The greater number of English ladies are thoroughly conversant with French and Italian literature; they know how to avail themselves of these advantages without either pedantry or affectation.

The freedom which girls enjoy in the interval between the completion of their education and their marriage appears to be a singular initiation into the seriousness and reserve of the conjugal state: you see them shopping or talking with their friends, or in a servant's talking with men of their acquaintance whom they meet in the street, and then out on horseback. They keep up a correspondence without giving the least account of it; and often appear at balls without their mothers, attended by a friend, who is obliged to be so thick and brings them home, without concerning herself with the result of the ball.

This state of freedom prevents either rare or trivial

inconveniences, since it prevails without influencing, in any degree, the habits or duties which women contract in marrying. Subject, therefore, to the most trifling wishes of their husbands, they renounce, in order to please him, almost all the enjoyments of youth; above all dance, and the pleasures of the ball. They are, by a greater part of English husbands. They ride out less frequently, and only when it suits the husband's pleasure to accompany them. Never interfering with the government of the household, their sterile prerogative is limited to the honour of their table, and their drawing-rooms—these enjoyments, so close which custom reserves to them. These serious habits are rendered necessary by the rapid increase of their families.

A sort of prementation of the privation attendant upon married life renders Englishwomen less forward to encroach on the state of single life. They marry much later than between twenty-two and twenty-four. The ten first years of wedded life are generally spent in giving effect to the command of "increase and multiply;" the ten years which follow are bestowed upon the education of their children, over whom they exercise the most constant and misanthropic superintendence. Their youth has almost passed; their tastes have now disappeared. Without effort, without regrets, almost without reflection, they begin to grow old in the practice of a kind of life rendered the more supportable, because no contrast or comparison is placed before their eyes to make them feel its desirability.

In observing English ladies occupied in their homes, one might be led to suppose that they were exclusively engaged in the regulation of them. Here would be a great mistake; they hardly know the names of the things which are necessary in all that relates to household economy they are not better informed; the husbands order every thing. But the ladies recompense themselves for their passive nullity by spending largely on their toilet. Their equipages are brilliant. From the lace inserted by their husbands, so close which custom reserves to them, and their plumes of feathers in an open-coat, or at the queen's drawing-room.

Twice or three times a year they do the honours of balls or routs to a company invited in their names. Their language is complete, when they are engaged in conversation with themselves, by an officious friend, and paid for as an advertisement, informing all London and all England of the most minute details of the *fétes* they have given.

English ladies owe to their education, if not to their character, the habit of private and domestic life. The ill humour of a husband is never sharpened by a reply on the part of the wife. The *brusquerie* is blunted by the patience of a wife; and an observation, however sharp, never provokes a quarrel on her part.

Englishwomen employ, moreover, an officiousness and an active care, which attach to and fix their husbands. They never make the state of their health the pretext for complaint or opposition. An extreme neatness, a *recherche* even, in their dress, habitual to Englishwomen, and not neglected at any hour of the day, indicates to husbands that they are to be attended to, and that they are agreeable. Kindness and attentions of all kinds connect the husband into a reciprocity of good offices; and love, at first a duty, becomes at length a habit, a sort of second nature.

Englishwomen thus attain (after having passed through a life without variety, without lively pleasure, without great chagrin) an honoured old age, preserving the attire, the neatness, and many of the tastes of youth.

The Englishwomen want that vocation to which France has been indebted for the excellent *ton* which is the ruling principle of society. They do not seem to reign over society; to regulate and maintain its usages; to call before their tribunal the young men who permit themselves to violate these usages: they do not, in a word, exercise that sort of censorship which anticipates invasion, and represses the errors of "mœurs *à la mode*." It is the neglect of this one of the most precious of their prerogatives, that is attributable to the *laissez-aller* observable in many of the salons of London, but which abound nevertheless in the elements of a first-rate society. Here would be a part to play for those ladies who had the wisdom to resist the temptation of the *ton* to descend then with much consideration and a respect accompanied with fear. It would create in England that which was in France (when a society really existed there)—namely a council of venerable ladies, whose censure all feared to whose judgments all bowed acquiescent.

English literature is not the least remarkable pen for a great man to distinguish himself, chiefly in the field of romance. The social habits of their country

render the occasions rare indeed when Englishwomen can shine in society. They are, therefore, incited to write, and they do so with a grace and refinement of observation, which give a very piquant character to their productions.

To some of these *literary ladies* is given, I know not why, the name of *bluestockings*. They cultivate the sciences, and do not, any more than in France, escape the ridicule which overtakes the claim to *bel esprit*.

It may be asked what are religion and manners in the midst of this contrast of an uncontradicted youth, and a ripe age enjoying so little liberty?

Religion and manners are just what they are elsewhere.

Religion. With some women religion is an ardent piety, eager to know and prone to discuss theology, and not exempt from intolerance. But among the greater part of women it is a neglected Bible lying on a bed-room table; it is the rigorous observance of the Sunday; precision in going to church, a grave demeanour, and a solemn look within the house of God, an apparent zeal in the external practices of religion, and a great indifference at the bottom of all.

Religion. With prudent women it is an affection of doubt of the virtue of women of other countries, and of susceptibility regarding those of their own nation; it is a prudery of language pushed to the most laughable affectation; a life passed in the society of husbands; the constant presence of a growing family; it is, in a word, a prudent demeanour, the result of women, and an extreme reserve on the part of men.

With those women who form the exceptions, and on whom the malignity of the public has seized to produce scandal, it is sometimes a mixture of passion and love, of *amour propre*, and of those sudden and violent bursts of feeling which no consideration can restrain; sometimes it is guilt produced by surprise, by inability to guard against the lures of the seducer; an opportunity neither sought for nor shunned—sometimes it is crime without remorse, *crimes without happiness*, faults without regret, because the people are ignorant, and they have been without foresight or calculation.

It has pleased some people to institute comparisons between the women of England and those of other countries; but they have not shown themselves just in their judgments on the subject. They have professed to find the one by the social system has not been sufficiently taken into account; nor has the abundance in which the others are left by the usages, the manners, the prejudices, may, the very laws of their nation, been considered in the estimate.

For this reason, it must be admitted that the English are among the most remarkable women in Europe. They combine in their persons not only beauty, but all that renders beauty valuable, devotion to their duties, varied accomplishments, cultivated mind; the union, in a word, of all that constitutes the happiness of their domestic circle and the charm of society.

WATERING PLACES.

The busiest and the poorest among the better classes of England have always a certain portion of time and money at their disposal, which they employ in visiting the sea-side. This arises at once from the importance and infrequency of the business requiring their attention, and from the order and economy which preside over their expenses. Be this as it may, after having passed the winter in the country and the spring in town, it is not till the summer months that they are able to give a full time of summer. Rich people travel; poor people go to the continent, to seek a place where they can live economically, cheating themselves into the belief that they make a tour. The middle classes fix themselves (under the pretext of visiting) some seaside, at some place or other, for a short week, have been given by the caprice and casual presence of some fashionable families. Such has been the mania for sea-bathing in England, that towns on the sea-coast have sprung into existence from the effect of this prevailing passion. Far removed from the quiet, the desultory, or sheltered life, without, under industry or commerce, there are created worlds, under other circumstances, never have been called into being.

Among these towns Brighton may be cited as a proof of the power of whim among a people, who do not pique themselves on any extraordinary singularity from their habits or conduct. On an arid and sterile soil, without vegetation, without a single tree, there existed a few years ago, at Brighton, a few huts of fishermen and smugglers, which have on a sudden been metamorphosed into an extensive and magnificent town. A fixed population of thirty thousand souls (which is doubled during certain

months of the year) dwells in superb houses, constructed round the palace built by George the Fourth; a sovereign who secluded himself from the public view, and who, in the latter years of his life, exhibited a dislike of the society of those whom he ought to have admitted to his intimacy. The nobility went to pass some days, and afterwards a few months, in the town of their favourite residence. Many persons of distinction built houses at Brighton; others rented them. At length it became fashionable to have a residence there. It soon, however, appeared that too many houses were built for the wants of the nobility and gentry, and that the town was afterwards occupied them; and in a few years this town became one of the richest and most frequented in England, its rapid progress being almost unaccountable. What would become of it, if that fashion, which has favoured its development, should take it into her head to desert the town, and to leave the town to the city or town? or, if the population which comes there to dissipate its *ennui*, should discover that a country without trees, a sea without ships, a shore without a harbour, a town without public institutions, without public walks, without any other means of diversion than perpetual noise, and without any other pleasures than those which I say, if the population which comes thither, should at length discover that Brighton offers few resources for killing time, and that there are a host of other towns where the hours would hang less heavily? A complete desertion of Brighton, and a total extinction of the population, unsustained by trade or industry, would fall into their ancient poverty; the momentary interruption of which would be evidenced by ruins of brick, and by the grass which would spring up among the stones in its deserted streets.

Margate and Ramsgate, by their position at the mouth of the Thames, as well as by their pleasant site, had, before Brighton arrived at its palmy state, drawn to themselves the crowd of rich who had nothing better to do. In these places, deserted for Brighton, the brilliant equipages of former days have not re-appeared. A few jobbers, a few carriers, a few fishermen, a few carts and wheels, drawn by a man down the sloping streets, are at the service of the city of London, who wish to see people of consequence. The value of the houses at Margate and Ramsgate, as well as their trade, decreases or is lost in the ratio of the number of the carriages of the birds of passage who come to visit them.

Other towns, such as Hastings, Eastbourne, Weymouth, have sought to invite the neighbouring gentry, and to tempt some illustrious whim or royal prodigality in imitating the older watering-places. In one part of the coast, the gentry have been invited to visit the sea-side. They contain a moving population, not so numerous, so titled, or so wealthy as Brighton, but so much tormented by idleness, and as little capable of creating amusement for themselves, as the inhabitants of the rival towns. They express fine families passing silently up and down the same walks, without accosting, without even saluting other families quite as *ennuyés* as themselves. There also you may perceive ladies seated in the balconies with book in hand, while their husbands behind them raise above their heads their telescopes, and gaze at the sea, and at the clouds, and at the sails of the ships. There also may be perceived nurses and governesses superintending the children committed to their care, but in the countenances of all and each is imprinted an air of lassitude and weariness which no one seeks to dissemble. Those gay *residents* to be seen in France are not known in England. And France the very sound of a violin is sufficient, at places of summer resort, to get up a ball in the middle of a wood or the corner of a meadow; and the flagging interest in it turn excited by cards, by readings, by shows, scenes of plays, walks in picturesque places, or by conversation, if such food is found in the midst of the pleasures, as well as in the knottiest political discussion. At Dieppe, at Fliembier, in the Alps, in the Pyrenees, people amuse themselves at the English watering-places people bathe, eat and drink, walk and sleep, and when *ennui* becomes insupportable, they express fine families passing silently up and down the same walks, without accosting, without even saluting other families quite as *ennuyés* as themselves.

Some exceptions should undoubtedly be made to this unvarnished but true picture of the state of the social condition of the higher classes of English. Some towns are pointed out by them, where it is fashionable to amuse oneself. Leamington, Cheltenham, Brighton, are among the number. But in occupying one excess, one falls into another. At one place, people know neither how to form parties nor to divert themselves; at

another place all is noise, crowd, and bustle; pleasure becomes a business, and seizes upon every moment; but pleasures are solemn and *exigent*. It is necessary to be always under a species of constraint to taste of them, and to allow oneself to be carried unresistingly away by the whole current, without a single exception. Unless one wishes to be read out of society, one must take a ride out on horseback or in a carriage, or walk—one must hunt and picnic in the morning, and in the evening accept one dinner engagement, and appear at two balls. Among so many amusements and enjoyments, it is in the fashionable victim having only one desire left, and that is to see the end of the watering season.

COMFORT.

The English are very proud of that which they call comfort. This word serves to define their real, as well as their ideal enjoyments. It is employed also to denote that superiority of fortune to which they affect a great pretension as a contrast with other nations. If the English have now recovered from the prejudice that they eat in France the legs of frogs, instead of rounds of beef, they have not yet persuaded themselves that the enjoyments and pleasures of life are known on the other side of the channel.

For strangers who do not take the trouble to observe, *comfort* is a conventional word, a sort of common-place, by means of which they analyze and recapitulate the sum of their pleasures in England.

Among the wealthy *comfort* means great luxury and an expensive establishment. In the middle classes, *comfort* means a heavy, well-stuffed arm-chair, in which the master of the house goes to sleep after dinner. You think I jest: no, verily; it is the exact truth. Independently of the chair, there is nothing which justifies the idea of general comfort which the word would seem to indicate. A dinner of boiled fish, and of plain vegetables destined to be mixed by way of sauce with all one eats—a piece of roast beef cut from the hardest and most tasteless part of the carcass; in place of napkins, a corner of a tablecloth; a few chairs, a few sofas, a few chairs; chairs with rush bottoms, sometimes covered with a cushion, which the least movement causes to fall to the ground; immense four-post beds, with feather bed, beneath which is a pallasse so arranged as to produce the most disagreeable ill-jointing of the body; and in each room a coal-fire, whose dust and smoke fill the air; a thing—grooved window-shutters, windows with running Venetian blinds, and sometimes ill-draped calico curtains of a dark pattern: these are some of the English comforts, of which the natives of Allion are so boastful. But of the cleanliness, the neatness, the order, the tidiness and cleanliness are observable as well in the apartments as in the furniture. Amongst the lower classes the word *comfort* is never uttered.

SOCIAL RELATIONS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

The position which the princes of the blood royal occupy, is one of those customs of high society which most confounds the ideas of Frenchmen. You see them in a drawing-room unattended with any greater mark of respect than rank, which is bestowed on other personages of exalted rank, and who are invited to dine with the king, like private gentlemen. They mix, talk, and discuss with every individual in the room without exception. The dignity which should be inseparable from their rank, never interposes a barrier between them and any individual. By this continued proximity, the cause of argument. In these conflicts they are victorious or vanquished, as they are right or wrong, or have more or less talent or address. The politeness of their adversary spurs them none of the chagrin of a defeat. There are great advantages, and as notable disadvantages, attached to this state of affairs. By this continued proximity, the prince acquires a more profound knowledge of the wants, of the resources, of the manners of society, of the character and emptiness of its members; but this knowledge is reciprocal, and exposes them to rigorous judgments; and it can only be obtained by acquiring the *prestige* so necessary to attach to the situation and person of princes, but which, nevertheless, so suddenly disappears when they have to undergo the sort of ordeal to which the scions of the blood royal expose themselves in France. It is not only in the *salons* of the higher classes that the princes are to be met. They are to be seen at the theatre, at the opera, at the balls, they conform without the least exception. They are also to be seen at political meetings, where they accept the president's chair, or the less elevated functions accorded to them by the capricious suffrages of the members. At charitable meetings, or those having for object some

this system, and to invoke its application. In order to the success of it on our soil, there should be ten centuries of antecedents and of practice. It should have for its basis an influential and respected aristocracy rooted in popular affection and in the institutions of the country, as in the feudal times, and to the people that habit of confidence in the superior classes which disposes their minds to a complete submission. These conditions fulfilled, it might be possible to introduce the English system of administration into France; but without these necessary adjuncts, the French people should be content to abide by their own institutions, and profit by those gleams of wisdom and of calm which appear at long intervals, in order to strengthen institutions which have not yet taken deep root, whatever strength may be erroneously ascribed to them. Since the chief requisites are wanting in France for a system of government, it is since the people wish neither aristocracies nor social distinctions—since they do not even admit of intellectual superiority, they stand in need of energetic laws, magistrates invested with extraordinary powers, *gendarmes*, and spies, to control them. This is a sad and *genus armenie* condition of existence; it is the consequence of the systems adopted; it is the counterpoise, however inadequate, of an independence which has exceeded all bounds.

NAVY AND ARMY.

THE NAVY.

The navy of Great Britain is composed of 380 ships, of which there are ninety-four of the line, manned by a force of 29,000 officers and sailors, and *employés* of various grades. This immense force is distributed in magnificent harbours, and sustained by arsenals, the extent and organisation of which correspond with the importance of the service.

The cost of the navy amounts to 4,500,000. sterling, or 112,500,000 francs.

Though this sum may, at the first blush, appear large, yet it really is not so when the vast national uses of the great navy are taken into account. A hundred and fifty ships, spread over the surface of the seas, maintain the relations between the colonies and the parent state. A hundred and eighty ships are always in commission, ready for immediate service: the remainder are on the stocks.

It is a danger, however, not to lead to conclude that some vice of organisation or of administration exists in this department of the public service, were he to judge of the facility afforded for an immediate demonstration by the isolated fact of the admitted tardiness with which even a small armament could lately be brought to co-operate with the French fleet in interposing between Holland and Belgium.

England is now, without doubt, and probably will long continue to be, the first naval power in the world. Her institutions, her tastes, her affections, her very prejudices, are directed to the means of preserving a supremacy placed beyond all doubt by the war of the revolution. The possibility, nay, the very thought of resisting her naval power, has vanished since the period when the ill success of her enemies, and her own assured triumphs, have demonstrated the vainness of the hope. The destruction of 66 ships of the line, frigates, and other vessels, other vessels, forming altogether a total of 2505 ships of war—fatally for her enemies, fortunately for herself—at test an undoubted superiority.

Since the proud period of her triumphs, the English navy has maintained its numerical superiority; whilst the fleets of Her enemies, which in 1793 numbered 1793, measured their strength with her, have made no efforts to repair these defeats, or to increase their maritime power. It is no doubt true that the governments of France, Russia, and the United States of America have bestowed on their respective navies much care and attention; but, in the end, they will certainly not be without their results; but, nevertheless, without a firm alliance, and a concurrence of circumstances difficult to combine, it would be doubtful if these states could struggle, with any hope of success, against the power of the English navy.

There are not wanting those who assert, that in the vast number of vessels of war which we have enumerated, there are many very old and nearly unfit for service; and an inspection of the dock-yards of Great Britain would lead to the belief that it would require not only time, but also a considerable sum of money, to repair and to refit that strength of which it now undoubtedly presents the semblance. It is very difficult for a foreigner to apportion the degree of confidence which is due to these disparaging assertions, for it is no easy matter to obtain access either to the docks or arsenals; and in, truth, every

means are adopted to deprive the public of all correct data on which to form an opinion. Supposing, however, these assertions to be well founded, there can be no doubt that the navy would start into efficiency on the very first appearance of danger; the promptings of national pride, the suggestions of self-interest, would all induce the British nation to submit to every sacrifice necessary to the maintenance and increase of her naval force. In this, common sense and national self-love would agree, and every sentiment and feeling of the public mind would contribute to sustain a power so less indispensable to the prosperity and safety of the country, than to the glory of England.

THE ARMY.

If we are to estimate the army of Great Britain by the glorious and very profitable part which she has played in the wars of the world, she will stand on a high pedestal. The number of men at this moment in actual service does not exceed 117,000, distributed as follows:—

England and Scotland	30,000
Ireland	24,000
The colonies	37,000
East Indies	26,000

Grand total 117,000

England has in reality, therefore, a disposable force of only 54,000 men. The expense of the service amounts to 1,400,000 sterling.

In this estimate, the military pensions and half-pay amount to nearly 5,000,000. sterling; and the artillery to 450,000. sterling.

If the opinion of certain economists were admitted, a very considerable diminution in the enormous expenses could be effected, and the correction of many abuses which have crept into the administration of the army. The reduction of the numerical force of the service; the consolidation of certain sinicures connected with it; the consolidation of some offices with others; a complete revision of the whole staff; a standard of such magnitude, as half-pay—these are the means proposed for adapting the war-budget to the exigencies of the service. Some of these reasonings are, no doubt, specious, and calculated to demonstrate that the military system of England is susceptible of much improvement under the least of changes.

Whether one considers their mode of manœuvring, their excellent discipline, or their general appearance, it must certainly be admitted that it would be difficult to find in any country a finer body of troops than the English. The corps of cavalry, the three regiments of infantry, and the division of artillery, which form together the royal guard, are in truth admirable. Nor would the army of the line suffer in the comparison with any other army in the world.

English military discipline does not reject the aid of the severest corporal punishment: a hundred, two hundred, nay, even three hundred lashes, are in England the constant punishment for faults which, in the French army, would be atoned for by one or two months' imprisonment.

With very few exceptions, the advancement of a private soldier to the grade of a non-commissioned officer, Commissions, from the rank of ensign to that of lieutenant-colonel, are purchasable. In the guards an ensign's commission costs 1200*l.*; a lieutenant's 1600*l.*; a lieutenant-colonel's 7000*l.* Commissions are cheaper in the regiments of the line. A little fortune is necessary in England to run the race of glory. We to the soldier, Edward who is without money, for, in the road of promotion, he must come to a dead halt. The length of his purse, and not of his services, is the limit of his career. However brilliant his achievements, his sword will do nothing for him unless sustained by his purse. This custom of purchase is not only a disgrace to the British army, but it is a disgrace to the British nation, as old as the army itself. The system has hitherto worked marvellously; and what is stranger still, has given rise to few complaints. In this age of change, however, it is not difficult to foresee that some alteration must take place. The most remarkable feature of the system is the restriction of the army to exclusive access to rich officers, or, what is nearly the same, to those whose families are so. These officers bring to their profession gentlemanly manners and cultivated minds; no substitutes for bravery, certainly, but adding fresh lustre to it where it already exists. The military school of Vienna furnishes the necessary complement of officers to the artillery and engineers. In these corps promotion is on a different footing; it is not the effect of purchase.

In time of war, independently of the regular army, regiments of militia are raised for the defence of the coun-

try. In time of peace a force exists under the name of yeomanry: it is a corps of cavalry, and in the nature of its service, as well as in its composition, it bears much analogy to the national guard of France. The yeomanry force is commanded by the military and gentry of the different counties: they are mastered and exercised during about twelve days in every year. The appearance of this yeomanry troop is admirable. In a time of profound peace, no positive utility results from these masters, unless the giving of dinners and *fêtes*, and horse-races, are found to be their advantage.

Such is the actual condition of the English army; hardly sufficient to furnish troops for indispensable garrisons, it no longer possesses the *material* for those gigantic enterprises in which England has been at different epochs engaged, and more particularly at the period of the war of the revolution. These circumstances, most indeed be of a grave and serious nature which could induce any minister to adopt such a course as this—a course which would with difficulty obtain the assent of public opinion. It is probable that the English government will for the future seek to sustain its influence over continental policies by negotiation, by professions of superiority, and by example, and derived from the custom of other nations (rather the result of habit than of reflection) to acknowledge that superiority. Perhaps, also, her diplomacy may avail itself of the threat of the ruin which the hostile intervention of a formidable navy would bring down on European commerce in general.

In the actual position of affairs, the military power of England is diminished by her situation in reference to Ireland, rendered disaffected and almost inimical by the exercise of a dominion which has taken the character of a permanent and unrelenting oppression. In the actual administration, little calculated to unite together in bonds of affection two people still more divided in national character and religion than they are by the arm of the sea which separates them from each other. Without doubt, however, an accommodation will take place, and uniformity of feeling will be produced by conformity with reference to the real interests of both, is of the first necessity to England, as respects the recruiting of her army, and the distribution of her disposable force. Till this object shall have been accomplished, the English ministry will no doubt continue to have recourse to every means of every intervention in the affairs of the continent, and, least of all, that intervention which would be likely to terminate in open hostilities.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Public opinion may be considered one of the phenomena of England. It cannot be better described than by likening it to a cement, which works its way every where, and connects together the heterogeneous materials, out of which has arisen, none can say how or when, the stupendous and stately edifice of the British constitution. Its vast tenacity receives its efficacy from its conformity with public opinion, which masks its defects and protects it from falling. The whole fabric appears to have sprung from the workings of one mind, though all its component parts result from remote circumstances—from the spirit of party—the caprice of the governing power—the policy of the ruling, and occasionally, all-powerful will of the governed.

The English people think themselves free, because, though subject to a shapeless mass of tyrannical and absurd laws, they see the king pass by them and are not obliged to give him reverence. They think themselves free, because, because parliament has the power to turn the ministry, when the interests of the stronger party require it. They do not complain of the enormity of the taxes, because they are voted by the house of commons, whose influential members contrive to make themselves more powerful than they contribute to it. They resign themselves without a murmur, nay, without thought, to all the vexations and inconveniences of an indirect taxation (of which the greater part of the revenue is composed), because habit has long fastidiously accustoming the English people to the payment of taxes, and with the discipline of themselves rich, because they buy and sell dearly. They consider the public wealth proof against every shock, because it rests upon a system of credit, the inconceivable abuse of which has not caused it to give place. They think that national wealth is secured by a stable and unvarying laws, without troubling themselves about the means of reimbursement, the English

government brought the blood of continental nations, created armies, opposed people to people, and by these means exercised supreme control over European politics. They fancy, with wonted pride, that British supremacy must hold perpetually steady, because the British people speak the same language, the holy language which they affected thirty years ago; and because garrisons, factories, military and commercial settlements, are established at places the immense distance of which from each other is in some sort concealed by the ubiquitousness of the telegraph. In a word, the most inextinguishable illusion converts into a species of national pride that which should be a species of painful reflection and real disquietude.

Who can tell what would happen, if, for example, the people, seriously intent upon examining the rights of the people, should arise in each other. Where is that most vaunted constitution? In Magna Charta? In that compact wrested by the violence of some ignorant feudal lords of the middle age from the hands of John Lackland? Public opinion, and a more advanced civelization, now justly appreciate that charter. Such a constitution could only save us if we fell back to the barbarism of the thirteenth century. Does our constitution exist in the Act of Settlement signed by William III. in 1688? The spirit of that act is hardly respected. The act of settlement is no longer fitted for us.

Our laws, and regulations,—that shapeless code which no man has had the courage to wade through? Who could there find the spirit of our constitution? Who could have the patience or the power to adapt or apply them to a state of society so unlike of that for which they were framed? In the first place, being the offspring of an immediate necessity, attest the movement and progressive advances of society? There is, then, no constitution. I must have one; but to make it, I must proceed to work my own way. I shall lay hold of the elements of society, and scatter them about at random. In adjustment, these elements shall remain as chance shall have placed them. From their very confusion a new order shall arise. This first germ of order, all-imperfect though it be, will bring about other combinations, of which I know as little as I can foresee them, but which I am confident will be better than the order which exists. In a word, I shall accomplish a revolution; I cannot lose by the change, for I have nothing that I can call my own, either in fixed property or in imaginary rights. Shall I have less liberty, according to my meaning of the word? That were difficult to determine. I have no doubt that the administration of justice shall no longer belong exclusively to those who, possessing every thing, carry to the most revolting excess the care of self-preservation; I shall no longer be sent to Australia, be exposed to the fury of the savages of its deserts, condemned to endless and unpaid labour, in an unwholesome country, for having snared some horses, which nearly ruined my crop, in a field for which I paid too much rent. These stocks—prisons without even the advantage of walls—in which my limbs are sure to be confined on the first fault that I commit, shall for ever disappear from the face of the earth, in utter defiance of common prudence, they expose me to shame and insults. Directly or indirectly, immediately, or by delegates of my own choosing, I shall participate in the functions of legislation. I shall reform abuses, or, if some should still arise, I know how to turn them to my advantage. I shall not be able to get out of my debt, by deducting, by some means or other, the portion which I shall have to contribute to them. I shall not suffer the amount of taxation to enter into the price of any article that I consume. The land is there to defray the taxes, unless by the workings of the revolution it is so altered, that the land is no longer the source of so long possessed it. Meanwhile, no more taxes on beer, leather, candles, or tobacco,—on the pavement we tread, on the air we breathe. As to those taxes levied upon luxuries, I shall support them until I become rich myself. As to the finances, I shall support quite as much as the statesmen of the present day. I shall follow their example; my finances shall be the money of others; my strength shall be my credit and my mist. Politics, which a strong diplomacy has hitherto confined to the cabinet of kings, shall be remoulded in the propagation of my principles,—in the conquests of every nation that shall be converted to what may, my business is to destroy every existing institution, and subvert every part of our social organization. I shall take counsel from the state of things which may spring out of the change. Forward!

What I have just laid down may not be far removed from a fatal reality. Up to the present time, discontent has been, in a measure, isolated, and confined to individuals: it has been as devoid of dan-

ger as of inconvenience. But now, a revolutionary spirit has infused that discontent into all classes, and, at no distant period, we shall witness its formidable progress. For a long time, the word *reform* has been used by the people, and the word *reform* has been prepared them to desire it as a want which brooked no delay, and which was equally felt by those who clamoured for it, and those whose interests it would affect. This latter class has not seen that the sacrifices they would be called upon to make, far outweighed the evil day, far less favoured them, than the inevitable death-struggle which must now be fought between indigence and property. Violence will now wrest that which a tardy prudence would recommend to withhold. The battle will not be long contested, if the weaker party are the first to be the overthrow of institutions will be the order of the day.

Public opinion, it will be said, is too enlightened to pass beyond the limits prescribed by wisdom. This sentiment, an instinct without proper direction among other nations, is a sixth faculty among the English; with them all error is impossible. See the wonders which have sprung from it; examine the ascendancy it exercises over men and customs, from the king to the sailor, from the regulation of the chancellor's budget, to the expenditure of the poor's rates in the smallest parish.

I am not, I must own, completely convinced of the truth of that, there is no law to be drawn from the workings of public opinion. I see certain matters of detail proceeding with regularity—without violence, without effort, without any interference on the part of the government, which, in other countries, introduces itself every where with the force of the sword, or of other every thing. I agree that England is the country where each man knows his own business best. Thus the king folds his arms across and looks on, always assuming that he has a taste for observation; for, in general, an English king only attends to the affairs of government in the way of gratifying his curiosity. The ministers govern; the parliament overturns them at its pleasure, but by the most legal process in the world; the people pay, but now and then arrogate to themselves the right to knock down the tax-collectors and the constables who protect them. But, as they are generally ignorant of every thing, I agree that the king and of the constable's staff in no degree alters its form, the people do not take offence at the blows levelled at their heads. The awards of the lord mayor are submitted to with as much respect by the hackney-coachmen, amerced in a smart fine, as are the judgments of the court of the first nobleman in the kingdom. Every artisan reads the newspaper at breakfast, but works not the less on that account. All this is wonderful, no doubt; but are these wonders the effect of public opinion? Are they not to be ascribed to a kind of subordination to authority, converted not only into custom, but into law? and is there a law more respected or more binding than this very habit? On the other hand, does not private interest (artfully introduced into every thing in England) exercise also a great influence over this so much admired progress of public opinion; for, desirous of the basis of it, the private interest is continually seeking the cause to modify its combinations, which it is, perhaps, at no pains to calculate, but receives as it finds them, and we shall see what remains of that public opinion which inspires so much confidence.

Another cause will, in season, be introduced to that which is already admitted, and cannot fail to unnerve that public opinion, so long the surest conservative guarantee, as it has been the greatest glory of Great Britain. Isolated by her insular position, England was still more so by the pride and austerity of her national character. A certain amount of aristocratic intolerance, and a repulsive unsociability of character, had saved her from that fiction which had worn out the more prominent features of other nations. England had felt a pride in preserving her ideas, her forms, her prejudices, wholly regardless of what militated against them. The protection of herself to herself, and of her reputation, had been the basis of what was now broken down. The English, who heretofore only travelled in individual instances, now travel in masses. They lay aside the inconvenient burden of that haughtiness which preserved around them a truly British atmosphere, and they step out into the world as they were, without that step. Their first endeavour, when they land on a foreign soil, is to efface all impression of their distinctive nationality. This, which at first is only with them a sort of convenient arrangement, becomes at length a sacred habit, without any reference to themselves, and their reputation, and their country. The travelled English do not fail to justify a comparison between what they have seen abroad, and what they find established at home, and this comparison

does not always redound to the advantage of their country. True, they have not lost their love of country; but it is not that fervid and exclusive love which we have formerly seen in the case of those nations which they have seen elsewhere manifests itself, and the contagion of foreign customs is now making a daily inroad in England: how would it be if with this fusion of manners a fusion of political interests mingled? How would it be if the English people had real and absolute words, only applied to express ideas which have ceased to exist.

After having thus examined what is really useful and effective in public opinion in England, it will be a matter of some interest now to consider the influence which this opinion exercises on individual minds, the modifications it imprarts, the force it communicates to them. The observations I have been making lead us to a comparison between a country where public opinion is so powerful, so active, so profoundly felt among all classes, and a country in which public opinion is only to be perceived in the minds of a few individuals, and of the dominant party. It had long been the fashion on the continent to attach that elevation and general superiority to the English mind and character which superseded the necessity of closer enquiry. Ideas such as these were adopted on trust, and, as they were, they were most disposed to question the basis on which this opinion rested, have not found in their minds the power of doubting on a question on which there existed a conventional accord. So long as France and England were only observers of each other, in the distance, so long as they were separated by the ocean, and by the distance between them, numerous general facts presented themselves to accredit the idea of the superiority of one people over the other. But these nations have since had constant intercourse together; they have approximated more closely. Individuals of both countries have crossed the ocean; they have been in the habit of studying and appreciating each other, and opinion has changed. Such, at least, are the observations which a prolonged sojourn in England, and an intimate intercourse with the most distinguished classes of society have enabled me to make, and which are in variance with what had hitherto been taken for granted.

AN ELECTION.

It is indeed an imposing spectacle to behold a people exercising their share in the sovereignty, choosing their delegates, and pointing out in their assemblies, and by their acclamations, and their suffrages, the men whom they think worthy to be selected for the defence of their rights and the maintenance of their liberties. Yes, it is indeed an imposing spectacle; but if you only seek to preserve an illusion which is before you, if you fail to abate any portion of the enthusiasm which you feel for representative governments in general, and for the English government in particular, beware of attending at any of the English elections. Remain at home during their progress, otherwise those opinions to which you would have yielded, will be established, and depend on them on any solid foundation, will entirely disappear.

One fine morning we learn that it has suited the ministers to make the king, by his will and pleasure, dissolve the parliament. Behold the people fancying themselves something; ambitious hopes excited or alarmed, and the nation men flying in all directions. London a desert, and the provinces visited by their richest inhabitants. Behold aristocratic haughtiness humbling itself before plebeian pride. Neither men nor opinions are now in their proper places. The social scale is overturned, and the established order is in confusion. Gradations participate in this movement. Hauteurs, dandies, refusals, all are hurled back from him who had been the object of them upon the original dispenser. He who was heretofore lowest is now highest. He who was wont to command is now obliged to supplicate. Hence, a train of events is established, and the candidate pledges from the candidate. It is pleasant to see a noble lord unglorifying his hand to place it in the coarse and filthy fist of his butcher or his tenant; promising to the one the continuance of his custom, to the other the removal of his lease, enquiring into the health and welfare of their families, and engaging these carriages to the canvass of a vote and a protestation of attachment to the people, pretty much in the following fashion.—The honourable canvasser admits that he caused to be trans-

principles and subversive doctrines, giving expression to them in eloquent phrases, and without the least consideration of the opinion of the audience, in a language translated with good sense and simplicity. No impediments of self-love are suffered to mingle with considerations of public duty. On which side of the strait is the public well best understood? I hesitate not to pronounce, and facts justify my opinion, in favour of the English system.

CLUBS.

Every national mania, every endemic taste is represented by a club. Thus there is the Travellers' Club, where you can only admit a foreigner; the Foreigners' Club, or that you have travelled five hundred miles on the continent; the Beef-steak Club, where you only partake of the dish giving its name to the club; the Navy Club, and the Military, where sailors and soldiers are alone admitted; the Athenæum Club, dedicated to scientific people; the Catch Club, which takes its name from certain national airs sung by several voices, without accompaniment, during dinner. At Edinburgh there is the Six Feet Club, to be a member of which it is an essential condition that you be six feet high, (about five feet six inches of France); the Club, dedicated to the horse and hounds, and a number of establishments of a similar kind.

* The following account furnishes some interesting details relative to the habits and rules of the Catch Club. Admitted to one of the meetings of this club, I remarked, in the middle of the room, a tall man of slender figure, whose tone and air indicated a habit of superiority. He was discussing, in a very animated manner, the relative merits of two composers, with a fat man, a stout voice, and common-place manner. I learned that the first was the Duke of —, and that the other sang the counter-tenor parts at Covent Garden Theatre. The dinner being announced, the duke, to whom I was presented, made me sit near him, and deigned to inform me that to fulfil, without inconvenience, the members of the club, the club, the club, which prescribes that there should be singing after dinner, a certain number of professional people was invited, to whom the title of honorary members, and a dinner free of expense, were given each year by the privilege. These artists, said the duke, enjoy all the privileges of the members, and the club, being the right of discussion, they use this privilege with the same freedom towards a nobleman as they would towards one of their brother artists. The dinner, which commenced at half past four, lasted about two hours, including the dessert, which consisted of various cheeses and green fruits. Bored containing small music-desks and sheets of music were then placed on the table. I was about to lay hold of one of these sheets, when the duke stopped me, saying, that the placing of this music on the table was a mere matter of form, but that it was forbidden to turn it under penalty of death. The singing commenced by a prayer, which was chanted standing, and with a gravity of demeanour which was an indispensable part of the performance. One is obliged to join in the chaunt, or to appear to do so.

Four or five decanters had made the round of the table from left to right, and from guest to guest, they are returned to the president, who asks of the first guest the name of a lady as a toast. This name, which is never distinctly pronounced, is generally that of an actress or dancer. Drinking is resumed, and the singers commence a catch or a glee. When a member wishes to take part in a catch or gle, the singers place themselves near him. The same ceremony is repeated to each guest. The number not being less than thirty, one can form an idea of the number of glasses of wine and of songs which are despatched on such occasions. The music of the room, which is inappreciable. To the fatigue produced by its monotony is soon joined the inconvenience of an increase of discordance and of singing out of tune. As a guest, however, you must submit to be saturated with this music from six till nine o'clock. When the room is full, as it often is, the singing is pardonable rudeness. Some intrepid amateurs prolong these sittings till midnight; they then order grills strongly spiced and peppered, together with oysters, which they wash down with Madeira and Sherry. Between two and three o'clock in the morning the singing is over, and then they all supported on their reclining limbs, others in hackney-coaches, the drivers of which lie in wait for this sort of customers, to whom they are ever found to offer their indispensable services.

Each club has its particular usages, conformably to the end of its institution, but there are rules which are common to all: such as, the mode of admission, a minute observance of the rules and regulations, reciprocal politeness of the members, a tariff of prices, &c.

The clubs in general are large and well situated houses; the furniture is adapted to the use to which it is destined. Newspapers are spread on the tables in great numbers, and libraries (which are attached) offer a never-failing resource. Baths and dressing-rooms are also at the service of the members, and it is common enough to see the habitués of the clubs arriving in the morning, approaching the table to read the *Revue* of the evening, the club, and its members their family.

Clubs are, for the greater part of the members, but a species of *Restaurants*, where they dine, read the newspapers, or spend their useless time in idle conversation, play, or sleep. You enter the rooms wearing your hat, approach the table to read a newspaper, (often content to read the table only,) or you give yourself the appearance of running over the matter, in presenting your hand to this person with a distracted air, and nodding to that. Then you throw yourself into a large arm-chair, with a thoughtless vacant air; after a time you write a few letters, and when you wish to fill quickly asleep, you pass into the library, a room generally devoted to this species of enjoyment.

The dining-rooms of the English clubs only differ from those of the *Restaurants* of Paris in the arrangement of the properties, and in the *reclaire* of their furniture. The cookery is simple, in bad taste, and extremely dear. Fried or boiled fish, enormous joints served every half hour, and conveyed from table to table that each person may cut his portion off, ragouts, puddings, potatoes, cauliflowers, spinach with salt sauce, which is added to the soup of your dinner. For dessert you have two or three kinds of cheese, and, to wash down all, you may be supplied with porter, ale, beer, French, Spanish, and Portuguese wines.

Unappointed servants in livery are always at your order. It is expressly forbidden to give them money. The considerable expense of these establishments is covered by a fixed sum which each member pays for England, by an annual payment of smaller amount made by each member, and by the profit had on the articles consumed.

Club habits have necessarily a very considerable influence on the national manners. They are a sort of initiation to political life, less by means of discussions, which are rarely entered on within their walls, than by conversations, in which the most important subjects of the day, and the most interesting interests of the country, are treated with depth and justness of view. In clubs, too, you learn the character and talents of the most remarkable public men.

Nor is their effect less sensible on the manners of English women. It accustoms them to a sedentary life, to almost constant absence of their husbands, and thus forces them to seek occupation in the career which they bestow on their families.

NEWSPAPERS.

Who is there from the peer to the hackney-coachman, who does not read the newspapers? Who is there who is not influenced by them? The man of birth fears them; to the shopkeeper and tradesman they are a necessity; for he finds in their columns an opinion which he would not know how to form for himself; and the man of letters, proceeding these grand arteries of the body politic, on reaching the provinces, they divide themselves, and spread through the smaller arteries the opinions they circulate. These opinions are brought back from the extremities to the centre, by a more rapid circulation, which maintains the pulsation of the human heart. But in the organisation of society, as in the organisation of living beings, the parts destined to elaborate the principles of life do not always perform their functions with an equal success. A vicious or acrid fluid sometimes collects in the system, which is called the poison of the press; the false doctrines of newspapers induce disorder in the social body, and bring on its dissolution.

For a long time, the English newspapers limited their functions to the studying of popular opinion. To follow in its wake and to imitate it, to have the pulse of the nation in themselves this end, each person gave to the shade of opinion he had adopted, a colouring, darker or lighter, in proportion to the vehemence or moderation of the principles which he wished to see prevail. The English press, following the example of that of France,

has bounded from the extremity to the head of popular opinion. Newspapers now pretend to trace the line which this opinion should follow, and aspire to direct it. They find fault with, denounce, menace one party, while they stimulate another. Rarely is the energy of the English press employed in any service of order. An inextinguishable "estate" in the nation, it puts itself in constant opposition to power, seas the bases on which it reposes, and prepares its ruin—a ruin which it will be ready to accomplish altogether, whenever it shall suit the factions, of whom this press is the formidable agent, to dispense with some order. That which the press has already done in France, the press, with a little more time, will do in England. The plan is already matured for a decisive aggression. In the means employed for this subject, the English press has not the merit of invention. To attack all the people were hardly thought of; respect, religion, the monarchy, the government,—has been, of late, its constant object, and, in order to direct its shafts with surer aim against the persons of priests, of kings, of governors, this press has not hesitated to attack the fundamental institutions of society, and to attempt to overthrow the hierarchy of rank, and the property, even respect for the constitution itself. Its next aim has been to excite the popular passions, to whet the appetite of the mass against social superiors, in presenting to their longing desires a detail of the advantages of which the higher classes are possessed. Nor has it been content to add the lower classes the course of proceeding they should adopt, revealed to them that which they should demand, advertised them of that which they may easily obtain. It has disclosed to the people their formidable power, broken down the barriers which protected the nation, and has taught them to resist, and to keep the multitude in check. Such is the perseverance with which (modified according to locality and the classes upon whom it is to act), this instrument of evil has proceeded to create the elements of chaos and confusion, without ever regretting its want of power. In France, where they appeal to political passions, the journals declare themselves openly for such or such a faction. In England, where parties are acted upon either by modesty or fear, the newspapers feign to attack themselves only to national interests. *Fry, piquant*, and comical, but with talent in one country, they are in the other argumentative, heavy, and insolent. Every where they are a present inconvenience and a future danger, but nevertheless a necessity of the existing epoch.

The English newspapers, present in their numerous and interminable columns, every evening which, each reader has in his power, the current of the opinions of their readers. Joined to the advertisements, which generally fill half the paper (and sometimes make the addition of a supplement necessary), are detailed reports of the proceedings of both houses of parliament. Then follow extracts from foreign journals—then a correspondence on all the points of interest of the present—then a summary, or leading article, on those points on which the editor wishes to draw attention or deceive the public. A minute account of the causes before the courts of justice—of the murders, executions, and strange events, recorded in the newspapers, and the public eye is completely the netley composition of an English newspaper. He who seeks to find in the English newspapers good taste, a spirit of observant criticism, an exact and well-digested knowledge of the politics of Europe, will be disappointed, for the greater part of these articles are devoid of these qualities. These articles which appear in the French papers of all political opinions, and exhibit a union of profound thought and eloquent expression, are seldom initiated in the English. Praise or blame are duly dispensed from these articles. Insult or praise is administered without delicacy. The English press, which is so much more powerful in the press of England, is its absolute ignorance of the position, the interests, the events, the public characters of other countries, and, above all, of France. The judgments pronounced on these points in English newspapers are founded on articles in French journals, which are often false, while the history of the persons concerned is had to the *Mémoires de la Contemporeine*, or some production equally worthy of confidence.* These opinions are always a subject of

* The translator feels bound to dissent from this sweeping censure. The articles on Foreign Affairs in the *Times*, though they disclose no profound views or systematized combinations, are nevertheless written in a pure and classical style, while they often display much research and always a lucid arrangement.—Translator.

collection unblushingly exposed to the conventional enthusiasm, rather than to the sober judgment of the public. If the English have made up their minds to consider the merits of their paintings by affecting specimens of all that is correct, perfect and sublime in the art, they should exclude foreigners from admission to their museums. They would then spare their artists the mortification of exciting the pity of the connoisseurs of every other country, and escape the reproaches of all nations for being blinded by prejudice which paralyses their judgment, so correct on many other subjects.

There are a few signal exceptions to this censure. A connoisseur has a wide field wherein to gratify his admiration; he cannot fail to contemplate with delight certain paintings which afford him a lesson in composition, drawing, and colouring, and standing as the protests of a few artists who have the courage to resist the torrent of bad taste, and to establish themselves in some sort as landmarks, to point out the road leading to all that constitutes beauty and correctness in their art.

The English have obtained a well merited fame in water colour painting. Whether it be owing to the circumstance that this order of painting does not admit of a high degree of perfection, and that, being less attended to in other countries, there exists no means of instituting a comparison, or that the desire to imitate it has been small, another is built at the side of the art of harmony with the first. English architects do not hesitate to place a beam on an arch, a small window by the side of a wide door, or a chimney at the angle of a building. Do they wish for ornaments? they can only find colours. They do not trouble themselves about their proportions or their props. Their height is determined by the elevation of the edifice. They are placed on a cornice or on a balcony, with all motive as there would be for placing them underneath: they are indifferently employed in ornamenting a shop, a palace, or a cottage.

ENGRAVINGS.

There is so much in England to find fault with, in all that relates to the fine arts, that it is a pleasure to us the opportunity of giving unqualified praise to one of their most important branches. Copper-plate engraving, and more particularly that style known under the appellation of "the English manner," may be said to rival the most perfect productions of other nations, as it may be styled the marked specimen of national taste in our productions. A labour of patience and manual dexterity, this profession agrees with the national habits. It receives many and numerous encouragements in the facilities afforded by speculations of a secondary order, but of assured success, and affords the chief interests of artists with their reputation. The tool which has worked on the material of a great composition, reposes from the fatigues of its labour in tracing on a plate of small dimensions a landscape destined to adorn a keepsake, or illustrations of the edition of an author already in vogue. These admirable productions, distinguished by the combination of grace, finish, and taste, have an assured sale. Ordered beforehand, and paid for at a high price, they afford the artist the means of waiting, without anxiety for the present, the price reserved at some distant date for a long and painful labour; and they do not establish his reputation; they leave him content with his comfort, and allow him to bestow greater care on the finish of those *chef-d'œuvres*, which recommend his name to his own age and to posterity.

Engraving on precious stones has also attained a perfection not sufficient to excite the interest which it owes itself on objects of trifling value and of common use; but if, in place of limiting its exercise to the carving of arms on seals, this branch of the art elevated its views to the historical style, it would attain a perfection equal to the most approved models which antiquity has handed down to us.

SCULPTURE.

Sculpture, encouraged by a more positive patronage, and the demands for the numerous public edifices, and confined within a narrower range than painting, has cultivated in England with tolerable success. Criticism, which has had to find fault with the vicious composition of many of its works, may speak with more indulgence on the expression of the heads, on the truth of the attitudes, and the boldness with which the national costume has been employed in the representation of the figures. Given to it in spite of the little development of the draperies. Westminster, St. Paul's, Trinity college at Cambridge, and the chapel royal at Windsor, present grand, vast, and sublime compositions. Antique sculpture tells no more of the splendour of the reign of Newton at Cambridge, by Roublac. Nor would it disavow the tombs of the Duke of Argyll and of Mrs. Nightingale at Westminster, by the same artist. Those

of Nelson and Chatham, and many monuments of the same kind at St. Paul's, and the admirable mausoleum of the Princess Charlotte at Windsor, are works of rare merit, of which countries having the best founded pretensions to superiority might be proud. Bronze is, or appears to be, less favourable than marble to the display of the talent of English statuary. The public squares are furnished, rather than ornamented, with statues. They afford more some of which have been the ridiculous effort. The appearance of the statues is soon rendered disagreeable by a cloud of black dust, (the deposit of coal smoke), which defaces the details. From the obliteration of the parts, as well as from the colour, you would mistake the material for cast iron instead of bronze. It may be praised, that the best executed statues, almost always out of proportion with the places were they are exposed to view, little disposes the connoisseur to pronounce an opinion in favour of the artist.

ARCHITECTURE.

In classifying the relative degree of imperfection of the fine arts in England, architecture should be placed still lower than painting. It is almost reduced to the routine of heaping brick upon brick, without further order or symmetry than that necessary to create an effect of brown. It may be praised, that the best executed statues, almost always out of proportion with the places were they are exposed to view, little disposes the connoisseur to pronounce an opinion in favour of the artist.

The internal arrangement of the houses is in keeping with the poverty of their external decoration. The system is exactly the same for the house of a lord as for that of a tradesman; the difference exists only in the proportion of the parts, and in the nature of the ornaments. When he has built four walls so fragile that the roll of a carriage produces a general creptation, placed horizontally, as well as perpendicularly, separations which form ceilings and partition walls, that added to these a narrow staircase of difficult ascent, which communicates with the three stories of this wretched house, his occupation is at an end.

In order to rival the architect's good taste, an upholsterer generally covers these walls with a paper of a red ground. He furnishes two or three of the rooms in the same colour, places carpet-pieces on the dining-rooms, carpets in all the apartments, and behold an English house ready to receive its inmates! As to looking-glasses, they are rarely met with, and are generally of small dimensions. If the English wished for clocks, they would break with the custom of hanging pictures (four or five feet high) are without shelves.

Instead of being composed of folding shutters, the windows are formed of grooved panels, sliding into one another, and cut out about four feet from the ground. They are not necessary to stop the wind, for the wind is one and also obliges to bend oneself if one wishes to walk in the narrow balcony before the house.

In looking over the numerous heaps of habitations which have risen around the capital during the last half century, on the sea-coast, and in every place in which the human species is pressed to build, and in examining the architecture employed, it must be acknowledged that, if the English know how to build towns, they do not know how to build houses. This arises from an abundance of capital and a penury of taste.

The propensity for all that is *bizarre* has induced them to imitate the style of the Gothic architecture. They employ this style in the building of chateaux and of the most insignificant houses, but they know not how to divest it of its numerous imperfections.

They preserve, in the staircases, the original cramped and narrow dimensions at high steps; in the doorways, the darkness and want of brightness in the facades; the irregularity; and in the whole distribution and arrangement, those inconveniences which may have been

overlooked by the unrefined habits of the twelfth century. As objects of perspective, these Gothic structures have a pleasing effect; but as houses of habitation, they are less adapted than to gratify the sight, or common sense should point out the propriety of adopting a mansion to the wants and exigencies of existing civilisation.

English architects do not succeed any better in the construction of palaces than in the building of plainer dwellings. London and Brighton, as well as other parts of the three kingdoms, offer proofs enough in support of the severe judgment which has been here pronounced.

There is, however, a style in which it would be unjust to refuse to English architects the praise of very distinguished talent: I mean religious edifices. For inferior, no doubt, to St. Peter's, but still in an honourable rank, may be placed a crowd of modern churches; some in the Grecian style; others, more especially, in the Gothic. These constructions would do honour to a nation more advanced in the arts than the English. Elegance and justness of proportions—without an execution—a design in harmony with the sacred character of the edifice—beauty of situation, are all united in these modern edifices. In the squares of London, as in the picturesque sites of Sussex, or amongst the stately trees of Yorkshire, the traveller halts with pleasure before these noble edifices, which tell him that in a country having so little to boast of in the way of architecture, he is tempted to ask himself if these structures and the surrounding houses have been the work of the same architects, and if recourse has not been had to foreigners to raise temples to the Divinity.

Although English buildings are *bizarre*, deprived of taste, and at variance with the most simple rules and combinations of art, they produce, nevertheless, a grand effect to the eye which views them as a whole.

This effect is principally owing to the happy idea of building a certain number of houses, and connecting them by a long wall, the appearance of one vast building, whose symmetrical architecture, affords the illusion of a palace; to the position of the building, and an occasional irregularity, which permits the most imposing parts to be thrown into projection. This monumental assemblage of edifices, which excites the admiration, if common sense did not come to the aid of the understanding, and enable it to assign to things their just and proper value.

MUSIC.

The art of music, like that of painting, is appreciated more by the expense which it involves, than by the real enjoyments it affords. Cultivated with little success by the English, it is scarcely followed as a profession, unless by foreigners, the more dearly paid because they seek to find in the money which they gain, not only a recompense for their talent, but a compensation for the little interest which it inspires.

If English visitors afford little gratification, English cars are not over-nice: the one is made for the other; and if, which never happens, the sounds of a sharp voice should distinctly strike the tympanum of an attentive auditory, it would not be affected in a disagreeable manner. By a habit of which people are not aware, and which can only originate in the little pleasure caused by music too often unworthy of attention, people do not listen; and hence it is that an English concert, but a noise of instruments without meaning, and a series of conversations, rendered more deafening by the necessity which the talkers lie under of making their voices prevail over those of the singers.

When this *charivari* has lasted the prescribed time, an end is put to it; the artists are dismissed after having been well paid.

If professional music is thus rewarded, one may imagine that amateurs are little encouraged to make this sort of talent available. They limit themselves to the feeble execution of pieces on the harp or piano, generally concluding a suite of the song of romances, and foreigners alone lend a willing attention. As for the English, they continue their conversations quite as much before amateurs as before artists.

English musical compositions are happily rare, and are undistinguished by any merit. The country-dances, and the orchestras which play them, the very hand-organ in the streets, and the miserable wretches who turn them, all are drawn from the continent to London. It is, in reality, the wisest plan.

THEATRES.

An examination of the state of the theatres will conclude the subject of the fine arts. The taste or sentiment

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 6, NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA—At \$5 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

which imprints a particular direction to talents, although it exercises an influence on the histrionic art, does not, however, operate so injuriously upon it as on the other branches of the fine arts. England possesses a considerable number of comedians, and is specially distinguished by tragedians of note. Declamation is not, as in France, reduced to a system; it is based on nature, and the imitation of nature, and would leave little to desire, if it did not frequently descend to no minute details. The *tournee* of male as well as female actors is not sufficiently natural. Their gait is awkward and embarrassed; their address is deficient in suppleness and grace. The actors group themselves with difficulty, and cross their stage with awkwardness. Nothing in their demeanour indicates the study, the idea even of the habits and manners of good society. As a counterbalance to these defects, it must be admitted that they often hit on the just expression of physiognomy and tone. Melodrama in the higher and lighter comedy, they excel in tragedy, which lends itself to a marked declamation, and in low comedy, which permits its votaries to descend to overcharged caricature.

Exceedingly rich in tragic authors of the first order, England is deficient in comic authors of an elevated style, and possesses a greater part of the subjects of the small pieces which are played on her theatres. These lose much of their merit in the mutilation they undergo for the purpose of adapting them to the English taste. Nor are they less deteriorated by translation, and by the manner in which they are played. They want the application which they had at Paris, but which they cannot preserve in London.

It is in operas, where the poetry as well as the music has been borrowed from French authors, that the difference between the two countries is more sensibly felt. A Vandal, incapable of appreciating a musical idea, and ignorant of the beauties of the *Requiem*, of *Bohème*, of *Auber*; cuts out whole pieces, and what is still worse, divides a piece; and when he has reduced it to a convenient size, distributes it to the other Vandals, the singers and orchestra, who execute it in the most barbarous manner before a public who, less intent upon the quality than the quantity of the music, are satisfied, provided they find occupation from seven in the evening till twelve or one o'clock in the morning.

There is an English Opera in London, but so bad, that even an English public (the least difficult to please) have pronounced condemnation upon it. Confined to a small theatre, at a season when all the world is out of town, the English opera serves only as theatrical food to a class not over dainty. When the great houses open, which offer more attractive entertainment, the English opera disappears.

There are two other draws a constant influx of visitors during four or five months of each year. Its stock pieces are strengthened by a supply from the *vaudeuilles* of Paris; which city also lends the aid of her most remarkable actors, thus rendering supportable the mediocrity of the ordinary troop.

The French opera draws presents an almost exclusive company of foreign artists. The *prima donna*, and *primo tenore* of Italy, and the *corps de ballet* of France, furnish their most distinguished members. These are a species of commodity which the English custom-house laws do not pronounce contraband. Fashion, rather than natural taste, draws the crowds to this theatre. The high price of the seats does not permit those who prize themselves on belonging to the fashionable classes to be absent. The opera is the best attended theatre in London, not because it is the best, but because it is the only one.

The interior and extent of the two great English theatres are more remarkable than their architecture or arrangement. The boxes are found fault with for being too deep; the corridors and *sorties*, for being too confined and narrow; and the staircases, because of their steepness and want of support. The decorations, which vary with almost every scene, have a fine effect, although they do not generally produce the illusion of those of our opera. The costumes are rich, but not correct, and are moreover too loaded with tinsel. The use of fire-works introduced to illuminate, what in technical terms is called "the pictures," has this double inconvenience. In the first place, it blinds the eye to a light which is not in nature; and, secondly,

it spreads through the theatre a stink and smoke which remain during the whole representation.

The smaller theatres have, in a relative proportion, the same species of merit and defects which are observed in the larger houses. Their representations are confined to melodrama, vaudeville, and pieces of trifling comedy. Many of them possess very good actors, and the representation of comedies whose laughter and tears are only to be excited by exaggeration.

What are we to conclude from this severe but strict examination of the fine arts in England, but that they are exotic plants, cultivated by national luxury, by the fancy of the moment, by the very expense at which they are produced, and which, up to the present day, it has been found impossible to acclimatize? Children of the imagination, they cannot flourish in a country where that principle of creation, that condition of existence necessary to the production of what is beautiful, grand, and true, is not in existence. England, it will therefore be ascertained, is compelled to remain tributary to Italy and France for the fine arts. What she loses on this head is too amply compensated for, in other respects, to cause her to lament a deficiency of which one need not fear to remind her.

PHYSICIANS.

The ineredulous in the abilities of the professors of the healing art, could find in a comparison of the science as practised in England and in other countries, powerful arguments in favour of their scepticism. In France, instance, physicians are men of science, and not instruments in every thing that relates directly or indirectly to their art. Long and painful studies, pursued in schools directed by the most enlightened professors, and possessed of the necessary means to extend the domain of science, initiate them into the mysteries of the art. In England, it is confessed, they are not so long in France, if the talent of the physician could prolong existence.

In England opportunities of study are rare, precarious, and costly. There are no other schools than hospitals, nor other mode of teaching than the unreasoning observation of practice, in which the physician learns English schools by means as imperfect for science as they are revolting to humanity. The anatomical study of the small and organic diseases can be but rarely pursued, in consequence of the prejudices which are opposed to the practice, as well as in the teaching as in the practice of medicine. The duration of human life is nevertheless as long as in France. What conclusion are we to draw from this, but that the science of the physician only contributes in a very feeble degree to the preservation of life, and that ignorance does not abridge it in a more sensible proportion? In other hypothesis, it is apparent that medicine exercises no very determined influence on the increase or diminution of the human race. The only positive effect is that produced by the habits, manners, and diet, and the greater or less care taken to obviate the inconveniences of climate, of local situation, or of personal position.

If the state of medicine should exhibit a sinister influence as relates to the prolongation of human life, most assuredly it would do so in England. The different causes just indicated are all attended with their effects. The absence of long and continued study limits medical knowledge to vulgar and very superficial opinions. Violent remedies derived at random from the pharmacy, and empiricism, are the means resorted to. The result of all is, that a guinea is placed without delay in the hands of the doctor, and received without shame, at each visit. The patient is cured in more or less time, according as his constitution is good or bad. It is his affair, not that of the physician.

There exists, under the name of surgeons, a class of men exercising the healing art, or at least that of laving and setting the cure. In England, remedies are offered and sold as candles, sugar, or cloth. Surgeons differ

* It is for this very reason that English physicians are the first in the world. Were they to pursue the French system, they might attain "the bad pre-eminence" of French physicians, who are among the worst of the tribe.—*Translator.*

from physicians in this, that they cannot receive fees.* They remunerate themselves by a profit on their drugs, remedies of all colours, boxes of pills, ointments, &c., pass from the shop of the apothecary into the chamber, sometimes into the stomach, but often out of the window, of the patient. This is a matter of small moment, provided the apothecary receives the remuneration for the view of his patients.

Energetic remedies form the substratum of the prescriptions of English practitioners. Alcohol enters into the greater part of the preparations, and always in the least rational manner. I have seen it administered in larger doses, to a patient hastening to the tomb through a condensed consumption, than to a patient of the treatment prescribed when the patient is convalescent. The quantity of drug is carried to inconceivable lengths. I know a lady who drinks a pint of brandy a day by the advice of her physician; and wonderful to tell, this regimen has already lasted for six years. No where is the healing art exercised with a more sovereign contempt of the most common rules, with a more absolute disregard of reasoning and common sense, than in England.

It is said that surgery has attained a high degree of perfection, and in support of this assertion, the names of a few very rich surgeons are cited. It would be impossible to do this, without introducing the names of the rich, if we estimate the latter by the immense fortunes they have acquired.

ENGLISH CLERGY.

No comparison can be instituted between dissimilar objects. It would be folly to institute a comparison between the clergy of France and that of England.

"What is a priest in France?" said a very religious deputy, when delivering himself at the tribune, and whose word may be believed in this matter.—"A priest in France is a simple man, without family, without society, of little influence, poorly clad in black, who supplies by an inward piety, a great disinterestedness, and a fervent charity, those exterior advantages which are wanting to him. He is not to be met in the salons, because there his equals are not necessary, and he would find himself misjudged; too often he is mistaken for a simpleton, and he opposes, at times, an indiscreet pride to the lowliness of his origin. The mediocrity of his fortune leaves him no other resource for doing good, than to importune those who have wealth to succour those who have nothing."

If one wished to adopt the form employed by this deputy, to give an account of the English clergy, the reply to the question—What is a clergyman in England?—would be as follows. An English clergyman is a man of distinguished birth, surrounded by a numerous family, provided with a rich benefice, living in luxury, participating in every pleasure, in all the enjoyments of the world, playing, hunting, dancing, attending the theatres, neither grave nor serious, unless nature has made him so; he is one who hoards his emoluments in order to settle his children; who spends his fortune in waging, in horses, in dogs, sometimes (when he is thoughtful and devoted) in the service of his mistress; who, on every giving title to the poor, and leaving their ease, and the fulfilment of duties which he disdain, to some unfortunate curate, who for a miserable stipend is obliged to exhibit the virtues and to fulfil the duties which the incumbent despises and neglects.

This double portrait of the English and French clergy is perfectly true. The neglect and indigence of which (in consequence of the spread of revolutionary principles and laws) the French clergy have been the victims, have operated to turn from that career those members of honorable families who have been recruited the clerical ranks. At present, the zeal of the clergy is confined to recruits among young men of the humblest birth, who, comparing their primitive state of abject and miserable poverty with the prospect of a life less laborious, to which they have been prepared by a semblance of education,

* It is evident from what follows, that the author speaks of apothecaries, sometimes called surgeon apothecaries. But here is the danger of a foreigner writing on English customs. A surgeon can not only receive fees, but recover them in a court of law; while a physician has no legal remedy.—*Translator.*

and which raises them to a social position less degraded, are led to prefer the cassock of the priest to the smock-frock of the waggoner. After having consorted some years to the acquisition of an income, and without a study of the world or the spirit of their calling, to oppose, with a sort of brutal awkwardness, the abolition of their religious principles to the reasoning independence of their parishioners. Destitute of experience, deprived of that which is the life and soul of a minister, respectable families might have given them, if the lowliness of their condition did not put this advantage out of their reach, they commence a struggle with those they are called on to direct, and a reciprocal malvolence ensues, rendering the interchange of good feeling or good will quite impossible. Henceforth, it is only by sermons, which are turned into ridicule, or by alms subtracted from clerical to administer to still more wretched and more ungrateful poverty, that the presence of the village curate becomes known, and his life is destined to flow on amidst storms, fatigues, and overwhelming privations. Yet is he pursued by envy, as though he were happy and honoured!

Such is not the life of the English ecclesiastic. His career is marked out beforehand: its close is as apparent to him as its commencement. He knows whether his hopes should centre in the possession of a benefice of a thousand or twelve hundred pounds sterling, or whether he is ambitious of the more exalted lot of a bishopric, or also that in the least favourable hypothesis, his education and studies, which are never closely scrutinised, will suffice to secure for him an honourable position. His family or friends hold a rich curacy in reserve for him, on which he will reside if he have the desire and time for further education. If he be anxious to sacrifice future prospects to present pleasures, he will cease the duties of his cure to be performed by a paid curate. A grave and sober course of life, vast theological learning, above all, pulpit eloquence, are indispensable conditions to the attainment of a bishopric; but though these qualities are necessary, they are not sufficient, advantages preponderate; each step in the ladder of preferment is accompanied with an increase of wealth, of honour, and consideration, and the courage and perseverance of the aspirant are sustained by the perspective of the honours, the influence, and the large fortune reserved for him who reaches the final object of his ambition.

The Prebend of bishops numbers individuals as distinguished as the most celebrated laymen; too much engaged, however, by their interference in politics as spiritual peers,—too much carried away by their taste for preaching, they do not devote themselves sufficiently to the superintendence of the subordinate clergy, who live in a sort of independence of spiritual authority, and who are only made amenable to the existence of discipline when some outrageous scandal has rendered an act of severity indispensable.

The staid manners* of the bishops do not preserve them from habits of luxury and expense; besides an episcopal palace appertaining to the see, and a mansion in one of the most beautiful sites of their dioceses, they have quadrilles in the chambers of the commons of parliament afford them a pretext for residence.

A black dress, but not distinguished in its cut from that of the rest of society, is worn by clergymen of *bon ton*,—by those younger sons of noble families who only belong to the church in consequence of the fortune it provides for them. These are the priests who are often seen at Epsom, Doncaster, and other watering-places, at sporting-parties of Norfolk and Yorkshire, than in the pulpit. The clerical costume interferes in England with none of the enjoyments of the world; those who wear it do not hesitate to appear at balls and routs, or in opera stalls; and they have no scruples at being seen in the box at the Adelphi or the Olympic.

The priest priests, and the laymen whom the care of souls devolves, find compensation for the fatigues of their profession in an appropriate endowment, and in the pleasures of a less boisterous society. There are few even of these who do not mingle, with their numerous families, and with apparent pleasure, in the mazes of quadrille or whist, or in the pleasures of the card-table.

I have vainly endeavoured to reconcile the severity, with which protestant clergymen enforce the observance of the Sunday, with the passion of many for the dance. This passion exposes them to the familiarity, often to the ruffianries of those to whom they should afford serious example—to the profligacies of the dissipated, whom the interdict enjoyments which they themselves follow with

a sort of delight. It would be better, however, to allow the peasantry to dance on the Sunday, than to expose them to the dangerous temptation of expending their money in idleness and dissipation.

The country clergy of England are distinguished by severe and irreproachable manners; but their functions, limited to the celebration of the service, do not extend to the distribution of alms. There are very few clergymen who know the number, the names, or the wants of the poor of their parish; these matters they consider as belonging to the duties of their obligation. They are not seen leaving their commodious dwellings to sit by the bed of the sick, or to carry to the chamber of death the consolations of religion. These charitable offices might render them subject to the attacks of some contagious disorder; and in the event of their illness or death, they would not be the only victims, since the loss of all that is dear to them is inseparable from their own.

These are considerations which influence not the catholic priest. He is poor and isolated. Without perceiving that he changes habitation, he passes from the humble dwelling of his ministry to the wretched cabin of the indigent. From poverty to misery he is carried by the inevitable and unchangeable tastes of the woe he comes to succour. If he is carried off in the midst of his duties, he has little to regret at leaving a world where his lot has been none of the happiest. No one weeps over his tomb, no one suffers from his untimely exit. The idea of the past troubles him; but his thoughts are fixed on the future, and that future is eternity. He faces therefore without fear, almost without reflection, dangers which would be more formidable, if he participated in the enjoyments of life—if he had a wife, children, and all that constitutes worldly happiness.

The fecundity of clerical marriages has become proverbial. Wide habits of order and economy, and a high preferment, the fortune of the children of these marriages is almost assured. But it is not always thus. The inconveniences of the contrast between a certain rank in the social scale, joined to a finished education, and the privations of a precarious existence, are sometimes felt. Clergymen widely conformed obtain asylums in institutions established for this purpose; their sons turn their education to account; while the daughters seek in the employment of their talents resources which they do not always find. Sometimes they have not the courage to resist proposals too equivocal to refuse.

I have no doubt, that if the question of the celibacy or marriage of the clergy were to be determined on the comparison of what is observed in England, and in France, an impartial judge would pronounce in favour of the latter system. He would not hesitate to acknowledge, that with an equal regularity of manners, there results, from a life of celibacy, greater disinterestedness, and more real charity; whilst greater attachment to this life, more anxious attention to family concerns, less affection for the duties of his calling, less disposition to exercise charity and benevolence, and less means of satisfying the claims of humanity, are the inevitable consequences of every allowance, therefore, for exaggerated opinions, an isolated priest is better for society than a clergyman attached to all its interests, participating in all its influences, and subjected to all the conditions which it imposes.

If a comparison were instituted between the French and English clergy; if the austere forms of the one—their asceticism, their abstinence, and their devotion to their inexhaustible charity—if the privations which they impose on themselves to satisfy such claims—if their unfurnished houses, their humble costume, their rigid practice of the severities of religion, were to be contrasted with the easy and comfortable lives of the English clergy—scrutinised to ascertain which the present and future happiness of their families and friends—their expenditure in matters not in harmony with their sacred functions—the *recherche* of their furniture, of their dress, and of their equipages—Reason, which would pronounce an impartial decree, and range on the one side a true and solid morality, and on the other a false and empty want of tact in the use of means; and on the other a sort of mundane virtue, which has found an easy way to reconcile a grave calling with manners neither grave nor serious enough for the clerical state, would declare a preference of the humble clergy of the Catholic Church to the rich and sumptuous pastors of the Protestant establishment.

RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS.

In England, in that country which the French philosophers of the last century represented to us as a people of *espits forts*, of unbelievers, caring little for religion;—the most profound respect is nevertheless professed for its laws, as well as for its most inconvenient practices. Religion is never made a subject of declamation, of pleasantry, or of doubt. Her well-paid ministers exercise a great influence in the country parts of England. Good or bad, the two sermons which they preach every Sunday draw a numerous and attentive congregation. Meals are commenced and terminated by blessings and grace. The bishops sit in the house of lords by a sort of national defence, for no law gives them title to a seat.^{*} A religious spirit then exists in England.

What is the celebration of the Sabbath in catholic countries—in those countries which are accused of a blind intolerance? A means of repose, of pleasure even for the lower classes of society; a leisure-time for the better classes; for the one and the other, an opportunity of procuring that relaxation which cannot often be obtained on days dedicated to business or labour. Provided that one or two members of each family appear at the parish church for a quarter of an hour, whether stimulated to do so by real devotion, or out of respect for outward appearances, a duty is performed towards society, which, though not considered indispensable, is applauded as a profession of religious faith. People think they have thus fulfilled their duty towards God, whose ministers require no more.

The Sabbath produces in England an absolute suspension of business, labour, and pleasure. Unless at those hours when the monotonous and prolonged jingling of bells call the faithful to prayer, all is sad, motionless, silent. It rarely happens that the rolling of a carriage comes to interrupt the meditations of those who pray, or to distract the crowd of those whom custom confines at home. The approach of carriages to church is forbidden during the progress of divine service. All places of public amusement are closed—the most innocent domestic recreations are banished for the day. If the sounds of a piano are heard, it is in some remote apartment, and the house is shut. The mates dine on cold meats, prepared the day before, so that the servants may be relieved from all labour. The reading of a sermon is the only recreation allowed. Will it then be said that a religious spirit does not exist in England?

How Englishmen speak of the customs of the catholic religion, and he will denounce the slavery of the people, and even of kings, to the papal yoke. According to him, the prisons are always open to receive the victims of a worship which allows neither opposition, nor the exercise of reason. If he permits the existence of thequisition, or of the auto-da-fé, it is as much as he will do. These are religious and national prejudices, which he will transmit intact to his descendants, as he has received them from his ancestors. He treats these as he does the institutions, of his own country, respecting without examining them. Although his frequent visits to the churches of his own country might lead him to appreciate the credit due to such opinions, yet they remain unmodified; and the name of papist is still equivalent, in his mind, to intolerant and superstitious. In his own country, nevertheless, those sanguinary laws of Elizabeth, which condemn to death the priest found celebrating mass, which confiscate the goods of those who give them asylum, and subject to banishment those who pray with them—these laws, although fallen into disuse, are found still to subsist. English pulpit resound with furious diatribes against the catholics. The least infraction of the laws for the observance of holy days is severely punished; and the priests are not less careful to guard against the effects of the penal laws repealed; and as if to maintain against catholics a stigma inflicted upon them by a religion which reproaches other creeds with their intolerance, there are certain employments to which even now catholics are ineligible. England is therefore religious indeed.

* This is a mistake. By *Magna Charta* the clergy were to be summoned as well as the nobility and commons. The spiritual peers are lords of parliament in virtue of certain ancient baronies held under the king.—*Transtator.*

† This is a mistake, these laws are now happily repealed.

‡ There are no holy days in England but Christmas-day and Good-Friday.—*Id.*

you saw me on the occasion of your first visit. She obeys, and understands me, because she has become attached to me. The glimmering of her eyes which you have remarked is only restored to her in my presence, and even now I should be careful to fathom her weak intellects. In a little time she will be to the whole content what she is to me, and I do not despair that at a later moment she may converse with every body, and be restored to her family.

My attention is directed towards all the unhappy patients confined to the care of these pious women. All do not recover their reason, but all are brought to a state of calm which moderates their sufferings, and enables them to await their recovery with comparative relief from pain.

It is mainly with such a system be sought in the English hospitals. The consolations of religion are not there held out with the same discreet zeal as in the French hospitals. In England, the ministers of religion alone distribute this comfort. With us no sister of charity approaches the bed of the patient without dwelling upon all that can interest him in this world and in the next. Often, I know, their compassionate kindness assumes an importunate air. They knock at the door of a resisting conscience, until it opens for the introduction of that species of consolation which has supported them in their own labours. But for one such person tormented by a chronic ailment, an angel of discretion and of mercy. How many find that hope which had so long forsaken them, at the very moment when, if they had delivered themselves up to their own thoughts, they would have cast off all hope and consolation, seeing that none existed for them.

The administration of English founding hospitals is still more defective than that of others. Viewed under a certain aspect, it may be even pronounced immoral. Though supported by the parishes, and by voluntary subscriptions, it is impossible to obtain admission for a child at the expense of discrediting the mother. This is plainly demonstrated. The mother is generally the first discovered, by means of the enquiries set on foot. She is pressed and menaced by turns, till she discloses the accomplice in her crime. She often names some rich man she has never seen. This declaration made on oath is sufficient to excite an investigation, and to ensure adequate to the maintenance of her infant, unless the reputed father can furnish proof (always difficult to establish) of the falsity of the accusation. The English tribunals daily pronounce judgments in matters of this nature, and verify their decisions after grounded on a strict examination of the facts.

Notwithstanding the great inferiority of the English hospitals to the French in point of organisation, one cannot be unimpressed of the immense advantages they procure for suffering humanity. But in looking to the sums devoted to the support of these institutions, as well as of the poor, one cannot but admit that much more desirable results might be obtained.

PRISONS.

The English, who are much inclined to ostentation above all in matters relating to humanity, have not failed to display it in the arrangement of their prisons. Here again they exhibit the systematic spirit which is peculiar to them in practising essays of benevolence at the expense of the unfortunate beings who crowd their cells. Occupation, and education (entirely agreeable to the bases of their system, the combinations of which tend to this double object. They proceed in this manner.

The new prisons are in general large and well arranged, as respects the buildings, but commodious as regards the means of ventilation. They consist of a rotunda, around which are ranged the cells, and a series of corridors. The interval between these buildings forms triangular courts. The ground-floor of the rotunda is appropriated to the keepers of the prison. On the first floor there is a chapel, in which the corridors of each division meet. Those imprisoned in these divisions are separated by partitions. They cannot communicate with, nor even see each other.

The ground-floor forms the workshop. The other stories are distributed into rooms with several beds and cells. The openings in the walls and doors render the prisoners subject to the cold in winter, and to the heat in summer. The court-yards (a part of which is sheltered by roofs) are rather workshops than places of exercise. They are paved, and are watered by fountains.

The prisoners inhabit dormitories, where they sleep in the number of fifteen, or smaller chambers, furnished with three or four beds, or cells, where they are isolated. In all, they lie on camp-beds, or on small

iron bedsteads, covered with paillasses in white, frequently washed, and one or two blankets. During the day, the bed furniture is raised in a uniform manner. The boards and floors of the beds are kept clean by being rubbed every morning. The partitions of the walls, the slabs of the chambers and corridors, and the stair steps, are whitewashed. All is distinguished by great neatness, which is perceptible in the most minute details.

English prisons are remarkably free from the mud and much to the insubstantiality of the French prisons. This is owing to the excellent supply and distribution of the water. The inmates of prisons are subject to almost continual labour. In some cases, this labour is productive; in others, it is not. Every inmate is subjected to a regular class of work, the remuneration well calculated to drown thought. The men are employed in putting machines in motion, which are kept out of sight. They therefore reason neither on the cause nor the effect. They work with their feet, their faces turned towards the wall. Having laid their hands on a horizontal bar, they plant their feet upon a plank which yields to their weight, and is replaced by another plank. No song relieves the monotony of this fatiguing exercise, the duration of which, determined by a certain number of revolutions of the wheel, is calculated to give a result of twelve thousand steps a day.

At each extremity of the court-yard is allowed. The mere act of turning round to look behind is forbidden. During the period of relaxation from labour, the prisoners are marched round the court-yard four abreast. The measured fall of their feet is the only sound which breaks the general silence.

At each extremity of the court-yard is a post furnished with iron rings, through which are passed the arms of those destined to receive corporal punishment. This is inflicted by one of the keepers with a cat-o-nine-tails, composed of nine leather thongs, upon an order from the council of the prison, in punishment of the infraction of some discipline. Punishment of this kind is likewise inflicted either weekly, or at their entrance or departure, on children convicted of theft.

Women are subject to the same rules and regulations, and to the same labour as men, due regard being had to their peculiarities. Their prison diet is composed of soup, boiled meat, cheese and bread. It is good and sufficiently abundant. Spirituous and fermented liquors are rigorously forbidden.

The prison dress for men consists of a shirt, trousers, a waist-coat, shoes, and stockings. That of the women, composed of two petticoats, a sort of under waist-coat or bed-gown, and linen bonnet, is ill assorted, and far from contributing to their good appearance. These dresses are of woollen stuff in winter and linen in summer.

The moral results anticipated by English economists, introduced not to have been attained by the modifications introduced into the penitentiary system. The number of crimes and punishments, far from diminishing, appear to increase each year in a fearful progression. They are intolerably more numerous than in France. The proportion of old offences brought up for judgment is also much greater. The effects of instruction lavished upon prisoners are neutralised by the dogmatic form of that instruction, and by the state of mental abasement to which the jail discipline reduces the inmates.

In comparing the English and French prisons, with the so highly valued results of the discipline to which they are subjected, it may be doubted whether society, and the members whom she has cast from her bosom, have gained much by these so called ameliorations. I should be tempted to answer in the negative, and the result of the present system is, that the prisoners are enabled to confine my praise to that part of it which is productive of the order and neatness every where prevalent. As

Each step may be estimated at one and a half foot; therefore the daily walk of each individual may be three miles in the quarter. This would be only a moderate exercise calculated to preserve health, if the mode of movement did not considerably add to the fatigue by the muscular force which the prisoner is obliged to add to his weight, and the exercise forced upon him of fringing his arms and legs. This is the case in the French, and in the general laminae, which extends from the limbs to the lungs, and occasions great pain to them.

The expense of prisons is incomparably greater in England than in France. In the Penitentiary it amounts to £35, or 1400 francs a head; in the other prisons, to 35*s.* or 1400 francs a head. In France the expense is 450 francs for Paris, and 350 francs for the departments.

for the rest, they are but the expensive dreams of minds thirsting for innovations, no matter from what quarter they come, or on what subject, provided only they be novelties. I do not hesitate to ascribe the enormous expenditure of prisons in France, promoted as it is by the superintendence of the directing councils, the care and attention of charitable associations, and the instruction of the chaplains, is milder for the criminal, more advantageous to society, and more economical than the system pursued in English prisons.

CHURCH YARDS.

The English government has certainly nothing to boast of in the system of its administrative police: placed by law under the control of local functionaries, who share the caprices, the interests, may, even the passions of the bodies on whom they depend. One of the most frequent complaints of foreigners is directed against the English custom of converting the small open space about the churches into cemeteries. In the London church-yards, the dead are heaped up without the least regard to the disproportion between the number of corpses and the small spot of earth reserved for them. Nor is this all: graves are opened long before the bodies are decomposed, for the purpose of letting down fresh coffins; and an Englishman is not more shocked at this custom, than at the disgusting custom never sufficiently dangerous, the English bury their dead even within the precincts of their churches, thus converting them into charnel-houses.

It does not appear that the government has given any attention to this subject; for cemeteries grow up in and around churches, and the English are not less numerous in number, in a direct proportion to the religious indifference of other countries.

The custom of burying the dead in the midst of a dense population, appears to arraign the judgment rather than sensibility of the living. No one's health suffers from it; and these cemeteries are not so dangerous as they are supposed to be. To devour the whole population, and are only averted because an enlightened police is careful to remove the germ of contagion, have no terrors for an English population: nothing indicates a painful sensibility caused by the presence of death, on the English side of the Straits; neither the funerals continue passing through the streets, nor the melancholy activity of the church-yards, where the remains of the dead cannot find the rest necessary to decomposition, produce any permanent impression on the English mind.

England is, perhaps, the only civilised country in which the tomb disturbs no protection to the memory of the dead. Wretches, known under the name of resurrectionists, snatch from their parent earth recently buried bodies, and make them the object of a horrible traffic, by selling them for purposes of dissection to theatres of anatomy, which have no other means of providing themselves: the tears of a desolate family are therefore, owing to the practices of the resurrectionists, often shed over an empty coffin.

COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY.

Immensity, universality, are the only expressions which can characterise the commercial greatness of Britain. There is not a port or creek in the world into which her vessels do not penetrate. All the national and manufactured productions are, to the English, a means of barter. No amount of expense deadens the activity of the navigator, nor the ardour of the exporter, nor the proprietor. But the one and the other are carried away by a thirst of gain, dignified by a kind of national glory which attaches to it. Patriotism insinuates itself even into the passion for acquiring riches, and throws an honourable veil over proceedings which honour would frequently disavow. The love of the acquisition of property is the result of the combination of these two powerful guiding principles. To represent and add to this prosperity, a fictitious paper money has been created, in default of an adequate monetary currency. A national bank, whose immense operations extend over England—Private banks, which are the basis of the credit of a national debt offering employment to capital which might not otherwise be employed; establishments in all seasons—merchants in the character of sovereigns—for colonies, dominions more populous than the parent state—for outlets to commerce, and States created by treaty in an absolute dependence on Great Britain, and a word in industry which not only anticipates so many wants, but also over-supplies them—these are the general bases on which the operations of English commerce are found to repose.

Reposing the power to dictate the law to the rest of the commercial world, England has wantonly abused her

* This is a common opinion entertained by foreigners, yet it is a most fallacious one. The sway of the English dominions in India is mild and gentle, and the people contented with their governors and government. In comparing their lot with the subjects of native princes, they are enlightened enough to perceive that the advantage is all on their side. As to invasion of India by Russia, the idea is chimerical. It would be easier for Russia to march to London than to advance one-tenth of the way towards the nearest of our presidencies. But should they attempt this, (which they never will in our day,) they will be met and *crushed* by as brave and disciplined a force as any in the world—we mean the native Anglo-Indian army.—*Translator.*

In consequence of insufficient rest, sleep becomes so

imperious a want, that it overtake the poor children in the midst of their labour. In order to keep them awake, they are beaten with cords, with whips, often with sticks, upon the back, and even the head. Many of them were brought before the commissioners charged with the enquiry, with eyes barked from their sockets and broken limbs, the effects of the horrible treatment which had been inflicted on them. Others were found mutilated by the play of the machines near which they were employed. It was uniformly deplored that the necessity of remaining in one habitual position (occasioned by an unvarying labour) led to accidents which had been followed by physical deformities as their natural consequence. It was also uniformly in evidence, that the fatal consequences entailed upon children from such accidents produced no pecuniary indemnity on the part of the masters, who refused to the parents the monetary relief necessary to obtain a substitute. The greater part were maimed in consequence of not having the means to procure medical assistance.

The commissioners further stated, that the system of manufactures had the most pernicious influences on those engaged in such occupations; that death puts an end to the sufferings of the children, and the children learn they attain a ripe age; that such as are spared in this first stage of existence, bear in their livid and emaciated features the symptoms of premature decay; that their lank forms and sickly countenances alike attest the unhealthy and almost insupportable pressure of the system. It would be needless to add, that the incessant and unrelenting exertions of the children, the excessive fatigue, render a suspension of labour necessary, the parish refuses to the parents the small relief requisite for the subsistence of the children, and it is only by retrenching from each member of the family some portion of their already insufficient nourishment, that the parents can support the children, and the means of recovering a portion of his strength.

The two sexes, which are not kept separated in these factories, are led astray by a corruption of morals which is much more precocious than is manifested in other walks of life, and no means are adopted to moderate or restrain the passions which do not appear to be checked. No law has been instituted to stop the progress of this immorality, or that the thought of applying a remedy has found a place in heads in which none but considerations of sordid interest can find admittance.

The moral and religious education of the factory children is confined to slight instruction given on the Sundays, during the hours stolen from that recreation and repose necessary to miserable creatures grown stupid through excess of labour, and reduced almost to the mournful feeling that they have no better existence than that of the brute, or even of the brute.

These, however, are not the only oppressions exercised thus shamelessly, and without pity, towards this famished multitude. Political passions intervene. They whisper to those who have money, that they ought to have power also. In order to obtain it, the master manufacturers and the unfortunate workers whose lot is in their hands. Under the threat of letting them die of hunger, they embody them into regiments, marshal them against the government, and turn them into engines of disorder and subversion. They are made to march in the name of liberty, as if political liberty could be purchased by the sacrifice of personal freedom. But this is a matter of little consequence. The orders of superiors are executed by men who have as little means of understanding their spirit as they have of opposing resistance. And when they imagine they have obtained this fancied liberty, they receive the lash, the whip, the flogging, and slavery, in which they vegetate; provided always that the blows received in the struggle do not incapacitate them to continue those painful toils which a barbarous avarice (in order to square the wants with the wages of the labourer) renders still more overwhelming and insupportable.

These very task-masters, so hard, so pitiless towards their own species, towards men born in the same land, of the same race, united by the same language, and by a common religion, these very men find tears and eloquent pleas for the rights of the negroes, and refuse to refuse to a misery on the excess of which they speculate they lavish on a cause which affords them an opportunity of making a parade of their philanthropic sentiments, without damaging their personal interests. Their ears, deaf to the cries of the unfortunate beings kept awake by the work of the day, they open to the wailing prayers uttered from their imagination by the fanatic crackling of the Jamaica vapour.

Let us enquire whether these negroes, whose condition inspires such pity, are as wretchedly off on the colonial plantations, as the whites shut up in the filthy workshops

of Manchester and Birmingham? Are the blacks made to labour twenty-eight hours out of thirty-six? Are their children snatched from them to be subjected to fatigue beyond their strength? Have they not some hours each day, and two days in the week, to give to a system of education, which is paid for by the master, which refreshes them, to an idleness which indemnifies them for their excessive toil? Let the proprietors of English factories procure similar advantages for their workmen, and people may then be inclined to believe in the sincerity of their hypocritical pity for the condition of the negroes. Let it be without doubt to be avoided, but whose position is not so wretched as that of the classes they oppress.

Those classes are free, it will be said, by no means; they lot differs from that of the negroes in this only, that they are not sold. The negroes are purchased outright; the whites receive a small fractional share of the capital which they create. The one are dependent on masters interested in their life and health; the others might die, unless humanity stepped in to their relief; for self-interest unites all appeal in their favour. All are equally slaves, equally riveted to the soil which bears them. The blacks work in an open air; the whites in a corrupted atmosphere. The one are bought in villanage, the others are let out to hire. This is the only difference which can be found between them.

The voluminous evidence of the inquiry, the facts produced in proof of the tyranny and oppression complained of, could not induce the reformed parliament of England to adopt those wise measures which an enlightened humanity had proposed for putting an end to so desolating a corruption, without sacrificing the interests of the manufacturers. The latter have said, that the law was decreed by a majority of eleven voices, that they might still continue to crush, with toil and punishment, human beings whose very weakness should form their protection. Behold humanity such as radicalism has made her.

AGRICULTURE.

One general idea predominates in the English agricultural system. It is the suppression of small farms. This idea has its origin no less in the spirit of aristocracy with which all classes are imbued, than in considerations of expediency. The English system of agriculture, as understood and practised in England, employs almost as many hands as the smaller husbandry, but these hands are at the command of the farmers, who exercise over the individuals whom they employ, an authority which extends itself much beyond the limits which the law has prescribed. The English farmer has a master would appear to trace out. The latter seem to assemble as many labourers as possible at a given point. Hence that perfect cultivation which might be thought incompatible with very large farming operations, but hence also the extreme misery and intolerable servitude of the peasantry. The farmer is said to be free in England! Without doubt he is so in the eye of the law, but there are circumstances and occasions, above all in the remote parts of the country, in which he is any thing but free. The poor man lives, literally speaking, attached to the glebe. He is not allowed to raise the rate of labour, and if the labourer wishes to escape a league so adverse to his interests, he is repulsed by all the parishes, where he attempts to seek for an asylum and labour, under the pretext that, not being able to give security he cannot be obliged to have recourse to public charity, as cannot therefore be allowed to increase the charge which weighs upon the community. Poverty thus fixes to the soil which produces it her unfortunate victim, and he and the generations condemned to come after him, have, and shall have for the future, nothing better than an indefinite prospect of slavery and privations.

The English farmer has disappeared in consequence of a system to which the great proprietors have lent themselves, because it flattered their indolence. It would now be difficult to find any trace of this class in the midst of the general suffering, and in the broken remnant of the English peasantry. The English system of small farms, must be a work of care, of time, and of a conviction of its utility. Meanwhile there exists the indispensable necessity to follow the system of large farms, and to submit to all its consequences.

The division of fields is a part of this system. The English farmer has no other means of making his soil fertile than pasturage, to which are generally applied the grounds surrounding the mansion, or residence of the squire. In other words, the grazing ground forms the park. The limits and bounds, as well as the principal divisions of the property, are marked by belts of trees, of about

one hundred feet in breadth, divided lengthways by a path, which serves for the common purposes of filling and removing the timber, for exercise, and for sporting. The trees are generally of the fir and alpine species, and are planted young, and very near each other. They are guarded from the cattle by small ditches, on the opposite side of which are hawthorn hedges, and a row of light paling. This mode of plantation, adopted, moreover, in spots not devoted to a more profitable husbandry, especially in the small ends and angles where the plough cannot penetrate, presents numerous advantages. It is economical, effecting the preservation of the soil, affording shelter to corn and cattle against the inclemency of the seasons; serves as an asylum to game, favours the breed and renders shooting less tedious. It cannot be sufficiently recommended, and might be very profitably introduced in France. Perhaps the substitution of seed-plots for the fields existing no longer, or which always more expensive process of obtaining young trees from nurseries.

Generally, in England (but there are nevertheless numerous exceptions), the farms are well cultivated. It is usual to make a division of the fields every three years. The English system does not readily lend itself to the system of permanent artificial meadows. You only see trefoil and sainfoin on lands which would bear nothing else.

Farming systems infinitely vary; in truth, cultivation is carried on more by local custom than by system; and one may say that English agriculture is the result of a reason and perfected routine. In employing this expression I wish to be complimentary, persuaded as I am that the English farming is a compilation of observations not digested in the mind of any one, a code resulting from an order of things existing no longer, or which has only become vicious, because the required modifications had worked too slowly. I therefore think that custom should serve as the starting point, and that by consulting her with wisdom and discernment, she will be found to be the best guide in the path of improvement, those ambitious theories, which in agriculture especially, eventuate in the ruin of those who insignificantly allow themselves to be carried into the adoption of them.

A settled routine is then, in England, the basis of the greater part of agricultural operations. People are the less desirous of improvement, because they know that the extensive empire which it exercises over the working classes, and the inconvenience of resorting to correction in procuring a departure from it. But in England, I repeat it, an enlightened experience is the handmaid of that routine; for the latter lends herself to ameliorations, and to improve them with the seal of her approbation. Thus the plough, in partaking of the improvements which it receives in different countries, preserves, nevertheless, its primitive form, and the adjuncts required either by the nature of the soil, or the habits of the labourer. The same conservation applies to all agricultural implements.

In many provinces, and more particularly in lands adjacent to an abundant supply of game, corn is sown in trenches made with the hand, and covered over with the rake. It is insisted that the economy of the seed obtained by this process, joined to the augmented produce, and the improvement of the soil, more than compensates for the undebatable advantage in proportion to the amount of labour it procures for hands which would otherwise remain unemployed.

English agriculture is very worthy of notice in its endeavours to improve the breed of cattle. Horses, cows, and sheep, are the special object of the farmer's attention, and the basis of his speculations and profits. Each county has its peculiar breed, which is never crossed with others.

Horses are bred in meadows, in the middle of which they find shelter in open stables. Cows and oxen pass the summer in the open air, in the winter in inclosed court yards, in which they are fed with hay and turnips. Sheep are turned, the whole year round, into fields sown with turnips and trefoil. They are prevented from straying away, by wickets and moveable paling or hurdles.

The custom of irrigation does not prevail, indeed it is not properly understood in English agriculture. There are few countries in which this useful practice is followed, though the abundance of water should make it obtain every where. In general, the English are either indifferent to the subject, or they are content to let the bestowed on natural meadows. In this branch of agriculture, one sees nothing, in England, which can bear a comparison with the practice that obtains in France.

Oxen are rarely used, and always ill-employed in

agricultural labour. Six are yoked to a plough, which could be easily drawn by two. These animals are almost bred to do no service. At four years old, they are fattened, and delivered over to the knife of the butcher. The rarity of land carriage may be ranked among the number, and indeed as one of the main causes, of English agricultural prosperity. Neither the men, nor the animals employed in cultivating the earth, participate in this branch of industry. It is not so in France. Where the proprietor has the right to buy the land, the hope of a profit suffices to induce the farmer to postpone the cultivation which the land requires. Hence arise delays, inconveniences, and what is worse, the loss of agricultural habits. In England, on the contrary, the husbandman is never turned from his business in hand, and his property never results to luxury, or the taste for the species of labour which agriculture requires.

The appearance of the rural habitations is the same as in France; but though the number and extent of the dependent buildings be much less in England, when compared with those of the former country, still there is a greater intelligence displayed in the orderly disposal and arrangement of each object, and a more obvious cleanliness than on the other side of the Straits. Farm houses are often built of planks, painted white, or pitched and tarred over; sometimes in brick or stone, with roofs of straw, mud, and, in some parts, prepared as it is in France, is little used in England.

Owing to the agricultural habits of England, many buildings are not required. With the exception of horses, all animals are kept in the open air, in summer as well as in winter. The harvests, of whatever nature, are stored in the open air, and the labour of the threshing operation of threshing is to be commenced. If this mode of preserving it saves the expense of the necessary outlay for the building and repair of barns, it nevertheless superinduces a much greater annual expense than the interest of the money required for erecting and maintaining the cost of the labour, which is the stacking and unstacking of the corn, the loss and deterioration of the grain, and the facility afforded to incendiaries, are taken into account.

Farming offices are generally built round a square tower, which the wind, blowing from the north or short time, carries, which they are prevented from grazing.

No fixed system, dependent on the locality of particular parts of a farm, and influencing the mode of agricultural operation, prevails in England. In many counties, the house is in the centre of the farm; in others, and the garden, which is a few acres in extent, is a few miles only renders slow and expensive the transport of the manure and the crop, but has the additional disadvantage of clogging the speculation of the cultivators.

Foreigners, who only speak of English agriculture on the faith of others, or of what they have read or might have seen on the great common roads, are in ecstasy in relating its wonders. They are deceived and deceive in turn. Without doubt, agriculture, in some respects, is in a very perfect state; but there is still much left undone. I do not hesitate to say, that, as a whole, English agriculture is inferior to that of Brabant, of Flanders, of the provinces of Artois and Normandy, and in several instances, it does not beat away the palm from the relative specialties of France and Belgium. It presents, here and there, beautiful masses of cultivation, owing to the consolidation of fortunes, the peculiar taste of certain proprietors, and the aid of large capitals, all which advantages are incidental to England, and are wanting to France; but a well cultivated field is, after all, pretty much the same in both countries. Nor does the produce of a given piece of agricultural land, all conditions of value being similar, differ very much in either country. Certain species of husbandry, in the one country, balance the advantages or the disadvantages of an analogous system adopted in the other.

I shall cite, in support of this assertion, the custom of dividing the fields, as pastures and paddocks, by double ditches, the tops of which are surmounted by a hedge. This is a practice, which is very common in this country. It saves the expense of shepherds. I have examined this point with intelligent farmers, and the extent and value of the ground devoted to these enclosures, and the cost of erecting them being taken into account, I have arrived at the conviction myself, and have been confirmed by the most experienced farmers, that hedges and ditches cost three or four times more than the employment of shepherds. Hence results not only a diminution of produce, but an absence of labour no less prejudicial to society than to individuals.

The agricultural population has degenerated, from a easy condition, to a state of suffering, contemporaneously

with the abolition of small farms, and their union with large ones. The first step towards a more rational order of things, is the gradual, well-considered return towards the system best adapted to the genius of the people—I mean the system of small farms. The landed proprietor will be a gainer by it, for there will be a greater competition for the letting of small farms than for that of large ones, and his income will be augmented in the ratio of the little value which the farmer generally attaches to the labour of the members of his family. The small tenant will herein also find his account; for, in giving a higher rate of rent for a certain extent of land than the larger farmer, (who would join that portion to ten others of the same value,) he would obtain by his own and his children's labour, the effect of a minute and judicious cultivation, and abundant equivalent for the increase of his rent. Social order is no less interested in this question; for, if once solved, there would be an end of that subaltern aristocracy—always dangerous, always disposed to be jealous of those above it, and to turn its ineffective manes against power, in no matter what hands authority is placed.

Another resource presents itself; but how many prejudices, how many ill-understood and obstinate interests raise themselves up against its adoption! Who in England would venture to call for the enclosure of waste lands, or the abolition of the commons? Who would assume such a responsibility? And, yet what advantages would follow in its train! What an increase of labour and of produce! What a means to fix upon the soil, to reconcile with society, a population uncertain of its future condition, and always ready to place itself in the hands of the tyrant of the day.

This course would afford a remedy to the progressive misery of the agricultural labourers, and to the evils which menace society; a remedy which is in the hands of the great proprietors. Its adoption would neither require sacrifices nor difficult combinations, directed as it would be by personal interest, the best guide to consult in such an emergency.

PARKS.

An immense space, surrounded by walls or a wooden palisade, which is called a park, stands a house placed in the lowest part of the grounds, and the rest of the park, without, is, in England, denominated a park. The enclosure is disguised by a zone of larch, of pine, and other resinous trees. Within it is a pathway. The arrangement of these plantations is such, that the view, whether from the house or from some distance, is interrupted by them, and an uniform, sad, and monotonous aspect is thus given to all parks.

The most made of inequalities of ground, as well as of the existence of springs, to create sheets of water, not by digging out the bed they should occupy, but by raising a dike at the interior extremity of the valley; an excellent means, which diminishes the expense, and gives a natural and graceful form to those vast reservoirs the sides of which are adorned with fine trees. Out offices, which are too profuse in French gardens, are rarely seen in English parks; still more rarely is one invited to take a drive out of doors, in country there are no walks. The extent of ground, trees, and water, alone meet the eye. But to what purpose is this extent of ground turned? It is a vast pasture, interrupted by masses of underwood, where horses, cows, sheep, and deer peacefully graze without restraint. Groups of ten, twenty, a hundred men, in the state in which they are, are allowed to grow, of which has never been checked by the edge of the hatches, are thrown here and there, according to the caprice which presided, a century ago, at their distribution. For combination in the effect, seek no more than what I have stated. A gravelled walk conducts you from the house to the house. This is nearly the only one in the grounds. If you wish to walk, you tread on the green turf, upon which, in the best-park, walks are traced out by the scythe.

It should nevertheless be acknowledged, that from this sort of error, from *un raisonne force*, there results something grand and imposing; but also little that is graceful, and something that is supremely inconvenient. The designers of gardens might find useful subjects to study in the system of English parks. Between the laboured professions of a French landscape painter, and the caprice of a French architect, there is a great gardener; between that multiplicity of roads, buildings, and scenes, which the first abuses, and the affectation, on the part of the second, of making no use of these means, there is a middle course to steer. I should therefore borrow from the one combination of effect produced by trees relatively to their form, the shading

of their foliage, their arrangement; I should not, like the French, cut up into so many walks those immense spaces with which the English system of landscape gardening does not meddle. I would profit by the aspects presented to me by interior and exterior objects; would borrow from the English system that extent where consists its principal beauty, the distribution of the waters, the clumps of trees and evergreen shrubs grouped around buildings, and which so well serve to conceal from view all that is wished should be concealed from the eye; would have those beds of trees which mark the limits of the park; the out dwellings full of taste and originality, which form the dwellings of porters and keepers; the copse and underwood, fruitful resources for the sportsman; and those alternations of light and shade, of open perspective and limited view, which contribute to the beauty and excitement to the imagination. I would adopt from the English system the means it employs to keep the lawns in order, and those moveable iron gates, which have the double advantage of preventing the cattle from straying, and of not interrupting the view.

I should not also fail to borrow from the English taste those small plats of ground wherein flowers are cultivated, and kept separate from the rest of the park by a line of majestic trees, or a current of limpid water. On a well shown lawn, strewn over with handsome evergreen plants, would be scattered a few beds of baskets of flowers, varying in form and arrangement.

Architectural views, the trunk of an old tree, detached fragments of rocks, vases held suspended by double chains from two elm trees, all these are put under contribution to receive flowers, and diversify the effect which the park would have, if it were not for the presence of hundreds of guinea hens, of gold or silver pheasants, of peacocks, of pigeons of the rarest species, come to mingle the brilliant tints of their colours with those of the flowers, which embellish these favourite retreats, and impart to them a life and motion, the charms of which it would be difficult to describe.

From the combination of these different processes, there should result something more natural than we see in our French gardens, something more cheerful than the parks of England present, and a more rational whole than one could obtain from the exclusive use of either system.

FORESTS.

That which is now called a forest, in England, is but an extensive tract of land formerly covered with trees, but at present cleared with sickles, very distant from each other, and the trunks of oaks, whose robust nature resist a treatment calculated to destroy them.

Men and animals appear to combine for the purpose of accelerating the destruction of woods, and they have almost everywhere attained this object. The numerous flocks of cows and sheep, scattered over the forest, the young shrubs, and the hatchet of the woodsman pay no greater respect to the few trees which chance has kept from the teeth of the cattle.

The system of property in waste commons, and with its modifications, the ill-regulated exercise of the common rights, private rights, and ancient uses, are the causes of this disorder. In the state of waste in which the forests are at present, it would be better utterly to destroy them; agriculture would, by this means, recover lands actually destitute of value, without inflicting any loss on the public interest; for wood, in England, is not used for fire; and in the state in which the forests now are, it would be difficult to find a tree fit for the purposes of building. The population, whose greatest misery is a want of labour, would thus obtain the means of existence, and these advantages would be counterbalanced by none of those inconveniences which are almost always mixed up with improvements.

MANNER OF TRAVELLING.

England recommends herself more to the investigations of the economist than to the pencil of the artist. Rich in the fertility of the soil, and in all that can be procured by an enlightened system of husbandry, by extensive property, immense commerce, and manufactures without limit, she everywhere appears clad with an exuberance of wealth, manifested in the multiplicity and sumptuousness of her mansions, in the richness and splendour of her equipages, in the magnificence of the excellent means which she employs to attain these objects; but all this does not constitute a picturesque country. There are few great rivers: beautiful spots of country are still rarer, except in Wales, Scotland, and some northern counties. Unless one is placed on an elevation, whence one can look down on the whole

country, and flit, as it were, above the hedges which cut it up into small parts, the view is arrested at no great distance by trees, thickets, and enclosures of all sorts. The traveller should not expect to meet those vast vistas—those smiling landscapes—that romantic scenery which so often afford the advantage of variety to his journey through certain parts of France.*

Vainly will he seek for peasants, in his journey through England. The English peasants do not present themselves to his notice. The reaper, the gleaner, the ploughman afford the striking incongruity of a town dress and a rural occupation. With the exception of Wales and Scotland, the dress in the villages and the large towns is exactly the same. You proceed from province to province, without being reminded, as in France, Spain and Switzerland, by the varied forms of costume, that you are passing from one country into another, and have to exchange of manners, and another language, or at least a change of customs.

The taste for travelling, an expensive taste in any country, is truly a ruinous one in England. If the means of satisfying it are numerous, and accompanied with all that can promote pleasure, one is steered against any notion of economy by the perpetual warning of a specially drained purse.

Posting, placed on a totally different footing from that service in the rest of Europe, is not the object of an exclusive privilege. By means of a license which cannot be refused, relays of post-horses are established according to the caprice or the will of those who possess them.

The rivalry arising from this practice does not lower the price of posting, which, London excepted, is nearly the same on all roads, and differs but little from the price of relays in France. The number of horses is always fixed at two or four, without regard to the number of passengers, or to the form or weight of the carriages. When you desire a post chaise, the innkeeper is obliged to furnish it, without your paying an additional price. These chaises, in the shape of our *coupés*, are well lunged, and very clean and commodious.

England has not, as we find in France, a breed of horses so numerous, and so well fitted to the service. The greater part of the post horses in England are hunters, or carriage horses, which, having become unfit for either of these purposes, wear out the remnant of their strength in post chaises, before they are transferred to hackney coaches or wagons. Their speed answers, in a great degree, to that of one without, but they are not so well adapted to the service. You travel at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour (about three and a half leagues), which includes the time of changing horses.

The height of the postilions (always chosen among the smallest and youngest of the breed, consisting of a jacket, short breeches, and half boots) are calculated with a view to reduce to the smallest possible compass the burden of the horses. There is no difference between the town harness and that which is kept for posting. They are both in excellent condition.

The most curious apparatus for the transport of letters, are carriages, with four inside and six outside places. Behind the coach the guard is seated, with a blunderbuss and a pair of pistols before him. These coaches travel at the rate of ten miles or four leagues an hour; but they are not so well adapted for the English, in general tall and thick, appear to have little room, and the small proportions in the size of their carriages)—and the short time they stop to refresh, render them very unpleasant modes of conveyance.

Stage coaches are very elegant carriages, built to carry fifteen or sixteen travellers, and a considerable weight in baggage, but on an ordinary mode. This is an indispensable condition. Without it, the height of the carriages, the arrangement of the whole of the luggage on the imperial, and the lightness of the body and the axle-tree, would give rise to frequent accidents.

The seat of the coachman, and another, are placed immediately behind it, admit of six persons, and two seats facing each other at the hind wheels, afford places for six or eight more. These seats are fixed over boots or boxes

for stowing away the luggage. Such parcels as these cannot contain are placed on the imperial.

The desire to breathe the fresh air, rather than economical considerations, induce even the richest English to give a preference to outside places. They only go inside when compelled by bad weather. The place most in request is near a well-dressed coachman, and the escaping the chance of travelling by the side of a vulgar or a bad coachman; it is considered as the place of honour, and is reserved for fashionables, and even for lords, who do not disdain to travel thus. The sole advantages which such a station affords to me to present, were the being near a well-dressed coachman, and the escaping the chance of travelling by the side of a vulgar or a bad coachman, or some other individual of that class. Each time the coachman descends from his box, his neighbour has the advantage of being made the forced depository of his reins and whip. These are placed in your hands, as they are taken out of them again without the least ceremony.

It has been remarked that the horses used for the stage coaches in England go more quickly than those devoted to the same service in France, and that, nevertheless, our carriages take no more time in performing the journey. This is mainly explained by the difference in the respective arrangement. In England, whether it be to satisfy the taste for frequent meals, or to favour the longing of coachmen and guards for beer and strong liquors, the relays are more frequent.

The appointments of an English coach are no less elegant than those of a French one. A portly gentleman, seated on a very high coach-box, well dressed, wearing white gloves, a nosebag in his button-hole, and his chin enveloped in an enormous cravat, drives four horses perfectly matched and harnessed, and as carefully groomed as the horses themselves. He is surrounded by a Grosvenor and Berkeley lacier, who, in the English manner, in which English horses are managed, such also is their docility, the effect either of temperament or training, that you do not remark the least restiveness in them. Four-horse coaches are to be seen rapidly traversing the most populous streets of London, without occasioning the least accident, without being at all inconvenient in the midst of the numerous carriages, which hardly leave the necessary space to pass. The swearing of oaths is never heard at the relays, any more than the neighing of horses; nor are you interrupted on the road by the clatter of iron, or the rattling of a whip, which differs only from a cabriolet whip in the length of the thong, and serves more as a sort of appendage, than a means of correction in the hand which carries it. In England, where every thing is so well arranged, it is almost impossible how so well here to confine himself to the carriage, and to be so properly and so well as to do better what they know to do, than the horses of other countries, and that too without the need of a brutal correction. One may travel from one end of England to the other without hearing the sound of a whip, or the clatter of conductors, which in France fall so disagreeably on the ears of travellers.

Among the wonders of English civilisation, the inns should be mentioned. In many of the larger towns they are magnificent, and they are good and well supplied in the smallest. In the greater part of them the servants are well educated, and their conduct is prompt and respectful. On their arrival, travellers are received by the master of the house, whose decent dress indicates a respectful feeling towards strangers. Introduced into a well-heated, well-furnished room, they have never to wait for a meal, the simplicity of which, in the way of cooking, is atoned for by the elegance and richness of the plate and ware, and the superior quality of the meat. A sleeping-room, as comfortable as this kind of apartment (so neglected in England) can be, completes the *agrément* of your sojourn. Your discontent does not even occur, as the innkeeper will provide that such attentions, far from being disagreeable, are well charged for. Seldom do you separate from your host with a reproach of politeness. Yet, notwithstanding the coldness with which his attentions are received, the landlord does not cease to remain by the side of the traveller till he has taken his departure.

That which a foreigner appreciates most in England is the facility of seeing every thing. Thanks to the admirable internal communication, he can strike off by the great roads, without the fear of being stopped by the numerous obstacles of the by-ones. Does he wish to see a castle or country seat? He inquires the name of the postilions, who are adepts at this kind of *livraison*, conduct him thither, and suffer nothing which could gratify, to escape his curiosity. Shillings and half-crowns, with which it is always necessary to be abundantly pro-

vided, cause all gates to open, and facilitate even the most inconsiderate investigations. Under this head, France offers no subject of comparison.

To the advantages which I have been enumerating, I should add another, which never fails to strike the foreigner, and induces him to establish a comparison between the official customs of the continental governments and those of England; a comparison which is not disadvantageous to the first. The indiscreet examination which his baggage undergoes on his landing, alone wears his patience; he may travel over the three kingdoms without meeting a government functionary, who, under pretext of knowing the state or the interest of a city, requires the exhibition of a passport, or the presence of his trust. The police and the revenue appear to vie with each other in carelessness; yet, though a *surveillance* in these matters is not neglected, one should be grateful at escaping forms which every where else are repugnant, if not vexatious.

Vanity, a species of universal coin, is current as much and more in England than in any other part of the world. The traveller must take care to put his titles on his passport, and his arms on his carriage. People who have neither titles nor armorial bearings, furnish themselves with both, and are anxious in so doing: they pay no dearer at the inn, and are much better treated in drawing-rooms.

BREEDING, FOOD, AND EMPLOYMENT OF HORSES

The breeding of horses is in England purely a matter of private speculation. The choice of one is always made with minute and reasonable heedfulness; their genealogy, transferred to special registers, is stated with as much, and often with more exactness than that of those of man.

The attention bestowed on the training of horses contributes to modify their character, their temper, and even their shape, according to the nature of the labour to which they are destined.

The English do not await the period of a complete development of strength, to employ the horse. Horses intended for racing are subjected, from the time of eighteen months, to violent and frequent exercise. The diet to which they are limited contains the greatest quantity of nutriment in the smallest possible space, and is chosen with a view to prevent the enlargement of the muscles, and to favour the development of the nervous system. Brown bread, biscuit, oats, and beans, with a small quantity of straw and hay cut and mixed up together, form the basis of their food.

Hunters are kept in the same manner, but their food is composed of a greater quantity of aliment. Care is taken not to allow them to drink before they leave the stable.

The food of horses otherwise employed varies according to the greater or less speed required of them. But, no matter how worked, the smallest possible quantity of food is given in order not to overload the stomach of the animals. The moment they are taken to work, no food is given to them for an hour at least before their departure from the stables. On the road, they are only baited with a handful of wet hay, afterwards a bucket of water is offered them; but instead of allowing them to drink, it is raised so as merely to wet the head. When the heat is great, the horses are covered with dust, the nostrils and legs are carefully sponged.

Horses are daily exercised. Every morning, after being groomed, they are ridden out at different paces for about an hour. When they stop at any place, instead of allowing them to remain stationary, they are slowly walked about in the neighbourhood.

The repeated groomings and currying to which these animals are subjected, the minute attention bestowed upon them, do not appear to increase their strength or health. Without doubt, with infinitely less expense, the horses of other countries go through as much labour (laying aside the consideration of fitness), as are well fed, and in general attain a greater degree of longevity. Those useless and fatiguing details practised in the English stables may be therefore dispensed with.

The English understand better than any other people in the world, the employment of the horse. They use him in the saddle for riding and hunting, rarely for travelling. They travel in comfortable coaches, the progress of which is facilitated by the finest roads in the world, when the distance would occasion fatigue to a horse. They are not in the habit of riding. From the infant of six years old, who gallops on an Isle-of-Man pony, to the old gentleman who trusts himself to the steady and sure paces of his favourite horse—from the

* The readers of all nations, excepting the French, will all agree in this opinion. Two or three insignificant, in her own soil, is to be believed in France" may be pronounced the ugliest country in Europe, always excepting Holland. It is not for us to enumerate the beauties of England; but the author seems not to have visited Derbyshire, Herefordshire, the Wye, the Isle of Wight, nor the Lakes of Cumberland.

dandy of Hyde Park, who wishes the boldness of his horsemanship and the swiftness of his horse to be admired, to the city shopkeeper who hires a nag to enjoy the Sunday with his family in the country—all the world rides, and appears to be the better for it. For if longevity is not greater in England than in the most healthful parts of Europe, it is certainly attained with less of accidental and premature infirmities.

The English have the rare talent of applying horses to all uses, without for a moment considering whether nature has intended them for such employments. They harness the smallest ponies, and make no account of the heaviest carriage horses. The hunter on whose back they gained the brush the evening before, carries them forty miles the next day in a tubery. Such is the perfection of the English breed, that horses are never unsuited for the service required of them, no matter what their shape and size.

As relates to speed, the labour imposed on them is generally a forced one. Though the constant training to which they are kept up enables them temporarily to bear these great exertions, still it does not prevent those precocious disorders, which, limiting their strength to a few years, cause the premature death of the stallions. As a consequence they have been successively employed in saddle or harness, to that of a licensed hackneyman, or a proprietor of stage coaches, when they again descend to terminate painfully their short career in the lumbering mews of a hackney-coachman.

In English riding and racing, under certain circumstances, than the horses of other countries, it is not because they are more vigorous, but because they are made to follow a peculiar and better understood regimen, and that the English are less apprehensive of exhausting them.

As I have said, from the age of eighteen months, race-horses are subjected to violent exercise. A great number sink under this treatment; others preserve their strength for a very limited number of years.

Light draught horses and hunters are not brought into so early use, and, accordingly, last longer; but they seldom escape the agonies of ten or twelve years without being injured by precocious disorders.

The patience and docility of the English horse are owing to the gentler treatment and continual care he receives. Nothing is rarer than a restive or wicked animal; nothing, also, is more uncommon than the infliction of cruel treatment on a horse. The breed is also distinguished by an intelligence, which manifests itself, whether be the employments to which you may turn them.

Their colours are extremely various. The handsomest horses are generally found among the dark sorrel, the grey, and bright bay.

Owing to her admirable roads, England can dispense with the necessity of having particular breeds of horses for every kind of service. With the exception of racing, hunting, and the carriage of beer and coals in the cities, all sorts of horses are employed indiscriminately, without regard to their strength or size. If they perform the work required, the merit is less due to them than to the admirable state of the streets and roads. Besides, land carriage is so unimportant in England, that it is confined to articles of small weight.

France is better off in this respect. Each kind of labour is performed by the horse most fitted for that labour, and each breed unites the peculiar aptitudes most suited to the work in which it is engaged. From the enormous horses reared in Flanders for the transport of quarry-stones, and the lighter but taller horses furnished by the estates of the Rhine for the towage of that river, to the breed of Orleans and Pictou destined for the service of the post and the diligences; from the magnificent carriage horses of Normandy to the slight and elegant breed of Limousin, each species of labour finds the animal most suited to perform it. And the shocking state of the French roads renders the labour much more numerous and indispensable in France than in England.

If the merit of the respective breeds were to be judged by the celerity of posting and of public coaches, the advantage would most incontestably lie on the side of England. This, however, would be an erroneous mode of comparison. It is not the speed of the horses, but the superiority of the French that England has the superiority in this respect. It is because they are better harnessed and better driven; because they travel over more level and even roads, and draw lighter carriages. Give to France similar advantages, and she will win the contest, even fewer horses. All doubt would cease on this head, if people considered that the *mulle-poste* from Paris to Bordeaux takes no longer to perform the journey

than the English mail to travel from London to Edinburgh, (the distance between these four points is the same), and that the French horses have, nevertheless, to surmount greater difficulties, owing to the bad state of the roads, the shape and weight of the carriages, and the mode of harnessing.

In warlike and hunting-horses and hunters of England have a superior feeling, their strength exceeds not that of the best horses of this kind in France, while it must be admitted that the English horses are sooner worn out. English draught horses last longer than racers and hunters, but not so long as the French draught horses. The average age of animals still capable of doing their work well, is from ten to eleven years in England, and from fourteen to fifteen in France.

HORSE-RACING.

England, with a degree of pride, places horse-racing among the first of her national amusements. It devotes the superiority of their wealth, a part even of what luxury might require, to the indulgence of these sports. An enormous expenditure is apparently made for the pleasure of seeing horses run, which are unfit for any other kind of labour, and which their owners would be glad to sell for the sake of the small profit, and still less to follow the foxhounds. At bottom, (though perhaps those who thus spend their money do not reflect upon the important result) the end and object is to produce in the English breed of horses, that improvement which brings them to the highest degree of perfection.

NEWMARKET.

Newmarket is one of the most renowned race-courses in England. If it be not filled with a crowd of fashionable, if the small extent of the town, and the difficulty of finding lodgings for the numerous visitors to the country, and the rarity of large mansions, drive away from it that portion of society which does not wish to purchase enjoyment at the expense of comfort—it is there at least that the amateurs of sporting send these horses of the stud whose fame they are anxious to establish, and to give them the most brilliant and distant race. It is there, moreover, that, in the interval not devoted to racing, the most moderate gambling takes place.

In the middle of a vast plain, terminating in a gentle slope, is discovered a range of decent houses, built on both sides of a broad road. The signs hanging from the front of these houses, and the short distance, and the windows of others, plainly indicate that the town is the resort of a population brought thither by adventitious circumstances. This town is Newmarket, which, like all English towns, is without any public walks.

The race-course is very near the town, which, hidden by the ammosities of the ground, breaks not the uniformity of a landscape uninterrupted by either houses or trees. In this species of desert, which ill repays the labour bestowed upon its cultivation, and at the extremity of an encroachment dug by the Romans, a piece of ground unimpaired by the ravages of time, has been kept for the order. This is the course of Newmarket. Moveable posts, placed at a considerable distance from each other, point out the line which the horses are to take; other posts, more elevated, serve as *rendezvous* to the betters, who group around them during the race. The race is over, the bets are made, and, or to complete those not already concluded. To a spectator unaccustomed to such scenes, these assemblies have the aspect of an auction. Each person cries out the name of the horse on which he bets, the conditions of the bet, and the sum which he risks. Another bettor cries out the bet, a note of which is given to the betting-book held by each of the interested parties.

These bets are in general very complicated, and great experience is necessary readily to understand them in all their details. According to the idea people form of the relative strength of such or such a horse, they bet ten, twenty, sometimes thirty to one. When horses have run for the first time, the betters study the paces of the animals, and determine to bet according to the idea they have formed from so casual an observation. Gamblers call this "inspiration."

The bets being made, each person takes his stand as near as possible to the species of turret or sentry box, placed on wheels, which is occupied by the two judges of the races. Posts, with a rope running through them, trace out the line which the spectators should not transgress, while men on foot and on horseback carrying large flags, and dressed in uniform, will, with undisturbed duties, without regard for ranks, towards all whom an indistinct curiosity draws beyond the prescribed limits. A line of carriages of all shapes, and a few

wagons on which moveable huts are erected, destined for ladies who have no wish to mix in a crowd little disposed to courtesy, complete the picture.

After a delay of some minutes, you perceive, on the ridge of a hill, the quickest horses stimulated by the spurs of the jockeys. In a few seconds they reach the spot where the course terminates. It is here that the passions not only of those who have stakes, but of the spectators, who have, moreover, some interest in the result, owing to more or less heavy bets, express, by action and cries, either joy or grief, irritum or reproach. At length, the witness is pronounced, and the horses and jockeys retire to a building where the former are washed, and where their cloths, and the latter are weighed, in order to save whatever such have not the necessary weight, have rid themselves, during the race, of the lead which it is customary to attach to the waists of those who are deficient in the regular weight.

Each race lasts but a few seconds. You only perceive the horses when they have attained the ridge of a piece of ground whose declivity inclines towards the spectators; so that the moment of their passing before you with the rapidity of lightning, is the only opportunity to afford of admiring the horses, and of enjoying the pleasure and interest which a race thus procures may be recapitulated in the following exclamations of the bystanders: "Here they are!" "How they fly!" "How rapidly they went!" "You owe me a thousand guineas." This last interruption never fails to crown the enthusiasm, and to excite the applause of the spectators.

The sight of the crowd of visitors and lookers-on affords little interest. It is quite the fashion to leave at Newmarket the fine horses and magnificent equipages in which you arrive, and to change them, before you reach the ground, for hired horses and carriages.

Thus the horses and carriages of a value amounting to some thousands of guineas, and who makes bets of still larger amount, appears on the course mounted on a pony, and riding beside the post-chariot occupied by his family. People, then, do not go to Newmarket, to behold the post-chariot and the horse, but to witness the struggle, and to imagine, in the observation, however, will not have come in vain, if he is his wish to study the episodes of a race.

It is curious to notice the accidental intercourse which takes place between two extremes of English society—between the lords and their jockeys; we may say a duke, the peer of the realm, and a horse-stealer, who, after having himself with his arm passed under that of the jockey who is to ride his favourite horse, and animating him by his counsel and encouragement. Nor do others scruple to shake the hand of an ex-boxer enriched by the blows he has given or received, and who wishes, now that he is no longer a pugilist, to employ the strength he has acquired in the art of betting his money against that of the highest personages. Some there are, also, who practise this system of perfect equality to such an extent, that they do not scruple to make a daily companion of the chief of a London gaming-house.

It is no less singular to observe the means employed to render the jockeys so much reduced to a feeble weight.

The following story, admitted as an article of faith among sporting amateurs, will give some idea of the importance attached to the weight which a horse should carry.

Lord — had two horses of equal strength, and two jockeys of similar weight: each time the horses ran, victory declared itself invariably, and in a marked manner, alternately for either horse. One day, however, both horses arrived at the same second of time; all were at a loss to guess the cause of this, till one of the jockeys perceived, on regaining the stable, him, the light key he had carried in his pocket. It then became known that each jockey was alternately to carry the key, and that it was the weight of the key which caused the jockey who carried it to lose the race. One may judge by the credit given to this fable (which probably only marks the influence exercised on the speed of horses, in the weight of the saddle, much more than is attached to the weight of a jockey).

To substantial food compressed into the smallest possible space, are joined frequent purgatives; the jockey is also made to walk out covered with warm clothing, in order to promote perspiration; and a number of other practices are resorted to, to render him as light as possible.

After having formed his opinion of the speed of the horses, the stranger would wish to examine their make; but this is an object of difficult attainment; you can only see them in the stable, to which it is not easy to procure access—or at exercise, which they take regularly twice a day, in a slow pace, and on such occasions, they are so covered over with horse-cloths that you can only see the nostrils, eyes, and limbs.

Race-horses are in general seventeen hands high.

They are of slender limbs; but the development of their hams, and the form of their joints, indicate great strength, and account for their speed. Their bodies are thin and well shaped; the muscles and veins are delineated under a very fine skin, and a short and upright coat of hair. It is not very long, however, to attribute this conformation to the constitution of the horse: it is the result of the system of food and exercise to which he is subjected. The food given him is not over abundant. The stomach, and consequently the frame of the bones, that of the body is small, and the action of the muscles is not impeded on the muscles by forced speed gives to the muscular parts a projection and development which is promoted by the absence of fat: the shape and conformation of race-horses are therefore the result of the manner in which they are bred and trained. In order to convince oneself of this, one may observe the difference destined to serve as models to all other breeds, they produce hunters, carriage and even wagon horses, according to the manner in which they are crossed. It is by their means that the perfection of the English race is kept up, a perfection obtained by the best directed efforts, and at an expense which, in France, would exceed belief.

It would hardly be credited that there are proprietors of horses, in England, who expend from five to six thousand pounds a year in the keep of race-horses, (a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and fifty thousand francs) who employ an immense staff of domestics, and expend more than the pleasure of seeing them run two or three times over a race-course, or the uncertain chance of winning a considerable bet, and a few silver cups on which the names of the horse, the jockey, the master, and the circumstances of the victory, are inscribed. These are heritages, which are transmitted from generation to generation, and which proudly adorn the side-board of a dining-room on great occasions.

Bets are not always made on the race-course, and within view of the horses which are the objects of them. A great number of the clubs of London, and of the provinces, also in an establishment where such matters are transacted. People bet on a horse which has never run, but whose genealogy is known; they also bet on the foal which shall have such or such a horse for sire or dam. The race to be run, in this case, cannot take effect for several months, but the bet nevertheless remains in full force. It sometimes happens, however, as the fan in the fable says, that

“Le roi, l'âne, ou tout autres mœurs.”

At three different periods of the year, and during three consecutive weeks of each epoch, the race-course of Newmarket brings to that small town a numerous concourse of amateurs of this kind of pleasure, and they impress on the desert country, which surrounds the course, a life and movement which contrast with its sad and mournful aspect.

During the remainder of the year, the eye only meets strings of horses carefully covered, whose slow and measured paces provoke the impatience of the spectator, who would wish to see them putting forth all the speed of which their brisk and powerful frame affords a promise.

ESPOON.

The neighbourhood of London gives a different aspect to Epsom races. The roads thither are covered with every variety of carriage, and with horsemen mounted on all kinds of horses. This heap of carriages covers the roads, passing each other, without regard for the elegance of the vehicle, or the quality and condition of the party; the butcher's cart cutting out the gig of an exquisite; the hackney coach opposing its heavy mass to the passage of the four-in-hand landau, driven by a lord in the robes of his liveries; and the small phaeton, with its four wheels—the full toll of a fine lady covered with dust or mud by the clonish frock of a low fellow—all these present a really curious spectacle. Arrived on the race-ground, it is no less amusing to perceive the numerous expedients which are resorted to, in order to enable the spectator to board for the lunch which is to enable the spectator to wait for the commencement of the racing (half-past two) with less impatience.

The spot set apart for the race-course exhibits the aspect of a country fair ground. On either side of the line with which the horses are raced, the roads are crowded with carriages which have transported thither the eager company. The intermediate space is occupied by gipsies, who go about telling fortunes, begging, taking all that is given to them, robbing all that falls under their hand. When a spectator, led by the hope of obtaining a better place, attempts to traverse the ground, he is driven back by the blows of policemen. This species of episode ex-

cites among those present an hilarity which expresses itself by general shouts of applause.

The spectators who cannot find a place near this line, are ranged on an overturned wagon or buggy, one hundred or more abreast, and the rest of the scene is occupied by tents, and by a magnificent pavilion reserved for persons of distinction.

The race-course has a semicircular form. It presents visible undulations. The point of departure varies, according to the custom, and the strength of the horses. The start of the race is always the same. A single view is had of the race at Epsom than of that at Newmarket, and a much more one than in the riding-houses of France.

Epsom races afford an amusing sight to such as seek to gratify their curiosity in vast assemblies of people, in a noisy scene, and in the inconvenience of a crowd. They present a different sort of interest to those who speculate on the greater or less speed of a horse, who often sit speculate on their own address, and on the folly of their neighbours, who calculate on the cleverness of their own jockeys and the complaisance of those of their antagonists.

At Newmarket, the races are intended for genuine amateurs; at Epsom, it is a spectacle for a great capital, and is every way worthy of it.

STEEPLE CHASE.

A mania of *manias* rules England. The English love to think of that which has never been thought of by any other people, and to do that which has never been done elsewhere. This is conceived to be originality, and, because they are imitated, they therefore conclude that they are inimitable. It would be a thankless office to combat such an idea. It exists; it does no evil, and produces some good. Why should people wish to modify it? If they trouble themselves about it at all, it should be to verify its existence and effects.

On the Clubs of London, and on the taste for steeple chases, or to speak more properly, races towards steeples, occupies a distinguished rank. This amusement is necessarily reserved for rich people, owing to the expense which it occasions. In consequence of the absence of all accessory interest, it suits English habits. It is numbered among their favourite amusements, from the bet which it originates. It is not wonderful, therefore, that it has assumed the character of a passion, and that a steeple chase should be an event of which people speak beforehand, of which they talk afterwards, and whose smallest details are laid hold of with avidity.

On the appointed day, the roads are covered with horsemen making their way to the place appointed for the race. As yet all is ignorance concerning the details of the match, which are only determined at the instant, and by a species of jury named by the competitors. The general conditions are, that you shall attain a point designated by nearly a straight line, and from which you may not deviate more than one hundred paces,—that no gate shall be opened, and that none of the horsemen can alight to overcome an obstacle.

The line of the steeple chase has generally an extent of four or five miles, and is marked with flags.

On a signal given, all parties start forth. The country which presents the greatest number of obstacles, such as hedges, ditches, gates, gutters, rivers, is chosen in preference, as the theatre of this amusement. Every thing is, or ought to be, leaped over. Frequent accidents reduce the number of competitors. Two or three among the boldest, or the most foolish, or the best mounted, arrive at the goal. He who has first attained it wins, besides the bet he has made, the united sums that each competitor has paid in order to be permitted to run. A second race is then commenced, and the same rules, and, and those who are exhausted with fatigue, have lost their horses, or have fallen into the ditches or streams the breadth of which has proved the strength of their horses to be at fault.

The taste for steeple chases will not be understood, without a reference to other nations. But it must be lively and attractive pleasure in England, since so many people risk their money and limbs in this amusement.

FIELD SPORTS.

COURTING.

Happy the country in which the fecundity of a horse, the management of a kennel, and the death of a fox, are such important affairs, that they absorb in a great part the time and thoughts of men who have all possible means of enjoying the use of one of these three. England is that country. After horse-racing, to which con-

siderable sums are devoted, comes courting, the relative expense of which is not less, and which extends the mania of betting to the lower classes of society. At Newmarket, both amusements alternately engage the leisure of men of rank and fortune. The town, however, is the favourite amusement of rich people of the country in easy circumstances. The following is the manner in which this latter amusement is indulged.

In order to conciliate the minds of the farmers, who are great amateurs of this kind of amusement, and to spare them their dogs, less impatient of the injury done the harvest by the game, the great proprietors consent to allow coursing to be carried on in their grounds. On the appointed day, the dogs are led thither. Such as should run together are coupled. These arrangements being made, and the bets settled, the sportsmen range themselves on each other, and walk leisurely a mile on foot, who holds in least two greyhounds, and who lets them loose upon the first hare which is seen to spring. The sportsmen follow without being stopped either by tillage ground, hedges, or ditches, of none of which do they make any account. At length they arrive at the taking of the hare.

Two other dogs are substituted for the first; and the sport is continued in the same manner, till the end of the chase. The prize is adjudged, not to the dog which takes the hare, but to the dog who having passed her offense of the hare, therefore, the prize is not always pronounced by a judge not belonging to the county, but sent by the Greyhound Club, and who is paid very dearly by the betters.

In order to preserve the strength and speed of the greyhounds, they are almost exclusively fed with a species of mutton froth, and as the humid, cold, and variable temperature of the climate might exercise a pernicious influence, they are wrapped up in clothing appropriate to the season. Their beds consist of woollen cushions, and they travel in carriages. Luke-warm baths are ordered after their return from the chase, and relieve them from their fatigues.

This coursing of greyhounds is adopted less with a view to the pleasures of the chase, than to minister to the rage for betting. It is a means of risking large sums, an amusement which, independently of the loss of bet, entails on the betters the expense of the day. The way of the keepers must be added to the cost of the dogs' food. To each course or run is attached a judge, who, following the example of his colleagues of a higher order, charges a very high price for the justice he distributes; and as it would be unbecoming to separate without a dinner, the judge of the intermediate order is obliged to furnish very large sums which this species of pleasure entails upon those who have indulged in it. The fortunate betters rejoice; they who lose, dream of opportunities which may prove more favourable to them. Gamblers are the same in all countries.

SHOOTING.

In all that relates to pleasure, the English do not look beyond the mere enjoyment in hand. They due to get rid of hunger, and they display in order to spend money, they ride to reach a journey's end. They are regardless of all those accessory enjoyments so highly prized in other countries. Therefore it is that they shoot to destroy game, without stopping to consider the process by which they attain this end. They hardly seek to kill a dog, who they employ in order to kill a hare, and such a charm to sporting itself. The care of collecting the birds which they kill devolves on a keeper who accompanies them. As soon as the game is down, they care no more about it. In order to escape the fatigue even of a wish, they leave the management of the day's sport under the control of a keeper, and do not think of counteracting the indications of his caprice.

To shooting in the open plain, shooting in the woods succeeds. Placed at suitable spots, the sportsmen fire on the game, which those who are appointed to that task, are permitted to allow to go to the field defence which the rapidity of their flight might oppose to the address of the sportsman. The destruction of game is immense, and nothing but the careful and expensive efforts exerted to keep up the breed would suffice to maintain an adequate supply. The game usually killed amounts to eight hundred thousand leverets, and on the sports take place on a property of moderate extent. On large estates, the amount of game killed is frequently ten times that number.

The indifference displayed in the sport, manifests itself in an equal degree when it is over. The sportsmen hardly know the number of game killed, and they do not for their efforts to resist the inclination to sleep, which

the fatigues of the day would prompt them to indulge, they would almost lose the recollection of the idle manner in which they had thrown away their time.

FOX-HUNTING.

On a cold and foggy day, the ground impregnated with water, in which the horses sank up to their hams, we set out from H. It's on a journey of twelve miles, to reach the place appointed for this hunt. We journeyed quickly thither, on horses which we exchanged for hunters that awaited us at the place of meeting. About sixty sportsmen in red coats, an equal number of farmers in their every-day dress, two huntsmen distinguished by their prepared leather caps, and mounted in coats of top-sattlers, with five or fifty dogs of ordinary shape and cropped ears, composed (with the fox who was immediately unbagged) the materials of the hunt.

The animal had hardly put his foot to the ground before the sportsmen commenced a hunting gallop, in order to follow a pack of prodigious swiftness, and to which the hedges and ditches which separate the fields gave a great advantage at starting. The rapidity of the dogs not allowing their cry to be heard, it was only by the aid of the eyesight, and by a sort of instinct, that the sportsmen were enabled to follow in the direction they were taking. At the same time, the dogs were not running in a more than a confused crowd of horsemen seeking to pass each other, bounding over hedges, gates, and ditches, all which they encountered with a resolution which did honour to the astonishing strength of the horses, and to the intrepidity of the riders.

Not yet having discovered an English hunt, one cannot form an idea of all that the indifference to self-preservation may bring a man to require of the strength and training of a horse. Almost all the hedges are separated from the fields they inclose by two ditches, each of two feet depth. The first ditch is cleared in a second, the second ditch and the hedge. No to the rider if, wrongly calculating his spring, the animal puts his fore-feet in the second ditch. A terrible fall is the consequence. If the ditches are too large to be cleared at one leap, the horse lands on the toll of earth which separates them, stops an instant, and from his hind legs, after an irritable leap, attains the soil (always downwards) in which the second ditch is dug out. These leaps "*de haut en bas*" are frequent, and do not cause many accidents.

When a hedge is too high, the riders seek a place where the branches, being more assuaged, present a sort of support. They then attempt to pass on their neck, you extend yourself, yielding to the instinct of the animal, who brushes through the difficulties with which his way is beset, with admirable address. Neither the double ditch, the hedge, nor the briars which are spread across, nothing, in short, arrests him. The effect of this species of leap astonishes the spectator who sees for the first time, whether from the training and the spirit of reasoning it exhibits in the animal, or from the haste with which horse and rider disappear.

After an hour's race, and without the sagacity or the talent of the huntsmen being laid under contribution, the fox was taken. Two or three horsemen, whose chance, or the speed of their horses, rather than their good management, had favoured, were in at the death. The sharp sounds of the huntsmen's horns at this instant summoned the whole field; but a quarter of an hour elapsed before the crowd of animals could be gathered. The tail of the fox was offered to the most distinguished rider. The high feats and accidents were now recapitulated, and general laughter was caused by the stains of mud which revealed the falls it might have been wished to conceal. Some directed themselves to the places where they had witnessed the fall of those of their friends who were not present at the death, with a view to offer that assistance which, hurried away by the ardour of the chase, they did not think of proposing at a more reasonable moment. At length the hunt broke up, and each one returned home.

All that I have stated concerning fox-hunting is applicable to hunting-hounds, and to the habits of the noble household of the royal parks, and with the royal hounds.

Subjected to a regimen nearly similar to that in use for race-horses, exercised and fed like him in a peculiar manner, the stag intended to be hunted is set at liberty in a country unknown to him. Frightened by the cries and the attack of the hounds, he is obliged to seek an asylum in a court or building, with the sight and uses of which his domestic habits have familiarised him. The sportsmen arrive before the dogs can reach him, and a carriage always at hand carries the stag

back to the park from whence he had been removed. Every care is then bestowed to restore to the animal the vigour required to furnish him with an amusement to which he is entitled to fall a victim.

The passion of sportsmen in England. From the man of rank and fortune, who devotes to it considerable sums, and almost all his time and thoughts—even to the farmer, who not content with unyoking one of his best horses, and plunging it into the water, to diminish the number of sportsmen, is also satisfied that his well-titled fields will be thoroughly over-run by one hundred horses,—all are enthusiastic in this kind of pleasure. Ladies take great interest in listening to the recitals of the chase; nor is the time given by infants to this amusement considered as thrown away.

If hunting is looked at as a means of trying the strength of horses, it must be acknowledged that nowhere is this end better attained than in England. Should one seek in it a reasonable pleasure, an amusement dependent on certain accessory combinations, the manner of hunting in England must be placed very much below the system as practised in other countries. Here no talent is required on the part of the rider. None of that knowledge which mingles self-love with pleasure is necessary. The harmony arising from the mingling and concordance of the strength of the horse and the skill of the rider, even to the limbs of the sportsman, is sacrificed to the idle mania of a run without fixed duration and without arrangement. Properly speaking, you do not hunt, for rarely you see the animal pursued—as rarely do you perceive the dogs—and you never hear him. You are limited to run in the direction in which you remark horses, which direction you suppose to be that of the chase.

I can conceive a foreigner following an English hunt, to describe the folly of it, or with a view to buy some of the admirable horses which show off on the occasion; but he must conceive that he would be tempted to renew the experiment.

ROADS, CANALS, SUSPENSION BRIDGES, RAILWAYS.

An examination of those works which have for object the improvement of internal communication presents an interesting study, whether that study relates to art, or applies itself to political economy. In France, where the government is almost the only *entrepreneur* of works of general utility, the principles which regulate the enterprise tend to avoid considerations relating to the expense. This, however, is the object of minute attention in England, where private interest intervenes in every thing, as well in the initiation, as in the execution of projects. Thus, before commencing an enterprise, people wish to satisfy themselves that its results will be commensurate with the outlay it will require. They do not only think of present returns; they consider the returns to be obtained at a future time, by an improvement and increase in the kind of production which the communication about to be established should favour. The enterprise is undertaken till satisfactory data are collected on this subject.

The same prudence is apparent in the execution of the work. Without an absolute certainty of the degree and extent of the circulation, and consequently, of the amount of profits, the project assumes only a precarious character. It is not until the work is found productive, it soon receives that character of grandeur and durability which consorts with the importance of the communication and the prospect of the advantages it should procure. This is the manner of proceeding in a country where good sense is first consulted, and where the gain is taken without being assured of the solidity of the ground on which you tread.

Some exceptions, however, tend to prove that all enterprises of this nature are not equally advantageous; that, far from returning an interest proportioned to the capital expended, they may require new sacrifices for the continuation and repair of the works. What is the conclusion to be deduced from this? That there are bad speculators. But it should be acknowledged that English speculators deceive themselves in a degree less prejudicial to their interests than those of other countries, who, in the construction of their works, are guided by the seductive promises of the adventurer to the prudent reserve of the wise man. But if there are bad speculations

of this kind in England, they are fewer than in France, and they hardly ever exercise an untoward influence on the state of the country. The "company" suffers, but the public behold an increase of the sources whence flows their prosperity.

ROADS.

The superiority of the English roads over those of the greater part of Europe, and more especially of France, cannot be contested. The causes of this superiority are far too interesting to the good administration of all countries, to be passed over without mature examination. The excellence of the English roads not only contributes to the prosperity of the country, but it affords to the parishes and individuals to whom the management of the roads is confided, a subject of self-love and of pride. The least equivocal blame would not fail to stimulate the efforts of the parishes, which should neglect this branch of its administration; and proceedings would be directed against the overseer of the company who should not fulfil the conditions imposed, in exchange for the receipt of the toll levied. Public opinion, then, or respect for contracted engagements, exercises on this subject a powerful and salutary influence.

In general, roads which may be called of the first class, are under the control of the counties, which cause them to be executed, or give them over to companies who remunerate themselves in the receipt of tolls for the advances made. These tolls are often granted to parishes.

It is to this system, repudiated in France, that England is indebted for those numerous communications so well adapted to her general and local wants. Here, the opening or the completion of a road, or the building of a bridge, depends on the consent of the government, and the state of the roads is a subject of constant question. If the opening of a road is a work of real utility, it presents, in the produce of the toll appropriated to it, the means of covering the expenses of its construction. In the contrary supposition, it will not be undertaken. The public interest is the clearest and most suitable to the public good. The same rule applies to the completion and repair of roads. If the road is a very considerable thoroughfare, it is undertaken with greater care. The expense of repairing it is in proportion to the importance of the road, and the tolls are increased in the ratio of the travelling. Lastly, the repair, the degree of perfection in the levelling, and the general good management, are always secured by the power reserved to other companies, of establishing a rivalry by creating a parallel road, or a fragment of one.

The fear of this opposition produces an effect observable at every step. In the beginning, English roads are made with the greatest parsimony. Their dimensions are calculated on the strictest computation of the amount of travelling. They are always made upon the ground on which the old roads stood. Hence they are subjected to all the irregularities which the local situation and the jumble of properties rendered inseparable from the old roads. They economise in the terraces. The declivities preserve their rapid inclination. The roads are encased in excavations surmounted with thick hedges, or they are raised on a level, and the soil is afterwards graded to correct the inequalities. But in proportion to the necessity of improvement is better appreciated, as the produce of the toll increases—as the probability of still augmenting it by improvements which would bring a great number of strangers is felt, improvements are undertaken. You see declivities softened down, windings losing their steepness, and often wholly disappearing, to give place to straight lines and to a greater development of breadth. Thus the road reaches a degree of perfection commensurate with its utility.

The nature of the soil also contributes much to the good condition of the roads. In general the soil is very strong one. Gravel is found every where at a short distance, and in order to obtain it, it is only necessary to raise a thin coat of vegetable soil, which covers a quarry of very hard and abundant silt. In places where a sufficient quantity of gravel is not to be obtained, recourse is had to freestone, and often still to stone drawn from quarries, sometimes very far distant, and brought by sea, or upon canals, or railways, to the neighbourhood of the places at which they are required. It is from the quarries of Scotland that London is supplied with the most valuable material, gravel, which is nearly all kept in regular piles in the streets, which are nearly all macadamised.

The nature of the transport, and the form of the car-

* This is the most spirited and correct account of fox-hunting we have met with.—*Ed.*

riages, add their effect to those causes which contribute to the good condition of the roads.

The multiplicity of canals and of navigable rivers, and the application to the transport of materials of great weight, relieve the roads from all carriages except those adapted to light burdens. The rare exceptions to the contrary, far from being prejudicial, appear on the contrary to be advantageous, owing to the extreme breadth and the smoothness of the surfaces, as well as to the exclusive employment of carriages with four wheels. The manner of travelling has also its effect; carriages do not follow each other in convoys as in France. They do not move in each other's track, and consequently create no rut.

At length, the roads are chiefly resorted to by carriages on springs, very light when compared with those employed for the same purpose in other countries, and which, moving on a uniform surface, without selecting, in preference, one part above another of that surface, present an equal weight, and never that degree of absorption of pressure, producing those jerks so frequent on badly made roads.

Lastly, one of the principal causes of the good condition of the roads is to be found in the proper application of the enormous sums expended, not in the formation, but in the minor repair of the roads. These repairs are at least as judiciously expended in France for the same object, though the causes of deterioration are much less powerful, and the price of materials less.

The breadth of roads varies according to the circumstances which mingle in their plan, not only from one road to another, but from one portion to another of the same road. If the land necessary to the making or chalking out the straight line of a road is of little value, the roads are made broad. If a considerable expense would result from raising the roads, or from the purchase of a greater extent of ground, the roads are reduced to the dimensions strictly necessary. Between rows of houses and in places where clearings, levellings, or embankments are necessary, the roads are narrow. The want of breadth is supplied in all that is necessary to the safety of travellers, by gates carefully kept up. In the mountains of the island, and in the valleys, the sides of the roads are rendered secure, or rather indicated, by finger posts of stone placed according to their height in white and black strokes, in order to be easily distinguished in the night, or in the midst of snow.

In general, the breadth of the roads, with the exception of those of the first class, is not less than three or eight metres; but the whole of this breadth is covered over with stone. Accordingly, though not so broad as those of France, they afford room for passengers.

The additional quantity of stones required does not create any other pecuniary outlay than an advance in the capital appropriated to the formation of the road, for no additional expense of keeping the road in repair is the consequence. As the carriages that travel on a road only occupy the space allowed for covering it over with stone, it matters little what part they go over.

The mode contributes in another way to the preservation of the roads. The water runs away more easily, because it is not stopped by the spongy earth which forms the useless deposits on the roads of France. Thus the soil of the road is constantly preserved from a humidity, which in the opposite system is kept there by the infiltration of the waters, which stagnate on the side of the road. The small dimensions of the materials, and the mode of their employment, add their effect to the causes just enumerated.

The English roads have neither ditches nor elevations. They are almost flat. The waters run off by the sides, and the least sensible convulsion which is given to them, and still more by the entire absence of

ruts, the very appearance of which is guarded against by a careful superintendence. The waters are removed by the side of the road, and the surface is paved in broken stones with flood-gates. They are conducted by other gutters, or small ditches, to those spots where they cease to be hurtful to the road. The purchase of land necessary to the site for ditches is thus economized, and the very considerable expense of their construction is repaired, as well as the deterioration occasioned by the stagnation of the waters which penetrate from the ditches to the ground of the *chaussées*, are likewise saved.

Another system in the making of roads, a system due to the genius of Mr. Telford, appears to prevail over that of Mr. Macadam, from which it differs in this respect, that, in place of a convexity, the road receives a decided inclination from one to the other of its sides, and that the largest of the stones is only about one third of the thickness of that of Mr. Macadam, or eight to nine centimetres.

The inclination given to the road is said to render the draught easier, because, whilst the declivity of the wheels diminishes the rubbing against the axle-tree, the collar, by pressing more on one shoulder of the horse than on the other, procures for the animal a kind of relief which alternates each time that circumstances require the carriage to be repaired, as well as the deterioration occasioned by the stagnation of the waters which penetrate from the ditches to the ground of the *chaussées*, are likewise saved.

The reduction of the thickness of the gravelling is but the strained application of the principle established by Mr. Macadam, that the inferior or lower coats of gravel being placed so as to establish a sort of anvil, on which the superior coats are bruised under the pressure of the wheels, it was advisable to diminish as much as possible the thickness of the stones, so that the first and to place the others on a soil which, owing to its flexibility, would obviate a part of this inconvenience, by only exposing the stones to the action of one of those forces which bring about the destruction of the road. This is a true and proper system, provided you admit that such exists in England, and that the inclination of the road is the result of the first coat of the making of roads, already reduced by the causes enumerated, is still more so by the slowness of the stones. It is seldom that these layers have a greater depth than twenty-five centimetres. They are laid in treadles, without curb stones, on a soil of broken stones, the rollings and rollers of the ground is of bad quality, upon a bed of marl, of the remnants of buildings, of the sand of old roads, &c.

The stones are reduced to the size of a hen's egg, and covered over with round flints of still smaller dimension. These materials are passed through a sieve or screen, the intervals of which reject those stones that exceed the requisite size.

The dust and mud are carefully scraped off with the help of rakes, and often still by brooms, for which, considering the excellent state of the roads, large rakes, drawn by horses, might be substituted, as their oblique position would sweep the sides of the road, and the road materials which should be removed from it.

Holes or ruts are seldom repaired, because it is remarked that the stones applied to this operation are soon reduced to powder; and besides the jerk which they give to carriages, they injure that part of the road contiguous to the repair. When a partial repair is needed, it is put off till repairs are about to be commenced to a certain extent of road. Partial repairs take place by applying the pick-axe to the surface of the road, which hinders the new stones from rolling about, and disposes them to embody themselves with the old stones of the same size or of like size, of equal size and compactness. These layers are placed on the road whenever, by the grinding into powder of the first coat of gravel, the second would be exposed.

The stones are broken by the hand on anvils of cast-iron, framed in a species of hopper, open on the side of the hopper, and the machine has the form of a wheel-barrow. Thrown in shovels into the hopper, the stones are afterwards placed one by one on the anvil by means of an iron ring, fixed to a shaft, or handle, which the workman holds in his left hand, and broken by the use of a hammer, the head of which presents a hollow space, into which the stone is placed, and struck through a screen at the moment they are shovelled out, limits the operation of breaking them to that above a certain size, for which it is indispensable.

The screening is performed thus: the workman who extracts the stones, throws them into a screen, the rings of which are three or four centimetres in width, and are composed of thick iron wire. This screen is supported and moved about by another workman. The stones which have the requisite dimension fall; the rest are placed in heaps, for the purpose of being broken. The same operation is performed with a closer screen, of a form different from the other, and intended to separate the earth from the stones.

The transport of earth is accomplished with inconceivable economy, order, and rapidity, by means of cars, raised upon iron wheels, thirty centimetres in diameter, and running on rails, which are always made of different pieces of iron, each of sixty centimetres in length, laid upon boards, and fixed into one another by a piece of iron at both ends, in the shape of a swallow tail. The railway is continued in exact proportion with the progress of the works. A single horse performs, with little or no fatigue, the labour of four horses, owing to the greater weight he is enabled to draw with accelerated rapidity. The cars are not jerked on the road, and they experience but a slight deterioration from use. They are easy to load, owing to their little elevation. This practice is attended with inconsiderable expense, which is compensated by the economy introduced in carrying on works upon a larger scale; and it is productive of incalculable advantages to the companies who have undertaken to construct and repair the roads.

The general repair of the roads is confined to road menders, whose employment consists in picking up the surface, in order to spread the stones; in causing the water to run off, and in scraping the mud to either side, whenever it is immediately removed, when it is not intended to serve for the making of footpaths.

The greater number of roads offer to the pedestrian a footpath a vast rail, raised a little, and raised to an elevation of from fifteen to twenty centimetres. These footpaths are covered with a small gravel, unfit for the pavement of the road. The gutter intended for the carrying away of the water, is made on the inner side of the trottoir, or footpath. Aqueducts, formed by the junction of three boards, of four, six, or eight inches, placed upon flat stones, afford abundant outlets to the water. On many roads, the footpaths are only made successively, by means of the dust and mud scraped from the road: but care is always taken to leave room for them in chalking out the plan of the road.

These roads are repaired by men called *Vicinales*, are repaired after the same manner. Their breadth rarely exceeds five metres. The means of repair are furnished, as in France, by what is legally called *Prescription Nature*, unless the importance of the road, or the want of resources to contribute to its formation, or its support, does not render the establishment of a toll necessary, which is never refused by parliament when the reasonableness of such toll shall have been made apparent by enquiry.

The talent of professional engineers is rendered of little use, and almost superfluous, in the making of roads. It is almost a matter of routine. Each parish finds, in the disinterested zeal of some of its inhabitants, all the knowledge and practice required in this branch of its administration. Bridges of brick are usually built by the mason of the village. On the junction of three roads, or of four, or of five, the road is farmed, or of the committee of the county, are charged with the direction of the works. Engineers are rarely called in, unless to build bridges over large rivers or canals. The direction of the English roads is carefully indicated by the aid of finger posts, placed wherever there are branch or cross communications. Other finger posts, placed at the boundaries of villages, enable the traveller to ascertain their respective names. The distances are marked by milestones. Within ten miles of London, the roads are watered, during the summer, at the expense of the county, for the undergrowth belongs. This inconvenient practice is paid to the extremes as to produce a liquid mud in the streets of London, even in the hottest weather. The object is less the comfort of the traveller, than the preservation of the road. Macadamization has been very generally substituted in the roads of the interior, and in the great towns, in lieu of the old pavement. The result has been a remarkable economy, a better adaptation for travelling, a great reduction in the repairs of carriages, and an increase in the duration of the labour of horses. This system should be unhesitatingly adopted, provided a sufficient quantity of water be obtained, and the roads had at a moderate price. In some of the streets of London, stones drawn from neighbouring quarries are em-

* In general, the relation in number and extent between roads of the first class or great roads, and parish roads, is as one to four. The keeping the first in repair costs annually 160*l*. sterling (4000 *fr*. per mile, or 400*l*. sterling (10,000 *fr*. per league.

The second class of roads in repair is 40*l*. sterling (1000 *fr*. per mile, or 100*l*. sterling (2500 *fr*. per league. The average expense of all kinds of roads is 68*l*. sterling (1760 *fr*. per mile, or 170*l*. sterling (4250 *fr*. per league.

The expenses are calculated at 10-100*fr*., such as the salaries of surveyors, lawyers' fees, &c.

Extraordinary repairs and improvements are comprised in the computation of the average expense of roads.

played. In the greater portion of the other streets, as well as in all the towns where cheap water carriage is available, the materials are transported from the Scottish coast. Paris, and the towns and roads in the vicinity of the Seine, might, by means of the same mode of transport, procure from the coasts of Cherbourg, granite, the durability of which would amply compensate for the cost of transport.

On comparing the roads of England, without rural roads, with those which, with the exception of the sloughs which are conventionally called roads in France, one cannot deny the superiority of the one system over the other; but, at the same time, the difficulty of transporting the English system, and establishing it on similar bases in France, must be admitted. The conditions of the system of administration, and the habits of the people. One might, however, send to the French government, "Send your engineers to England, let them study what is done there. If the systems they observe cannot be adopted as a whole, at least many of the details are susceptible of beneficial application. The roads are better in England, therefore the means resorted to for making them are preferable to those employed in France. They present facilities for all kinds of transport, in which those of France are wanting. Borrow, therefore, what is good in the English system. Do not hastily adopt innovations, but do not entirely set your face against them. Try the system of the English, and you will find it more general, since its advantages shall be clearly demonstrated. Set out with this principle, that the mode of making and repairing the roads in France is evidently bad, since it produces such bad results. Ameliorate with prudence, but do not reject ameliorations."

CANALS.

England is completely intersected by water communications. Some of these are destined to carry on the trade of the capital with the commercial and manufacturing towns, others to communicate from one country to another. To the first, the ramifications of the smaller canals are attached. These latter serve for the transport of the produce of coal mines or manufactories, or for local wants; they are always proportioned to the exigency for which they have been created. When the boats which ply on them reach the large canals, they are transferred to the latter, and thence to their destination without the necessity of transshipments, which would occasion expense, a great loss of time, and the deterioration of the merchandise.

Nothing is simpler or more economical than the mode adopted for the construction of canals. The expense of the use of considerable sums on enterprises the result of which would be uncertain, a provisional character is given to the work. Narrow dimensions, sluices, and bridges of wood, the substitution of inclined planes for sluices, the interruption even of the canal itself, and the adoption of land carriage when serious difficulties intervene, which could not be overcome without heavy expense—these are the expedients adopted in England, expedients which would be utterly rejected in a country like France, where nothing is admitted which has not a durable and monumental character. This will explain the multiplicity of canals which arises in one country, and the extreme rarity in the other.

Thanks to this wise system of proceeding, public property, in England, spreads and penetrates everywhere by the aid of channels which she knows how to open, without display, without ostentation, almost without feeling notices. It is achieved by a combination of private interests, that powerful engine which is employed as a balance to weigh the considerations for and against the realisation of the project, and, at the same time, as a lever to remove the obstacles which would oppose its completion.

RAILWAYS.

Those iron roads called railways have become useful auxiliaries to canals. Perhaps indeed they may be substituted, in a great number of localities, for the latter, over which they present, in some respects, a marked advantage. The expense of their construction is considerable; they are less prejudicial to the property they traverse; they require less incidental labour or repair; they are not affected by the drought which dries up the waters of canals, nor the frost which impedes their navigation. By means of the application of steam to wheel machinery, greater burdens may be more rapidly transported. All circumstances are in favour of railways, in a country in which iron and coal are cheap, and it is presumable they will prevail, at least in the projected communications. The most important work of this kind is the railway

between Manchester and Liverpool. The cutting through of mountains, the raising of enormous embankments upon valleys, the construction of a road over canals and bridges, thus presenting the phenomena of three modes of transport, together with the prodigious expenses, are the prodigies effected by this recent railway, on which you travel a distance of thirty-two miles (twelve leagues and a half) in eighty minutes. The success which it has obtained cannot fail to give rise to other railways in many localities, and above all in the environs of London, where celerity of communication is deemed of such importance.

THE THAMES TUNNEL.

Among the works of an extraordinary character, that which has for its object to connect the opposite banks of the Thames, by means of a tunnel dug under the bed of the river, deserves particular notice. A French engineer conceived and attempted this enterprise, and thanks to the efforts of a genius no less ardent than fruitful in resources, and superior to the obstacles which presented themselves at every step of a soil of capricious variety, which was impossible to have foreseen, Mr. Brunel has executed the half of his daring plan. The whole would, by this time, have been completed, had not the discouraged share holders refused the requisite pecuniary advances.

As a monument of art, as well as for the interests of the commerce of London, this gigantic undertaking should be carried on, in which the greatest difficulties have been surmounted, and the success of which is placed beyond all doubt.

SUSPENSION-BRIDGES.

If suspension-bridges are not so numerous in England as in France, it is because they are made in the former country with too much perfection and expense. They are found too dear for works of a limited duration, and stone or brick bridges are very properly preferred to them. The price of these does not much exceed the cost of suspension bridges in France, and the latter are therefore only employed in localities where it would be impossible to construct any other bridge. Such is the Me nai bridge, which traversing an arm of the sea of three or four hundred metres in breadth, unites the island of Anglesea to the Welsh mainland. The largest vessels of the world, such as the *Great Eastern* and the *Mersey*, too will be the bridge about to be constructed by Mr. Brunel, near Bristol, from the rocks of Clifton to the hills which bound the left bank of the Avon. The elevation of this bridge above the river will exceed that of the towers of Wexhampton, and the construction of the hammer-mill suspension-bridge, and the building of the suspension bridge which has cost one can account for the reluctance of the English to the system of suspension-bridges. With the exceptions resulting from its convenience to certain localities, this system should only be employed when, as in France, powerful economical considerations counter-balance the inconveniences which attend it.

However minute the details which have been dwelt upon, they fail to convey even a remote idea of the means employed, in England, for the purpose of creating the different species of communications which exist in that country. In the soil, and in the habits of the people, in these matters, much more is accomplished in England, and with greater economy and effect, than in any other part of the world. The reason is, that private interest alone decides on the utility of the different speculations, and on the means necessary to ensure success. The study of the means is of high importance to all those who are destined to direct any branch of public economy. Such study cannot be too much recommended to the administrators and engineers of France. It would convey to the former useful notions as to the manner of conciliating general and private interests, and the latter might learn to abate the rigour of their procedure, and to guard against inordinate expense in the execution of the works confided to them. Both would convince themselves by a comparison of what is done in England, with what is extravagantly projected, without being executed, in France, that it is better to have a narrow and well repaired road, than a wide one, and that it is better to have a small stone upon paper; a quickly built wooden bridge, than a stone one, of which many generations will not see the completion; a canal of small dimensions, opened as soon as its utility shall be acknowledged, than an artificial river whose bed is dug, in France, before the projector has learned of what he can find water to fill it. In a word, that it is necessary to devote as small a capital as possible to the erection of public works, and to refuse nothing that is needful to the perfection of the undertaking.

A VISIT TO ABBOTSFORD.

Whilst Sir Walter Scott affected to set a great value upon a state of comparative obscurity, he has succeeded in obtaining important distinctions, and in turning to advantage in his lifetime. I do not make this a ground of reproach to him, for never was celebrity established upon a more honourable basis, springing as it did from the most exalted talent and virtues of the highest order. I but state a fact which may be interesting to those to whom the most important trait concerning men of genius is a matter of lively interest. Sir Walter Scott was of the number. In attracting, however, the public attention, he did not confine himself to the publication of novels, which are every where read and admired; he sought to stimulate the public curiosity by carefully concealing his name, and leaving to the eager curiosity of his readers the task of discovering it. That name was found to belong to an honourable Scotsman, of a cold demeanour, and of staid and sober features, the plainness of which was well calculated to put to rout all the speculations of the physiognomists, who were prepared to find reflected in the countenance of the author of such lively and varied productions, all that keenness of expression which would have revealed the impenetrable mystery attached to him. It was not the penetration of the public that eventually discovered the author's name; feeling as much wearied at the frequent disappointments which he met with at their disappointment, he at length disclosed himself.

Sir Walter Scott had laid aside his literary vocation many years before my visit to Edinburgh. He resided, at the latter period, at Abbotsford, a country seat about thirty miles distant from the capital. Having been informed of the author's name, I had often desired to make the baronet's acquaintance, he was good enough to address me a polite invitation to come and visit him. M— de B— accompanied me. The road to Abbotsford, which it took us seven hours to reach, passes through a mountainous country wholly devoid of picturesque appearance; cultivated fields, and the most fertile of the soil. These roads lie at the foot of a valley of monotonous aspect. Within four miles of Abbotsford, Melrose is visible: it is a small town washed by a river, the stream of which is rendered available for manufacturing purposes. Two miles farther on, you cross the Tweed, and arrive by a rapid descent at the foot of the Cheviots, the hills of the foot of a high hill. Recent plantations increase the beauty of an extensive park. On the opposite side, the view, somewhat impeded by mountains, looks on a prairie, at the extremity of which flows the Tweed, her tranquil waters embellishing without animating the landscape.

It is from the court-yard alone that one has a full view of Abbotsford, and can form an idea of the *bizarrie* of its architecture. Sir Walter Scott, who has drawn on the middle ages for his subjects as well as his characters, seems indeed to have recurred to that epoch for the style of his architecture, and has endeavoured to imitate its originality, and with all its faults, even its minutest absurdities. That irregularity which is the reproach of the chateaux of the eleventh century, exists at Abbotsford in a most remarkable degree. The architect must have considered the want of fancy or permanent habits, he has done the form and the proportions of the windows, and to load many parts of the façades of the building with the most incongruous ornaments, in order to render the whole a unique specimen of the confusion of all order.

A style attached to the house conducts you to a large room, in which are ranged arms and armoury of all ages and countries, as well as other varied objects of curiosity. To the left is a narrow hall, whence you pass into the dining-room, which communicates with the drawing-room. At the end of the drawing-room is an antechamber, the entrance to which is through a library, filled with rare and choice works tastefully bound in the Gothic style. At one end of the library is a door, which communicates with Sir Walter's study. A dark narrow staircase, with high steps, leads you to the first story, on which are many small rooms; you are conducted to a small open corridor, in which two persons cannot walk abreast.

The furniture of this singular mansion is in perfect keeping with its architecture. The greater part is of historical origin; and the original destination of many articles is marked on brass plates, which have been engraved on the sides of the objects. The idea of the original richness and variety of this collection, it should be known that all men of rank and fortune in the three kingdoms contributed to furnish the house with many curious articles in their possession; and that Abbotsford has thus be-

come a sort of museum, uniting in itself all that the country in which the feudal system has prevailed the longest, could supply of most value in that character.

As we were about to alight from our carriage, we saw approaching us as quickly as a halt would permit him, a gentleman, supporting himself on a cane, apparently from fifty-five to sixty years of age; thick set, of middle stature, of a pleasing rather than expressive countenance. Some gleams of animation, with the fold of perfectly white wrinkles which fell carelessly on his shoulders. His eyes were blue, small, and apparently without expression. His nose was deeply and thickly set, and his cheeks full and fleshy! There was altogether a sickly air about his person, but particularly in the expression of his head. At any other time we should have been inclined to ascribe to him to be the man, the fame of whose celebrity was spread over the literary world. Such was Sir Walter Scott.

He received us with unostentatious hospitality, was generous in words, but prodigal in kindness. In a few minutes we were welcomed, lodged, and made acquainted with the customs of the house. Our host excused himself for his inability to converse with us in French, which he understood, but could not speak. Our superficial knowledge of the English language made us regret our ignorance; and, when we sought, in a measure, to present us from judging, as we ought, a mind which we came purposely to study.

We entered the drawing-room, preceded by two immense greyhounds and two Scottish terriers, the constant companions of the baronet. We were presented to Miss Scott, then to her neighbours, and lastly to some members of the family, who, together, composed the party then staying at Abbotsford. At this interview Miss Scott, who, though her mother was a Frenchwoman, did not speak our language, evinced no inclination to contribute, even in her own, to a conversation which her father seemed to keep up by continual questions. After a little we broke ground on a subject which we conceived most likely to be agreeable to our host, by rendering the homage of our praise to his varied works, and by leading the conversation to those particular productions of his pen which we connected with the history and romance of the middle ages. Our efforts, however, were in vain. The remarks which could not animate our host; and the brevity of his replies caused the conversation to flag.

Sir Walter conducted us to the apartments destined for our residence. I found in the library a portrait by Mary Stuart, opposite a portrait of Henry Dunsley; on a table which had belonged to the Earl of Essex, was placed a small mirror which had reflected the features of Anne Boleyn. This furniture recalled ideas to my mind which I vainly tried to suppress. Proscribed, and under sentence of an inextinguishable tribunal, at the moment I was looking at these objects, it is not wonderful that a certain similitude of misfortune should have visibly affected me. Nothing contributes more than exile to the development of sentiments of pity and sympathy. As we entered the drawing-room, I found that Miss Scott in a magnificent dress, which appeared to have exerted a very favourable influence on her manners towards the company. From that moment her deportment was graceful in the highest degree. She is remarkably handsome, though she had not made that impression on my mind which I have since experienced, which she was wrapped up, and the large starry bonnet which concealed her well-formed features and her animated black eyes.

The dinner was served upon silver in the English style. Then the cloth was removed, the ladies retired. As we were about to leave the house later, but the conversation produced no brilliant rally on the part of our host.

On our return to the drawing-room, we found the library door thrown open, which, aided by the lights streaming from the ceiling, enabled us to judge of the contents, and find that this apartment was the B—sat himself down in the library with Sir Walter, whom he was desirous of bringing to the topic of politics, on which in Scotland he was, as well as in literature, a high authority. During the conversation, which was long, and in the language of the respective speakers, I was engaged, with Miss Scott, the persons who surrounded her. In spite of perhaps, because of the difficulty we found in the interchange of our ideas, midnight had arrived before we perceived its approach.

At eight o'clock the next morning, and we were taking a survey of the grounds. Sir Walter joined me; gave me, with the utmost complaisance, all the explanations

which I desired, and proposed that we should take a detailed view of his library. It was in this conversation that I was enabled to judge of the character of his mind, and satisfied that his imagination could not completely shine forth without the aid of his pen. Sparring of observations, he doled out his words succinctly, and in a homely fashion. He seemed generally to want those extensive views which I had supposed him to possess. The contrary was the case; he supplied almost all the details. Louis the Eleventh, Elizabeth, of Mary Stuart, of James the First, as well as the customs and manners of the principal personages of his novels, appeared to have exhausted all his thoughts in his works, and to have left his memory a complete void.

Waverley, Quentin Durward, the Antiquary, and so many other productions of distinguished merit, appeared indifferent to the object of upholding by his conversation the idea which his works afforded of the power and versatility of his genius; not that he declined to expend his erudition or his wit in conversation, but that he seemed to want the faculty or the habit of it. It must be said that he was suffering at this time the first attacks of a disease which, eighteen months afterwards, terminated in his dissolution.

That minute spirit of detail which detracts so much from the merit of his works, was apparent in all he did or said. He expounded the details of the trades, and in showing his treasures of art and literature, he left nothing to the imagination of the stranger; every trifle was explained. In the distribution of his chateau, in its careful decoration, this wish to examine and show every honour to his works, was apparent. The details unworthy of the care bestowed or the descriptions lavished upon them, were evident. It was a necessity of Sir Walter's nature to put forward all that fell to his hand, as well as every idea which passed through his brain. By the side of these trifles, one was often surprised by noble efforts to fine and to adorn. It is perhaps this very contrast which gives a distinguishing character to Scott's productions. He has written for all classes, for all ages, for all countries, for his publisher, and for himself; he has put into the mouth of the beggar, as well as into that of the king, the very language which both would have rejected. He has written of the manners and features in the history of France, without being able to speak her language; he has rendered the life service to his own country and to England. For the present generation, content to be amused with all that he has written, the posterity, who will make its selection amongst them, will find he has laboured; for he has composed light and elegant trifles, for the other splendid portraits of manners, characters admirably traced, descriptions full of charming variety. For himself he has also laboured, since he amassed, by the publication of his works, a fortune of many millions of francs, of which a misplaced confidence deprived him, and acquired a fame which, so far from having ever been contested, has been raised beyond the limits which the most favourable award should have assigned him: all have benefited by his labours.

As he was so productive such a man has reason to be proud of his character and productions. He was the subject of general conversation and of universal curiosity; his portrait or his bust was in every house; his most trifling actions, his most insignificant words, were considered as a species of importance. He was sought for, he was visited, he was consulted, he was become the resort of literary pilgrimages—whether absent or present, he received the homage of all. The most indignant posterity cannot judge him more favourably than his contemporaries have done. It is but justice to the memory of this eminent man to state, that so much flattery in no degree spoiled the goodness and simplicity of his disposition.

Death has just removed him from the world; and the sentiments he inspired have assumed a tinge of enthusiasm bordering on fanaticism. The honours bestowed on him, and the statues erected in his honour, the theatres ring with his praise; statues are about to be erected to perpetuate his name. The nation interferes in his domestic affairs, anxious to repair them, and to transmit to his children the inheritance of his fortune, with the same anxiety with which it has immortalised his name, and to do more, it is anxious to do more amongst its most distinguished and celebrated men. A nation undoubtedly confers honour upon itself by such bursts of enthusiasm; but this should be moderated by reflection: it should keep some share of admiration in its bosom, and not allow it to assume another stamp and of another epoch, and not allow it to be met with, as to call forth, exclusive, and so rarely to be met with, as to call forth,

when it appears, those eulogiums which ages may elapse before another character shall be found to claim.

EDINBURGH.

There is much to see and to observe in Scotland—the aspect of the country—the physiognomy of the inhabitants—their manners—their tastes—their affections—their hatreds—which not even a union of nearly three centuries with England can entirely change or modify.

It is in the highest degree interesting to study the character of a people who have thus preserved their ancient manners, whilst keeping pace with the rapid advances of civilisation: a people who combine a fidelity to the memory of their unfortunate kings with perfect submission to the authority of their present sovereign; and who remain altogether Scottish, whilst they are an integral part of Great Britain.

Scotland presents to the eye of the traveller a widely different aspect from that part of England which borders upon it. The town of Berwick rises in the form of an amphitheatre from the left bank of the Tweed, it was formerly protected, and is now commanded, by a castle, the architecture of which belongs to the middle ages. Hills, cultivated to the very summit, succeed to the wooded slopes of Northumberland. Large farms are met with at a great distance from each other, unprotected by any plantation from the damp wind which gives a character of monotonous sadness to the country. At still greater intervals are to be seen magnificent chateaux, which, owing to the immense extent of the estates, are less frequently to be met with than in England. On the right, and at short distances from the road, the sea presents at first a boundless aspect, and then appears to force its way through the northern mountains, which indicate in the distance the opening of the Frith of Forth. As we advance, the sea becomes narrower, and forms, as it were, but an imposing feature in one of the most splendid and fertile of the world. Some small islands of most picturesque aspect, a multitude of ships of all sizes and all forms, are now visible; and on the other side of the Forth may be seen numerous mansions, distinguished by their elegant architecture. Such is the panorama, to which a road, otherwise devoid of interest, leads the eye.

In the vicinity of Edinburgh, the country becomes richer in trees and foliage, in the midst of which country seats are seen, of the most exquisite taste. The monuments on the top of Calton Hill announce, at some distance from the city, the approach to Edinburgh. Before entering the town, the eye is attracted by a castle built on the point of a sharp rock, commands the city and surrounding country. A broad street, intersected at right angles by other streets in perfect keeping with it, conveys at once the idea of an extensive and a splendid city. Edinburgh is that city.

The aspect of Edinburgh cannot be compared to that of any other city with which I am acquainted. From Prince street, containing the principal hotels frequented by strangers, one enjoys a prospect of the Old Town, situated on the ridge of a rising ground of moderate height, and the eye is repaid by the view of the summit of the twelfth century, from whose summit is enjoyed the only advantage it now offers, a commanding prospect.

On the left it penetrates through a double range of hills, lying enclosed in a valley, at the extremity of which the Stuart house, the most noble and the most magnificent of the greater number of their family, and those scenes of grief and trouble which awaited the remainder, and was to become at a later period the asylum of other royal sorrows.

The space which separates the Old from the New Town serves as a site to two churches, built in an elegant Gothic style, and to an edifice of Grecian architecture, in which the Royal Society of Edinburgh holds its sittings.

A large Gothic building—next to it a succession of high towers, and a modern edifice, and a building of the effect of a single tower—then a colonnade of peristyle, of extraordinary magnificence—on the side of the hill, a building of Grecian architecture—all these edifices astonish the beholder by the contrast of their forms, the combined and harmonious effect of their masses, the appropriate and judicious use of their ornaments. I have thus given the outline, are, a prison, a monument of Nelson, the commencement of an edifice the proportions of which are on the scale of those of the Parthenon, and, lastly, a school. On a terrace, from which the eye

* The Baron here alludes to the union of the two crowns, and not to the union of the two countries.

commands a full view of the picture, a range of handsome houses has been built, forming what is called Regent's Terrace.

The New Town, which has been created within the last thirty years, should be visited previously to entering the old town. Its streets, no less remarkable for their length and breadth than for the architecture, run from east to west along the horizontal ridge of a hill two miles long, and are intersected by other streets, less long, but equally broad, which, owing to their slope, are more difficult to the pedestrian, but afford a much finer prospect. The principal street is terminated by a column rising above the handsome trees of an immense square, and by the façade of an elegant church. The other streets are bounded by a colonnade which attracts the attention of the stranger. The end of one of these streets discloses the imposing mass of the old castle; another the bold steeples of a belfry; a third, the framework of a Gothic edifice, a view of the bay, or some of the mountains which encircle the city. In a word, the New Town seems to have been built in order to prove what can be effected by a pure taste in architecture, when nature affords a fine site and excellent materials, and man furnishes abundant capital.

You reach the Old Town, either by crossing a bridge through a river, or by a steep descent. This is the town of the Stuarts, in its narrow streets, its lofty houses, its pointed roofs, and its heavy churches, built in the worst taste. Here and there some small passages have of late been widened, some handsome edifices erected, and some sharp descents rendered less perpendicular, but the character of the Old Town has been judiciously left unchanged.

In all respects but its unparalleled site, it resembles most of the cities of the tenth or twelfth century. At this remote epoch, it was the custom to build towns, without order or symmetry, on the sides of hills commanded by a creek, the summit of which was occupied in the erection of massy walls and bulwarks, of a castle, in short, well adapted to the unrefined taste of that period, and to resist all attack. Under the protection of such a fortress, a town will have arisen, the circuit of which, undulating with the inequality of the soil, connected itself with the system of the castle, and the town, in the midst of those agitations created by the state of uncertainty which a rising society found itself, shelter will have been afforded to an alternately warlike, commercial, and civilised people.

Edinburgh possesses a school of medicine and many hospitals. For as early as in the week, the town presents the spectacle of an active and industrious people occupied in the ardent pursuit of commerce and manufactures, and exhibits a more bustling aspect than most of the English towns, owing to the more numerous population contained within a small space. On the Sunday, however, the scene suddenly changes. Puritanism then exercises all its rigour and austerity, and reigns despotic. The streets are quite deserted by the inhabitants; and if one meets a few solitary passengers, they are sure to be strangely astonished, as it were, to find themselves alone with a great capital, in the evening, when they could hardly expect a person to be stirring, before, owing to the dense crowd passing to and fro in every direction.

On the first sound of the church bell, which ushers in the Sabbath, long files of devout Christians proceed solemnly along the streets on their way to church. All appear content as they go, and the great majority of the people, not the selfishness of the secular spirit, but the conclusion of divine service enables the crowd to return home. They meet again in the evening to listen to endless sermons, that supply the place of the profane amusements in which other countries, less rigid in their religious feelings, are content to indulge. No one drives to church; and the only vehicles met with are some of the public mails, or private carriages, the owners of which hope to escape, by driving into the country, the *ennui* which could not fail to await them in town.

Religion in Scotland forbids every thought, and the law every act, which might give offence to the church. For twenty-four hours, one is not permitted to do more than pray or meditate, with folded arms, in an attitude of devotion. The most innocent games and recreations—even music is forbidden, and one must only speak of matters relating to religion or divine worship.

Although, like the cities of England, towns have no public promenades; but the flags of its large and open streets, and the mountains in its vicinity, in a great measure supply the want.

The great desideratum in Scotland is a milder climate, which would permit one to enjoy the varied aspect of that beautiful country. "Does it always rain in Scotland?"

was our question to Sir Walter Scott. "Not always," he replied; "it occasionally snows." This joke is not altogether devoid of truth. The atmosphere is humid, foggy, and charged with violent winds. In summer, alone can one rely on many days of fine weather; and therefore it is that those excursions into the Highlands, and which the beauties of the site, with its romantic scenery, invite the traveller, can seldom terminate without some storm, and charged with violent winds. In summer, between intervals of rain, when you still are in fear of a return of unfavourable weather. Summer is the only season which admits of an exception to this rule.

HOLYROOD.

During the period of my sojourn at Edinburgh, Charles X. and his august and unfortunate family resided at Holyrood. It was a sentiment of duty, of gratitude, and affection, which called me to their abode. I had served the Great Britain all my life; they had been always kind to me and mine. They desired the happiness of their country; and they had succeeded in procuring it. They would have fixed that happiness upon a firm basis, if the spirit of faction had not impeded them. I loved them every respect and attachment, and came to acquit myself of a duty.

The palace of Holyrood, which the king inhabited, is composed of a façade terminated at either end by a species of wing or pavilion, flanked by small towers. To this pavilion are joined the wings of a modern building, of a square court formed by this disposition of the building is surrounded by arched galleries, the cloisters of ancient monasteries. The principal building and the two wings, built long after the façade, which appertained to the palace of the Scottish kings, are of an extremely simple architecture. To the left, as you enter, is the apartment formerly occupied by Mary Stuart. The furniture remains in the same condition in which it existed during the life-time of this princess; and is indeed carefully preserved. The portraits of Rizzio, placed in the most conspicuous parts of the wainscot, and over the chimney of the oratory, attest the undisguised hatred of the prince's assassins. The picture of the palace was very anxious to see the execution of the king, the blood of the Italian who fell under the daggers of his assassins; but, whether owing to the darkness of the place, or to my incredulity, I must freely confess I saw no trace of blood, though I was guilty of the perpetration of the crime of slaying the king. I perceived it. This a species of complacency which is peculiar to Scotsmen, and which a well-bred man should not refuse.

The approach to Holyrood is through numerous small and filthy streets, or rather lanes, occupied by the lowest and most wretched class of the population. The palace is in one of the valleys which intersect Edinburgh; and it would appear as if the palace itself had been destined for the reception of illustrious exiles, with whose misfortunes it was intended to be in keeping, for nothing can be more gloomy than its position, between two mountains of the most sombre aspect, which offer to the inmate other vista than the skies, every earthly prospect being shut out from view. The internal distribution of the palace presents a suite of immense apartments, the walls of which are imperfectly concealed by ancient tapestry. Antique chairs, Gothic sofas, the dilapidated state of which was dignified by a Roman calico, beds with serge curtains, and a diamond-table, which combined the old with the new. The reception given to the descendants of Louis the Fourteenth, in this habitation of the Stuarts, could not fail to prove to them that Holyrood had changed hands. It seemed as if, implacable in her recollections of the past, the usurpation which had deposed the Stuarts of their rights, designed to cast them on the bar of its tribunal a family of kings fugitive in its turn, and to arraign the generous hospitality which, in the days of its power, it had bestowed upon another royal family, whose fate afforded matter for such painful comparisons.

At St. Germain, the sovereign of the palace descended the staircase to receive at the door the wandering English monarch; but at Holyrood the exiled French monarch was not soothed by the like consolation. At Holyrood, instead of a powerful sovereign, a hall-porter, with a bunch of keys in his hand, did the honours of the palace. The door opened on a cheerless, and desolate. In place of a strong box filled with gold, for the use of the exiled monarch's privy purse, there lay on the table certain filthy papers hardly legible; writs of capias, and writs of seizure of effects, were the consolations which met

the eye of the exiled monarch in a foreign land. The brutal indifference of the nineteenth century was substituted for the delicate and sumptuous courtesy of the seventeenth. In fine, the monarch of England was the host, instead of an absolute monarch of France; William the Fourth instead of Louis the Fourteenth. I shall avoid mixing up with details calculated only to gratify an idle curiosity, other recitals of a graver character, and require but instruction, which are exclusively the province of history. I will not dwell on those scenes of sorrow when three generations of kings opposed, to the assaults of misfortune, a calm dignity, unembittered remembrances of past grandeur and hopes, with which no feelings of resentment were mingled. I will not paint the suffering virtue of him from whose mouth no word of complaint or reproach ever fallen, and who has never expressed a wish which had not to its object the happiness of France; neither will I relate how, as in the days of their power and prosperity, distress was no sooner known than relieved: every other habit of the Tuilleries had been laid aside; this alone was preserved. The playful innocence of the graceful department, the precocious talents of a child, threw even a charm over the sadness of the meetings at Holyrood. Happiness in the choice of words carelessly scattered here and there during the progress of the conversation, and a sense of duty announcing not only a lively imagination, but a noble and elevated mind, called up the expression of real pleasure in countenances to whose features an expression of grief had become familiar.

The good-nature of the Duke de Bordeaux was apparent in those frequent acts of munificence and charity which the display of his noble soul never failed to reveal. His memory is not only retentive but well stored. He speaks with equal fluency the French, German, Italian, and English languages. Gymnastic exercises, to which he had been early accustomed, tended to develop in him a generosity and elegance of manners which distinguish his character. His education, which he could not fail to attract notice, were he not already, by his birth and premature importance, an object of general and undisguised interest.

The following anecdotes will give an idea of his elevated mind, and the readiness and tact of his sallies. When the Duke de Bordeaux arrived at Holyrood Castle, where they had taken up their temporary abode on their first arrival, in order to repair to Edinburgh, his sister, who, it had been arranged, should proceed by way of London, entertained her brother with the pleasantest sallies while visiting the capital. "What will you see, said the young prince, 'that can so sensibly interest you in a sea voyage?'" "The coast of France," was his reply. And the ill concealed tears started into his eye, and drew corresponding tears from all who heard a reply, inspired by so affecting a sentiment, expressed with such dignified simplicity.

On my departure from London, for Edinburgh, Madame, Duchess of Berri, begged of me to convey to her son a dog of which he was extremely fond, and the loss of which, in consequence of the events of July, had caused him inexpressible grief. The unexpected recovery of the dog, and the return of the Duchess to her country, might have left the young prince little to regret, but to a visit of pure etiquette; such, however, was not the case. The caresses of poor Zumi, her evident delight at again seeing her master, did not interfere for a moment with that dignity which he deemed it becoming to reserve.

I shortened a visit which the prince might find too long, but I had an opportunity of judging, from the adjoining apartment where I remained a few moments, what resolution the royal child must have displayed, when he could thus check, in my presence, the expression of those feelings which he had so recently and so sensibly in his favourite dog so unexpectedly restored to him.

The archers of Edinburgh wished the young prince to assist at their sports. One of their body asked me to inform him whether the duke would do them the honour to accept their invitation. I gave an answer in the affirmative, which it was intended to return, and caused preparations to be made for the prince's reception.

On the day appointed, the prince found the company in full costume, with a bow, arrows, gloves, and every thing necessary for the sport, in readiness for him. His impatience was about to spoil his words, when he recalled to his self possession by a few words whispered to him by his under governor, he requested the captain of the company to show him the manner of taking aim; he drew his bow and reached the mark. On a second at-

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 6, NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA—AT \$3 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

tempt, he proved equally successful; and he would have ventured a third time, had not been advised not to compromise the reputation he had just acquired.

"Sir," said the duke to the captain, "your company is full, I suppose?"

"No, monseigneur," replied the captain.

"Will you admit another archer?" said the duke.

"Will you have me?"

"We should be too highly honoured," said the captain.

"Where is your muster-roll?" said the prince. "I wish to inscribe my name;" and on the moment, the muster-roll was honoured with the name of a Bourbon. A few days afterwards, the archers presented to the prince a complete uniform of their company. The Duke of Bordeaux exhibits a marked predilection for every thing that relates to military science, a predilection that would, no doubt, materially interfere with his other studies, if care were not taken to control and regulate it.

The best encouragement that can be held out to him, is the promise of allowing him to witness military evolutions. One day, when attending a review, he was struck with the martial air which a pair of huge mustachios gave to one of the officers.

"How fine these mustachios look!" said he; "would that mine were already grown!" At this moment, his eye directed itself to the seamed and war-worn countenance of one of his suite, who had a slash on his cheek.

"There is," said he, "something better still than mustachios, to look at; but I must not be so indiscreet as to Lavillate. Let me on the occasion arise, and I will do my best to be like him." So saying, he threw himself into the arms of the officer, and embraced with enthusiasm the proud record of his bravery.

These anecdotes, selected from the numerous and dignified, afford sufficient indications of the generous and disinterested sentiments which adorn this youthful prince, and are a presage of what we may expect from an education directed upon the soundest principles, and pursued in the school of misfortune.

The noble character of the Scots exhibited itself in the conduct of the inhabitants of Edinburgh towards the royal family of France. If our princes were unsparring of acts of bounty, the generous people who profited by them were not slow in testifying their gratitude.

Whenever the king went, the most profound respect was manifested towards him by persons of every shade of political opinion. The lower classes of society, to whose necessities the purse of Charles X. was always open, exhibited not only a sentiment of respect, but of affection to their generous benefactor. May we not trace in those points of resemblance of which the Scots have been so powerful as to give to separation the character of public calamity, felt alike by men of all parties and of all religious beliefs? Assuredly not. The homage paid to the exiled Bourbons must have had a retrospect to the unfortunate reign of their majesty.

General sorrow, I may say desolation, was manifested throughout the town, when it was known that the king had determined to quit Edinburgh. The most lively regrets were expressed by the magistrates, the corporations, and all who had an opportunity of approaching the person of his majesty.

The day of departure was a memorable one. The whole population lined the road from Holyrood to Leith, where the embarkation was to take place. The streets, the windows, nay, even the tops of the houses, from which the king's farewell would be taken of the illustrious exiles, were filled with spectators of the affecting scene.

As propriety did not admit of those popular demonstrations which are only exhibited towards native sovereigns, the people of Scotland supplied the place of these

affectionate testimonies by a more touching mark of delicacy. It was arranged that each person in the vast crowd should wave, in silence, either a white handkerchief or ribbon, as a sign of condolence. By so doing, the people presented to the royal view a colour which recalled the recollection of more prosperous times. A generous flattery dispelled, for a moment at least, from a heart in which grief had taken up her abode, the sensations consequent upon existing misfortune, and threw over the part of condolence, one which would afford a resting-place to hope, whenever it should have to recall the days of past sorrow and regret.

SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

All that hospitality presents as most attractive to a stranger—All that knowledge affords of the most valuable found combined in the society of Edinburgh. In no city in Europe does he find a greater anxiety displayed to win his good opinion. These dispositions appear inspired by the desire to set off to advantage a land cherished by the natives with an attachment bordering upon worship.

The Scots have considerable pretensions to science, and to a certain degree of perfection in the arts. Each individual seems to excel in some particular branch; from the sixties results a more general education than exists elsewhere, and a necessity of displaying it. This, which at the first blush might appear a questionable merit, is, in truth, a real advantage.

The Scottish ladies exhibit a laudable desire to please, and the greater part of them attain their object. Tall, of fair complexion, and a finer style of dress than rather handsome than pretty. They stand for that delicacy of feature which nature sometimes denies them, by their gifted minds and graceful manners. One can hardly remain for a few moments in the society of a Scottish lady, without being convinced that they succeed in the most important object of woman's life—in the talent of pleasing. Their beauty is resplendent at a ball; their wit imparts to their conversation an uncommon interest; in point of education, and in their system of domestic economy, they do not differ from Englishwomen.

Scottish civility is more than that of the English; their politeness is more plant than that of the French; their neighbours, and adapts itself more readily to continental forms. They possess in the highest degree an expression indicative of readiness to oblige, a character of hospitality and benevolence, which are never belied when their sincerity is put to the test.

They are in general of high stature, and have paid homage to that physical quality, by creating a club in the capital, under the name of the Six Feet Club. To admitance, without the admission of such a stature, the bravest soldier, the most distinguished warrior, could not obtain admission. Wallace himself, if he returned to earth with the short stature accorded to him by history—Sir Walter Scott, who, without being a short man, was not of the required height—would both necessarily have been rejected.

NATIONAL CHARACTER.

The affection of Scotland for the last members of the house of Stuart was a sentiment long preserved in the nation. The affection was fostered by the attempts of that unfortunate family to recover the throne, and by the very measures so energetically adopted to repress it. Even now they cherish a tender and religious sentiment for the memory of the Stuarts; a sentiment which, perhaps, throws an air of coldness over their feelings towards a sovereign imposed upon them rather by victory than by their free choice. Incorporated with Great Britain, they still remain Scottish; and participating in the general interests of England, they nevertheless keep always a steady eye on those particular considerations which have for their nation.

Their aristocracy still reside, and maintain their influence, amongst them. Their religion deriving too from that of England in some of its doctrines, is rendered still more dissimilar by the rigidity of its practice. And though the language spoken by the better classes is common to both countries, still the tone of the Scottish is distinguished by an accent which is readily apparent in the first words spoken by one of that nation.

Several Scottish regiments have retained, in their uniform, many striking parts of their national costume, as if they designed to protest against the conquest of their country, by refusing to amalgamate their costumes and their manners with those of their conquerors.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

The Scots have a national music, of which they are exceedingly proud. This claim is founded on the existence of certain national ballads, of a simple and drawing melody, of a melancholic turn, but varied in its expression or elaborated in the composition, but not wholly devoid of a pleasing effect.

Their musical system was evidently adopted in the very infancy of the art, and has preserved its original fidelity to the music of the ancients, to the extent that the Scottish bards attribute their poems to music. It may safely be averred that many of the most celebrated Scottish ballads were composed by these early bards; the airs are even now calculated to excite their enthusiasm. I draw from this a conclusion more favourable to the national character than to the musical taste of the Scots. A spirit of nationality could alone, in fact, account for the enthusiasm felt by a whole nation for compositions, the chief and perhaps the only merit of which consists in their early origin.

In the Scottish regiments, the drum and other instruments give way to the bagpipe, their national and favourite instrument. Its harsh sounds seem calculated neither to soothe nor to excite the passions of the soldier.* Independently of this, the bagpipe appears an instrument little calculated to convey to any distance, or to a large assemblage of men, the commands which it is usual to transmit by means of the trumpet and the drum; but the Scots remember that the sounds of this instrument challenge to victory the clans of Wallace, the armies of Robert Bruce, and, in no less a degree, the Highland regiments of our own time.

The Highlanders have preserved the costume of their forefathers, in defiance of its unsuitableness for the climate of their country. This costume consists of a bonnet which covers the top of the head; a piece of white square plaid, intended to support the shoulders of the shoulders in a manner far more picturesque than convenient; a lower garment, somewhat in the shape of a petticoat, called a kilt, and which, leaving uncovered a part of the thigh and leg, presents a feeble barrier against the habitual coldness of the atmosphere. Nothing displays in a more remarkable manner the attachment of the Scots to their national customs than their perseverance in this costume, as well as in the use of inconvenient and short stockings, despite their manifest singularity and disadvantages.

The singular union of English jackets, and a shawl with black feathers, complete the dress of the Scottish soldier. The cross-barred stockings of the Highlander, fastened by a red garter, and his shoe covered with a large brass buckle, must prove highly inconvenient, and form a revolting contrast with the dress of every civilised army in Europe, in which such severe regulations have, of late, been adopted.

It may be concluded, from this obstinate adherence to a dress neither in harmony with the age, the personal comfort of the wearer, the customs of other countries, nor even with the existing state of the national civilization, that this people wish to retain the customs imprinted on their character by the seal of centuries, that they wish to protest against those changes which have been forced upon them and those with which they now consider themselves threatened, and that they prefer their nationality, though attended with so many inconveniences, changes for which they are not desirous to pay the price of an abandonment of their cherished traditions; even though such traditions and customs may contrast with the prevailing spirit of the age, and with their own manifest progress in the path of civilisation.

The Scots, on becoming united to England, preserved

* The Baron should have said the French soldier

the laws which regulated their system of property, as well as some parts of their ancient constitution. The territorial divisions of Scotland, her judicial and administrative forms, her laws, her constitution, her manners, her English parliament has been united to that of England; the members they send to the house of commons are chosen in the same manner as in the latter kingdom. The sixteen peers deputed by Scotland to the upper house, are chosen by the other peers, and for the whole duration of parliament.

The constitution of the Scottish clergy is altogether different from that of the English church. They approximate more to Luther in their religious tenets, which exhibits a severity of principles more vexatious and irksome in the practice. Along with the dogma of puritanism, the Scottish religion has adopted the spirit of dark intolerance peculiar to the sect which it rejects episcopacy; and unlike the clergy of the English church, its ministers collect no tithes for their support.

THE HIGHLANDS.

He who loves the aspect of a country which partakes of the natural and the grand, he who is pleased with manners which savour of mountain originality, cannot fail to be charmed with a visit to the Highlands.

However mountainous the country may be, however decorated by beautiful lakes, Scotland has no kind of resemblance to Switzerland, which it is habitually and erroneously compared. It possesses not those bold forelands, those imposing rocks, those detached masses, that spread of green sward, those handsome forests, which constitute the charm of Helvetia. Scotland, moreover, is deficient in that cultivation, in that feature of comparative wealth and civilisation, which are among the admired advantages of happy Switzerland. The disposition, too, of the lakes is different. It rarely happens that the border of the landscape is cut out in the same fashion as in Switzerland; and the conformation of the mountains of the country differs in an remarkable manner. In the mountainous sides of the mountains, the steeply inclined planes reaching to the verge of calm and transparent waters. Cows, flocks of sheep, and stags, feed in the midst of small underwoods, while in the distance one sees, here and there, thinly scattered trees. Occasionally, fields enclosed with hedges yield a variable crop of rye, or oats, which the inhabitants make an indifferent bread. In more attractive views, the eye now and then reposes on the prospect of shooting-boxes, and of distant mansions, rarely to be met with, owing to the inconceivable extent of the deserts: a principal mansion on each estate, and a few shooting-boxes, are the only habitations, and their friends during the summer months, do not exist in sufficient number to give the country an air of comfort and activity. The Highlands present, accordingly, a rugged and barren appearance, which fills the mind with melancholy.

There are, however, some exceptions to the exclusive possession of the soil by its titular lords. Comfortable and even elegant houses are often seen, which do not belong to the higher aristocracy. The descendants of the chiefs of ancient clans still retain possession of considerable portions of land, and in the character of owners of the soil, they superadd an extensive influence over all those of the clan who bear their name and wear their favourite plaid. These chiefs of clans keep up the hospitality of the olden time, with all its generous confidence and cordial warmth of manner. The introduction to one family of distinction, in Scotland, is sufficient to obtain for the stranger a ready admittance into the best society in the country; and he is received in their circles with a warmth and cordiality which, in other countries, are reserved for relatives, or old and intimate friends: Should the family with whom the guest is staying, make a visiting excursion, he is taken with them, and presented by some one of the family whose acquaintance he has first made; and his greatest difficulty lies in resisting the good things which the hospitality and custom of the Highlands heap upon him. There is a certain familiarity, which a stranger cannot naturalise himself in a short time. There are indeed few strangers of whose social, gastronomic, and drinking powers, the Scots must not entertain a rather contemptible opinion, looking to their own accomplished feats at the social board.

SPORTING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

I was invited to a shooting-party during the grouse season. This grouse is a bird of the partridge species, very common in the Highlands. I set off on a High-

land pony, to whose natural sagacity I trusted myself as often as occasion arose, and whose trained experience was sufficient to lead me (filling birds in the way) into another, where to find them was almost certain.

Grouse exists in great abundance in Scotland; but it is not permitted, by an ancient usage of the country, to fire twice on the same covey of birds. The necessity of seeking fresh coveys, as well as the heavy nature of the sport, renders grouse-shooting a very fatiguing pastime.

Stag-hunting offers a pleasure of a different kind. The sportsman sets out accompanied by thirty or forty gamekeepers. It seldom happens that the stag approach sufficiently near to be within reach of the ball of the sportsman; he almost always gains the ridge of mountains crowned by perpendicular rocks, forming a species of natural wall of four or five feet high. Bounding over these walls, he considers himself safe, and proceeds leisurely to graze. The huntsmen arrive, without noise, take their station, and, at a given signal, many of the stags fall victims at the first charge.

The stag often affords a nobler sport, when hunted by large stag-hounds of a prodigious strength. The dogs in general attempt to seize the stag by the throat, and by ears and tail, and sometimes by the hind legs before they can make these attempts: often they succeed, and have only to vanquish the obstinate resistance which their antagonist opposes to them.

The Scottish stag is infinitely larger than the stag of the continent; his courage and strength render him, as much more formidable to his assailants. The number of these animals has so greatly increased, that the mountains belonging to the Duke of Athol are said to contain eight thousands.

MELTON-MOWBRAY.

It is at Melton in Leicestershire, a mountainous and wooded country, intersected by valleys and deep rivers, by brooks, and hedges defended by double ditches, that the best hunting in England is afforded. The country is not remarkable either for the beauty of its sites, or as presenting those enjoyments which a small estate and a few sportsmen find not only pleasure and amusement in surrounding. It may be also said to afford a glory—like the amateurs who hunt them—appear to delight in dangers, and congregate in preference round Melton. They are found in the neighbourhood in sufficient quantity to furnish a supply for the considerable destruction which yearly takes place.

There is not a hunt which may not afford food for a fortnight's conversation. The brooks and ditches cleared, the rivers swam over, the broken limbs and ribs, the horses killed—such are the anecdotes which form the inevitable episodes of these charming parties!

Curiously, which seems to increase the attendance of the nobles, has not neglected so rich a subject; it has contrived to turn to humorous account the often tragical occurrences furnished by such dangerous amusements.

The keeping up of what is called an establishment at Melton, entails a very considerable expense. This species of luxury, which scarcely admits the attendance of a number of wealthy people. No Meltonian can dispense with a dozen horses, each of which costs, at the least, two or three hundred guineas. Some stables contain even thirty.* The labour of a hunter is not prolonged beyond three or four seasons. From the care bestowed upon the horses, requires the attendance of an groom. This may convey some idea of the enormous expense incidental to this kind of enjoyment.

The intervals between hunting days are filled up by brilliant assemblages at the country mansions, by play, and by cock-fighting, which serve as pretexts to bets of ten amounting to a very considerable sum.

Melton is one of the places in the world where one is most careless of one's purse and person, and where the one and the other are sacrificed with the greatest zest.

COCK-FIGHTING.

If the character of nations were to be studied in their popular games, special attention should be bestowed on cock-fighting, which holds a high rank among the amuse-

ments to which the people of England are most fondly attached.*

The attention paid to the preservation of the race of the cock, a spirit of order and perseverance is manifested. In the enormous bets to which cock-fighting serves as a pretext, is disclosed the taste for a species of chance, the caprices of which, nevertheless, offer the basis of a sort of calculation. In the course of the bird, the nature of a resemblance with that of man presents itself; and in the tragical conclusion of the struggle, the need of an impression lively enough to excite imaginations which a slight movement of curiosity could not agitate. In the enthusiasm of the spectators of all classes to take part for such or such a cock, and to compare the merits of the bird with the idea of the moment and the inspiration of play, a similitude is afforded to that ardour which induces the English to engage themselves, fortune as well as person, in political quarrels with which they have no concern. In a word, in all the details of a fight, to exhibit a sort of a resemblance with that of man presents itself; and in the tragical conclusion of the struggle, the need of an impression lively enough to excite imaginations which a slight movement of curiosity could not agitate.

Celebrated by its fox-hunts, Melton is not less renowned by its cock-fights. In the environs of this town the most celebrated race of birds is bred; and here it is that all schemes are followed which are likely to add to the glory of the breed, and to increase by crossing the perfection of the cock. It is in the environs of Melton that, from the peer of the three kingdoms, to the farmer, may, even to the groom, the passion of play confounds all rank. Bets are here offered and accepted without examining from whence they come, or into what hands they enter.

People interest themselves less about the genealogy of a cock than about that of a race-horse. Any coupling of these birds which is calculated to impair the breed, is repudiated with as much horror, as a derogatory marriage in the human race is in this country. And in this classic land, social distinctions, aristocracy, with all its pretensions and the rigour of its despotism, condescends to interfere in the manner of breeding fowls.

Thanks to the care taken of the ancestry of the cock—which is traced back through several generations, and to the vigilance which is exercised to prevent what is called blood, that is to say, that they descend, by an uninterrupted succession of grandfathers of noble origin, from a stock capable of furnishing combatants well suited by their courage for the arena in which they exhibit their valour.

Cock-fighting has its laws, as rigorously observed as those which regulated the passes of a tournament, or as the brutal rules observed in the boxing-matches of London.

The great bets are made on the success of a series of fights between a certain number of cocks. Thus, each better fetches about thirty of these birds, and divides them into three parties. He opposes one of them to the bird presented by his adversary, and the bet is adjudged to the better whose champions have been most frequently conquerors, first in each party, and afterwards in two of the three.

Other bets are offered even during the battle, on the chances which it presents; and it is thus that the tact and rapidity of judgment of the betters are called into exercise. A knowing eye conjectures, from the manner in which the birds fight, and the manner in which they are blown he gives and receives; from the effect produced on his countenance by a wound inflicted on such or such a part of the body, the probable issue of the contest; and from one end to the other of the cockpit, the spectators propose, or, to speak more properly, cry out, which are accepted with the same readiness, the proportions varying according to the opinion which the better entertains of the result.

A circular hall, furnished with steps which enable you to descend into the pit, is filled with spectators. Two men appear, bearing silk bags, on which the cocks are mounted. The cocks are therefore crowded. They draw forth the cocks which are to fight, and place them before a judge, who examines them, and who assures himself, by an inspection of their weight and confirmation, whether they are of equal strength. This formality fulfilled, the cocks are returned to the men who have brought them to the pit, and are placed upon the turf which serves as the theatre for the combat.

The birds are prepared for this combat in a manner suited to the occasion. The comb and such feathers as would be both useless and dangerous are removed. The combs of the birds are therefore stripped of these, and their wings reduced to an extent which only allows

* The Halls, Trollope, and Filders have neglected to state this fact.—Ed.

* Sir Harry Goodricke's contain fifty.—Translator.

them to raise themselves to a small height. Their tail, which is cut square, gives them a martial tair, and imparts to their gait a spruce and easy appearance. Their legs are rounded and stout, very sharp and cutting, and of the form of a poniard.

Like horses prepared for the race-course, cocks are subjected to a regimen, to which is to be attributed, in a great measure, the strength they put forth. The food they receive is provided for the addition to the energy and vigour of their muscles. They are purged, are made to swallow stimulants, and kept in continual irritation, as well as in a forced exercise. The effect of these minute observances discloses itself by a rapidity and violence of movement, which gives to the birds thus treated an insupportable superiority over their fellows subjected to an ordinary regimen.

As soon as the combatants are in presence, they look at each other with fierceness, and each in some sort measures and judges his opponent. Immediately afterwards, they rush upon each other, the gradations of which can be easily observed; incline their necks towards the ground, and, after having preserved this attitude during some seconds, as if to gather up their courage and their strength, rush towards each other. The bill is the first weapon of which they avail themselves, but the most formidable is the beak. They seek to pierce each other in the forehead, upon the back, in the sides. The blood runs from their deep and numerous wounds, from the bill, even from the eyes. Their fury increases in consequence; they watch each other's motions, and deal out fresh blows till one of the combatants drops.

It often happens that while both lie dying in the arena, they summon up, as though by concert, a remnant of life, rush against each other, add to their wounds, and fall down again. But their fury has not forsaken them, and the gambols of their agony still wear the character of valour, and afford to the umpire the means of deciding with whom the victory rests.

When the fight is only disastrous to one of the combatants, the conqueror walks proudly round his fallen enemy, and attempts, with an exhausted voice, a crow of triumph, which is the acclamations of the enthusiastic spectators in response.

The race of cocks has lost its Theriastes. Sometimes, however, but rarely, there are cowards, in whom the sight of an adversary causes a tremor, and who fly to avoid the sight. The spectators at first, and afterwards the judges, are impatient for them to be put to death. One of the one are but the prelude of a sentence of death pronounced and inexorably executed by the other.

In their absurd prejudice in favour of birth, the English persuade themselves that cowardice is only discovered when a man's pure breed has been interrupted by a disproportioned alliance. In France, so ill-sounding an opinion would be antithetical by its application to the breed of cocks.

The aspect of a cockpit differs from all assemblages that have pleasure for their object. He who has not been present at the sitting, and is consequently, where the graver interests are discussed, would find it impossible to form an idea of the cries, the gestures, the applause, the blows, the stamping and clattering which the spectators resort to by way of expressing their impatience. There are only two things which complete the resemblance between a cock pit and a nobleman's chamber—the absence of menaces which are not allowed in the English assembly. In order to check the excess of turbulence, there is suspended from the ceiling, by means of a cord passed through a pulley, a large basket intended for the reception of the combatants, and the bird who has the most extensive comb—assigned to ill-breeding.

France, which is so eager to model her institutions on those of Great Britain, should resort to this means, which perhaps would have more efficacy than a president's bell.

IRELAND.

GENERAL CONDITION OF IRELAND.

Ireland continues to afford subsistence to a population of eight millions, which England rarely coerces than in the case of the catholic religion furnished. For a long time, a pretext to those professing the faith of the established church, to put under a species of ban seven-eighths of the Irish population; and now that a more humane policy has raised up the hitherto proscribed catholic to the rank of subjects of the same state, an inquiet and unruly population, which is daily threatening to overturn all, seems in some degree to justify those exceptional measures, so long maintained with rigour, and so lately removed from the code of British legislation.

Since the year 1798, an epoch of unhappy memory for her, Ireland has manifested an impatience of the English yoke, and a general discontent, which have obliged the government to have recourse to the measures of severity. The passing of the Catholic Relief Bill, far from having calmed the excitement, has, on the contrary, but tended to give fresh courage to the disturbers of the public peace. At this instant, the public tranquillity is daily compromised, under all the pretexts and forms which religion can invent. These unwarlike interruptions of public order may lead to the most disastrous results.

The political excitement finds a powerful auxiliary in the distress of the country; nor is a physical force, for which almost any change must be a benefit, unwilling to lend its aid, on occasions when it may be found convenient to enlist its services. The Irish demagogue discovers for the Irish peasant a fancied or a true analogy between politics and religion, and bids him take courage from the extent of his distress: thus excited, the peasant is let loose upon power, property, in fact against every social institution. Under the names of White-fet, Ribbonmen, &c. Irish *Jaquerie* exercises its lawless violence, its rapines, its burnings, in different parts of the country. Bound together by oaths which it were death to violate, these Irish factions commit the greatest crimes, and are the authors of the most atrocious truths, all law is in abeyance in the hands of White-fet, and dare not, and are not if they would, declare the truth.

A perfect organisation, therefore, emboldens these confederates to raise the standard of almost open revolt. And now, as if things were not bad enough, a new organisation springs up under the name of Volunteers, spreading themselves over the towns and villages, as well as over the face of the country, and composed of men of the middle classes of society. When a unity of purpose and a settled direction have been given to their efforts, the protection of their numbers, and their ardour, the agitators, who proceed openly towards the attainment of their object.

This object is no less than the repeal of the union between England and Ireland. Hence the name of Repealers, adopted by the Irish who wish for the dissolution of the union, by which they are divided in views, as well as of religious belief, recruited from all the ranks of the Whitefett and the Ribbonmen, all of whom regard, as they conceive, under the yoke of a political servitude, the Repealers are still more formidable by the talents of the English who have placed themselves at their head.

From time to time, the Repealers take place, for the payment of titles forms the pretext: some are killed; burnings of houses ensue; peaceable inhabitants are murdered in a cowardly manner on the high road, if the popular rage has been excited against them; vengeance thus gluttons, turns itself towards another point.

What the Irish desire is complete freedom; the equality of the catholic with the protestant faith; the exercise of those rights which the inhabitants of England and Scotland enjoy.

They want, in a word, their old constitution of 1793, and a national parliament, which would concentrate their interests distinct from those of England, and oblige the proprietors of the soil to abide on it, and spend in their country those revenues which are now squandered in foreign lands.

They have their leaders, as well as their government, which manifests its power in an open way. Its mandates are chiefly obeyed; it levies taxes, which are boldly demanded and readily paid; it musters its troops in open array; and its tribunals execute its fearful sentences, of murder and burnings, with audacious impunity. The English government, so absolutely helpless, requires but some daring hand to set fire to it. That well known hand exists, directed by a powerful will and a steady purpose, but the considerations which hold it back are as well known as the hand itself.

RELIGION.

Among the main causes of the disastrous condition of Ireland may be placed that difference of opinion which, for more than two centuries, has manifested itself between the great body of the population professing the Roman Catholic and the small fraction of the population who, by their exemption from a penal code to which their catholic brethren were till lately subjected. In a population consisting of eight millions, seven millions, professing the catholic religion, have long groaned under all those vexatious and oppressive measures which religious rancour could superadd to party spirit. The English government, so to the hands of a few, enabled these few, for a time, to sustain an unequal struggle against a strong tyranny; but, deprived of the favour of the sovereign, and ineligible to

the posts of honour, wealth in Ireland, in catholic hands, could confer neither power nor distinction. For a time, wealth might no doubt procure some degree of consideration; but, so tardy national justice deprived property of that influence which, under good royal administration, property should always enjoy. The people, conscious that it failed to confer the protection and happiness which are naturally expected from it, began to regard the proprietors and wealthy men with indifference, and to neglect the means of extending the existence of the aristocracy, a community of sufficient wealth, education, and a hatred of the government, their common oppressors, attached in some sort the tenant to his landlord; but that more intimate alliance between the lord and the vassal, which has always subsisted in England, and which is the object of prudent foresight and duty as humanity on the part of the one, and of gratitude and duty on the part of the other, exists not in Ireland.

The state of poverty and degradation in which the catholic clergy of Ireland languish, has placed the exercise of the sacerdotal functions in the hands of men little qualified by education to magnify, by their social position, or to exalt, the dignity of that church. The catholic priesthood in Ireland is recruited from the lowest ranks of society. Too poor to acquire the necessary education, the catholic priest supplies this want by a blind fanaticism, which, without regard to the consequences, communicates to the body of the people, in whom the priesthood excite, to the highest pitch of exaltation, a spirit of religious enthusiasm.

Hence that constant state of uneasiness, that disposition to discontent, those incessant aggressions against a government which has no other means of defence, the precautions necessary for its safety to the extreme point of converting those very precautions into an insufferable tyranny. Hence this division of Ireland into two political and religious classes; one of them, the most numerous, the poorest, and the most excited; the other, the weakest in numbers, the strongest in power, and the most impelled to abuse both the one and the other. Hence, in fine, a hatred always ready to burst forth with that character of violence resulting from the respective situations of the conflicting parties.

In order to prevent the effects of this help could have availed, short of that civilisation with which England was, in a measure, supplied from the continent; and which showed her the justice of exercising a benign influence towards unhappy Ireland. It was necessary that England should have been able to send her, from the Irish shores, those cries of liberty, those demonstrations against intolerance, to which she has so shamelessly given vent in all quarters of the globe. It was necessary that England, the country which prides itself on its spirit of the most expansive liberty, should be made to behold in its true colours, and to convert them into weapons against their oppressors.

The measure which was to call Ireland to a participation of rights too long overlooked, did not fail to meet with an obstinate resistance in the prejudices and feelings of the English nation. England feared the use to which Ireland would be put, and she refused to make a transition from servitude to comparative freedom was the more to be dreaded, as it had been prepared beforehand by the efforts made to excite the passions to the highest pitch of hope, and by a state of wretchedness which could only lead to drive the people into acts of despair, and which there existed no means of effectually relieving.

Able statesmen clung to the then existing state of things, not that they approved of it, but that they feared the dangerous consequences which might flow from the most trifling modification of the system. Their successors they bequeathed the difficult task which they had not the courage to undertake; and finding it easier to perpetuate tyranny than to administer justice, they concluded that the easiest course was that of keeping Ireland in that state.

The government was at last obliged to abandon the line which it had prescribed to itself; but in adopting that resolution, it was no longer enabled to guard against the consequences which must inevitably attend it. The concession which was thus wrung from power was looked upon by the Irish as a triumph over their oppressors. A religious spirit now came to the aid of that philosophy which had, hitherto, only struggled for the removal of an unjust ascendancy; and lending to the cause all its

accounted bitterness and rancour, as well as its language, threw its whole force into the political strife. This religious spirit is now at work. It still mingles in the combat, harassing its enemy, and seeking to obtain, with its own peculiar weapons, those new and enlarged concessions, which it is not in a condition only to expect. This spirit calls to its aid other passions, other interests, all species of discontent, every form of opposition. It allies itself to every complaining tongue, to every strong arm, and finds, moreover, far more formidable auxiliaries in the embarrassments which beset the government.

In this conjuncture, the government has recourse to various expedients, which at another season, under different circumstances, had proved successful—expedients which they loudly condemn, when a neighbouring government broke down in the attempt to resort to them, under circumstances infinitely more urgent, menacing, and dangerous. These expedients are borrowed from an exceptional system. Will they succeed in the present condition of affairs? and if they do succeed, can their success be durable? The future alone can reveal the truth. For in the present convulsed state of society, and of the principles on which society rests, it is difficult to foresee what may yet come to pass. But is the future, such as it has been prepared by the daring innovators who now read to consult it—is this future calculated to elate our apprehensions? Is it not from Ireland that will blow the storm, the fearful elements of which had been so long slumbering, and have been since spread abroad with such fatal fury? England may well tremble with apprehension for already are heard at no great distance the howl of the tempest and the roar of the whirlwind.

It is vain it is thought to hush the storm, by yielding up some of the numerous abuses which had crept into the practice of the dominant faith in Ireland. In vain it is now proposed to surrender some portion of the wealth of the established church.

It is that a problem in physics, whether the conductor does not invite, rather than avert the electric fluid. The same uncertainty still exists in political science concerning the effect of concession, which may be called a species of political conductor, more likely, in truth, to invite and invigorate the spirit of destruction, than to avert or annihilate it.

Richly endowed for doing nothing, the clergy of the established church in Ireland were mainly intent on levying tithes, of which they too often spent the produce in England. Ministers have now assumed the initiative, in reducing the tithes to a moderate sum, and in refusing no benefit on the Irish people, and the revenues of which were certainly not turned, by the incumbents, to very apostolic uses.

The catholic clergy, whose social position will in no degree be improved by these reductions, will, in consequence of them, be a little more disposed to support the government; for these changes fail to remove the great defects of the catholic clergy, their poverty, their want of education, the abjectness of their social position. The measures, therefore, which have been adopted in reference to religion, and which have been followed by the incessant of a prolonged legislative injustice, in producing a fiscal improvement, but they afford no preservative against dangers which are daily assuming a more alarming character.

IRISH ESTATES.

The tenure by which Irish property is held, the mode of holding it, the union of many small farms into one of considerable extent, the vastness of some estates—these are, also, master-causes of the deplorable condition of Ireland. Small farmers have nearly disappeared; the estate hereafter so denominated is falling more and more into the social ladder, and is now subject to all the ills and inconveniences incidental to poverty, a poverty which, contrasted with their comparatively happier state in former times, is rendered the more insupportable. A state of decay and latency, as, accordingly, sprung from the minds of the people towards the richer and more favoured classes of the community.

A diminution of manual labour has been consequent on the extension of farms. Machinery is now introduced into agriculture, as it has long since been into manufactures and industry. The number of hands employed in such introduction is a palpable benefit, it is yet a greater and overwhelming evil for those engaged in the particular labour which has, to a certain extent, been superseded by the use of machinery. This effect has been more apparent and more deplorable in Ireland, than in England; for in that country the great proprietors are, with few

exceptions, non-residents, and know not whether their tenantry stand in need of their sympathy and protection. The great object of the Irish landlord seems to be, to diminish as much as possible the cost of labour, and to increase as much as possible, and by whatever means, his annual income: thus he neither receives nor deserves the benedictions of his tenantry. In this respect, he forms the disreputable exception to the landlords of more civilised communities; in quitting the land of his birth, and becoming, as it were, a stranger in it, he is unable to sympathise with, or to derive himself the affection of his tenants. If he return to it, his visits are few, far between, and of short duration; the reception which he meets with on these occasions is generally cold, sometimes even hostile. Disgrat, a real or supposed fear, of the law, and the dread of being seized by Irish proprietors to leave a country in which they seem apprehensive for their safety; this is engendered a reciprocal animosity and hatred, without the least likelihood of their giving way, on either side, to better feelings.

In addition to the disadvantages just enumerated, there is another inseparable from the condition of an absentee. He takes every thing out of his country, and sends nothing into it. For a series of years, enormous sums have been extracted from Ireland, to be expended in England, and in the East Indies, and in the West Indies, and in the country, whose sweat and labour have supplied so much exportable wealth. The sources of this wealth and production, owing to frequent draining, are now dried up, to the great chagrin and dismay of the landlord, and to the more urgent misery of the tenant, who, in addition to the general discontent of his country, undergo the severer punishment of a reduced privation. Bread, the basis of subsistence in other countries, is in Ireland a luxury, to which the poverty of the tenant does not allow him to aspire. The potato, without any other nourishment, furnishes subsistence to the people of that country. In Ireland, which can even acquire a sufficiency of this species of nourishment.

Hence has arisen a prostration of the moral and physical faculties of Ireland, which has destroyed all finer feeling—and blunts all sense of wretchedness, all desire to find a relief in the improvement of his condition, and by the savings of hunger. Indifferent to every other want than hunger, the Irish peasant does not trouble himself concerning the almost complete nakedness of his offspring, or the filth of the cabin, which he holds in joint tenancy with the pig, the calf, and the fowl, that support him in his misery. Indifferent to the want of light to procure his family whiskey. He works little, because labour is unrequited as well as ill paid, and this discouragement to work brings idleness in its train.

The immense tracts of unreclaimed common and bog, in Ireland, are an obstacle to the agricultural industry of Great Britain. An elective legislation, adapted to an epoch when there was a dearth of farmers to cultivate the soil, suffers a vast quantity of unreclaimed land to lie fallow. Such a practice might be accounted for in a country thinly populated; but what apology can be made for it in a state of society where hundreds of thousands are dying of hunger in the midst of lands which might be made to teem with fertility? What can be said of the policy of reserving such lands for some undefined purpose, which can never occur under circumstances more favourable than those which would now recom-mend the cultivation of them.

In vain does the unfortunate peasant turn a wistful eye towards these unreclaimed lands; he sees in the bosom of the now unfruitful earth, a prospect of labour, and a reward of toil, a harvest which may grow to maturity, abundant means of existence; but he knows that he will not be allowed to turn these advantages to account. Never shall his plough till these fields—never shall his spade turn up a soil dedicated to perpetual sterility. All he can expect to enjoy is the produce of some miserable annuity, and too often does his hard for-

* Lord E— attempted, on his estate, to substitute healthy habitations for the miserable cabins of the peasantry. He caused many comfortable cottages to be erected, with separate apartments and chimneys, a luxury not generally known in Irish cabins. He was compelled to resort, as it were, to a species of coercion, in order to induce the peasantry to quit their old dwellings.

On his return from London, on one occasion, he found every thing destroyed but the walls and roof of his new buildings—the partitions, the chimneys, the windows—every thing had disappeared. In want of the common necessities of life, the poor could only view those cottages in the light of superfluities.

tune deny him even the possession of them. By the side of those animals which a wretched nutriment renders almost valueless, a whole family pines away in inaction; while the surface of grazing land necessary for the wants of a cow would amply suffice to provide for their wants.

To these causes of wretchedness and poverty is super-added the rigorous enforcement of title from the cultivators of the soil. Gathered for the profit of pastors without flocks, collectors of the dues of a religion to which the people do not belong, tithes serve but to feed the luxury of the clergy living out of the country, and wholly regardless of the misery of the tithe-payers by whose labour they subsist. The unfortunate natives, belonging as they do to a different religion, are beyond the pale of the sympathy and care of the protestant parson.

It is chiefly in Ireland that the corporations of London are possessed of estates: proprietors divested of all attachment to the soil, without any personal interest, or any of those strong motives of duty which should bind the landlord to the tenant, and their whole object seems to be to receive their rents, and to spend them out of the country; a twofold and unavoidable cause of impoverishment for the land condemned to be thus misgoverned.

In order to expend on her soil some fragments of capital, of which so many causes tend to divest Ireland, Great Britain has been obliged to create a large dependent province. Some few millions distributed in the payment of this force are almost the only circulating medium of the country.

IRISH POOR.

Ireland may be said to be peopled with poor. The number of families who live in easy circumstances, forms a fearful disproportion to those who are in a perfect state of destitution. The last and only comfort which remains to the inhabitants of Ireland, a people more wretched than those of any other civilised country, is this—and it is a miserable one—that the distress is unequal, and that some are less wretched than others. Those who suffer in a state of society where all are alike wretched, are spared the additional misery of instituting comparisons which could only aggravate the misery of their lot.

There are in Ireland no poor-laws as in England. Public charity is the only resource, and it is the certain wants of the Irish poor; and immense is the task which is imposed on this casual handiwork. Matters are now, however, advanced to a state in which they cannot much longer continue.

The first remedy which presents itself to the mind of philanthropy, in relation to the happiness of their species, is the institution of a system of poor-laws similar to that which obtains in England. To judge, however, of the English poor-laws by the results which they produce in England, it is with difficulty one can agree in the conclusion that they are calculated to meet the emergency which is admitted to exist in Ireland.

Notwithstanding the enormous cost of the poor-laws, they but imperfectly attain the end of their institution; and, perhaps, one of the most positive effects of these laws is to encourage idleness, to create new wants on the part of the poor, and to increase the difference as to the future, which cannot but have a disastrous influence on their moral faculties.

To these laws are attached conditions little in harmony with that liberty which is the boast of Englishmen; and the condition of the poor, notwithstanding the considerable sums which are expended on their relief, is, in reality, worse than in any other country.

In France there exists no other law concerning the poor than that which, however inadequate to meet the object in view, nevertheless forbids mendicancy. In France it is justly supposed that principles of religion and humanity are more generally inculcated, and that the poor are less law itself; for they would act with more discernment and with better feeling. The form of relief accordingly assumes an endless variety; such, for instance, as the customs and resources of the different localities. The expenditure is not regulated by any law, except inasmuch as the more readily assented to, as it may be levied by a tax upon produce, and as each contributor is assessed in a degree proportioned to the means at his command.

If the indigent population of Ireland be numerous, the extent of its uncultivated lands exceeds all belief. Much

* It must however be acknowledged that the corporation estates are generally administered with care, and upon liberal principles. They are admirably cultivated; the roads running through them are kept in proper repair, and the wants of the poor upon those estates, as well as their instruction, are humanely attended to.

misery would be relieved by the employment of useless hands in the cultivation of a soil wholly valueless at present, and by the endeavour to raise the means of supplying what would still be wanting, in consequence of the inadequacy of the produce of labour for the support of the

If the establishment of poor-laws in Ireland should, from the existing disproportion between the resources and the wants of that country, encounter many obstacles, perhaps it would be agreed on to depart wholly from the abuses of the English system, of which we have been speaking; and then we might expect to witness results the more important as the institution of poor-laws would be directed to the relief of classes comparatively more wretched, and, whether owing to necessity or habit, more abetted than the like classes in England. Some would add to the nourishment of an Irish family, would suffice to create for such family a degree of relative comfort; and the culture of some barren and unproductive lands would give them habits of labour, finally produce good conduct, and a strict observance of religious duties, by which means a visible improvement would take place in the moral condition of that degraded part of society.

IRISH EMIGRATION.

In order to escape the numerous and complicated miseries which await them on their natal soil, a vast number of Irish families emigrate. They collect together, for this purpose, their wretched resources, the foul loes which remain after the juice of the grape has been fully expressed. With these scanty means, they pay the freight of their passage to America, the Canada, or New South Wales. In these countries similar privations, nay, a species of slavery, awaits them; for, in order to subsist, and to procure lands and the means of locating themselves, it is necessary that they should mortgage their labour for many years in advance. Sometimes the unfortunate emigrants perish in their venturesome attempts; but death in these instances is not immediately occasioned by hunger—it is a slower and less horrible death, and, in this consolation, that a more hopeful future than their native country has reserved to the members of the family who survive them.

England also receives her share of Irish emigration; each year brings to her shores thousands of Irish, who come to mingle with the already too numerous crowd of unemployed paupers. They bring to the common stock vigorous and sinewy arms, too often rendered unfit for labour by the immoderate use of gin. These Irish find their way to all the workshops and mix in all quarrels: one sees them every where, where there is work and where there is idleness; they are equally prepared for the one or the other, and always restless and troublesome. These dispositions often interfere with their employment, and are sometimes among the causes which produce their distress.

IRISH CONSTITUTION.

For a long period of time Ireland had her own laws; a special form of administration—a parliament composed of members like the British parliament, which voted the ways and means, and regulated the government of the country. To the union of this parliament with that of England, Ireland opposed the strongest and most prolonged resistance; but at length their independent representation was exchanged for a share in the more important representation of the United Kingdom, which took place at the time of this incorporation, to wit: eight of the Irish peers were to be elected, from the whole body, to sit in the upper house. This arrangement is different from that which took place at the Scottish Union. A Scottish peer does not sit in the English house of lords for life; he is liable to be re-elected or rejected at the dissolution of the house of commons—whereas an Irish peer sits for life.

Ireland sends to the lower house one hundred and six members, elected according to forms nearly resembling those which prevail in England. The English representation places the interests of Ireland in complete subservience to a combination of English and Scottish members. Hence that inevitable collision between England and Ireland. Hence complaints, well or ill founded, of partiality. Hence the perpetual source of a fearful energy on the part of the government. Hence, in a word, the present state of things, so fertile in troubles, and which may in the end become fertile in disastrous events.

IRISH COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY.

Like all other sources out of which her prosperity should spring, the commerce and industry of Ireland ar-

in a state of severe suffering. The extreme poverty of the people affords itself to that active, unprincipled which is, in every country, the surest basis of rapid and important commercial operations. Placed at the extremity of Europe, and separated from the Continent by the most commercial of all nations, Ireland suffers from the disadvantage of her geographical position; and to this, that capital, which naturally flows towards every country where a profitable return can be calculated on, has, owing to some unfortunate combination of circumstances, never found channels for communicating itself to Ireland.

It should certainly appear that capital would find a profitable return in manufacturing industry, in a country in which the superabundance of labourers should diminish the rate of labour; but the fact is otherwise: with some few exceptions, Ireland possesses no manufactures of any note.

A capitalist will seldom adventure his money, unless he can constantly superintend the operations of that labour which he has put in action; and he is unwilling to subject himself to the risks of a continued political fermentation. Be the cause what it may, the effect of this is a capital as deplorably felt, and its influence in perpetuating the national distress cannot be contested.

IRISH SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

Without having any national literature which she may properly call her own; without any marked superiority in science or in arts, Ireland has contributed nevertheless, her full quota to the general stock which illustrates the annals of Great Britain, by the number and talents of those distinguished men to whom she has given birth.

Bishops Jebb and Magee, and Dean Kirwan, have acquired a just renown by their pulpit eloquence. Science is deeply indebted to Young, Donovan, and Westley. Literature may justly be proud of such men as Burke, O'Connell, St. John, St. George, Moore, and of Burke, Castlereagh, Gifford, Curran, Plunket, Ponsonby, Canning, and O'Connell, as orators and statesmen; and whatever opinion individuals may entertain regarding the direction in which he exerts his glory, the Duke of Wellington, whose military glory has been so conspicuously displayed, is ever renowned to which he may lay claim as a statesman—all these stand deservedly high in public opinion.

Ireland, then, should be ranged among those nations which have produced, and still give promise of producing, men distinguished in the walks of literature and science, and who range in politics, in science, or in letters, only just to conclude, that the vices and imperfections of her sons arise from an absence of, or an imperfect education, rather than from any inherent or natural vice.

MILITARY SPIRIT OF THE IRISH.

Irish turbulence has hitherto consented to submit to the yoke of military discipline. Poverty drives into the army a vast number of young men, who become excellent soldiers, and are raised to the rank of officers; and the greater part of the recruits of the British army. A considerable proportion of the most distinguished officers, of all ranks, are also of Irish birth. One of the most remarkable traits in the Irish character is the strong spirit of discipline, and the readiness to obey the orders of the army, where turbulence must yield to force, and strict discipline, the national spirit of the Irish appears in the most favourable light, and is entitled to the most unreserved praise.

IRISH CHARACTER.

Ireland contains as wretched a population as any in the world: a population too, which, it may be said, makes the best efforts of any to escape from its wretchedness and misery; a people unquestionably, also, the most enslaved, but, in a great measure, justly so, for the exercise of acts of coercion and restraint, by their perpetual efforts to escape from an authority disposed to measures of moderation; a people the most sincere and devoted adherents to the Catholic faith, and who, in following its precepts, have allowed the spirit of that religion to evaporate; a people who rank themselves as simple and yet the most gifted nations, no less brave than prone to acts of the basest and the most cruel revenge;

* Whether it arises from a want of taste, or from the dormant faculties of the nation, in this respect, not having been awakened, certain it is, that Ireland has produced no name renowned in the fine arts.

habituated to privation, yet among the least sober—of energetic resolve, and yet great inconsistency in action; a people, in fine, among the readiest to labour, and yet among the idlest of modern nations. There is no vice of the Irish which is not qualified by some latent virtue, nor a virtue which is not disfigured by some defacing vice. The Irish character is a compound of *finesse* and *simplicity*. It is a mixture of the Grecian and the Boetian, of the Italian and the English. It is a mixture of piquancy and folly. If the Italians had any more embodied forth the character of harlequin, the Irish people could have furnished the outline of it.

Their hasty passions are quickly excited into all the violence of which they are capable, their imprudent resolves, of which reflection does not retard the execution, pass from good-humour to passion in short, and quickly embraced. In politics, they are as headstrong as in private life. Anger is the monitor to whose counsels they most willingly listen, and they are ever prone to desert its suggestions. Accordingly, they are perpetually falling into error, the first consequence of which is an aggravation of their evils. In consequence of this *bizarrie*, and of the contrasts in which it abounds, the Irish character may be considered as the cause and effect of the state of things which has just been described.

CONCLUSION.

Arrived at the limit I had proposed to myself, it becomes me to cast a retrospective glance at my labours, in order to ascertain whether my observations have preserved, in a collected form, that character of truth, which, I thought, they presented to my mind. It becomes me to see whether, in the judgments I have pronounced, prejudice has not invaded the ground of impartiality, to examine whether my criticisms bear the impress of a depreciating spirit, which it certainly was no part of my intention to give to them; to enquire whether any conclusions have not been exaggerated; in a word, it becomes me to know whether I have attained the object I had in view. A conscientious examination still presents the subjects of my remarks in the point of view in which they had at first appeared to me. I have been obliged to pause the moment they struck me, the impression which have received have remained unchanged. I have described manners and customs such as they have presented themselves, and as experience revealed them. I have not, however, stated that the English exhibit on a comparison with other countries, the same peculiar failings. I have sought to trace the principal outline, and some of the shades of difference which distinguish the English physiognomy, rather than its features of resemblance, which it has been my endeavour to avoid. Here I pause. This is a question which it does not become me to answer.

If I should be accused of having infused too much severity into certain opinions, I will call to witness my intentions, and declare that the imperfections, the *bizarries*, (or what I conceived to be such), which I have pointed out, originate, according to my ideas, in a principle entitled to respect, the advantages of which infinitely counterbalance its inconveniences. These imperfections are, in my mind, a consequence of the national character, grave even to dullness, and moving with a prudential light renders it often rational. It has been in its train a long retinue of laws, usages, and prejudices. With such a *cortège*, it would be difficult for it to march as quickly as the civilisation of other countries; it is, therefore, always some steps in the rear, and requires to be urged on by the use of the most efficacious means, because it is unwilling to be separated from any thing to which long custom has attached it. Such is its perseverance in this system, that it destroys no part of those customs which now and for ever are fallen into disuse. It preserves, under the shade of ages, laws in which one would vainly seek the production of a more useful and applicable to the existing epoch; but there is wisdom in preserving those laws as a mark of respect for the past, and as a warning to future generations, that they should uphold existing institutions. Thus it was that the English constitution was formed, an ancient edifice, composed of the legislative architecture of times and manners, the tradition of which has scarcely reached us, and of which Westminster Hall, with its Gothic walls and modern arrangement, appears in some sort to be the symbol. Accordingly, we are wretchedly slow to reform, and when obliged to move onwards, it cautiously trails the train known soil before it! This is because good sense forms

in retracing all their contours, and in pausing, struck by the imperfection of the picture, upon all the objects which chance shall present to it.

The gait of a stranger will remind you of a friend. You brush away the tears that dim your vision, that you may take a better look at an aged woman, whose fixed and sorrowful eyes persuade you that she too is pining after a son who is never to be restored to her. The eagerness with which a boy runs to meet his father will bring to your remembrance that thus your son too would fly into your arms.

Many of the features in your memory cherished features, you will love to place yourself amidst a group of children of the age of your own : from one you will borrow its blue eyes, from another its light hair, from a third its ruddy cheeks. Others will furnish you with their smile, their air, their stature, the tone of their voice. But at the moment when the ideal of the point of being complete, your exhausted imagination will suffer these traits, which it had been so assiduously collecting, to slip from its grasp; and you will find yourself surrounded by noisy urchins, uninteresting to you since you have ceased to seek in their faces resemblances to that which you were striving to retrace.

By separating the dearest objects from one another, exile produces on the soul a grief which finds no remedy but in hope, if the separation is to have a term ; in oblivion, if it is to last for ever. The first case is the less frequent ; the second is less keen, but of much longer duration : because the thoughts dwell incessantly on subjects which nourish grief. In the second, it makes an effort to wean itself from what would afflict it to no purpose ; it portions off the past, in order not to embarrass the future with it. It sometimes flies to dwell on other objects ; it is occupied with other engagements, other combinations. By interposing between it and the affections with which it must learn to dispense, time insensibly effaces the recollection of them.

Wary of the attacks of grief, it seeks to preserve some of the features of relatives, of friends, of those who are dear to it, the heart relinquishes to the mind the task of retaining the fleeting impression.

The memory, in its turn, divests itself of names. If, at long intervals, it succeeds in catching them again, it feels a few tears in its eyes, regret at the occasion, which has ceased to love ; of what use would it be to remember ?

Soon nothing more is left of the country which the exile shall never see again but affection for the place of his birth. That affection abates even when indifference has banished from the soul those who seemed desirous of causing it to be cherished.

These reflections incessantly haunt the thoughts of an exile. Torments of his life, they take away the relish from the rare pleasures which he might be permitted to enjoy. They mingle with meditations to such a degree as to prevent his indulging in them. They oblige him to fly that he may leave them behind him ; to shift from place to place, in order to baffle their approach ; to seek noisy scenes, for the purpose of keeping from his ears all the painful things with which they would fill them.

And what would he gain by giving himself up to grief? Nothing. It would weaken the fortitude which is necessary for him, without imparting any useful counsel whatever. It would paralyse his energy, and would give him no other advantage than the consciousness of which all the strength that nature has bestowed is insufficient to cope. It is his duty, on the contrary, to arm himself with resignation for the endurance of the ills which he cannot prevent, with resolution to combat what he cannot avoid ; to accustom his mind to create a future harmony with all the past, and to make of it a medium of compensation for the lack of consolation for the present ; and to seek diversion in the indulgence of tastes which are most habitual to him, and which he is most capable of gratifying.

Habit comes to the aid of philosophy in the efforts which she makes to lighten the burden of misfortune.

Between the sensations and the position of those who suffer, there are relations to which must be attributed that equal division of good and ill which is to be observed in the career of the aristocrat, the journeyman, the peasant, the sailor, the soldier, the man of letters, the man of business, though they are very different causes and very distinct points of departure, carried to the same degree by individuals belonging to different social situations. The artisan who carries home to his family the wages of his week's labour, is as well pleased as the ambassador who has just obtained a pension of five hundred thousand francs salary. The one thinks of the noisy joys of the pot-house ; the other of the pleasure of gratifying some expensive whim.

A clown feels as much delight in meeting with a country girl, as one of the great world in the society of a duchess. The banker, to whom a bankruptcy has left a fortune of no more than two or three millions (of francs) fancies himself, and is in reality, as unfortunate as the farmer who has lost his cow. There is as much grief in the soul of the poor wretch who is turned out of a garret because he is unable to pay the rent, as in that of a monarch driven by rebellion from his dominions. At the end of their career, the king and the beggar, if they had kept an exact account of their joys and their griefs, would be found to compare, almost to the very day, and brought them in equal proportion, and that life has not been heavier or lighter for the one than for the other ; each of them has enjoyed and suffered after his manner : each has had the difference which would strike them.

I have had occasion to ascertain the justice of these reflections, in comparing my past existence with my present existence, my pains and pleasures of past times with my present pains and pleasures, my own country with a foreign land. The days, the months, the years, pass away in one situation as they did in the other. Setting aside all affection for the preference which I should give to the old manner of suffering and enjoying over the new one proceeds entirely, I am certain, from a relic of habit.

Determined not to neglect any thing which could tend to lighten the pressure of my situation, I solicited success in the study of the sciences, and the study which I thought that a great affliction, which predominates over, embraces, absorbs, all the trifling vexations of a painful position, is more easily endured than petty crosses, the place of which it in some measure usurps. I have a notion that all my philosophy would have found it difficult to overcome the mortification of losing a lovely position, and the influence and consideration attached to them, or to combat even the habits resulting from them, had any ordinary circumstances suddenly hurled me from the eminent post which I occupied to the spot whence I started to find myself in the vulgar category of the masses at that event. It substituted dangers to the vexations which I should have dreaded.

Sorrowful recollections of the past, an inclination to compare it with the present, at the risk of finding in the future a few tears in its eyes, regret at the occasion, which were never to return—all died at the prospect of the perils which threatened me, and the sensation of the happiness which I felt at escaping them.

I no longer think of my having been misused and possessed of power. I have been in a position which might have been terrible. This idea leaves no room for regret : if there is some left for a little hope, 'tis as much as there is.

Adversity finds, moreover, resources and consolations in the dignity and resignation with which it is accompanied.

Time, when one is wise enough to suffer it to act without thwarting its action, succeeds in making a position endurable. It wears down dispositions, beginning with their asperities, retrenches what was too painful to bear, and leaves the most propitious and salutary, which are left for relishing them, and throws them into the road leading to the term of all woes, in order to induce them to pursue it.

Among my blessings I reckon the ills from which I have been spared. I am now, I have always thought that life is too short to waste any portion of it in fretting at the prosperity of others. Strictly speaking, this way of looking at things is a calculation of personal interest ; for envy is a painful sentiment, a vexation which brings in nothing, and for which it is necessary to find some compensation. One has but too many occasions to make a better use.

I am addicted to habits and tastes which it would cost me painful efforts to modify or correct. I am not aware of any great necessity to do so. To have made the attempt in youth, at a period when the future seemed so far before me, and when errors would have consequences of long duration, might have been proper enough. But now that the future is very much abridged, that I can calculate its remotest term within a few days, to devote an remembrance of a content with the past, in which I have now, and would be the height of folly. I keep them as little as affections.

Then comes an age, when, weary of every thing, what one deems the best part of the pleasure is the end of it, and when the summary of an amusing day is sleep. I have reached it. A similar enjoyment ought to be reserved for me, when, withdrawing from the vortex of the world, and from the remnant of business, which I

might call the liquidation of my past position, I shall give myself up to absolute repose. Who knows if it will not be the same when my eyes shall close never to open again !

When I have exhausted reflections and consolations of this kind, I invoke the recollections of self-love. I search my past life to discover in it good done to my country, services rendered to my field, that may be honourable to myself. Neither are these attempts vain. I glorify myself without scruple, though, were I not to do so, nobody else would take the trouble ; for it would be silly to calculate upon the gratitude of nations for the good one has done them, or their esteem for the important things one has executed. Create, amidst a thousand difficulties, by dint of resolution, labour, perseverance—create for agriculture, commerce, and industry, new means of development ; establish the prosperity of the country, and you will draw down upon yourself, opposition upon your plans, and obloquy upon your intentions, which will subside so long as you are in power. When you are removed from it, public opinion will correct itself. It will discover good in what has been done, injustice in the judgments that have been pronounced.

At a later period, very long afterwards, a statue will perhaps be raised to the benefactor of the country, not because he has done good, but because, by throwing a mantle over the dress which he wore, he may be made the subject of a statue, and the place of the statue in the public place of some city, and which is recommended by the vanity of some administrator, who aspires to the honour of having erected it, and of obtaining a similar one in his turn.

This enormous glory, this accidental collection of talents long unappreciated, though usefully employed, this tardy remuneration of an obstinate injustice, are of no benefit to him who is the object of them—he is dead. His very grave, were it opened, would not present any vestiges of him. His children will not find in the honours paid to him any compensation for the neglect and disadvantage to them, still less a compensation for his neglect of his personal interests and the fortunes of his family.

But, if he had built a play house, if he had planted a few trees in rows to even them, to which people would not have failed to give his name, then would he be immortalised himself ; he would be thought more highly of for fifty paces of promenade than for fifty leagues of high road.

The moral which I draw from these reflections is, that little things serve for a ticket to great ones ; that is that if we create the latter to recommend ourselves to posterity, we must not neglect the others, if we would gain the good opinion of the present generation.

My observations are deduced from my own experience. In the course of a long administration I am conscious of having done some good. Who notices it ? Who talks of it ? Not a creature behind my back ; a few polite people when they meet me.

I have embellished a quarter of Nismes ; the people have given it my name ; all vied in complimenting me upon it.

This administrative bagatelle, to which I attached no importance, which I considered as merely a diversion from labours of a higher order, has contributed more to my reputation than the results obtained by undertakings of great utility and importance, which I had in the success of the expedition against Algiers.

After this, ransack your brains for honourable ideas ! expend your health in realising them ! Sacrifice yourself to the public interest, that you may see the most insignificant of your utility, and of which reason failed not to point out. It was this that encouraged me to persevere on occasions when I might, without dishonour, have withdrawn myself from a danger which I saw imminent—irremediable.

When I meditated, for the loss of liberty, perhaps of life, no compensation would be made either to me, if I survived, or to my memory, if I should perish ; that, in the event even of a triumph, the glory of it would be con-

Every one knows what a hot affair *Fuente d'Onore* was—but no one took it so coolly as Captain X—. The village had been taken and retaken several times. "Call up to him," he roared, "bore a part, drove the enemy out, and left us in possession of the place. As we forded the river, in close columns of companies, Captain X— quietly slipped behind, and took up a position among the rubbish of an old house which afforded him a fine view of the business. The colonel felt almost certain that he was a Scotsman, who was by hereditary right as brave as a lion, turned round suddenly to the adjutant, and asked him,

"Where is Captain X—?"

"Hiding under that wall, Sir," answered the adjutant, pointing to the reconnoiterer.

"By G—, that's too bad!" exclaimed the indignant colonel. "Call up to him—*to him—yes, him—*—and if he does not join the regiment instantly to beat him down on the spot! Now, my brave lads, on them, steadily and coolly—give them the steel, the steel, my boys, and plenty of it!" added the colonel, turning to the regiment, and quite forgetting Captain X—. But the adjutant rode fiercely up to him, and hurriedly repeated the orders he had received.

"Nay, nay, my good friend," said X—, "what's the use of being so unconsciously harsh? Just let me say a few words in explanation. May I die, my dear friend, if—"

"Die and be hanged!" abruptly retorted the adjutant, putting spurs to his horse, and dashing back to his post, where he had scarcely arrived, when a musket shot through both his cheeks tumbled him to the ground, and put an end to his gallant conduct for that day.

As soon as we were thoroughly in for it at Salamanca, when the grape-shot began to pepper the head of the column, and the right and left, and the rear, an officer of ours was seen to throw himself bodily into a dry ditch; and those who could not distinguish who it was, thought we had another brave fellow knocked over. But those who identified Captain X—, were quite satisfied that he was in safe quarters. As soon as the business of that dreadful day was well and thoroughly done, he had ceased firing, and were charging after the broken enemy, when an officer was dimly observed through the smoke that was clearing off, about fifty yards in front of our line, waving his hat with its long, elegant feathers, in his hand, and flourishing his sword in the other, cheering on the regiment with shouts of most vociferous valour, the *Atropelles* echoing to his cry. A roar of laughter burst along the line, and became particularly loud when our company joined in it, for we soon recognized our resuscitated captain, and knew better than any others how to appreciate his prowess.

But his best, and, poor fellow, this was his *last* exploit, occurred not long after this, at the siege of a place memorable for the determination of its defence, as well as the vigour with which it was attacked and carried.

The approaches of the English army were pushed on with a rapid and close pace, so much so, that the guns from the bastions were fired point blank at the individual officers and men, who had the temerity to raise their heads above the trenches; and they were often hit from cannon of large calibre, with as dead a certainty, and knew better than most unerring sharpshooters had levelled at them with rifles.

Our entire company was ordered down from the camp on a working party, one fine morning, out of our turn of duty, and not a little to our surprise, to replace another which had taken its place in the trenches during the night, but was almost annihilated soon after day break, by the terrible cannonade from the enemy's works. One of our subs was killed the day before, so that Captain X— had but myself and the ensign, a gigantic Kerryman of about twenty years old, and six feet five inches high, under his command. We were under cover, as the enemy were caught in the range of the enemy's guns; and so hot was the fire, that not one of us felt disposed to dispute the captain's example of keeping as close as possible.

There were several small redoubts thrown up along the trenches, from which elevations, the officers on duty could keep the men in view, and the last of the night, or rather crept into one of these, to relieve the last surviving officer of the company we replaced. He was in the act of eating a crust of bread, which his servant had procured him for breakfast; and as he was leaving his post, my occupation, he incautiously raised his head, to look at the hostile ramparts, when he was cur-

ried clean away by a twenty-four pound shot, and the body knocked several yards out of the redoubt.

These were not pleasant occurrences for any man's comfort, but least of all to one of Captain X—'s temperament. He was lately settled in the redoubt, when I came along towards the trench, and the trench, stooping much lower than the utmost prudence required; and he soon came crawling into the redoubt, requesting me to change places with him, and take the command of the whole party, as he wished much to stand at the forefront of the line, and he took up his sketch book and pencil for the purpose. I could not refuse his request, a most unlucky one for him, for he had stayed where his duty required, he had most probably escaped the catastrophe which ensued.

I had not changed places with my captain five minutes, and had just stepped up on the ridge of the trench where the Indians were to look about, as it was my duty from time to time to do, when the general not long galloped up, attended by two aids-de-camp, and a couple of orderly dragoons. He was one of the bravest of the brave; too brave, indeed, as was proved by his death not long after, on a distant service unworthy of his fine talents. He, too, was an Irishman, and knew our regiment well.

"Who commands this party, Mr. Hartigan?" asked he.

"I do, sir," answered I.

"Is there a company here, isn't there? Who is the captain? Where is he?" were the rapid questions next put.

"There is an entire company—Captain X— is the captain—he is sitting in that redoubt, sir," were my inaudible answers.

"Sitting in that redoubt! May he be doubly so! What is he doing there? Hark ye, sir," added he, addressing our finger-post of an ensign, "you have long legs; step out there quickly—go to that redoubt, and bring back Captain X— here instantly. Stop, sir—stop, sir—don't let your eyes, or you'll not have a head left on your shoulders."

The intrepid Kerryman strode along, but cared nothing for the general's caution, and scorned the shelter of gabions or fascines. When he came to the redoubt, he summoned out the captain, repeating *verbaliter* the general's speech.

"What a cursed hot-headed fellow!" exclaimed X—. "Go back to him, my trusty ensign, and tell him I am taking a sketch of the first importance; I am proving the engineers to have been all wrong. Tell him the service will absolutely suffer if he disturbs me. Let the ensign say so, and he will be obliged to deliver this message to the general, who was moving about busily, giving various orders around him."

"Taking a sketch! The engineers all wrong! What an impudent scamp! D'ye hear me, sir—go back—tell your captain, once again, that I order him to come here; and if he refuses, drag him neck and heels out of the redoubt, and up to this spot."

"I'll tell you what, my friend," said X—, in reply to this second summons, and hoping that while he temporised, the general would take himself off, or, possibly, that the general would tell him what to do."

"Don't give yourself the trouble of doing anything," said Captain X—, but come out of this immediately, I tell you again," said the ensign. At this instant his cap, which was visible above the wall, was knocked off his head, perforated by a cannon ball.

"God bless me, what a narrow escape! how very lucky that you were not three inches taller!" exclaimed the captain.

"Never mind whether I'm tall or little, Captain X—," said the Kerryman, coolly clapping the shatterer on the head, and again, "I'll tell you what, the short and the long of it is—if you don't come with me, quietly and by fair means, I'll drag you out of it, dead or alive—so come along, I advise you."

X— finding all resistance or subterfuge to be vain, stood slowly up and followed the Kerryman along the trench, so that, as a matter of fact, he was not a minute on service with these infernal meddlesome Irishmen; but that with persons of common discretion, one might go through a dozen campaigns, as securely as though one had never sullied powder."

After this, the general, who was so close, sent the Kerryman to his double cannon. One of the orderlies was literally cut across with a shot, and an aid-de-camp's horse severely struck with the splinter of a shell. Captain X— saw all this as he came forward; and by way of ending the business, and stop-

ping the general's mouth, he held forth the little sketch book, and began some stammering sentence.

"Not a word, not a word, but listen to me, sir!" said the general. "Resume your place here—do your duty, for, by heavens, I'll make you such an example as never—"

Here the general was himself stopped short, by the explosion of another shell, directly over the heads of the group—and the report was instantly followed by a terrified mixture of groan and shriek from poor X—, who clasped his hands close to his chest, and with a dreadful expression of agony in his face, fell flat on his back, almost under the feet of the general's horse.

"Good God, it is possible!" cried the kind-hearted general, his wrath at once appeased. "Who could have thought of my ever dying so fine a death? Well, he's gone, poor devil! He was at any rate a clever fellow, a self-satisfied, and a gentleman—any, every inch, but his heart—but, he could not help that! Here, soldiers, throw one of those great coats over the body of your captain, and bear him to the camp. We could, after all, 'have better spared a better man!'"

With this quotation, the general coolly trotted off with his aid-de-camp and orderly, in the midst of a shower of shot and shell. The ensign and myself were too much shocked by what had passed, to think of any thing for a minute or two, but the fate of our captain, and we stood gazing after the body as it was borne away, the limbs already stiffening before it was out of sight.

What was the astonishment of the general, who thus pronounced Captain X—'s funeral oration, on riding back to the camp about an hour afterwards, to see the identical Captain X— unharmed, unblinking, and unabashed, dressed, as was his wont, better than any man in the army; and cantering his little Arabian pony along the lines with a feather streaming from his hat nearly as long as the pony's tail! And what was my surprise when I met him next morning!

But this could not last. A significant hint was that day conveyed to him from the highest authority. The following morning brought him (he said) letters, requiring his instant return to England. He set out at once. The next *Gazette* announced his resignation; and as Captain X— has been ever since an ex-captain, I have nothing more to say of him.

ANECDOTES OF A DETENU.

Fanny Beauharnois, dinners.—The viscountess was in the custom of giving a weekly dinner to a numerous society. The fare at her table was invariably so bad that her guests were compelled to lunch before they came to her house. The dinners given by Napoleon to those whom he honoured with an invitation were, in the contrary served up in the most magnificent style: his chef-cook, with the exception of that of Cambacères, seldom remained more than twenty minutes, or half an hour, at table, and the instant he rose all the guests departed. "When I dined with Fanny Beauharnois," said Lauragais, "I cannot help thinking that I am exactly in the situation of Lazarus picking up the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. At her cousin the empress's banquets, I endure the heat of the sun, surrounded with luxuries, and deprived of the power of enjoying them." The difference between Napoleon and Fanny is this: the one is a *potentate*, and the other is a *late en pot*—(a dirty scullion, or saucepan scraper).

Corn conducted to patriotism.—During the war in Russia, in 1812, the King of Naples gave orders to General Murat, who commanded a division of cavalry, to charge the Russian army, and to march on with hunger and fatigue, the attack was unsuccessful. Murat having complained to General Naumoff, the latter answered, "I don't know how it is, sire, but our horses possess no patriotism. Our soldiers fight pretty well even without bread, but the horses will absolutely do nothing unless they get their oats."

The schoolmaster in France.—A cockney *detenu*, who was residing at Verdun in 1810, kept a little shop; he took it into his head to set up a school, and in his window was to be seen a bill, on which he had written in a cramped, crooked hand, "LEARNERS TO READ AND WRITE!"—The next day, a French schoolmaster, and Sir James Lawrence, "I will call upon you, and if I find he has made sufficient progress I will send my two nephews to his seminary!"

A Subaltern's Furlough;

DESCRIPTIVE OF SCENES IN THE

UNITED STATES, UPPER AND LOWER CANADA, NEW

BRUNSWICK, AND NOVA SCOTIA,

During the Summer and Autumn of 1832.

DEDICATED TO THE DUKE OF RUTLAND,

BY E. T. COKE,

LIEUTENANT OF THE 45TH REGIMENT.

Wandering from climate to climate observant stray'd,
Thy numbers noted, and their sites survey'd.

PREFACE.

INTRODUCTION.

Mr. MacKenzie, in his recent sketches of Canada and the United States, remarks very happily, that "A book about America might be written every six months by the same traveller periodically revisiting the same scenes, and yet possess in a high degree the charm of novelty, so rapid is the career of improvement and so interesting are the changes which the agency of man is continually effecting in the western world." This proposition is in a great measure true, and if not realised by the same traveller producing an annual volume, is more than effected by English travellers in succession. Among the whole of these no recent book maker has produced a more agreeable or readable work than Lieutenant Coke, whose pages we feel confident in commending to the approval of our readers. He writes agreeably, and sees with keen intelligence—allows us merit where due, and criticises sensibly though strongly. His visit to Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, together with some unframed routes in the "States," will particularly attract attention. His first ride in Canada gives him occasion to show his British prepossessions, but he afterwards does us ample justice; we may safely congratulate ourselves on being so greatly in advance of our Halifax neighbours, as, if so disposed, to retort tenfold the empty sarcasm and pointless insinuations of recent tourists among us, and to add weight to the argument by reminding the Halls and Hamiltons that there the inhabitants are under English protection and patronage. But the day for this recrimination has passed.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

Feeling dissatisfied with the various statements which have issued from the press in rapid succession within the last two or three years, respecting the United States, and being convinced that much yet remained to be learned relative to that part of the vast western continent, I came to the determination of availing myself of a short leave of absence from my military duties to cross the Atlantic, and inform myself more fully of the subject. After travelling over 2000 miles of the most interesting districts, and visiting the principal Atlantic cities in the United States, I extended my tour through an equal distance in the British provinces. As my only object in publishing the following narrative is to contribute, in however small a degree, to the knowledge already possessed of those countries which are so fast rising into importance, I hope that I shall not lay myself open to a charge of presumption.

In the following unpretending pages, I profess only to give an unbiased and impartial statement of what came under my own observation. My remarks are confined to those things which require but a short residence in a country; and, merely pointing out some of the most interesting objects and places of greatest historical note. I leave the full details of the constitution, National Republican, Federalist, Nullifier, Democrat, and all the other various shades and sects of the political world, to those who have made state affairs their study.

I long regretted that circumstances would not permit a longer stay in so attractive a portion of the globe, and do not hesitate to recommend those who are less how to kill time during the summer months to make a similar trip. If their expectations are not too sanguine, they will

be amply repaid for the slight inconvenience of rough seas and rough roads, by not only becoming acquainted with an interesting people, but by the opportunity which will be afforded them of viewing some of the most stupendous natural curiosities as well as some of the finest specimens of art in the world.

May 2, 1833.

CHAPTER I.

VOYAGE FROM LIVERPOOL TO PHILADELPHIA.

As nothing can be more uninteresting to unprofessional readers, than a recapitulation of all the various changes of weather, the heavy squalls and gales, the more tedious rolling calms, the dense fogs and dangerous icebergs (on the banks of Newfoundland), the passing sails, and, in short, the usual contents of a ship's log; I shall and, only briefly take notice of a few incidents connected with the voyage. After a detention of three days at Liverpool, owing to contrary winds with rough and boisterous weather, the packet ship, in which I had engaged a passage, having quit of Prince's dock at daylight on the morning of the 23d of April, and stood down channel; but it was not until the fifth day from that time that we were clear of the southernmost cape of Ireland: a foul wind possessed, however, one redeeming quality, by successively displaying the bold coast of the Emerald Isle, the picturesque mountains, and the white cliffs.

I had selected the Philadelphia in preference to the New York line of packets, and made some small sacrifice to accommodation and society, from a supposition that but few emigrants would be bound so far to the southward, knowing full well, from previous experience, the great inconvenience of a crowded stateroom. I was therefore much surprised to find that although a vessel of only 370 tons, she was carrying out 146 passengers in that part of the ship. I had, however, no cause to regret the choice I had made, as I found myself in an excellent stateroom, and the voyage uneventful and agreeable. I had already crossed the Atlantic seventy-six times; no trifling recommendation to a pleasure-seeking passenger. The weather, for the season of the year, was unusually boisterous, and the wind variable; blowing scarcely for twenty-four hours in succession from any one point of the compass, which gave me a good stock of provisions and game on board, it mattered little to the cabin passengers (who were, with one exception, old sailors) which way the ship's head was; but to the emigrants, an increasing gale was a source of great tribulation and alarm; the deck was covered with groans and prayers until it moderated.

The captain and myself were well upon the subject, one equally day, when seeing several of the stateroom passengers sitting on the fore hatchway, exposed to every sea which came aboard, yet at the same time apparently regardless of it, we had the curiosity to ask them, what they were doing there, and why not below in their berths? "Why sure now, captain," said the spokesman, an Irishman, "and isn't it that we are waiting here, so that we will be ready to get into the boats, if the ship goes down; for we know you wouldn't wait to call us." The weather itself was not more variable than their conduct; in a calm, they were as quiet as the sea, and when the ship was tossed with her broils and fighting, which ever arose from national reflections; and each man having brought a store of liquor on board with him, as part of his sea-stock, the combatants were generally more than half intoxicated; while in rough weather, the self-complacent would be leagued together singing psalms, in which they were assisted by the English and Scotch, who kept aloof during the storm of words and war of fists. Amongst the emigrants, however, were many respectable farmers, who, with their families, were about to seek their fortunes in the New World; but the majority were artificers, and some few were men, who, if they could not make their fortunes, judging from outward appearances, could scarcely mar them. They were well equipped for the early commencement of operations in America, being furnished with such heavy baggage as bedding, trunks, wives, children, or even a change of apparel; and it was a matter of conjecture to many of us, how they could have procured sufficient money for the payment of their passage.

A man obtained a free one in the following by no means uncommon manner—"The crew in overhauling the stores of the ship after the arrival at Philadelphia, had discovered him snugly stowed away within the coil of a cable, and bringing him upon deck, he proved to be a great, broad-shouldered ruddy-faced son of Erin, "a poor orphan," as he described himself, who having taken a drop too much of the quinine, and found his way into the hold, he had crawled and slithered up the cable, and lay alongside the crew, and that his provisions were in his

coat-pocket, which, upon due examination, proved to contain only a solitary copper, and a dry crust of mouldy bread. Our worthy skipper put him in great bodily fear, by threatening to tie him up to the mainboard, and after giving him a round dozen, he sent him aboard the first fishing-smack we met off the coast of Wales; but was merely a threat in *terrorum*, as the following day he was duly initiated into all the rites and mysteries of *Jemmy Ducks*; and after being invested with full power and command over that very requisite department, he became a most important vessel, and put upon the water, and, however, relieved him of part of his charge, by administering a quantity of exaltic acid, which carried off all our stock of grunTERS at "one full swoop." A woman, also, with the tact of her own sex, avoided detection until we had been in the Atlantic sea, and was only then discovered through the impetuosity of one of her fellow-passengers. She had gone quite on the opposite tack to the "poor orphan;" so far from courting concealment, she had ever been observed to be cooking or loitering about the cabin, and the most noisy of all the females on board, had once or twice even ventured upon the sacred limits of the quarter-deck. So proud a bearing blinded every person on board; nor could any one have imagined, even when challenged with the fraud, but that she had paid her passage, so menacing and formidable an appearance she assumed, with her arms a-kimbo, and a contemptuous look, as if she were a queen, and would not deign to look out (there being a fine imposed upon ships carrying a greater number of passengers than the law admits, according to the tonnage), yet few vessels sail from Liverpool without carrying more than their complement. Sometimes a stateroom was so crowded, that the captain and master on board in the guise of a trunk filled with old clothes, or in a crate, as her stock of crockery, in which he is half smothered, and tossed about most unceremoniously, during the confusion attendant upon weighing anchor.

Having anticipated a three weeks' passage, the few books I had brought on board were exhausted by the time we were half-way across the Atlantic; and as a last resource, almost amounting to a fit of desperation, I obtained the loan of Dr. Emmons's "Freedonia; or, Independence Preserved;" from a fellow-passenger, and carried it with me, and read it through at least one of the almost interminable number of cautos (for I believe) which compose the work.

Three happy indeed was I, when the green water, once again making its appearance, showed that we were in soundings. The weather, however, was extremely unpleasant by the number, but also by the want of clearness in the stateroom passengers, some of whom would not even breathe the fresh air upon deck in moderate weather.

On a fine, mild afternoon—the first it had been since we had left the shores of England had sunk in the west—there was a cry of "Land ahead!" from the fore-top gallant yard. Every one in an instant was upon deck, some for the very time during the voyage, and the rigging was covered with those who previously laid no courage to mount the ladder of the hatchway. Every eye was turned to the westward, which had been duly wished for coast of America, and three cheers greeted the captain as he descended upon deck; the women crowding round him, dancing and singing, as though he had rescued them from some imminent danger. Many had certainly suffered much from that sea-sickness, and those who had seen better days from the company they were obliged to keep in the stateroom; where the small-pox and inflammatory fever had broken out a few days after we had sailed from Liverpool, attacking many, and three or four persons fatally. Some of the women, who had been sick away for hours, now totally failed us, and it became a dead calm. So our sole employment consisted in watching the movements of the innumerable sloops and small craft which were rolling about at the distance of some miles; and which, whenever a slight air or calm-squall arose, they appeared, as if concentrating to one point, their heads tending to some great emporium of commerce.

Two exceptions to the above afforded much amusement. These proved to be rival pilot schooners, taking every possible advantage of flaws of wind and wet sails, but, as they were both striving to gain the point, their heads tending to some great emporium of commerce. Two exceptions to the above afforded much amusement. These proved to be rival pilot schooners, taking every possible advantage of flaws of wind and wet sails, but, as they were both striving to gain the point, their heads tending to some great emporium of commerce. Two exceptions to the above afforded much amusement. These proved to be rival pilot schooners, taking every possible advantage of flaws of wind and wet sails, but, as they were both striving to gain the point, their heads tending to some great emporium of commerce.

pilot stepped on board, having fairly outmanoeuvred his opponent. Every one pressed close round, asking him ten thousand senseless questions; but he was a man of few words, and all the information we could reap from him amounted to "that they had frost and snow in April," and "there's nothing to be done." His appearance as a pilot was soon satisfied. His appearance as a pilot was delivered thus much in a gruff tone of voice, he threw a bag of clothes from under his arm along the helm; and after passing a few minutes in looking up and scanning the rigging with a seaman's eye, lay down upon a bencoop, and, overpowered by his exertions, fell fast asleep. We were soon satisfied. His appearance as a pilot was by no means prepossessing; far different indeed from that of the hardy-looking race of the English Channel. He was a tall, gaunt old man, with shoulders bent by the storms of some seventy years, and a face bronzed by the sea. He was most satisfied. His appearance as a pilot was I really pitied him, as he tottered along the deck, with one of his hands, which had been jammed between the cutter and ship's side, to his mouth, and thought it high time that he was placed upon the retired list. The day being warm, he was suffered in a thick white waistcoat, and a pair of blue trousers, originally blue, and a yellow painted canvas hat. I should judge that the captain was as little pleased with the appearance of the man who had taken charge of the ship, as any one else; for after asking in a significant and dry tone of voice, "if there were any more on board the schooner," he descended into the cabin.

A light breeze springing up at midnight, the following morning showed us the tops of the trees and headlands of the low coast of Maryland, suspended as if we were in mid-air. After standing a few miles in this manner, by sunset we made the capes of the Delaware. It was now the 25th of May, and the day, like the preceding one, was fine and clear, with a warm sun, the thermometer standing 90° in the shade: such a sudden change in the atmosphere, together with the low flat shore, forcibly reminded us of the coast of England. The mouth of the Bay of the Delaware resembling the mouth of the Hoochly or Irivadi rivers. The distance between Cape Henlopen, in Delaware, and May, in New Jersey state, is about fifteen miles. The coast near the latter cape is low and flat, and the navigation of the river is rendered very intricate through cut by numerous sand-banks. After passing between the two capes, the river expands into a noble bay about thirty miles long, and thirty wide, when it again contracts to a width of four miles, and continues so with little variation to Philadelphia. On the 26th of May, we made the bay a large breakwater was commenced a few years since, which is to be a mile in length, with the upper end of the harbour protected by an ice-breaker, so that vessels may ride in safety during the winter months: the harbour was highly requisite, many ships having been driven through exposure to the river ice. Seven planks in the bows of the packet, in which I was at this time, had been cut through in less than two hours, three months previously, by the drift-ice being kept in motion by the strength of the ice, and acting like a saw against them; the vessel was only saved by running it ashore. The expense of this great undertaking will be enormous, much of the stone required in its construction being brought by sea from the Hudson River quarries, 130 miles distant.

Evening had set in before we fairly passed between the capes, and at the distance of five miles the surf could be distinctly heard roaring against Henlopen. During the day, while our anxious pilot was asleep upon the booms, a boat was lowered to catch a turtle floating on the surface of the water, in as happy a state of forgetfulness as the old man himself, but not having long ago made his way upon her, the boat could not again reach her, and we were under the necessity of awakening the pilot, to leave the ship to, which he most reluctantly ordered, venting his displeasure at the same time in a low inward grumbling. Not feeling very confident as to the safety of the ship under such a man's charge, I took the precaution of retiring to my berth at night without divesting myself of my clothes, thinking it more than probable that I should find it convenient to be on deck ere morning dawned. My position was not very comfortable, but correct; for about half-past two o'clock I was awakened by a slight motion of the ship, and although it did not equal in force that of a heavy sea striking it, yet the grating of a vessel with all sail set upon a hard sand, produced a sensation which no one experienced, will never be forgotten. I then upon descending to my berth, found, when, lo! and, behold! our worthy Argus was snugly stowed away in a corner, fast in the arms of Morpheus, while the vessel striking heavily for some minutes, finally

fell over a little on its side, and remained immovable. At this time there were no fewer than three lights in sight, two a-stern on the capes, and a floating one directly ahead. I never heard how the old man accounted for running us aground—this, however, was no time for conjecture. To obtain a few views, and so forth, as far as possible, and soundings being taken, it was found that we were on the windward side of the "Browns," a dangerous shoal about twelve miles from land; and that so long as the wind continued from the present quarter, there would be no hopes of the ship floating; and, if the sea rose, we should inevitably go to pieces. As Day dawned, the ominous prospect of the head and bowsprit of a ship showed themselves above water, a few hundred yards distant, being all the visible remains of the "Canning" packet, lost two months previously. It was now the 27th of May, and the "Canning" packet, the ship's loss to all eternity," said the captain; "it ain't, I guess," drawled out the old pilot, giving the sentence at the same time a most inimitable twang, which even Methews himself would have failed in producing.

It was in vain that all efforts were used for three hours to get the ship off; it remained firm as a rock, excepting during the turn of tide, when it again struck heavily. Seeing no prospect of its being moved until lightened, the "star-spangled banner," reversed, was hoisted at the mast-head, while the passengers awaited the arrival of the coast-guard, without rendering assistance. Fortunately, however, we were not alone; for the wind veering to a gale, and freshening with the flood-tide, we once more floated, and standing our course up the river, soon overtook our black friend and his shingle sloop, at whom, *en passant*, a volley of abuse was fired.

On the 28th of May, we entered the Delaware, and the contracted part of the river, we caught occasional glimpses of small villages and neat white cottages, scattered at intervals along the banks, which were covered with walnut, oak, and patches of pine. I was leaning over the side of the vessel, admiring the scene, and regretting that the clearings were not more extensive and far better, when I saw a carpenter, a countryman of my own, similarly employed, I asked him what he thought of the New World at which we had arrived. "Oh, sir! it is a fine country; only look at the timber!" He said, the old story of the New World, and the New World, and the New World, the worthy planer of wood continued to enlarge upon his opinion in a strain of encomium. He came up to me a few hours after landing, quite delighted with having been hired at a dollar per diem on the Ohio rail-road.

The scene was, indeed, a most pleasing one. The clear bright atmosphere, which is unknown to England, diffusing a cheerfulness over every object, with not even a passing cloud to hide the brilliant rays of the sun, as they fell upon the thousands of white sails which covered the surface of the broad and noble Delaware; while, ever and anon, a huge hurricane of the desert, in the form of an American steamer, darted past, leaving a long train of white smoke from its timber-lid furnaces. The whole presented a scene striking and novel to an Englishman. If there was any thing to detract from the beauty of the landscape, it was the perfect fatness of the face of the country, the rising and falling of the land, and the tendency to break the background; nor could much be seen beyond the smiling verdure of the forest-crowned banks. It was a scene, indeed, at this moment, of life and sunshine; but, probably, if viewed on a squally, wet day, would be like the "Pea Patch," and the "Pea Patch." We have to again towards evening to be boarded by an officer from a revenue cutter, moored in the centre of the stream; and at dusk came to an anchor near a small island, where, at five o'clock the following morning, we buried a child which had died of the small-pox during the night; and then getting under weigh, arrived abreast of Fort Delaware, or the "Pea Patch," built upon a low reedy island, which divides the river into two channels, and is an admirable position for defending the passage. The works are of masonry, and very extensive; but the whole of the fort and the works have been consumed by fire two years since. No steps have yet been taken towards repairing it, great sums having been expended upon its construction only a few years previous to the above accident. The channel between it and the sea is very narrow, and the wind and heavy squalls there are not room to wade, and the vessels were once compelled to let go the anchor. Opposite to, and about a mile distant from the fort, is Delaware City,

at the junction of the Chesapeake Canal with the Delaware. I went ashore for an hour at mid-day, and walked through the city, which is but a miserable straggling hamlet, with an inn at the landing place, and a few stores; at which a friend, who accompanied me, managed to obtain a few views, and so forth, as far as possible, though the store-keeper would not vouch for its being the true Irish—"It might be Yankee, and made at Boston, but he guessed not." The canal appeared of noble dimensions, being sixty feet wide at the surface, and calculated for vessels with a draught of eight feet. The inhabitants, however, told me it would not answer now so well as formerly, a railway having been formed five miles higher up the river in the same direction, on which most of the passengers travelled between Philadelphia and Baltimore. While we were standing on the side of the river, looking at the noble locks, we saw a large number of enormous oysters, that the vessels' decks were on a level with the water; being fastened astern of a steamer, they were towed up the river at an amazing speed, for the gratification of the gourmards of Philadelphia. The cholera had broken out in England prior to our sailing, and rumours of its ravages reached America some time; and as, most probably, its effects had been much exaggerated, every one lived in the greatest dread of its appearing in the States. A gentleman, who was standing on the quay at Delaware City, welcomed my friend, and asked me to dine with him; but he returned to his vessel, and the latter telling him in jest that we had the cholera on board, he parted from us very unceremoniously, nor could all our assurances that it was only the small-pox, induce him to return and continue the conversation.

The passengers were unfortunately prevented from quitting the river, or from visiting the city, as the cholera was prevalent on board, which (although the last case was disposed of) would probably subject us to quarantine for some days, unless we could manage to pass the Lazaretto before the 1st of June, on which day the quarantine flag is hoisted, and its performance rigidly enforced. All inquiries in relation to the cholera, however, and every one being anxious to avoid further detention, the ship got under weigh with the flood tide at night; and after running into the mud only once, from which it was again raised by the tide in a few minutes, it carried all sail until past midnight, and then, under a mile above the city, it was covered by a small island, near Philadelphia. The hospitals, with the storehouses, are very prettily situated within a piquet fence on the right bank of the river; a small village adjoins, and the ground rising with a gentle acclivity from the water's edge for upwards of a mile, is covered with trees, not too thickly wooded, but in many places assuming a park-like appearance. The country, from the town of Wilmington, the largest town in the state, (Delaware) containing about 12,000 inhabitants, twenty-four miles below, loses its dead flatness; but the ridge, which runs parallel with the river, is some distance from it, and does not exceed 200 feet in height. Throughout the day of the 1st of June it blew a heavy gale of wind, that the ship drifted a considerable distance from two anchors, nor could the pilot venture to get under weigh. The following morning, during the day, the general appearance of the country, a small island, towards which we had been drifting the preceding day, where a farmer had established himself. In landing, we found a sturgeon of about 120 pounds weight, which had been left by the tide in a shallow pool, and seized upon him for the benefit of the steerage passengers, who, like ourselves, were rather short of provisions, and to whom we thought a little fresh fish would be acceptable. But it was not until after hard struggling and battling, with much splashing and rolling about in the water, that three of us succeeded in securing our prize, and lifting him into the boat. The fish was very fresh, and very good. Vegetables, we returned in triumph to the vessel, and again got under weigh, and soon caught the first glimpse of the city—a spot-low, and huge building in the navy yard, with a forest of masts appearing above the trees. The smart wharves and quays, with their green Venetian shutters and gardens, overhung by weeping willows and numerous peach orchards, on the Jersey side, with the large well-cleared grazing farms upon the Pennsylvania side, were evident proofs that we were nearing some great abuse of nature. The island particularly the possession of the city, was a small island, about 100 acres, won by lottery ten or twelve years since, was remarkably beautiful, and quite studded over with cattle. The tide filled as most provokingly off Gloucester Point, at the upper end of the fine reach, just as we had

the storekeepers, and lower grades of society, but I think it is almost confined to them; the very act of mastication itself (tremendously as it is here performed) is not half so offensive to the eyes of a foreigner as it is to the natives. In a country, however, where there is ostensibly no distinctive gradation of classes in the people, one must of necessity sometimes, as on board steamers and canal boats, mix with all classes; but I will bear witness that I never observed any impurity, or, during the time I was in America, any special reason for eulogising (what I will term) the lower orders, and to which individuals, and especially foreigners, are so subject in my native country.

It is singular to see the footing upon which a land-lord and an inn is on with his customers—especially in the country, where, by admitting them into his house. At dinner, he frequently takes the head of the table, drinks his wine, and asks those sitting near to take a glass with him; chats, and laughs away, and sits longer after the cloth has been removed than nine tenths of our guests.

Upon first landing, I was much struck with the personal appearance of the people, as being tall, slim, narrow shouldered, whickerless, and narrow chested, with high cheek bones, sharp, sallow features, and a sloeching, receding kind of hair, and a few slender, shaggy, and fatigued-looking men, to be deemed characteristic of the natives of the Atlantic states; one never seeing any such sturdy, robust, racy faced, John Bull sort of people as Britain produces. Their costume, also, differs much, every man invariably wearing trousers, and the lower orders being best dressed than people of the same walks of life in England. As it was summer, white straw hats, with broad brims, were common, the back part over the collar of the coat, turned up like a shovel hat, giving the wearer a more grotesque appearance; many of the young men wore spectacles, and weak eyes appeared very prevalent.

The first evening I was ashore, I attended the Arch street theatre (the most fashionable one, the Chestnut, being closed), for the purpose of seeing Mr. Hackett, who was in high repute with his countrymen, perform the part of Hamlet, in the "Iago and Othello," and, in the "Lion of the West." The play is intended to censure and correct the rough manners of the states west of the Allegheny mountains, and delighted the audience exceedingly; though to me the greater part of the dialogue consisted of unprofitable allusions. Mr. Hackett possesses great talent for broad comedy, and was well informed that the effect of his performance in the West was such as to excite a strong feeling against him; and so incensed the "half-breed, half-fall-gal boys," "the yellow flowers of the forest," as they call themselves, that they threatened to "row him into Salt River," if he ventured a repetition of the objectionable performance. I was sorry, however, to see rather a bad feeling displayed towards the old country. In various parts of the performance frequent allusions were made to circumstances which ought long to have been buried in oblivion; and which could only tend to irritate, and rather prevent, mutual good feeling. These allusions, which ever told against the English, were much applauded by the audience. The theatre is a fine building, and the interior arrangements are excellent. There are also two more in the city, superior in external appearance to the Arch street, but inferior in the minor theatres in London, and all are well attended.

The 3d of June was so cold and rainy a Sunday, as to remind me of Washington Irving's description of that passed by him at the little town of Derby; but here there were neither the "ducks paddling about in the inn yard, nor the children hanging about the door, nor the rattling of doors, or the bells chiming for church." In vain did I stand at the window looking into the flooded street; there was not a coach passed by the live long day, and not one peal of bells in the city, those at Christ church; the ringing of the solitary bell, and the rattling of the other meeting-houses and churches of all denominations sounded more like a toll of the passing bell, and added to the gloominess occasioned by the weather. As evening set in, I followed the example of the author of the Skeletal Book, and took up a newspaper; but reading only "moral lessons," and "baggage and luggage," and "the not more interesting news of the president's speech has arrived in England, and a bitter pill it is for an Englishman to digest." &c., I turned over to the advertisements, generally the most amusing part of an American paper; and I was apparently being amused as I find of printing down the names of the morning, with reward of one cent, and no charges, offered for his apprehension. Printers were cautioned against a swindler, who was thus described:—"He stole his trunk, &c.,

out of my house last night, and he has gone away without paying his tailor's bill, or his board bill. Said Rogers is about twenty-three years of age, has red hair, fair skin, and a large homely mouth, and is continually putting on very much. He plays the flute, and makes some pretensions as a poet! but it is easy to see that he is a plagiarist. It is presumed that editors interested for the character of the trade, will give the above a few insertions."

"3 times."

"JOHN CROWWELL."

The following morning I was engaged in passing what little baggage I had brought with me through the Custom House, and was duly examined by a very severe examination, as there were no inquisitive searchers who make it a point to pry into every writing desk, dressing case, and carpet bag. In the evening I again attended the theatre to witness the performance of the "Gladiator," a Philadelphia tragedy, from the pen of Dr. Bird. The principal character was sustained by Forrest, the Roccus of the American stage; but I was quite unable to judge either of the merits of the actor, or the play itself; for being rather late, the house was so excessively crowded, and the gentlemen, with scarcely any exception, wearing top hats, and in a circle, I could only obtain an occasional view of the stage. I at first thought the latter want of due respect to the ladies, but afterwards came to the more charitable conclusion, that it was an ancient custom bequeathed to them by their quaker forefathers. I caught one glimpse of the star of the night, and he appeared to possess a fine figure, but further acquaintance was not to be. An American gentleman told me that Forrest intended to cross the Atlantic, and introduce the "Gladiator" upon the English stage; and that, if we could only divest ourselves of national prejudices, he would have been a play worth so admirably written and excellently performed. But who would have dreamed, some evenings afterwards, to accompany me to see young Kean in the part of Cloten, in Cymbeline, which he was performing for the benefit of an American actor, and was received by the audience in a most flattering manner, and excellently performed. But who would have made it a point never to see any thing English, only what is truly American, performed."

CHAPTER III.

PHILADELPHIA.

I now commenced visiting all the public institutions. Of charitable societies the number is amazing; probably no city in the world, of the same population, possesses in equal number. It may be truly said, that it deserves its name of "Philadelphia," there are upwards of thirty humane institutions and societies for the relief of the poor and orphans, besides above one hundred and fifty mutual benefit societies, on the principle of the English clubs; benevolent associations of tradesmen and artisans for the support of their mutual sickness, each member contributing a weekly sum towards a fund, and a sick fund. Of the public institutions the "Pennsylvania hospital" is on the most extensive scale. It is situated in a central part of the city, near Washington Square, and was founded eighty-two years since, Benjamin Franklin being one of its contributors, and possessing an excellent library of about 7000 volumes; and it is calculated that about 1400 patients are annually admitted into it, of which number three-fifths are paupers; the remainder paying for the advantages they derive from the institution. The building occupies an immense extent of ground, and on three sides of it an open space affords a free circulation of air; the west end of the building is a ward for insane patients, of whom there are generally more than one hundred. The necessary funds for the support of the hospital are derived from the interest of its capital stock, from the contributions, and the proceeds from the exhibition of West's splendid painting of Christ Healing the Sick, which produces about five hundred dollars per annum, and is exhibited in a building on the northern side of the hospital square. The artist intended to have presented the original painting to this city, but it was not purchased until after the year 1800, made for it in England; and it was sold with the proviso that he should take a copy, which was the one now exhibited here, and presented conditionally that it should be placed in a house of certain dimensions, and removed from its exhibition, being a charge of one shilling sterling, and not without the offer of the hospital funds. The painting, which contains fifty-eight figures, is about 16 by 9 feet, and with two small marine figures, which he pointed when a child, occupies

a room in the second floor of the brick building, with the light admitted from the roof. The woman who has charge of it has most probably been wearied by tedious descriptions of the picture, for she has been up the stairs, and left me to admire its beauties without interruption.

On the opposite side of the hospital, in the open square, is a fine statue of Penn., executed in England; and on the western side is the public almshouse, with infirmary attached, another huge pile of building, capable of containing 1600 inmates, but not being considered sufficiently extensive, and objections being made to its present situation, a new one is erecting on the rising ground at the opposite side of the Schuylkill river, capable of containing 3000. The institution is supported by a rate upon the poor people; the average number of inmates is considerably above 1000. There were many lamantics in one of the wards, where I saw a man with most forbidding countenance feeding a poor girl who was chained to the wall, and her hands confined in a strait waistcoat; but I was assured that such severe measures were but seldom, and always necessary. The majority of the insane patients were confined from mania & palsy, their number increasing as the warm weather approached. I asked one of them, who appeared rather sensible of his wretched state, how he felt. His answer was, "much better" (abouting his eyes and concealing his face on the pillow) "but I don't dream," answered Shakespeare's "Oh, that men should put an enemy into their mouths, to steal away their brains!" more dreadfully illustrated. The various wards appeared remarkably clean, and great attention was paid to the inmates. Strangers are admitted for four years, for the deaf, and dumb, a short distance from the almshouse, during certain days of the week, upon making application to one of the directors. It was only incorporated eleven years since, and endowed by a grant from the legislature, with an additional provision for the annual payment of 150 dollars for four years, for the expense of each child admitted, with the provision that such annual payment should not exceed 8000 dollars, the sum originally granted. The children, of whom there are about eighty, are instructed in various manufactures, and receive a good moral education.

The museum, commenced by Charles Peale, a private individual, occupies the two upper stories of a building called the Arcade, and contains an excellent collection of stuffed quadrupeds and birds; also the most perfect skeleton of a mammoth in the world; the few bones which were not preserved in the skeleton were displayed by an excellent imitation in wood. The skeleton was discovered in a morass in Ulster County, state of New York, in 1738, and was dug out of it after much labour and expense by the founder of the museum, in 1801. The skeleton of an elephant which is placed by its side, appears a very diminutive animal. Amongst the objects of curiosity are Washington's sash, presented by himself, an sheld of wool from the elm tree under which Penn made his treaty with the Indians in 1680, and a manuscript poem of Major André's, written but a month previous to his execution. It is a satire upon the failure of General Wayne. It is in a stanza which he commanded for the purpose of collecting cattle for the American army; it is entitled the "Cow Chase," and the first stanza is almost copied literally from the old English ballad of "Chevy Chase." He is very severe upon the British, and in the following stanza, when captured baggage, he enumerates the following articles:

"His Congress dollars, and his prod,

"His military speccles."

"His cornstalk whiskey for his grog,

"Black stockings and silk breeches;"

and concludes his poem with a cheer to his mitre—

"Lest this same warrior-drover, Wayne,

"Should catch the post, and hang him."

It is a singular fact that the militia-men who took the unfortunate André prisoner, were a party from the army under the immediate command of Wayne; his subsequent fate is well known. There is also an interesting gallery of 300 original portraits, principally of those who signed the declaration of independence, and the officers were figured in the same manner, during which period most of the likenesses were taken.

The State House, which has one front in Chestnut street, and the other in Independence Square, is the most elegant of buildings in the city, and being more than a century old, has many relics of antiquity, and is the great centre of growing, having many courts and public offices attached. On one side of it is the mayor's court, which was holding one of its four stated sessions at this

time; and on the opposite side is the room in which the celebrated Declaration of Independence was drawn up, and which was read from the steps in front of the building on the 4th of July 1776. Some Glorious in office modernising the room, for the purpose, as I was informed, of giving his nephew a job, and tore down all the old panelling and pillars which supported the ceiling, and substituted a coating of plaster and paint. It is a matter of surprise to me that the inhabitants of Philadelphia, who are generally so proud of their revolutionary relics and deeds of arms. Those who now have charge of the building are busily engaged in discarding every indication of their predecessors' taste, and are restoring the room to its original state. At the upper end of it, there is a wooden statue of Washington, the work of a cutter called a figure-heads. The profile is considered excellent, and he is represented with his right foot upon the torn bond which cemented the colonies to the mother country. On the pedestal is the following inscription:

"First in War,
First in Peace,
First in the hearts of his Countrymen."

It is intended to fill a vacant niche behind the figure, which formerly contained the arms of England, with a brass plate bearing the names of the members of the committee. The building is surmounted by a tower, the lower part of which is brick; and the upper, of wood, was added in 1828, imitating as closely as possible the original one, which, being much decayed, was taken down soon after the revolution. I had a very talkative old man to show me over it, who was Samuel Mather, a prominent abolitionist. St. Paul's, or Tower guards. The bell in the brick tower was cast in 1753, with the following inscription upon it, well speaking the spirit of the times, which did not, however, burst forth until after the expiration of twenty years:—

"Proclaim liberty in the land to all the inhabitants thereof.—*Leviticus, 25 chap. 10 verse.* By order of the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania, for the State House of Philadelphia."

My old conductor rested one hand upon a supporter, while I was copying the inscription, and then flourished me with a long dissertation upon the blessings of liberty, and an abusive tirade against the English, winding up his discourse with informing me that the bell was rung when the Catholics gained their liberty in the old country. He took me up to the top of the tower, where I caught a glimpse of the mechanism of the clock; how, and the thickness of each bar in the works; how, when he discovered a fire in the city, he tolled the bell, so as to inform the inhabitants in what quarter it was. One toll signified north, two times, three east, and four west; making a short interval of time, three in rapid succession, signified northeast: the streets running towards the cardinal points, the situation of the fire could be easily ascertained by the firemen. Having then led me on to the outer gallery of the tower, and pointed out the various building in the panorama beneath, and after expressing his indignation at the room where congress sat during the greater part of the immortal struggle for freedom should have been mutilated, we parted.

I attended the district court, which was sitting in a large carpeted room on the second floor, to witness the trial of an informant, filed by the attorney of the United States, against goods landed without being mentioned in the ship's invoice. There were not more than twenty people present when I entered, and a counsel, attired in a blue coat and black stock, was commencing his address to the jury: he possessed great fluency of language, and spoke warmly in defence of his client, an Englishman.

* Mr. MacKenzie, in his Sketches of Canada and the United States. He made some curious errors of spelling in the dedication made by Isaac Lukins, instead of Isaac Lukens; our ingenious townsman. He gives credit to Joseph G. Lewis, instead of Joseph S. Lewis, Esq. for the plan of the city water-works. With good taste, he remarks, "If I were to choose a retirement in the Empire of the State of America, in which was the eyeing of my days, I should decidedly incline to prefer Philadelphia." He makes one observation which wants, and will long, confirmation:—"I have seen several black gentlemen riding in their carriages," in Philadelphia. The work is, in some respects, valuable; and the part relating to Canada is short and minute, and it is not likely to be reprinted here.—*Ed.*

Independence Square, about two hundred and seventy paces each way, is prettily laid out with grass and fine trees, and surrounded by a strong iron railing; but Washington, the adjoining one, is both larger and a more fashionable promenade, being crowded between the hours of five and six in the evening with elegantly dressed females. The greatest objection to the manner in which all the squares are laid out is, that the grass is so trampled and so worn, that in Philadelphia, labourers were making hay in them. In this, as in other instances, the Americans prefer profit to appearances, or even comfort. A statue or monument is shortly* to grace the centre of Washington Square, which was a burial ground, or Pottery, as it is termed, and in which the great pestilence fever raged so violently in the city, at the end of the last century.

The twenty-first annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts was holding in a spacious building constructed for the express purpose, containing a fine room with dome, and several galleries for paintings and statues, or casts from celebrated busts: there are several specimens of Canova's and Chantrey's sculpture in the collection, which is extensive; but I was no judge of its value; nor could the catalogue which I purchased at the door, afford me information of any great utility. Amongst the paintings, were some by Salvator Rosa, Vandike, Rembrandt, West, Shee (President R.A.), Leslie (R.A.), and a large one of "The Dead man restored to Life, by touching the bones of the prophet Elisha," by Washington Allston; but the greater proportion of the pictures were of the inferior class. The works were young and stiff performances; but I was probably more inclined to be fastidious from having so lately viewed West's noble effort.

The great lion, however, of Philadelphia, is the enormous line-of-battle ship, the Pennsylvania, which is now 70 of which are masted and ready at the disposal of the city. I took advantage of the kindness of an officer in the American service, to walk over it; and he also favoured me with its dimensions:—the keel was laid in 1822, and the vessel finished to its present state in seven years; the timber being exposed to a free circulation of air, and the timbers being so close together, the plottings were young and stiff performances; but I was probably more inclined to be fastidious from having so lately viewed West's noble effort.

Another shed near it contains a double-banked frigates of sixty guns, whose keel was laid in 1819, and could be fitted out for sea in forty days; the state cabins are paneled with mahogany and white maple; the gun carriages of white, and the principal timbers of green oak: both vessels are considered by the Americans as well-built, and the frigates as a perfect model.

The Navy-yard is small, compared to any of those in England; but considerable additions were making; the barracks in it will contain one hundred and fifty men, and from sixty to seventy were doing duty there at this time; their undress uniform, a shabby-looking French gray, gave them any thing but a military appearance; their dress uniform, of dark blue is no better, nor could I find fault with it, as it was not usually worn.

A fine Marine Asylum is building near the road to Gray's Ferry, a short distance from the city, on a most capacious plain; the front of it being little less than four hundred feet in length, and a broad double verandah upon two sides.

* We fear "shortly" is too strong a word.—*Ed.*
* Candour forbids of imitation.—*Ed.*

The scenery in the immediate vicinity of Philadelphia is tame and uninteresting, with the exception of one or two spots on the banks of the Schuylkill, where the face of the country is rather more broken and abrupt; assuming in some places rather a romantic appearance. Advantage has been taken of these by gentlemen who have laid out their grounds with good taste, and much improved the farms by adopting the English system of agriculture.

The greatest lounge for the inhabitants appears to be the Fair Mount Water-works, upon the excellence of which they very justly pride themselves; and at last having expended a million of dollars in experiments, they have discovered a work by which, at once economical and serviceable. All attempts having failed, at an enormous expense, to supply the demand for water in the city, it was determined to lay aside the use of steam for the introduction of water power; and the present works were commenced in 1819, by throwing a dam, 1800 feet in length, at an obtuse angle across the Schuylkill, so as to be less exposed to the force of the current. A mill, 238 feet in length, containing several double forcing-pumps, is situated immediately below the dam on the left bank of the river, with a race-way to lead the water on to several wheels above the dam, by which the water can force nearly seven millions of gallons of water per day into the reservoir on the summit of a hill, one hundred feet above the level of the river, and fifty above the highest part of the city. They contain nearly twenty millions of gallons; and the present dam, 1800 feet in length, at the bottom of the dam, in the winter months one million per day. The expenses of the mill are but four dollars, two men being sufficient to attend the works; while that of steam was 206 dollars per day, and did not raise half the quantity. The corporation are improving the garden attached to the works, by the erection of fountains, statues, &c. They are a place of great resort for strangers, to whom the simple and ingenious machinery proves very interesting, and the gates are daily beset by a large assemblage of carriages. A wooden bridge of a single arch, of the enormous span of five hundred and thirty feet, in the vicinity of the water-works; being fifteen feet narrower in the centre than at the abutments; with a roof and windows at the sides, which are walked in, as a protection against the weather; it presents a singular appearance to a person who has been accustomed to the stone bridges of England, and is the only one of the kind in America. A second wooden bridge nearly a mile below this one, with three arches and stone piers; a marble obelisk at one extremity of it states that the cost of its construction was 300,000 dollars, and recounts the great hardships and fatigue the workmen experienced in erecting the Schuylkill bridge, being 1500 feet in length, the depth of the river, its abutments, is 1300 feet; the space of the centre arch being 195, and the width of the road upon it forty-two feet. One of the piers was commenced in the middle of winter, 500,000 feet of timber being employed in the construction of the coffer-dam; the masonry of the pier was begun on Christmas day 1802, and finished to low-water mark in forty-one days and nights, though the foundation was on the rock at the amazing depth of forty-one feet below the water; being, it is supposed, the greatest depth at which regular masonry has ever been constructed. Several other bridges have been built, and the workmen have suffered damages; the subaqueous work consuming in fact a great proportion of the expenditure.

I had heard much of the expertness of the Philadelphia firemen, and feared I should be disappointed in my hopes of witnessing it. A few days, however, before I quitted the city, being the alarm-bell, I ran out, and remembering the old man's instructions at the State House, took the requisite direction. Though I hurried as speedily as possible to the scene of action, when I arrived upon fifteen of fifteen engines and hose-carriages were in full play upon the fire, which had gained considerable ground, and an immense quantity of water was poured upon it, that it was shortly extinguished. I afterwards walked to the house in which the carriage of the Philadelphia Hose Company was kept, when some of the members very kindly drew out the carriage, and gave me a copy of the rules and by-laws. They were not very numerous, and the hose was of the most costly manner, and with 1000 feet of hose, had been purchased for 1500 dollars, bearing the well-executed classical device of the car of Tydides and Nestor at the siege of Troy, as represented in Westall's (R.A.) painting, and the motto, "The hose is the life of the fireman." The carriage is very neatly staid and ornamented in a similar manner. There are about thirty engine and sixteen hose companies; and all the firemen, unlike those in other cities, are volunteers, and defray the expenses of their engines from their own

private parties; the first company of the kind being established by Dr. Franklin. The hose formed upon the same principle as the engine, and was accordingly also established for the purpose of supplying the latter with water in greater quantities than the old system of carrying it in buckets. Each carriage has a large cylindrical roller in the centre, round which the hose is lapped, with small grooves and joints at intervals of about fifty feet through its entire length. One end is connected to a street plug, and the water forced through the hose to the engine, which can have a greater supply of water than required. The hose companies who arrive first at the fire taking the nearest plugs, lend their surplus hose to the next comers, who thus enabled to bring the water from almost any distance in the adjoining streets. There are about 100 members in each company, generally young merchants and tradesmen, amongst whom there is a great *esprit de corps*, and anxiety to reach a fire first, and secure the command of the hose company. Fines are imposed upon members who attend upon such occasions without being in their thick water-proof dress, and glazed hat, with badge upon it, or who leave a fire without permission from a director; and there are many other similar regulations. Each member also pays a certain sum upon his entrance into the service, and the annual dues of the company were an interesting sight to witness the regularity with which the various companies moved rapidly through the streets at night to the place where their services were required, by the lights of numerous torches, and with the flaring of the large candles from the cars; and after the fire was extinguished, all moved away to their respective station-houses, where the roll was called over, to ascertain the absences. Such an enthusiastic public spirit is doubtless kept alive only by the constant call for the services of the young men; and every fire will tend to diminish it in some degree, an education being thereby passed, by which a heavy fine is imposed upon any one erecting a frame-house within the limits of the city.

The Bank of the United States (or, as the Americans term it, Uncle Sam's strong box) was commenced in 1819, and has its principal office at Atlantic City. It consists of the merely decorative parts of the building most conspicuously situated in Chesnut street, the most fashionable street in the city. The building is entirely of white marble (161 by 87 feet), the porticoes at each end being supported by eight Doric columns, each 27 feet in height, and four feet in diameter. The interior of the building is of the same material. The bank is a fine specimen of the light, I think I never saw any thing more soft or beautiful. The banking room, in the centre of the building, is 51 by 48, and 35 feet in height, with a tessellated floor of American and Italian marble; upon each side of it are the rooms for the directors, clerks, and cashiers, and the printing press. The capital of the bank is 35,000,000 dollars, or rather more than 71 millions sterling, divided into 350,000 shares of 100 dollars each; the government being proprietors of one fifth. It has twenty-two branch banks, distributed in various parts of the Union. Great conservatism was created amongst the directors, owing to my residence in the country, by the promulgation of General Jackson's veto upon the bank charter, which will expire in 1836. The original charter was granted for twenty years; and a bill for renewing it from the 3d of March, 1836, had passed both houses of Congress, but did not receive the assent of the president. It was most fully laid before the people his reasons for taking so decisive a step.

CHAPTER IV.

PHILADELPHIA—GERMANTOWN.

The Philadelphians, and I think I may include the Americans in general, have a great rage for playing at military games, and for exhibiting military displays; scarcely a day elapsed on which I did not see some of these. The Guards, Hibernian Greens, Washington Greys, Philadelphia Blues, or some such named troops, parading with bands of music up one street and down another, until they came to a military review, or a grand manoeuvre, tolerably well, yet the words of command which were frequently given savoured but little of a military education, or as if much attention had been paid to the study of military evolutions. These volunteer corps are composed of respectable young men, who form themselves into

companies, for the purpose of avoiding being called out to the militia trainings, which take place annually, and which are generally more tedious than the military exercises in England; and where the citizen soldiers learn more that would unfit them for actual service, in one training, than six months' severe good drill would break them of. The system is altogether deprecated by every reasonable man in the United States; and all exertions are made to cast ridicule upon, and bring it into disrepute.

On my way to the office of a rail road, which was opened on the 7th of June, between the city and Germantown, six miles distant, I witnessed a most extraordinary scene, involving the risk in some new bank. It was a scene worthy of St. Giles's or Billingsgate; and such as I should never have expected to see in the quiet city of Philadelphia. The manner in which it was disposed of was as follows: the sellers were in a house, with a small aperture in a window-shutter, only sufficiently large to admit a man's head and shoulders; he delivered his money; by a hand-received his scrip, after a lapse of some time, it was impossible for him to withdraw through the crowd of purchasers; no one would make way, lest he should thereby lose his chance of witnessing the scene. The only plan then was that one of his friends thrust his head into the aperture, which he fastened round his body, and part of the mob, who came as mere lookers-on, dragged him out by main strength, frequently with the loss of the better half of his apparel. Many had, however, come prepared for the worst, by having their coats, shirts, and hats at hand. It was here that the strongest went to the wall, and various were the schemes adopted to keep possession. One fellow had very knowingly brought a ginnet with him, and, boring it into the shutter, held on with one hand, while he kept the window-shutter fast with the other. A bystander told me that a large party of leaguers gathered for mutual support, and taking possession of the window the preceding evening; but that a stronger one attacked them in the morning, and drove them from their position, though not without several heads, arms, and legs, being broken in the affray. It was, however, the only chance a peaceable citizen had of obtaining any stock to hire the greatest bully he could find to fight his battles for him. This scene continued throughout three days; and, besides many severe and dangerous wounds, which were inflicted in the contest, one man was killed. In consequence of this kind of rage, the least disturbances, meetings of respectable citizens were held, to devise means to prevent a recurrence of them on like occasions; and, as an additional proof that they were animated of those proceedings, one of them expressed a hope that he had not witnessed a sale of bank-stock. Pursuing my way to the rail-road, I overheard a brick-layer call out from his kiln to another at some distance, "I say Jen, Bob 'll have a blow out to-morrow." "Why? how?" "He's gone to buy stock, and he'll work his way amongst them, I know." I had been detained so long, that I did not arrive at the railway until two miles past nine, and the car had started as the clock struck; so I passed the two hours, until the departure of the next train, by walking out into the country. It was the first time I had well examined any American farmer, which was a new sight to me, and a great disadvantage. To this effect, the substitution of zig-zag, or as the Americans term them, worm fences of dead wood, instead of the neat quickset hedges of English husbandry, does not a little contribute.

Locomotive engines had not been introduced, and horse power was substituted until the railway was nearly completed, a single road only being at present finished; but many hundreds of workmen, principally Irish, were employed in laying an additional one: the castings were imported from England, and the chairs were firmly fastened by a system of gray iron rods, the foundation being well secured by a system of heavy iron rods, and the admitted stones, well rammed down; and where any rails appeared to give way, or start out from each other,

* In another instance a strong man lashed himself to the window-shutter, and

† We are not sure as to the killing, but the scene described is not otherwise exaggerated, and to the disgrace of our city there were several repetitions. A gentleman of property lost the best part of his car, which was hacked to pieces. He was one of a party deluged from the windows which had been taken off the car before daylight. These scenes, it is hoped, will not occur hereafter, as experience has proved the necessity of a stop of the stock of newly incorporated banks at auction—Ed.

those opposite were connected with them by a rod of iron, and gravel overlaid. The highest embankment on the road was forty perpendicular feet, and the only very heavy work was the blasting of a ridge of granite, through which we passed, four miles from the city. The carriage ran remarkably easy, and, though carrying twenty passengers (and calculated to hold forty), the horse took it the six miles in forty minutes, the road being thirty miles per mile throughout the distance. The usual contrivance of a lever, by which the carriages were to move, having a brush at the lower end for the purpose of sweeping the rail before the wheel. A busy scene presented itself at the place where the cars stopped, on the edge of a wall, half a mile from Germantown. A large concourse of male and female travellers had established themselves under the trees; several frame houses were erecting for the sale of egg-nog and mint jules; and land, which had been of little value a twelvemonth before, was now letting at half a dollar per foot. Germantown is a straggling place, three miles in length, and interspersed with gardens and orchards, which give it rather the appearance of a large village. It was here that Washington experienced a repulse in his attack upon an English division, in 1777. I walked through a large stone house, the property of Mr. Beaver, which was the principal scene of action, and most gallantly defended by five companies of the 40th regiment, under Colonel Musgrave, against incessant attacks of an American column, under General Sullivan. It stands on a rising ground, about two hundred yards from the main road, and still bears marks of the light artillery, which was brought to bear upon the troops; and a man to a man who appeared to have been left in charge of the house, by the proprietor; but he answered me so coolly, and appeared so little inclined to give any information, that I turned away, and commenced a conversation with his wife, who would not show me through the building, and pointed out the grave of the English General Agnew, in front of the stables, near which lay also several ornamental statues, which had lost heads or arms during the fight.

We were only thirty minutes returning to Philadelphia, when a large concourse of people had assembled, to witness the arrival of the cars, it being the first kind of the description which had been opened near the city. The Americans, particularly in that portion of the country which gives birth to the Yankées, have acquired a reputation for being ignorant and inequitable, which does not extend to the Philadelphia portion of the English. I went to the Quaker tavern; for, during the first three days, I was at the hotel, not a single individual addressed a word to me at table. All were too busy to ask questions, or to pay the slightest attention to any one's wants but their own; as they ate, so they departed in silence. At last, fearing I should lose the use of my tongue, I took courage on the fourth day, and made some common-place observation to a dark, stout man who sat next to me, and who always had an English-looking pointer under his decided head. He was a Quaker; but so he could speak English but very imperfectly, and so he did not make me a long story in pitiful accents, about his losing 1500 dollars the preceding day, I knew him to be Monsieur Chabert the fire-king, having read an advertisement in the papers offering 500 dollars reward for the recovery of the persons who had been taken from the temple in the story of the stolen parrot. He had a room of noble dimensions, lined by gas, from private works, to witness his performance; the attendance was very thin, and the audience appeared to take very little interest in his lecture upon the various qualities of poisons, and the impunity with which a large quantity might be taken, provided the antidote followed immediately; for all talked incessantly. They were more attentive when he commenced drinking the poisons, passing red-hot bars of iron over his tongue, swallowing oil of tart to 350 degrees, Fahrenheit, and burning a cloaf of his hair to 350 degrees, and the explosion of 300 cartridges exploded. Shouts of laughter and applause marked the awkward attempts of some few aspirants to perform the same feats.

The historical compositions upon many of the signs displayed on the walls, in the suburbs near Kensington, were painted in no other manner. Various groups were introduced in the subjects, in quite an artistic and classical style, such as in "The Landing of Columbus in the New World," "Washington crossing the Delaware on the 25th of December 1776," "The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis to the British on the 19th of September 1781," which was very near the spot where a pine tree stood under which the treaty was made. The tree, which measured twenty-four feet in circumference, was

laps, being checked in my course only by the broad leather belt which crosses the centre of the vehicle for the passengers in front to part to lean their backs against. Nor was it until after much manœuvring that I managed to secure myself. After I had travelled a few hundred miles I became more accustomed to the motion, and discovered that the heavier a coach was laden the easier it went, and that to be wedged in between two fat ladies, or gentlemen, was a great desideratum in a long and rough journey.

The road passed through a dull, unventilated country, with not even a straggling village for upwards of twenty miles; and the few houses we passed were mostly miserable-looking log huts, inhabited by negroes, whose chief occupation appeared to consist in threatening with a plough between the stumps of trees to turn up the soil amongst the rows of Indian corn. The coach turned off the road about fifteen miles from Baltimore, and wound its way through the mazes of the forest. Looking out to ascertain the cause of such a detour, I saw the branch of a tree laid across the road, and, a few yards farther, a broken-down wooden bridge, with a solitary black at work repairing it. At the village of Rosburgh the scenery became more varied, hill and dale intervened, and several fine farms began to show themselves. On the left of the road, near Bladensburg, was an English-looking mansion, with lodges and a gate, the grounds laid out with good taste, and every thing, even to the very rail fences of the fields, betokening an opulent and good practical farmer. I was informed it was the property of Mr. Calvert, a descendant of the Lord Baltimore, who received a grant from Charles I. in 1632, of a tract of country on the bay of Chesapeake, which he named Maryland, in honour of Henrietta Maria, and of which state Baltimore is now the capital. His brother, Leonard Calvert, the following year, being appointed governor of the province, left England with about 300 planters, and the colony on the northern shore of the bay, which comprises nearly 2000 acres, and is in a higher state of cultivation than any I saw. Descending the hill, we entered the small village of Bladensburg, which does not contain more than two brick and but few wooden houses. Here was fought the action which, in 1814, decided the fate of the capital of the United States. The road from Nottingham, by which the British army under General Ross advanced, joins the Baltimore road at the village; by some strange error, the American commander neglected to destroy the bridge, or even to dispute vigorously the passage of the British troops across it; but, after some slight skirmishing, and the discharge of two field-pieces, he awaited their formation and attack upon the rising ground and farm-house on the opposite side of the river. Hence his forces fled with the greatest precipitation; the sailors alone, under Commodore Barney, attempting, by a spirited resistance, to retrieve the error of the day. This action is a subject of just amongst the Americans themselves, who factiously call it the Bladensburg races.

A violent thunder-storm burst upon us soon after leaving Bladensburg, from which we were ill defended by the painted canvas curtains of our vehicle. Wet and weary, we arrived, at eight o'clock in the evening, at the door of Gadsby's hotel, in Washington.

CHAPTER VI.

WASHINGTON.

On the following day (Sunday) I felt sore and shaken with my rough journey, and the thermometer stood so high (upwards of ninety in the shade), that I kept within doors until evening, when I strolled down the broad Pennsylvania Avenue, and crossed the tariff bridge immediately after breakfast, the next morning. I set off to feast my eyes and ears upon the grand object of my expedition from Philadelphia: to wit, the Capitol and Congress in full convention. I had rather hurried my journey lest the house should adjourn; and considered myself lucky in finding the members of the tariff committee in bank before it, and in all human probability would fully occupy it for the next six weeks.

A few hundred paces from the hotel, up the Pennsylvania Avenue, I entered a small muddy creek, classically named the Tiber, and soon after gained the large iron gates at the entrance of the white city of Washington. The Capitol is situated. It is upon a lofty eminence, overlooking the plain upon which the city is built; and several broad flights of steps lead to the principal entrance. The first stone was laid by Washington, during his administration, in September 1793, and he continued to the present state until some time after the conclusion of his hostilities in 1815, previously to which the wings only were

built of substantial materials, the intermediate space between them, now occupied by the rotunda, being formed of wood. It was consumed in the conflagration of the public buildings which ensued on the entrance of the British into the city on the evening of the 24th of August, 1814. It is situated nearly in the centre of the area which contains twenty-two and a half acres of ground, and is surrounded by a low wall and strong iron balustrade, a small shrubbery of low trees being planted within the enclosure. The western front, towards the city, is tastefully laid out in a garden, and a gravel path, thirty-six feet wide, the eastern a garden has been fenced off within an iron railing, to which however every one has free access. The eastern front of the building stands upon higher ground than the western; and, to remedy this defect in perspective, a single terrace was formed at some distance (probably twenty feet) from the basement story on the latter side, which, in addition to answering the primary object, affords, by being underbuilt, excellent cellars for fuel. The entrance, then, is from this terrace into the rotunda, which is on the second story, and paved with black and white marble, from thirty-six feet above the floor. Its diameter is also the same; and the echo of footsteps along the pavement, or the voices of people conversing, almost equals that in the whispering-gallery of St. Pauls. The westerside of it is ornamented with a series of statues, and is entered by a grand officer of the American army and aide-de-camp to Washington during the revolutionary war. Retiring from the service in disgust at the irregular promotion of some officers over his head, he cultivated his natural talent for drawing, by studying under his countryman, Howard Chandler Christy, and afterwards in Europe. The paintings are placed in niches about ten inches deep in the wall, and are from twenty to twenty-one feet in length, and about thirteen in height. They are all historical subjects, taken from the most important events of the era connected with the Revolution; beginning with the capture of the British in the House of Philadelphia, 4th July, 1776; Surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, 17th October, 1777; that of Cornwallis, at Yorktown, 19th October, 1781; and Washington's Resignation of his Commission into the hands of Congress at Annapolis, 23rd December, 1783. The figures are all in marble, and their value is enhanced by most of the figures represented on the canvas being from portraits taken for the express purpose by Colonel Trumbull.

There are two entrances into the Rotunda from the area without, and two others from the Senate House in the rear. The first entrance is by a flight of steps, and is the only one in the southern wing. Over each of them is a large historical piece of sculpture; two are from the chisel of Enrico Caucasi, of Verona, who studied under Canova; the one representing a combat between Daniel Boone an early settler in the west, and an Indian, 1773, the other represents the Landing of the Puritan settlers at Plymouth in 1620. A third, by A. Capellani, also a pupil of Canova, is the narrow escape of Captain Smith from death (when captured by the Indians in 1606), through the intercession of Pocahontas, the king's daughter, who, in 1609, prevented the entire destruction of the colony at Jamestown, by informing the settlers of her father's design of cutting them off. She was subsequently married to Mr. Rolfe, an English gentleman, with whom she visited his native country. The fourth piece of sculpture is by R. Gevelot, representing the treaty between the English and Indians in 1763, and is being those over the grand entrances are the sculptured heads of Raleigh, Columbus, Cabot and La Salle. The house of representatives, connected with the rotunda by a passage, is of a semicircular form; its greatest length being ninety-five feet, with a pitched roof and a dome sixty feet in height, supported by thirty-two columns of highly-polished Potomac marble, or pudding-stone, with capitals of white Italian marble, which, I thought, made a contrast very unpleasant to the eye, reminding me (as a gentleman near me remarked of a large eagle, with a white tuft upon his head, and very long and hands me chandelier, is suspended from the centre of the dome, in which there is also a skylight, and small lamps are attached to each column; so that the house is most brilliantly illuminated at night, when the debates continue beyond daylight, which is seldom the case. The semicircular form of the interior is broken by a semicircle, here elevated under a canopy of drapery nine steps above the floor of the house; with clerks' desks immediately under, and the newspaper reporters in a low gallery on each side, and in rear of the speaker. The members sit, fronting the speaker in semicircular rows, and are distinguished by the colour of their garments, and last, though not least, a brass spittoon. In

rear of them, and between the marble columns, are those persons who, though not members, are yet entitled to a seat upon the floor of the house. The strangers' gallery, of marble, with three rows of cushioned seats and a large skylight, is raised for the convenience of the foreign and domestic spectators, and occupies the space between the columns and the wall, the full extent of the semicircle. Over the speaker's chair is a large statue of Liberty, and another (what it is intended to represent I am not least) is raised for the next day) is opposite to it over the entrance door. A full length portrait of Lafayette, with the American standard and a copy of the Declaration of Independence, decorates one side of the house; and it is intended to place one of Washington on that opposite. About one hundred and fifty members are present when I entered the house. The speaker was remarkably imposing and magnificent. I had witnessed the slightest conception that I should have witnessed any thing so grand, and it struck me as exceeding in splendour any thing I had ever seen. The subject before the house was either trifling or very uninteresting, to judge from the whispering and talking of some members, and the incessant rustling of letters, books, and newspapers, kept up by others. It was in vain that I strained my powers of hearing to the uttermost; I could not arrive at the path of a single speech. The speaker, in his address, was not only eloquent, but his voice being entirely lost in the vast expanse of the dome. An attempt was made to rectify this fault, by hanging drapery between the marble columns, but it has been of very little avail in confining the sound; and the only project which, as likely to be of service, would be by having an artificial roof, or glass dome, which would not only be done, but from the appearance, suspended a few feet above the level of the strangers' gallery.

I was sitting in the gallery one day, during a discussion as to whether the house should make a grant of disallowance to the ex-governor of Virginia, and not thinking it particularly interesting, opened my notebook, and commenced a sketch of the scene before me. I had not been long thus occupied, when a man, placing himself beside me, said, "Can you take it down as fast as they speak?" "Much faster," said I; "I write as fast as I breathe." "I thought I might be blessed with a very dull genius, or that my sketch might be very stretched one; but, nothing daunted by his remark, proceeded with my pencil as far as sketching in the figure which had puzzled me so exceedingly before, from my inability to gain a front view of it to secure the expression of the countenance. I was told that pieces of good luck which sometimes occur to travellers, the mystery was at once unravelled. Mr. Adams (the late president, who had resumed his seat in the House of Representatives) rising to address the speaker, I took down his speech almost verbatim; and as he had clear voice, and the house was filled with reporters, I ascertained that it was to the following effect:—"He wished that the resolution now before the house might pass; for he considered it the only parliamentary, or rather, he should say, congressional history of the Union; for, in this time of peace, the record of the proceedings of the two Houses of Congress is almost in fact the history of the nation. In Great Britain, a recent publication of the parliamentary proceedings formed a work occupying nearly 200 volumes, each as large as those of the work in question; in Great Britain, the people have been so long in the habit of feeling the same powerful interest in the conduct of their government which the Americans did, so much interest was excited by this publication, that it sustained itself. Surely, if there was any thing in which the conduct of our government should have weight with them, and there was any thing in which the British House of parliament worthy of imitation, it was the spirit with which they appropriated money for the purpose of printing the debates. He sincerely hoped gentlemen would have some regard for their posterity, and furnish the Union, for its time, with a history of the proceedings of their forefathers had said and done. He wished to know what was the meaning of that beautiful marble statue over the clock at the entrance of the house.—Why, it was the muse of history in her car, looking down upon the members of the house, and reminding them that, as the great men of the world, they were to be remembered, whatever they said and did upon the floor.—an admonition well worthy of being remembered. The reporters, at the sides and in rear of the speaker's chair, were the scribes of that Muse of History; and the publication of the questions proposed the house was the real, he might even say the living, record of the proceedings of the members, and last, though not least, a brass spittoon. In

inced them to make the grant for erecting that statue, would now urge them to pass the one before the house."

I afterwards heard that the statue was designed by an Italian sculptor, and that it was to be placed in the National Hall of History is represented with a book and pencil in the attitude of writing, and standing in a winged car (the clock forcing a wheel) which passes over the surface of the globe.

The Senate House is of the same shape as that of the representative body, but smaller; being only 74 feet in length by 42 in height. Upon entering the light strange gallery, which, supported by iron pillars, runs round the circular part of it, the following notice posted on the door met my eye and excited a smile:—

"Gentlemen will be pleased not to place their feet on the board in front of the gallery, as the dirt from them falls upon senators' heads."

The air and demeanour of the senators struck me as rather more aristocratic than that of the members of the other house. During the time the houses are actually sitting, a flag flies upon the summit of the dome over each wing; and, if either adjourns, that flag only is struck.

Adjoining the rotunda on the western front of the Capitol is the Congress Library—a room of about 90 by 35 feet, and calculated to contain upwards of 20,000 volumes. The present library had about 13,000, which have been collected since 1814, when the small library of 3,000 was destroyed.

There are two busts of eminent Americans by Perini, and an old portrait of Columbus in it. From the outer balcony there is a fine prospect of the broad Potomac, and the rising city with Arlington Heights (the seat of the family related to the Washington family) on the opposite bank; the mall, the navy yard, and the towns of Alexandria and Georgetown in the distance. The basement story is occupied by various courts, offices, and bar-rooms. The total cost of the Capitol, including the painting of the interior, the suite of rooms, and the purchase of the land, was \$1,000,000, and a half of ground, and 1830 square feet; the length of the front being 350, the depth of the wings 121, and the height to the top of the centre dome 120 feet. The exterior, although of white freestone, is painted white, which tasteless proceeding is explained by the following notice from the Travellers' Guide:—"Cyrillus Hall, in his Travels, speaking of the Capitol, says, 'By some strange perversity of taste, however, for which I never could learn to whom the public were indebted, this fine building has been covered with a coating of paint.' He would not have said this, had he not seen the same suite of rooms occasioned by the conflagration which succeeded the capture of the city by the British troops in 1814." The editor should have added that British troops would never have been guilty of such excesses, and that this act of severity on their part would not have happened, if the American army, which invaded Canada, under General Harrison, in 1812, had not wantonly destroyed by fire the Moravian village on the 20th of October, and if General McClure had not, at the end of the following year, burnt the whole town of Newark, sparing no private property, and the pretext of securing the American frontier. The British, on the other hand, respected private property, and destroyed only public buildings, in retaliation for this gross breach of the laws of civilised warfare. Yet the circumstance alone of the British flag of truce having been fired upon as if it were a hostile flag, and the general's house killed, was sufficient to justify almost any steps, in addition to putting to death every one in the house when the shot proceeded, as also razing the building to the ground.

At the summit of the steps on the western side is a fine monument erected to the memory of the officers who fell at Tripoli in 1804. "There are several allegorical figures round the column, which are described in part of the inscription on the pedestal:—

"The love of glory inspired them—Fame has crowned their deeds—History records the event—The children of Columbia admire—and Commerce laments their fall."

It stood, until very lately, in the navy yard, because (as was said) Congress would not give it so conspicuous a site. Washington, the naval hero, was the subject. I was glad to see that they had shown the good taste, at the time of its removal, to efface the inscription of "Mutilated by British in 1814," which had occupied a prominent place upon it for so many years. The mutilations, in the first place, were very slight, the

head of a figure and a few letters of the inscription being broken off; whereas, had the British troops been upon destroying the whole monument, a few blows from the but end of a musket would have shattered the greater part of it to pieces immediately. The little injury which it sustained arose, no doubt, from the same spirit of mischief which has defaced so many of the statues in Westminster Abbey and the public edifices in England. It may be seen that the notice of the liberal authors of the inscription that, long as it remained, it was but a moment to their capital had once been in the possession of foreign troops; whether this, or the knowledge that it was a gross libel upon the British nation, prompted the withdrawal of it, I know not.

During my stay at Washington I frequently attended the debates, and had to pass many a tedious hour in attempting to follow the rhapsodies of some ambitious young lawyer, who had got possession of the floor, and made a speech of almost interminable length, wearing out the patience of every member in the house. He would probably afterwards send it to the press, and distribute it in pamphlets for the edification of his constituents. On my expressing surprise that such a proser was not forthwith coughed down, some one near me said, "Every lawyer here is a little like that." "I have seen plenty," since the meeting of the first provincial congress, up to the present period, no session had been so stormy as this one; nor had such acts of personal violence, arising from debates, been committed upon the members, who had been cast in the public streets, and another shot at with a pistol as he was descending the capital steps. A good healthy cough, the cry of "order," or shuffling with the feet upon the floor of the house, would have put down the unruly speaker and prevented both occurrences. The public funeral of Mr. John Adams, the first President of the United States, unfortunately drowned in the Potomac by slipping off the pier, at Alexandria, in a dark and stormy night, took place a few days after my arrival, in the burial ground near the capital; the president and members of both houses attending, and wearing crape round the left arm in token of mourning.

When the city was first planned, it was supposed that it would have been built upon the rising ground, which is a continuation of the capital hill, as being a healthier and finer situation than the swampy flat between it and the river. The latter was so low, and so marshy, that upon such a result, erected a square of houses to the south of the capital, and some few were rented in the first instance; but the tide of population turned in a different direction, and settling in the low ground along the Pennsylvania avenue, between the president's house and the capital, Mr. Law's house was soon abandoned, and became a heap of ruins. He first settled in the States thirty years since, and married a niece of Washington; he was quite an enthusiast, and lost a large fortune in promoting the growth of the city.

Washington once exhibited few symptoms of prosperity than any town I visited in the Union. There was none of that bustle which is always attendant upon a thriving place; and the long straight streets, with a few fillers strolling about in them, bracketed a place fit for falling to decay under the present rate of population. It is difficult to convey an accurate idea of the fill up the original plan, which was on a great and magnificent scale; but the situation, in a mercantile point of view, is decidedly bad; the river is but just navigable for vessels of moderate burthen up to the city, 200 miles from sea; and the Baltimore and Annapolis, in the vicinity of the city, and of much easier access, engrosses all the trade of the surrounding country. The present population of Washington, including men of colour, is estimated at 20,000, though I should not have judged it at more than two thirds of that number. Nearly all the present buildings are along the Pennsylvania avenue, in which the president's house is situated, and which is the only one in which any trees are planted. One or two days before I left the city, the sergeant at arms absconded with a considerable sum of money, and the volunteer corps used to be called out to represent him, who had been in the habit of allowing him to fill up blank checks with their signatures attached, for their daily allowance of eight dollars; and, in most instances, he had overdrawn the sum due. No person being found in his possession when arrested at Bladensburg, the volunteers were determined to punish him, and passed a resolution that the amount he had failed to pay over to them should be made good out of the contingent fund of the house.

Upon the whole, Washington has a desolate appear-

ance, which is increased by the land marked out for its site being entirely destitute of trees, and only here and there (excepting where the present town is situated) are scattered hedges, each standard is solitary, and requiring some support on either side. The inhabitants, and Americans generally, fondly flatter themselves that it will some day vie in splendour with ancient Rome. The only comparison it bears at present is with the modern city, in the ruins of the Roman bridge, and Mr. Law's houses. The same allegation of history is also made by a French lady, who likened it to a town gone out on a visit into the country.

CHAPTER VII.

ALEXANDRIA, MOUNT VERNON, GEORGETOWN, &c.

Early on the morning of the 21st of June, I took the steam-boat, and glided rapidly down the broad "river of Suez" (as the poor Indians term the stream) to Alexandria, in the district of Colima, seven miles from the city, but on the Virginian side of the Potomac. It contains about 8000 inhabitants, and, like most American towns of moderate size, has a museum, which, however, it is rather difficult for a stranger to find, being placed in the ruins of the Roman bridge, and the houses, who some of the best specimens of natural history are seen, to very little advantage. The museums in the states are generally good, but the owners (one and all) possess a strange taste for collecting such a quantity of trash and childish trifles—as pieces of old shells, signal and Congreve rockets, rapiers, &c., fired from the British squadron, under Captain Gardin, at the White House, a few miles below the town; jackets of volunteers stained with blood, bayonets of sergeants of marines killed in action, &c.—that it is quite a labour to search for what is really worthy of notice. There are several relics of Washington, such as his military attire, marion's dress, and the red sash robe in which he was christened, preserved with the greatest care; as also two of his original letters, one of which, written a month before his death, was penned in a fine bold hand. The old man in charge of the museum pointed out the celebrated spot where the British fired the revolution; one from the Hessians, at the battle of Trenton, and the other belonging to the 7th Fusiliers, surrendered by Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. There was a labelled paper on each, the first being "Alpha" and the second "Beta." I was told that the British sent them thus to the museum, as the fruits of his first and last victory. As the old man was in his own castle, I did not like to question the veracity of his statement; but I think he must have judged from my countenance that I was not a sceptic.

Having hired a coach, I proceeded on my journey to Mount Vernon, the burial-place of Washington. The guide-book told me that "the road to it was unimpaired and difficult to trace;" but setting forth on my pilgrimage, and travelling over a sandy, poor country, I managed tolerably well. I was not far from the city when, at the meeting of four roads, I was at a complete standstill, there being neither sign-post nor living being from whom I might gain further information. Trusting to my horse and good luck, I rode on at a brisk trot for several miles, when, meeting a woman, I discovered that she had taken the wrong road, and I was obliged to turn back; and after losing my temper ten times, and my road twice as often, by an hour after mid-day I arrived at the lodge-gates of Mount Vernon.

I was obliged to adopt this inconvenient method of travelling, as the stage from Alexandria, which passes within 200 yards of the house, are not permitted to land passengers, on the plea that great depredations were committed amongst the trees and gardens. The proprietor certainly does not appear to encourage pilgrims to the tomb; the road through the grounds from the lodge to the house being, if possible, more than the highway, and running for a considerable distance up a deep ravine, and over the rough stone bed of a winter's torrent.

It was much the fashion, during my stay in America, for the volunteer corps and the Republican Associations of young men, to make a pilgrimage to the tomb in a low opportunity of having a laugh against their Yankee brethren to escape them, say, that the order for loading steamers to land their passengers arose in consequence of a gentleman's attitude in the carriage, as he rode into the sacred ground that, upon his return to Boston, he made a good round sum of money by retelling them at a dollar each.

The house was originally built by Lawrence Wash-

ington, a brother of the general, and received its name from a disinclination to allow any person whose intention he had served. He was succeeded by the general, from whom (having no children) it descended to his nephew Bushrod Washington, the judge, and from him to his nephew John Washington, who died three days prior to my visit; in consequence of which, I did not receive admission. I heard that there was nothing interesting within the house, excepting a small fragment of a jug, bearing a likeness of the general, which is considered the most striking ever seen; the most singular part of the story being, that the jug was made in England by a common potter who had never visited America. The house is built of wood, two stories in height, the exterior stuccoed in imitation of stone; a portico, supported by square wooden pillars, extends the full length of the front towards the Potomac, and the roof is surmounted by a light wooden tower. The situation is a very pretty one, and nearly as charming as the view by the river, due to the natural beauty. The grounds are laid out in a tasteful style, and kept in a slovenly manner, high coarse grass growing up to the very door. The Americans possess generally but little taste for ornamental gardening, or at least make no display of it; for a collection of a cottage, or even a respectable-looking mansion, with any thing like a flower-garden attached to it.

When the judge possessed the property, it consisted of more than 3000 acres of land; but the sale of prime-land, being at that time very difficult to arrange, his nephews, so that there are now but 1400 acres of the house; and, although the general has been dead only thirty-two years, the estate has passed into the hands of the third generation. The latter proprietor has left two sons and a daughter, so that the estate will be again divided among three mutually exclusive families. It is much to be regretted that the government do not take some steps either to keep the property entirely in the family, or purchase it for the States in general. Surely if any spot in America deserves protection more than another, it is the tomb of the father of the country. Application was made to the War Department to remove the body on the centennial celebration of Washington's birthday (23d of February, 1832), in order to bury it with great pomp in the rotunda of the capitol; but the late proprietor would not accede to it, stating, as his excuse, that he had never received request of his grandnephew to be buried at Mount Vernon.

A fine sloping bank descends from the house nearly to the Potomac, when it becomes more abrupt, and is so thickly covered with trees that the river is not visible from the house. On the brow of the abrupt part of the bank are three vaults, which were intended to receive the remains of the family were originally buried. The coffins were removed a twelvemonth since to another vault two or three hundred yards more inland. Two vaults are of plain brick, and on the original one there was not even any inscription, and but a weak wooden door to close the entrances. It was situated in the midst of a cluster of oak trees, and several red pine and cedar grew on the top of it. The present vault has a small tablet of stone, inscribed "Washington Family," and underneath, "I am the resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me shall never die; and he that liveth and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." That the nation have never erected a monument to the man who was their idol while living, and whose memory is still so revered amongst them, is ever a source of sorrow and regret among foreigners. The Americans say, in their defence, that the city of Washington, with its public buildings, is alone a sufficient monument; and that the proper testimonial of respect to its name is the affectionate remembrance of the people. It must be remembered, however, that two days after his death, Congress resolved, unanimously, that "a marble monument be erected by the United States at the city of Washington, that the family of General Washington be requested to permit his body to be deposited under it, and that the monument be so designed as to commemorate the great events of his military and political life;" to which Mr. Washington consented, saying that, "taught by the great example which I have so long had before me never to oppose my private wishes to the public will, I must consent to the request made by Congress." Judge Marshall, in his "Life of Washington," says, that "the States, which were unanimously, had many enemies; that the party who were long constituted the opposition to his administration declared its preference for an equestrian statue, which had been voted by congress at the close of the war, sixteen years previous; that the division between a statue and a monument was nearly equal, that the session passed

away without an appropriation for either; and that those who were the strongest advocates of the public sentiment employed their influence to draw odium on the men who favoured a monument, and to represent that measure as part of a general system to waste the public treasury.

When I arrived at the cross roads on my return, I found a gentleman with his servant in the very dilemma in which I had been situated in the morning, and was quietly awaiting the arrival of some one who could give him information, and asked me which was the road to Fredericksburg, about sixty miles distant. I advised him to trust to his horse, as the knights errant of old had done, as I could direct him no further.

The president's house at Washington, containing some finely proportioned rooms, furnished in a republican style of plainness, is situated on a slightly elevated ground, laid out in walks and gardens. The building is of free-stone, painted white, for the same reason as the capitol. Although it would be hard to give for a private gentleman, still a more magnificent one might have been erected for the executive of a mighty nation. Many of the country residences of English commissioners far excel it in grandeur of appearance. I passed several agreeable hours there with Mr. Calhoun, the public sentimentist, Mr. Hayne of South Carolina, and the distinguished himself as governor of that state, and some few others of the great politicians of the day. The president is a tall, hardy-looking veteran, apparently sixty-five years of age, with a head of strong bushy hair. His manner is courteous and dignified, and his conversation strong fluency of speech, rather too much interlarded with strong associations. The tariff bill formed the chief topic of conversation; but he was unable to cope with the powerful eloquence of Mr. Hayne, his more youthful antagonist.

At a short distance on either side of the president's house are large buildings occupied by the state and war departments. In the former I was gratified with a sight of the original copy of the famous Declaration of Independence. Some of the signatures, owing to the process of time, and the decay of the parchment, are becoming almost illegible. The document is not only preserved within a glass case, and no one permitted to touch it. Washington's commission as commander of the American armies, bearing date 19th of June, 1775, as also the various treaties made with foreign powers, are shown with the original signatures, and are not to be touched by any one. In one of the rooms are the presents which public functionaries, or officers of the navy and army, have received from foreign courts, and which, by law, they are compelled to deliver over to the American government. The few presents of them for no earthly purpose that I could conceive, were not to be touched by any one. The unfavourable idea that the government was suspicious of the integrity of its public servants, and had so mean an opinion of its representatives as to imagine that they could be bribed by a paltry sword or gold snuff-box, was never more completely exploded than amongst them. The matter would appear in a much better light if the government, following the example of the East India Company, were to compel its servants to return the presents bestowed upon them to those who presented them, and foreigners might then be spared being imbued with what are, probably, erroneous impressions.

Numerous blue and red painted canvass bags, about the size and shape of a pillow, suspended from the ceiling on one side of the office of the secretary of the navy, with "Peace," "War," "Fidelity," "Duty," "Virtue," and various other such names upon them, attracting much attention, I had the curiosity to enquire what were the contents of such a singular collection of titled bags, and was informed that they were the colours of British vessels of the tribes in the United States without exception in the shoulders, and they might be pointed out to the capitol of Washington; and are, I was informed, the complete judge, faithful likenesses of the red men of the forest, who are so rapidly disappearing before the march of civilisation and encroachment. To a foreigner, they are certainly very interesting, as he may travel many hundred miles through the States, and not see a single Indian; or the few he may perchance see, dwelling within the boundaries of civilisation, are a degenerate, dissipated race, and held in contempt by such warriors as the "Star-bearer," the Sparrow that hunts as he walks," the "Spoon," "Sleepy eye," the Bear whose screams make the rocks

tremble," "Buffalo," and various others, as represented on canvas in the Indian department. The great attention paid to a traveller, and the readiness with which he is shown every thing worthy of notice in the Indian departments, and, in fact, I may say every where else in the States, is truly gratifying; particularly as it arises from a spirit of courtesy, no tax, as is too frequently the case in Europe, being levied upon the traveller to dispart the present.

The arsenal, upon the Potomac, is a fine building, but a mere depot for ordnance stores, the works having been levelled since the war, when their utility was so fully proved by the British landing from the Patuxent, and taking Washington from the rear; the American troops being compelled to abandon the works which had been thrown up to dispute the passage of the Potomac alone. It was in disabling the guns on the ramparts that Captain Frazier and many more of the British force were blown up, from a piece of wadding accidentally falling into a dry well, in which the Americans had placed the contents of their magazine, trusting that it would escape the observation of the invaders. The officer in charge kindly accompanied me through the various store-rooms and armories. They contain models of the French and English field-pieces, with tumbrils, and a great number of English being made by request at Woolwich; but the French guns had never been approved of, and will be adopted in the American service. The account of the uniform size of the ammunition-wagons, and a trifling difference in some other respect. The American field-pieces are of cast iron, the smallest calibre being eight pounds. The low specimens I saw of brass were very faulty, and home-made; the casting of the metal also is too expensive, being from 20 to 25 cents per pound. Many of the iron guns were also defective. Thirty-two forty-two-pounders had arrived two days previously from the foundry at Georgetown, and many were very roughly and imperfectly cast: the weight of each was 8624 pounds, and the cost about five cents per pound, which makes the price of a single gun 431 dollars. They were intended for the fortresses, which are closing at the mouths of all the harbours, along the extensive coast of the United States. As an inland war can scarcely ever be expected, the reliance upon military works is along the sea-board, for which purpose large grants of money are made every session of congress; but, with only the present foundations at New York, New Orleans, and other points, the cost of heavy artillery will elapse before a sufficient supply can be procured. The great guns of the navy are already finished. In the armory there were 40,000 stand of arms; the muskets averaging the great price of 12 dollars each, and the rifles much more. The latter were upon a principle I had never before seen; differing considerably from the English, which I had seen. I thought they excelled; the soldier being capable of firing five or six times per minute with them. The use of a ramrod, except for cleaning, is entirely dispensed with, the barrel of the rifle having a petent breech, or nozzle about six inches in length, which, by touching a small trigger, opens the breech, and the soldier is ready; and the necessary load being placed within the bore, it is immediately closed again by a slight pressure of the hand. In other respects, it is similar to the common English rifle, excepting that the barrel is full as long as the muzzle, and the breech is not so small. The gunpowder and ball fuses suspended from the ceiling, in place of a cartridge-box, and the process of going twice through the motions of loading must retard the firing. White were about to give way to black leather, which were to be worn by all descriptions of infantry. The arms and accoutrements of the regulars were principally citizens engaged for a limited period; and though congress had lately passed a bill for forming an entirely military establishment, great difficulty was experienced in finding men who would enlist, when they could obtain equally high wages by daily labour elsewhere.

The navy-yard, half a mile from the arsenal, is upon the eastern branch of the Potomac, and on a larger scale than that at Philadelphia. It contains various sheds and storehouses, foundry, saw-mill, and two large sheds for ship-building, under the roof of which a great number of guns was in an unfinished state. The channel, as in the Delaware, becomes shallower yearly by the increase of mud; nor is there now sufficient depth of water for the launching of any such vessel as the Columbus, of 74 guns, which was built in this yard a few years since. I saw a schooner of 100 tons, and a brig of 150, and a sloop of 100, which has, I believe, been tried, and failed in England; namely, without knees, and entirely of thick planks laid in tiers over one another, each successive tier being placed at a different angle from the preceding one, so as

to strengthen each other. This vessel was called the "Experiment," but had failed in its anticipated expectations of the builders: it carried 12 guns, and had just arrived from Norfolk navy-yard, near the mouth of the Chesapeake; whose knees were subsequently added, but the naval officers entirely disapproved of the whole construction.

Georgetown, higher up on the banks of the Potomac, and only divided from Washington by the inconsiderable stream of Rock Creek, was formerly a place of some importance, but of late years has felt the effects of Baltimore's commerce, which has now dwindled into insignificance. On the margin of the river, scarcely anything is to be seen but long rows of desolate dwellings and empty warehouses, with their window shutters rattling in the wind, as if over the fallen prosperity of the town. It contains a population of little less than 10,000, and is only separated from the city of Washington by the bend of the river. Its interior streets are well laid out, and contain some very good private residences. The college, whose members generally profess the catholic religion, is an ancient pile of building, with a large library, and some good paintings. The students were chaunting vespers, with rather a loud organ, as I entered the channel. Within the distance of half a mile there is a large academy for young ladies, attached to a convent, which however my unallured foot was not permitted to profane. The school bears a very high character, upwards of 2000 students being carried off by the college gratuitously. There are also nearly 100 boarders, of the most respectable families in the neighbourhood, for whom there is a regular charge.

I proceeded several miles up the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal (which enters the Potomac here by four locks from the rising ground), on the 6th of June, in one of the packet-boats, which ply daily upon it, and found the travelling most delightful: I was the only passenger, and there was a neat, well-furnished cabin about fifty feet long, and fourteen broad.

The first station, after descending the Potomac navigable, originated from Washington himself, who saw the advantages the state would derive from it; and, from confining a canal to the Ohio, that it would divert the course of the west, which at present floats so many hundred tons down the Mississippi to New Orleans, into the Atlantic states. When once extended to the Ohio, it would doubt produce a reaction of trade in favor of Georgetown and Alexandria; by which they will become two of the greatest ports for the exportation of flour in the Union. The course of the canal is through a pretty and fertile country, the river being bold and rapid, and well wooded. We arrived at the Great Falls of the Potomac, in less than four hours, having passed through twenty locks, the average passage of each being two minutes and a small fraction.

I had heard the distant roaring of the mighty water-fall for some minutes before the boat stopped; and, as soon as it received a temporary check at a lock, I sprang ashore, sketch-book in hand, a young lad, belonging to the packet, crying out, "Shall I show you the way, sir?" "Always go with gentlemen, sir," at the same time running on before me, away from the boat. I was, I said, half angry at the intrusion, and alarmed at the voice of my first view of a cataract being destroyed by a young urchin interrupting my reveries and feelings of ecstatic delight, with such sentences as, "There's more water comes over the falls, sir." The Virginia side is the best, and one to see it from, sir." The little fellow was, however, I believe, half frightened, for he shrunk back at my blunt refusal of his company, and I saw no more of him at that time. Throwing myself down the steep embankment of rock, I floundered on through pools of water, tumbled over large boulders, and rattled down the steep, among the reedles, scratched my hands and face, and tore my hair, among the bushes, and, hurrying under an alpine bridge, threw across a ravine from one projecting rock to another, not scarcely deigning a passing glance at it, or any thing else. I rounded a point, and came in full view of the great and grand object, which alone occupied my thoughts. From the feelings I experienced at that moment, I could imagine the sensations of awe and delight with which the weary pilgrims first gain sight of the tower of Babel, and the domes of the prophet's tomb at the holy city of Arabia. In the moment the past, the present and care for the future are alike forgotten; the perils and privations undergone in their long and arduous marches over the burning deserts are at last fully compensated. Once in my previous life I do remember experiencing such pleasurable emotions, but I have the absence of some years in a foreign land, the dim blue line of my native country appeared rising from the main. I

raised my hands, and uttering some exclamation, stood motionless in a state of indescribable astonishment for some minutes. I found that subsequently I viewed Niagara with less inward feelings of awe and delight. The rush of water was greater, and every thing was upon a more sublimely magnificent scale; but the Potomac had partly prepared me, and I had already formed some indistinct notions of its magnitude, and I should scarce but of this I had not the slightest conception.

I am but ill at describing scenery, and may, therefore, be excused for merely taking notice in simple terms, of what the Americans would designate as the "location of the falls." The river gradually contracts to a width of 700 or 800 feet, and then, by the sudden descent of the rapids, over which it thunders and roars most terrifically, until, gaining the edge of the precipice, it shoots over in a white sheet into the troubled abyss beneath; and rushing furiously along between two narrow perpendicular walls of rock for the distance of a mile, again expands into a broad but rapid channel. The country in the immediate vicinity bears the appearance of having been once convulsed by volcanic eruption; as if the huge rocks had been thrown upon one another by gigantic efforts of nature; and every thing seems to have been subjected to some all-mighty power, which has produced a more terrific effect, when time, I believe, the falls are seen to the best advantage, the water being purer and the rocks in the river not entirely concealed from the view. During the autumnal floods, or the melting of the winter's snow, when the waters rush in one vast sheet of foam over the whole breadth of the chasm, they may present a more terrific, though grand and fearful aspect, and be more calculated to inspire awe; but certainly not so beautifully picturesque as during the summer's sunshine, when nature appears in her mildest and serene form, and the prismatic hues of the rainbow are seen glittering in the white mist which breathes from the pure and limpid streams in its gliding over the rocky shelves. After passing two hours in admiration, I returned to the packet, and, as the sun set, arrived at my quarters in the Pennsylvania Avenue.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXCURSION INTO THE INTERIOR OF VIRGINIA, AND BACK TO NEW YORK.

On the 26th of June I again crossed the Potomac to Alexandria, and travelling in the mail over a heavy, sandy, and hilly country, until near sunset, entered the pretty little village of Akie, situated amongst the hills. We were now in Loudoun county, and at the same time observed the country to be more fertile, and the hills more verdant, and the rugged woods gave way to substantial soil; but as yet I saw nothing like good farming, or any buildings equal to those in England. In addition to the little disappointments I experienced from this appearance of the country, I had the misfortune to be troubled with a garrulous, fat old German, who had long been in the State above half a century, and bored me with long prosing histories of the battle of Brandywine and Yorktown, interspersed with anecdotes of his commander, Lafayette. He was now seventy-eight years of age, and boasted much of his long service; to prove that he was, he produced a bugle-horn from his leather case, and blew a blast both loud and strong, which I was so inconsiderate as to approve of. The old gentleman's vanity being flattered, he insisted upon treating me at the first tavern, where the tavern-keeper changed horses, with a draught of molasses beer, and then, having resumed our seats, he made me intervals with a repetition of the music. All my hints respecting soreness of lips, injury to lungs, headaches, &c., were not only entirely thrown away, but made the matter so much worse, that I was vain to put up with it. I stopped at a small inn, where I had been in the State of Delaware, when I was happily relieved from him. It was late in the evening before we reached our journey's end; so, soon after supper, requesting to be shown to my room, I was, to my infinite surprise, ushered into one containing four beds, three of which were already occupied. Being heartily fatigued, what from the abominable road, and the old man with his bugle-horn—and as the coach was to start again at four o'clock in the morning—I was the less inclined to be very particular; so, as a sailor would say, "I turned in, though I could not shroud suspicions that I should be the sole occupant of the room." I fell fast asleep, caught a glimpse of an enemy retiring under cover of the pillow. Never from mortal so tormented. I was fairly driven from my post, and walked down stairs, before three o'clock, to await the arrival of the coach, which started in a post at five, and I was left restless bodies of my companions in misery. The dirty

inn at Middleburg will certainly not soon be erased from my memory.

From Woodville, a few miles farther, where there was the only inn I ever saw in the country, to the Blue Ridge, the scenery was delightful. We were now with farmers with their heavily-laden four wagons, and saw groups of others cooking their victuals under the trees by the roadside, all appearing the happiest and most contented beings imaginable. Leaving their farms upon the banks of the Shenandoah, and crossing the valley of Virginia, they proceeded with their load of flour to the Alexandria market, and, carrying their hatchets and provisions, pass the night in their wagons. Thus avoiding expenses, excepting the half dollar for tolls, they dispose of their load, and with clear profit, return home. Having breakfasted at the inconsiderable village of Paris, we commenced the ascent of the Blue Ridge, which is easy, and not exceeding a mile. I had accustomed myself some little to the jolting of the vehicle, and had, therefore, taken my seat outside with the coachman, when I might enjoy the prospect of great advantage.

While praising the appearance of the cultivated and highly fertile vale lying between the Ridge and the North mountains to him, he remarked that, "for his part, he preferred the hills, and should like to live upon them for some time longer." He was, I thought, quite giving up his present work, so that I was not much alarmed, with a good horse, and have some sport; there was also plenty of gunning on the mountains' side."

This low chain of hills, which in England would be considered insignificant, has acquired its name of the Blue Ridge, from presenting a deeper shade of that colour than hills do in general; but, when travelling across them in summer, one would be led to imagine it arose from the vast quantity of blue thistle which flourishes upon them in a most extraordinary manner; patches of many acres in extent would so densely cover the ground with the flower, that the verdure was quite imperceptible. But when I pointed it out to the sporting coachman as a strong symptom of slovenly farming, he endeavored to convince me that a new era in husbandry had commenced; having been most satisfactorily ascertained that the thistle, far from being a weed, as was generally supposed, improved the soil.

A few miles after our descent, we arrived at the ferries across the Shenandoah; but the water being low, forded the stream, where it was about three feet deep, and surrounded by steep hills, the villages and villages scattered along the banks are far from healthy, owing to the heavy rains swelling the river, and leaving vegetable matter to decompose upon the ground when the water recedes to its summer channel; the inhabitants at this time are suffering much from cholera morbi and bilious fevers; the former had carried off thirteen slaves from a gentleman's estate in the course of a few weeks. This, which is however considered the richest tract of land in the vale, is in the hands of great landed proprietors: the extent of the fields varies generally from twenty to thirty acres, and produces fine crops of every description of grain; the term "corn" is applied to Indian corn only. Until aware of this distinction, I had been guilty of some slight mistakes in stating, to farmers' enquiries, that corn grew in England, and was commonly in use. Ten miles farther we arrived at a small town, containing about 2500 inhabitants, and distant seventy-five miles from Washington. Its dirty streets, with stepping-stones for foot-passengers at the crossings, presented no inducement to remain a night; but the coach proceeding no inducement to remain a night, I was compelled to wait till late in the following morning, and again ascend the steep hills of Smithfield, where the coach stopped to change horses, met two gentlemen who had just been overturned in their carriage; and, after rolling down a precipice, had most miraculously escaped with their lives. They complained bitterly of the road, and I again saw the same man made by the wagoner for carrying the remains of their carriage fifteen miles. Truly, it was no wonder that it was shattered to pieces; for the mail, in which I travelled, could not exceed a foot's pace over the limestone ridges, projecting two feet above the level of the land; and some of the hills were so steep, that it was a matter of great thankfulness we safely gained the summit of them, or that the heavy vehicle in the descent did not crush down the horses. I should much have enjoyed the society of a courierman from the Valley of the Shenandoah, and the Delaware Railway, who so, that he did not disapprove of so easy a mode of conveyance—or he required exercise." He would certainly have met it here to his heart's content. After eight hours' hard jolting, we gained the hills above Harper's Ferry, thirty miles from Winchester: the road had for some time continued on their

amity; and as we reached the brow, previous to descending the last gleam of day was just gliding the woody tops of the opposite mountains. The town, as it lay far beneath, could be but indistinctly seen in the shades cast by the towering walls of the Potomac which it encircled; but which rendered more vivid the bright flashes of a rapid succession of tremendous quarry blasts, as the echo was reverberated among the hills and rocks, like the great artillery of heaven. The white larks of the two impetuous streams, the Potomac and the Annapolis, were flying together from nearly opposite directions, like mighty giants struggling for mastery, unite into one channel in front of the town, and thus force their passage through an opening in the hills. A band of music was playing upon Camp Hill at the entrance of the town, while the bells of the churches were ringing in merriment; and the bells beneath us giving notice to the workmen that the labours of the day had ceased altogether, rendered the scene impressively striking.

Having been furnished at Washington with introductory letters to G. R. Esq., in charge of the government establishment for the manufacture of arms, he kindly accompanied me through the numerous shops and forges, which give employment to more than 300 men, though the greater part of the work is performed by machinery. The different processes of turning the steel from the rough to the wood, and of the iron from five minutes to those of fitting the lock and barrel upon it occupied but two more. The test for the bayonet appeared unnecessarily severe, and so many failing in it, the price of the musket is rendered much greater, than if one, which might be sufficiently accurate, was substituted; it consisted in fixing the bayonet on the muzzle, with a twelve pound brass ball attached to the breech of a gun barrel, then placing the bayonet horizontally in two holes just fitting it, and nearly its length apart, where it was left for about two minutes, the entire weight acting upon the bayonet, which, if unburst by this trial, was turned round and put to the same test upon the other sides. The barrels were well finished, and made of iron from the state of Connecticut, a distance of 256 miles; but the brass bands, which fastened the barrel to the stock, gave the rifle a heavy, and awkward appearance. Not only the barrel and other iron were bronzed, but even the bayonet also. In the arsenal, under the charge of an old English sergeant of marines, who had served under Nelson, were a hundred thousand stand of arms, finished and packed for sending to the various arsenals in the states, and for distribution among the troops in great numbers. The rifle, which I described as having seen at Washington, as also the machinery in use at the rifle manufactory at Harper's Ferry, were the invention of Mr. Hall, who is the superintendent of the establishment, in which near a hundred workmen are employed. As, the musket manufactory, much of the work is performed by machinery, one man through the medium of it being able to rifle thirty barrels per day. There is one turn in nine feet, so that each barrel, being longer than that of the English rifle, has about one-third of a turn. Mr. Hall showed me a new invention, a specimen of which was lately engaged in finishing for inspection at Washington. It consisted in screwing a short but narrow bayonet to the end of a highly tempered steel ramrod, which, when drawn fully out of its socket, was firmly secured at the muzzle of the rifle by a screw, the length of which was but eight feet in length. I did not at all approve of it, for it appeared too slight a defence against even the parry of a sword, which caused it to be denied immediately; but the intelligent inventor was very sanguine in his expectations of the success of his new invention in war. Every thing connected with both establishments was carried on with great exactness and neatness.

The town will soon rise into considerable importance, not only from the attraction of the natural beauty of its situation, and the large manufactories, but also from the circumstance of its being the terminus of the canal, and by the side of the Potomac, which is crossed by a bridge of 700 hundred feet in length, opposite to the town. I walked for some distance along the line of their operations, and never saw a more laborious undertaking, than the blasting and excavating at the foot of the hills, which are nearly eight hundred feet in perpendicular height. Wherever it was practicable, piers have been formed in the river, so that a considerable extent had been reclaimed from it. A trial came on, during my stay at the town, for finding damages done to the proprietor of a small house which occupied the space between the canal and rocks, so exactly in the centre of the line of canal, that there was not room for it on either side. The owner did not lay his damages at the intrinsic value of the house (and the lot upon which it was built was but a mass of

rock, upon which he could not even form a kitchen garden), but upon the great loss he should sustain from not possessing such a piece of ground when the canal was completed, and the jury awarded the damages accordingly, and at least 100 times the value of the property. Upon the face of the bare rocks, four hundred feet above the bridge, the inhabitants of the town have formed an imaginary likeness of Washington; but it required a greater stretch of fancy than mine to trace any thing like human features upon it.

There being no conveyance in the direction I wished to proceed, I stepped into a large four-foot boat to descend the Potomac, and for some distance darted over the rapids with amazing velocity. The river is rendered particularly dangerous, and most un navigable during the summer season, by the numerous small boats, which cross it in every direction, making their appearance some feet above the surface. An experienced pilot is therefore required, who, in the freshets, takes his station at the helm astern; but in low water, in the bow. The river being excessively low, we had a pilot at each end of the boat, so that it threaded the most difficult parts in gallant style, rubbing the rock occasionally a little upon the summits of the rocks beneath the water. The load was only forty barrels when we left the town; but after passing the most precipitous and narrow rapids, we lay in slack water, for nearly an hour, in addition to the time taken by some wagons which had brought them by the road from Harper's Ferry, and again proceeded rapidly down the transparent stream, with romantic scenery on either bank, until we struck with a most violent shock upon a large limestone feature upon the left. The boatmen, having every plank and barrel quiver with the blow. All hands immediately set to work moving the cargo into the bow; but, being still immovable, the captain of the Mississippi steamer, a passenger on board, recommended the crew to go into the water and attempt to raise it from the rock with ropes, stepping out of the vessel himself to give them the necessary instructions. No sooner had his feet touched the bottom of the river, and he had quitted his hold of the boat, than the powerful current, washing him fairly off his legs, carried him for a considerable distance down the stream, with a strong wind, which he took away, and the boat, as the line when a fish is nibbling at the bait. At every re-appearance of his head above the foaming waters, he "roared him," but as Shakespeare says, "as gently as any sucking dove," not more like a young elephant, and excited shouts of laughter from the crew, who lay on their backs, and, in the meantime, were attempting to rescue him. Being very short-sighted, and his spectacles becoming dim from the water, it was no easy matter for him, after discovering our position, to regain the boat; when his ardour was so cooled that he did not recommend any more experiments.

The season of rivers failing, we had recourse to the simple method of placing some loose planks that were fortunately on board across the stream, and holding them firmly between the boat and some of the rocks, so that, acting as a small dam, they raised the water, and the boat once again floated. When the water had risen a few inches in the shoals, we had the prospect of passing the night in that situation, until an empty boat, on its way down the stream, took us ashore at the Point of Rocks, nine miles below Harper's Ferry; in performing which distance we had been nine hours, and toiling hard most of the time.

A town rises in America with an almost talismanic rapidity. Immediately some new line of canal or railway is projected, or a clearing commenced on the banks of a navigable stream, a tavern makes its appearance upon a sudden, and is frequented by the travellers. When I first saw "drink," this is followed by a saw and grist mill, a store or two, post office, printing press, and a bank. To use their own expression, "every one goes the whole hog;" the freshets probably carry away the mill, or the bank breaks, and the owners "clear out," to commence their speculations elsewhere. When sixty days since had been a complete wilderness, was now a scene of bustle and confusion: a town was fast rising from amongst the bushes; the streets were marked out, and a tavern, several stores, and upwards of fifty houses, were already in progress. The proprietors of the place, who had sold every other lot for a trifling sum, and retained the remainder in his possession, letting it upon short building leases; also calling the place after his own unromantic name, and superseding the much prettier one of "Point of Rocks," which indeed it owed its rise. The Point is the end of a rocky hill, which rises abruptly to a barrier to the advance of the Baltimore railway and Chesapeake canal; which have both the same object in view—that of communicating with the Ohio. By much

blasting, and enormous expense, there would be barely room for either of them to pass between the Potomac and the Point; but both arriving at the same spot from different directions, and nearly at the same time, each claiming the right of priority in taking possession of the narrow passage. The canal proprietors made an offer so to compromise the matter that, by each diminishing the respective widths of their lines of communication and making a joint expense of reclaiming some space from the river, and the Potomac, for the passage of the railway proprietors, however, objected to it, and laid in conjunction upon the canal to discontinue their works until the case had been tried in a legal court. After a law suit of two years, the verdict was given against them, and the canal engineers were now busily engaged in removing the Point of Rocks. Some hundred men were worked to the depth of 13 feet, so as to undermine 1000 square yards of rock, which would be blown up as a grand salute on the 4th of July, to the celebration of which it now wanted only three days.

I thought the inn at the Ferry very shabby, both externally and internally, though enough to keep by an ex-member of congress, and major of militia; but the one at the Point of Rocks, being in its infancy, was less prepared for the reception of numerous guests than any other in the place. For an accommodation with which I had not since my return from Washington long been satisfied with no expectations of any luxury above a single bed, in probably a crowded room; and a wash in the morning without glass, soap, or towel, at the pump or horse trough in the public yard. Upon enquiring if I could not have a better room, I was informed that I had been satisfied with an answer in the affirmative, qualified with a regret "that their mattresses had not yet arrived from Baltimore." I soon became heartily tired of seeking for adventures in these out-of-the-way places, where all the arrangements were infinitely worse than in an English hotel. The officers of the army, who were usually sent whose sole recommendation consisted in shooting well with a rifle, and bearing a commission (something higher than a subaltern's) in the militia. My landlord at Harper's Ferry excelled in invariably striking a quarter of a pound (which is about the size of an English shilling) with a ball, and in striking it in the middle of the head, ever, to the longest innkeeper at the Point of Rocks, I am bound to say, that, in the hurry of my departure, I left a coat hanging up in the bar-room, and, after a journey of 3000 miles, found it neatly packed up and directed to my quarters. I had no idea where it had been lying for upwards of four months, though I had long been ever of ever seeing it again. After a delightful swim in the clear Potomac, and wearied with the day's hard labour, I requested to be shown up stairs, when I was again ushered into a room containing six beds, all of which were to be doubly occupied; the house, too, being built of wood, had become so heated during the day, that the fire-brick himself could have scarcely endured the temperature. This was rather too much for a pleasure-seeking traveller; so, walking down stairs again, I stepped into a car which I had engaged during the day upon the railway, and found my boat companion, the Mississippi captain, who had taken possession of a corner, in search, like myself, of a cooler atmosphere. The railway was continued down to the water's edge close to the Point of Rocks; and we were much disturbed during the night by a man moving the car again for three days. This I had not the leisure to suppose the recollection of the rapids strongly impressed upon his mind, jumped out of the car half awake, up to his knees in a pool of water, and, fancying himself in the Potomac, floundered about in it to my infinite amusement. Some time elapsed before he gained the firm ground again for the third time. When he came out, he said, saying, "Really I beg you ten thousand pardons, but I was in so great a hurry that I could not find my boots, so put on your shoes; however, I will have them dried for you again." They were not, however, completely dry again for three days. This I had not the leisure to suppose so thoroughly that at three o'clock in the morning, I went with a gentleman whose acquaintance I had formed merely by chance the preceding day, and who had very kindly obtained a horse for me in the neighbourhood. We rode for some miles on the winding path of the canal, close to the Potomac, and, like the miller, who had been presented a delightful contrast to the rough turbulence of the many miles of rocky torrent above the Point. We passed by the quarries from which the columns in the capital at Washington were cut, and for some distance the hills were covered with the ruins of the old fort, which Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, who at the age of nineteen, six, lives in the full enjoyment of his faculties, revered and beloved by his countrymen, being the only survivor

LIFE IN NEW YORK FOR HARTFORD.

Taking advantage of a bright morning sun, so that I might enjoy a view of surrounding objects, I embarked on board the Superior steam-vessel, on East River, for Newhaven in Connecticut. I departed from New York earlier sooner than even the unhealthy state of the place would have urged, being fearful that if I remained there more days I should be liable to contract cholera, leaving the city, as many steam-vessels had discontinued making their usual trips, from the long quarantine imposed upon them in some ports, and from the decrease in the number of passengers. The most conspicuous objects on board the East River are the two large stone buildings of the establishment, which contain within from 1200 to 1500 inmates. Amongst them the cholera was making most frightful ravages, principally upon

the impaired constitution of the patients; and at this time upwards of thirty were dying daily.

A short distance further a penitentiary is erecting upon an island, for the confinement of prisoners under sentence of five years or less period. It is a vast, gloomy, and tasteless piece of architecture, with two wings, so closely situated with innumerable windows (no broader than the loop-holes of an old castle) as to give it a most ungraceful appearance. Its future occupants were busily employed in its construction; and were closely watched by an armed guard, who was pacing to and fro, upon a lofty wooden platform, lest any one should attempt to escape into the bushes. Opposite to the upper end of the island are some handsome country residences on the mainland; and also the entrance to Hell-Gate, or, as in this age of refinement it is called, Hell-Club. It being high tide, the water was rushing with great violence over the Hog's Back and Gridiron, and boiling and tossing about in a furious trouble in the Pot and Frying Pan. These eddies have been most aptly named, and were to be distinguished at a great distance: they act as a guard against the entrance of vessels into the harbor, and batteries were also erected some few years since on the points of land which form the gate, to make the pass more secure. The depth of water is ample, as two French ships of war, when blockaded by the great New York in 1810, managed their escape through the gate, and effected a long and dangerous and intricate navigation for sailing craft at all times of tide, and part of a small vessel was visible above the water when we ran through, and was lying on some huge masses of rock in the centre of the gate. It is in contemplation to excavate a canal across the peninsula from Pot to Frying Pan, by cutting dykes to admit line-of-battle ships; the estimated expense being about 150,000 dollars for a canal of twenty-eight feet in depth and one hundred and thirty-seven in breadth at the top.

After running thirty miles amongst innumerable islands, and coasting along the continental shore, the Sound opened before us, and we were not indistinctly seen. Having touched at several small towns, we arrived at New Haven, eighty-six miles from New York, in six hours and a half. The town, having some high bluff rocks rising at the back of it, is situated at the head of a bay of considerable extent, and is a very excellent harbor. On the sea, and a small battery, dignified by the appellation of Fort Hale, occupies a point about two miles up the bay. When within half a mile of the pier, the steamer was boarded by a health officer, who expressed himself satisfied with the captain's word that there were no cholera cases on board; and, as the steamer was to call at New York to a hotel in a large square called the Green, about three quarters of a mile in circumference. It has three churches in a line near the centre of it, and at short distance in another line a state house (which is almost a fine simile of the Philadelphia bank) a Methodist chapel; while the opposite side of the square is occupied by the large brick buildings of the Yale College. The square, as also the streets of the town (which contains 11,000 inhabitants) are planted with fine elm trees, which keep them, however, exceedingly wet and dirty. The college has four buildings for the lodging of the students, two halls, and a lyceum, (in which are the recitation rooms), and possesses an excellent library. It was commenced in 1708, by the recommendation of eleven of the principal ministers of neighbouring towns, who had been appointed to select any measures as the best mode of fit for the regulation of the college. Its first commencement was held at Saybrook in 1702, and removed to Newhaven in 1717. The Hon. Elihu Yale, Governor of the East India Company, being its principal benefactor, his name was bestowed upon it. It is considered one of the best colleges in the States, and from four to five hundred young men study at it.

The Green was used as a burial ground from the settlement of the town in 1638 until the year 1796, when a cemetery was marked out in the northwestern suburbs, and the grave stones were removed there in 1821. It contains about twelve acres of ground, and is planted with trees with poplars and weeping willows, which well accord with the numerous obelisks and columns of black and white marble that distinguish the graves.

Between two and three miles from the town, there is a musket manufactory, established by Mr. Eli Whitney, a government contractor, who has been a planter in Alabama. Whom the Dragon, a large and rapid stream with low banks and rich salt meadows on its margin; and rather nearer the town is a pretty mansion, the residence of Mr. Hillhouse. The frame-houses on the outskirts of Newhaven are distinguished for neatness, and, on the

whole, it may be considered one of the handsomest towns in the States.

Leaving Newhaven in one of four coaches, filled with passengers, I had made their escape from New York, and travelled rapidly over a tolerably good road to the pretty little town of Meriden, which has several block-in-manufactories in its vicinity; and thence to Berlin, a long straggling town, seven miles farther: we were but fifty minutes' ride quite an hour in American driving. It was very evident from the coachman's nonchalance, that we were now in the genuine Yankee country. One of the gentlemen, an inside passenger, told him to mount his box and move on, as he was loitering at a tavern door, smoking a cigar, and conversing quietly with a brother whip, but was answered with an air of the most perfect indifference, as follows:—"Don't be in such a hurry; we take it easy in this part of the world, I guess; and I declare, it ain't four o'clock yet—that's a fact." But I acquit the man of intentional rudeness, as I sat on the box with him, and found him both civil and obliging, pointing out every object of interest as we went along, and during my travels afterwards of many hundreds of miles by the coaches. I never found them otherwise. Upon first landing in the country, such roughness of manner is mistaken for insolence.

In England we are apt to designate all Americans as Yankees, whether they are born under the burning sun of Louisiana, or frozen up five months in the year on the shores of the Lake of the Woods. The name, correctly speaking, is applicable only to the natives of the New England states, a very small portion of the Union. The southern states call all their countrymen who reside north of the Potomac Yankees. The middle states, including New York, Maryland, Pennsylvania, &c., push the odious appellation off their shoulders on to their more northern brethren, the natives of that of the country lying to the east of the Potomac, and the New Englanders alone to put it upon the New Brunswickers, who have their own proper by-name, make a virtue of necessity, and wear the title with a good grace, frequently prefacing the conversation with "We Yankees are a curious 'quaint set, ain't we?" And (that being granted) make a decisive answer to the question, "Is it not so?" by saying, "the name of Yankees, which in the *Mais-Thousag* (or Massachusetts language) signifies *silent men*," was a waggish appellation bestowed by the aborigines of the land upon the first settlers, who kept up such a joyful din, that one upon the spot, upon the arrival of their arrival in America, that the frightened every big game beast out of the neighbourhood, and so completely dumfounded certain fish, which abound on their coast, that they have been called *dumb-fish* ever since." Other authorities say, it is a corruption of the word "English." The Yankees differ much in personal appearance and disposition from the southerners: the latter, like their climate, are fiery, warm-hearted, and generous, and display a greater respect for the customs of the mother country than the former, who are cool speculators, intent upon gain alone. But little good-will existed between these two parties in the early days of the settlement, matters so directly clashing, and what (like the tariff) is a safeguard to the manufacturers of the north is less better than ruin to the south. I thought that the southerner had generally a fresher colour, and was of a stouter build than the Yankee, who, as we well described in the words of his own national melody—

"A Yankee boy is trim and tall,

* And never over fat, sir,

* * * * *

He's always out on training-day,

* Commencement, or election;

* At truck and trade he knows the way

* Of thriving to perfection;

* Yankee doodle dandy," &c.

Having gained an eminence four miles from Hartford, we had a magnificent view of the town with its numerous domes, the passing sails upon the Connecticut river, and the light yellow corn-fields covering the whole extent of the valley to a range of forest-crowned hills, twenty miles distant. Passing the Indian village, a plain but that building on the outskirts of the town we drove up to the City Hotel, situated in a small square opposite the State House, and kept by a most attentive landlord.

I had but just stepped off the coach, and seen my baggage fairly housed, when hearing drums at a distance, I was hurried to the street, where I saw a large number of the college, between sixty and seventy in number, equipped as archers, with light green frocks, white trousers, green bonnets, and ostrich feathers, marching down; their officers distinguished by wearing a sword and

sash. The whole body had a very neat and striking appearance; each archer carried a long bow in his hand, and a quiver of arrows at his back. I could have almost fancied myself in the forest of Arden, or Merry Sherwood, instead of in the great city of the United States. I was in the very last sight I should have expected would have been a company of archers in Lincoln green.

During the night an alarm of fire was given, which immediately set every bell in church and chapel ringing, and at night-caps were put on by every family. A fire window in the street, vociferating "fire! fire!" so loudly that I at first conceived it must be in the hotel, and, half-awake, sprang out of bed in double-quick time, whereas it was quite at the other extremity of the town. The angry soldiers, and drunken men, upon rough pavement in great confusion, and instead of being brave and heroic, it men and boys, who volunteered their services for the mere sake, I believe, of increasing the uproar, were yoked to them; while the superintendents, who continued shouting through their long tin trumpets to urge them on, produced a most hideous noise—"clanger trumpet," which would have broken the clarm of the Seven Sleepers themselves, or aroused the giants from any enchanted castle in Christendom. Thanks, however, to my scaling the hills at Newhaven, I was soon again in a sound slumber.

The following day being Sunday, I attended service at the protestant episcopal church, which was the finest specimen of solid architecture I had seen. Being built of a dark coloured stone in imitation of the Gothic style, it already possessed a venerable and antique air, which the brick churches and white painted wooden edifices will ever acquire in less than a century. The tower was not finished, but, when carried to the height intended, it will become a great ornament to the town, and a monument of the spirit of the congregation, who erected it entirely by private subscription. Most of the American churches have their towers, the eastern end, which is a great attraction to their interior beauty, from not having the large, light, chancel window, which is found in all English religious edifices; and of none other presses that air of solidity without, or solemn grandeur within, which distinguishes the churches of the protestant episcopal church. The inhabitants of Hartford appear strictly attached to their religious observances. There are nine or ten churches to 8500 inhabitants; and, on walking out in the afternoon, there was literally not one person to be seen in the streets. Feeling rather ashamed at being apparently the only one out of doors, I walked on for some distance out of the town to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, which was the first establishment of the kind in the States, and is partly conducted by a gentleman who has the misfortune to be afflicted himself in the same manner. The building is a very extensive one, situated on an eminence overlooking the town, and generally contains from sixty to seventy inmates. It was a lovely afternoon, and as I sat upon the grass, gazing upon the town and river beneath, whence neither the hum of voices nor the sound of any one stirring arose, and not a living being was even to be seen rising from the long straight street, standing at a door or window, I thought I had never before seen a day so truly set apart as a day of rest, nor one, I would believe, so strictly kept.

In October, 1687, Sir Edmund Andross, Governor of New England, who had committed no very brilliant acts during his administration, proceeded to Hartford with a detachment of troops, and, entering the house of assembly when in session, demanded the charter of Connecticut, declaring the colonial government to be deposed; the assembly protracted the debates till evening, and then, when the sun had set, the lights being a concerted signal, the lights being extinguished, a Captain Wadsworth, seizing the charter, sprang out of the window, and, under cover of the dark night, secreted it in the hollow of an oak, where it lay concealed for several years, till the arrival of William Penn, Governor of Orange, to the throne of Great Britain, when the colony resumed their charter, which continued in force until 1818, when they adopted a new constitution. The old house of assembly is still pointed out in rear of the episcopal church, and the charter oak retains its fine broad-spreading branches in front of the pleasure-ground of Mr. Wyllie, at the southern outskirts of the town. The Connecticut river, on whose right bank the town stands, is about three hundred yards broad, and connected with the large manufacturing village of East Hartford, one mile distant, by a stone bridge, which is the only one of the navigation cases. The town would be a very handsome one, if a little more attention were paid to the cleanliness of the streets; but, like most American towns, the dirt was six inches deep in them. Grass, rank docks, and

other weeds, were growing on every side of the State House and one half the square, which was cut up in every direction, after a heavy shower of rain, by deep ruts and innumerable water-courses.

CHAPTER XII.

LEAVE HARTFORD—PROVIDENCE—BOSTON.

Proceeding to the coach from Hartford across the Connecticut river, we passed over an undulating country to Mansfield, twenty-four miles distant, where a silk factory has been lately established. Much silk is grown in the vicinity of the village, the worms being kept in long sheds, and the silkworms are reared in the open air. In every direction were laden with the young guardians of the insects picking the leaves. From this place we entered a more hilly country, the face of which was densely covered with rocks and large stones. Where fields had been, the stones were scattered all over the surface. In extent, enclosed with stone fences, and for forty miles the scenery much resembled many parts of the Peak of Derbyshire. Manufactories of various kinds were scattered thickly upon every stream; and, at the pretty little town of Middletown, a very considerable establishment, employing upwards of 1000 human beings, had lately opened with every prospect of success. The state of Connecticut, though possessing a soil generally fertile, increases in the number of its inhabitants more slowly than any other in the Union, the last years only giving an increase of 10000 people. It has had the advantage of the young men migrating to the western regions, it being said that this state and the neighbouring one of Massachusetts send a greater proportion across the Allegheny mountains than any other. After a tedious journey of 100 miles, we arrived at Middletown, situated on both sides of the river of the same name. On the eastern bank, it is built at the foot of a range of heights which run parallel with the stream, and upon the summit of them are the two large tasteless buildings of the college. The Englishman's ideas of a college are associated with cloistered institutions, and cloistered towers, and he would fix the seat of the seat of learning in some venerable pile of building which possessed an air of grandeur. He could scarce reconcile to himself a four-storied, red-painted brick house as her seat of learning. The college of Middletown is situated from such a spot, where too her visitors are distinguished by no classical garb. I believe it is rather the case with this college, which does not bear so high a name as that at Hartford or Newhaven, or Cambridge; but, of all the colleges in America, I thought the colleges were the most tasteless.

Steam-vessel and sloops navigate the river up to the bridges which connect the two towns; where the stream is considerably contracted by the piers which have been thrown out, but immediately above them it expands again into a wide reach, and is navigable for small boats with neat sails encircling it. The town, extending between the bridge and the falls, contains about 10,000 inhabitants, is a manufacturing place of considerable importance, and printed calicoes of very durable colours are struck off. In the cotton works many very ingenious men are employed, but there were propositions made in England, that some of the machinery might be working hours. At Pawtucket, four miles from the town on the Seekonk river, there are twelve cotton, and a variety of other mills. I walked there over the most picturesque scenery, and as yet seen, and saw many wagon loads filled with the raw cotton, and the fine manufactures of Providence, on their way to the flourishing manufacturers. A large new almshouse is situated upon the same range of hills as the college, built by the bequest of Mr. Dexter, second Mr. Girard, who also bequeathed an extensive tract of land to the city for some other charitable purpose, and a fine plot of land to the State for a public parade ground. The town is the most extensive one in the State of Rhode Island, and was first settled in 1638, by Roger Williams, a minister of Salem in Massachusetts, who after his colony he had been banished on account of his heretical opinions, and having spent some time preparing to leave him before the general court, was unable to convince him, he was sentenced to depart out of the jurisdiction within six weeks, and removed with his family to Massachusetts, where he commenced a plantation, and in 1647 he returned to Providence. Eight years afterwards, he obtained a free charter of incorporation from Providence and Rhode Island plantations, the latter having been commenced by William Coddington in 1638; and in 1663 a royal charter was granted to them by Charles II. and they continued to flourish until this day, there being no written constitution as in the other colonies or Union. The election for governor was taking place during

The time I was in the state, and the voting was *win vote*. The streets of the town are kept very clean, and the private dwellings are generally remarkably neat and elegant. The Arcade is also a handsome structure, nearly 250 feet in length, with two fronts supported by six massive columns of granite, the shaft of each being a single block from twenty-two to twenty-four feet high. The interior consists of three tiers of shops, and the balconies are protected by a highly ornamented iron balustrade.

During my stay in Providence, a steamer arrived from New York with passengers, who had not been allowed to land at Newport on the sea-coast, nor would the authorities permit them to enter Providence, unless they performed quarantine three days; but gave them full permission at the same time to land elsewhere on the river's banks, on condition that they did not enter the town in less than ten days, which if they set aside, they would be subject to a heavy penalty, whereas I had entered by land without any questions being asked, or any one appearing to trouble himself about the stage-coach passengers.

The road from Providence to Bristol, at the head of the Narragansett bay, is through a pleasing open country; but the crops every where appeared exceedingly poor; many indeed were scarcely worth gathering, and would appear to have yielded but a small return for the labour. The principal produce of the land in the immediate vicinity of Bristol was onions, which are shipped off in vast quantities to New York and other large ports in the States. Though the day I travelled between the towns was a fine hay-making day, yet the road was thronged with the farmers who were riding in to vote for the governor's election. The day was a very busy one, for there were three candidates for the office (one of whom was supported by the anti-slaves) and it being requisite that the successful one should have a majority of the whole number of votes, the two former elections had failed, and I saw afterwards, by the public prints that even the third election, however, the fourth, had also been unsuccessful in any other way.

The island is hilly, but all the ground is in state of cultivation, and there are many large and excellent farms scattered on the sides of the road. The one which had attained the highest state of cultivation was the property of an English gentleman, who had been settled there nearly a few years, and had chosen a pretty retired spot, near the water's edge, for his house and gardens. Twelve or thirteen boats, having arrived within sight of New-Port, on the opposite side of the island, were seen on the side of an eminence rising gradually from the head of a circular bay, which affords a most capacious and excellent harbour. Just as we arrived at some old-fashioned and dirty, but picturesque, windmills at the entrance to the town, a rope stretched across the road, with a sentry box at one end of it, and two citizens on guard at the other, to stop us in their hands, brought us to a halt, and one of them bawled out, in English, "be (being only passenger) with the air of a man."

"Drest in a little brief authority."

to where I came from; and, upon hearing I had quitted New York six days previously, he informed me that I could not enter Newport until I had been ten days absent from that city. All my remonstrances that I had travelled through two entire states, and visited the principal cities of the Empire, and that I had no other objections being raised, were of no avail. He professed me to be a Testamen, saying, he should have no objection to pass me in, if, I would take an oath that I had been absent the length of time required; which begging to decline, he threatened to jump out to jump off the coach, which immediately preceded me. He then produced a dirty scrap of paper on which he requested me to write my name and place of abode, then he sounded him, to discover whether he would allow me to pass through the town for the purpose of seeing the jail, promising me that he would not molest me; but the law of people was quite unintelligible to him; he was obstinate and faithful to his trust, saying that, "he would obstinate and faithful to his trust, saying that, he would soon own part," "he did not fear me: he would as soon kill a man as a dog; but the inhabitants—old and young, men and women, all were against me." I then thanked him for his good will, and began to reconnoitre the outskirts of the place over a stone wall which I had looked over; but I suppose he imagined I had some business in strolling in during the night; for he hinted that I might be a spy, and that he would be glad to see me was discovered entering the town privately. A crowd of men and boys had begun to collect by this time, and, thinking it more than probable that they might hurt me down as they would a mad dog, I began to retrace my

the road, I turned across the fields to an old redoubt on the summit of a hill, which overlooked the bay, and sat down to admire the scene, the beauty of which might probably have been heightened from the circumstance of my not being allowed to take a closer survey of it. I had just quitted New York; and I had thought with pleasure of trading over the spots which had been the scenes of so much real as well as fictitious life. The town appeared calculated for 6000 or 7000 inhabitants, and the houses rising in amphitheatrical form from the water up to the summit of a range of heights, which skirted the bay at a quarter of a mile distance, while, on various points and headlands, the lofty white columns of the churches, and the towers on high, and every commanding position was covered with batteries and fortifications. The distant hills on the opposite side of the bay were dimmed with that light haze so peculiar to southerly winds in a warm climate, and, over the water, might be seen the dark blue sails of a vessel fading away in the distance, and the white smoke blended into one. The very redoubt upon which I had taken my station had been in turn possessed by conquering armies; and every foot of ground, as far as the British army had been severely contested. It was here that the British had been defeated, and that the British have been captured, but for the want of energy on the part of the French Admiral D'Estaing, who failed to co-operate in the attack of the American General Sullivan, August 1778. The same bay, too, had been the principal scene of the capture of the British fleet, and of some interesting novels; and now there were two vessels lying at anchor in it, which, though probably not possessing so much attraction as the Rover's ship and the Bristol merchantman, were by no means devoid of interest. A small schooner, a pilot ship which had sailed from New York only a few days previous, was lying at anchor with a cargo of cotton, and many passengers; but had taken fire at sea, and put into Newport for assistance. Arriving there after the cargo had been on fire twelve hours, and the passengers suffering from the heat and humidity which induced them to leave the ship, she was abandoned by land, would not allow a single passenger to come ashore, though there had not been any symptoms whatever of disease on board, but solely because they had not been ten days absent from New York. They had, however, been obliged to leave the ship, and the fire, and the passengers still remaining to attempt extinguishing the fire, and several engines being put on board lighters, six feet of water was thrown into the hold, the passengers being rescued from the suffocating heat by a brig which arrived a few days after, after a stormy passage, and returned from New York for the purpose of burning the vessel back again to port; and, her fuel being exhausted, her crew were not allowed to land at Newport for a fresh supply. To this conduct, that at Newhaven may serve as a parallel, the gates were opened to every one, and the ladies, with the exception of the American females are so distinguished, sent upwards of 3000 mits of clothes, in addition to a sum of money, for the use of the poor people at Montreal, in Lower Canada, who were suffering from the disease in that city. The surrounding country is fertile, and the soil so good, that a traveller will not often have to make a complaint. The climate is not so warm as in the States of America, but so many are rising up round the pretty residences in the vicinity of the town that in a few years it will be the most attractive place. After making one or two excursions to the country, and visiting the friends of my youth, against which I believe there was rather pain and penalty attached, I again rose, having rested myself for two hours in gazing upon the scene, and, regaining the coast, proceeded on my journey, almost wicked enough to have been a visitor in the city, might pay the inhabitants of Newport a visit, in return for the hospitality which they travellers, and those who were seeking a place of residence. After a hot walk of six miles, I arrived towards dusk at a small tavern on the road-side, where I could

The following morning, the 19th of July, I took the coach and proceeded through the village of Portsmouth where some coal mines had been worked, the preceding year, but which were closed again, the produce being only a sort of anthracite or worst description of coal* to the N. E. extremity of the island. Keeping along a narrow neck of land, which is overflowed at spring-tides, we crossed the Seaconnet to the mainland, by a pier of

* A confirmed punster might pretend to think our lieutenant called anthracite the "worst description of coal," because, it will not "Coke."

600 yards in length, with a drawbridge in the centre for the navigation of the numerous boats. Mount Hope Bay, to guard the pass, a small block-house and breastwork have been thrown up at the Rhode Island end of the pier; and the heights above the small village, at the opposite side, are covered with old revolutionary redoubts. After ascending these heights, a splendid view presents itself of the numerous creeks and rivulets of Narraganset Bay, the town of Bristol, with many villages and white cottages interspersed amongst the trees, the country for a distance of fifty miles being varied with every kind of landscape. From the Seacoast, we passed through a broken and intersected country, to the southern town of Tiverton, where are manufactories of printed calicoes; and a few miles farther to Fall River, another manufacturing place of flourishing appearance. By the time we had arrived there, the heat of the sun was so oppressive that I sought shelter from its rays within the coach, and thought there were nine hundred passengers, having secured a seat near the window, reviewed my examination of the surrounding country, or watched the dark rolling clouds of a gathering thunder-storm. The road we travelled was certainly excellent, and no wonder, as the whole country was covered with stone, and the walls of the inclosure made immoderately thick (from four to five feet) for the purpose of riding the ground. There was, indeed, a sufficient quantity of rock upon the land to justify a piece of wit by a Yankee seaman, who, on arriving at the place, said to a fellow-traveller over the same description of country: "After getting over for a length of time in apparent astonishment at the thick walls and the mass of hard materials which covered every acre, he said, with an air of well-learned simplicity, 'Well, I wonder where they could have got all the stones to build such thick walls.' 'Why, from the Yankee's teeth,' said a surly old farmer. 'La! did they indeed?' answered the other; 'really I should never have missed them.' To me this was something new; but judging from the faces of my fellow travellers, and the Yankee's failure in attempting to give a laugh, it was not original. The country was beautiful and unaltered, increasing in picturesque beauty and population as we approached Boston, where we arrived at half past seven; and I considered myself especially fortunate, as so many of the people of New York to this city, in obtaining a room at the Tremont House, the best hotel in the city, and the best hotel in the United States. The building itself is not inferior in beauty to any in Boston, and the reading-room is well supplied with not only the principal American newspapers, but also European and American publications. I could never get a sight in any other hotel in America.

CHAPTER XIII.

BOSTON, HARVARD—MOUNT HOLYOKE.

The city of Boston is built upon a peninsula, which is joined to the mainland by a very narrow neck on the southern side; it contains about 70,000 inhabitants, and vies with any of its southern neighbours in the situation and beauty of its public and private buildings. In 1630, at its foundation, the Indian name was Shumet, and it was changed to Trimountain, from the three hills upon which it is now built; subsequently it received its present name, in honour of a minister who emigrated from Plymouth and Massachusetts to the new colony on the peninsula, communicating the best of his mind and the best of his body. Upon the other sides of the peninsula, by several strong wooden bridges, varying in length from 1500 to 3500 feet, and on its western side by a pier of solid materials one mile and a half in length, and above 50 feet in width. The bay is a most magnificent one, and equals that in New York in a different style of beauty. The Boston bay is on a much more grand and extensive scale, containing seventy-five square miles, and studded with more than one hundred islands and rocks, the only object of any consequence being from Forts Warren and Independence on Governor's and Castle Islands. The land which almost encircles the bay is high and cultivated, and numerous towns and villages are scattered over it. When entering the harbour from sea, I think it much more beautiful than New York. The city rises in a mountain, and its very form upon its three hills, makes it more like the lofty and rugged mountains of the State House. But then there is no view from any part of Boston to be compared with the bewitching one from the battery in New York on a still summer's evening.

The literary character, it is the Athens of the western world. The literary publications are very great, being six newspapers daily, and a comic paper a week, eight twice a week, and sixteen weekly; two

weekly magazines, two semi-monthly, eleven monthly (principally religious), four every two months, five quarterly, and one semi-annually; and a variety of other publications—in addition to which the British Quarterly Review is reprinted, as also the Edinburgh. As an historical spot it ranks far above all others in the west, having been the birth-place of American Independence; and, the city having been saved to maturity long before any other place, it now resembles an English city that event took place in the states. I had become rather weary of straight streets, which, though in some respects convenient, are tiresomely monotonous to a stranger, and was glad to be once again talking in the course of a description I had been most anxious to give. The country is more pleasing also than those of Philadelphia and New York; the country being intersected with delightful rivers, every one of which affords some fine view.

The "common" in which the State House is situated is an open park, containing seventy-five acres of broken and abrupt ground, with a promenade and double row of fine trees round it. It was reserved in perpetuity by the first settlers for a parade ground, or other public purposes, and is surrounded upon three sides by elegant private dwellings and several churches, the fourth side being occupied by the city hall. The "common" is a fine elm in the centre of it, near a serpentine sheet of water, which the inhabitants are taking every possible pains to preserve, by binding the large, broad, spreading branches, and connecting them with each other by strong belts and iron rods. The State House, at one corner of the common, is on elevated ground, about thirty feet higher than the street, from which a broad flight of steps leads to the great hall of fifty feet in length and breadth, and twenty high, which, with the treasurer, adjutant, and quarter-master's general's offices, occupies the lower story. In a building attached to the house is a marble tablet, the gift of Washington, executed by Chantry of the cost of 15,000 dollars, and considered, by those who knew the original at the time of life it is intended to represent, a most striking and admirable likeness. The figure is by the first hand; it is a man tall, supported over the breast by a strong right arm, the right arm is raised, and holds a scroll; it is placed upon a high pedestal, which, (proh pudor!) is surrounded on every side by the stinks of spiced tobacco juice. It is well that a strong iron railing prevents visitors from approaching within less than thirty feet of the bust, for the bust would be sadly soiled by such a filthy pollution. The second story contains the fine and spacious representatives' room, and senate chamber; from the dome, which is two hundred and thirty feet above the level of the sea, a most extensive view presents itself of the beautiful harbour and surrounding country. The exterior of the building, a fine building, is a striking object; but, upon closer inspection, it is found to be constructed merely of the common brick, painted white. The entrance being through an arched front, which supports a colonnade of Corinthian columns, extending nearly to the full length of the front, the centre of the building has a handsome appearance, but the two wings, forty feet each in length, look extremely bare, and might be much improved in architectural beauty. The Masons' Hall, on the opposite side of windows and towers; and the church near it has a highly ornamental and light spire.

The New England Museum, which I had heard was the best in the States, contained a very poor collection; very thing in it appeared mere trash, excepting a Venus by the artist, and a Venus by Verne, and one by Opie. The Americans have a singular taste in their museums; I had seen them exhibited at New York, but should have given the Boston people credit for possessing better taste. In this museum they were most numerous and numerous, and some of them disgusting subjects. One represented a man and a woman, and another executed for the crime in the act of murdering and another he slept in bed. Others were "Queen Caroline of England, the Princess Charlotte, Siamese twins," &c.; and another was absurdly ridiculous: it represented the Goddess of America weeping over the tomb of Washington, upon which was an inscription, "tomb of Washington, whether an American or not, to behold with reverence and regret the tomb which contained the remains of the true patriot, the best relative, and the kindest friend." Vernon then it was a more a model of the one at Mount Seringatap, and the goddess had such a fearful discontentance, from the damp which had caused the dust to collect in long streaks upon it, like the stripes of a zebra, that it was next to an impossibility to look at the figure without bursting into a fit of laughter. This same

godress, too, appears a great favourite in the museum, as there was a large daub of a painting in one of the cups, representing a female in the attitude of holding a cup to her lips, while she having over her head, with the following inscription: "The goddess of America giving nourishment to the bald eagle, trampling the key of the Bastille under foot, and the British fleet leaving Boston," about which the lightning is playing, and the overthrow of the topicals of the men of war in a most terrific manner.

The Faneuil Hall is an interesting old building, from the circumstance of its being the place where Hancock, Adams, and other revolutionary orators, addressed the populace and excited them to take up arms, after a small party of British soldiers had fired in their own defence upon some citizens, who (to quote the words of the American biographer) "had assailed the troops with balls of snow and other weapons." The original building, commenced in 1740, was the gift of a gentleman of the name of Faneuil to the city of Boston, but was partially destroyed by fire twenty years afterwards, and repaired in 1763. The lower story is now occupied by shops, but the hall is still in use for public meetings. Between it and the bay is the Faneuil Hall market, 530 feet in length, and 50 in width, built entirely of granite, upon ground reclaimed from the sea. The interior is divided into 128 stalls of most capacious dimensions, and is furnished with a large sash window, and kept remarkably neat and clean, some even had smartly framed prints and other decorations in them. They are also divided according to the kind of living order—14 for mutton, lamb, veal, and poultry; 45 for beef, 19 for pork, lard, mutton, and poultry; 4 for butter and cheese; 19 for vegetables, 23 for poultry and venison, and 26 for fish. The cellar story is occupied for stores and provisions, and the second ground story for two great halls, the centre of the building being surmounted by a dome, and on each side of the market house, at 60 and 100 feet distant, are two fine rows of cast-iron shops, uniformly built of granite, and, being of the same length as the market, they present a remarkably handsome appearance. In rear of the Athenæum, which contains a well-selected library of 27,000 volumes and a collection of medals and coins, is the Gallery of Fine Arts; the lower story of the building is occupied by the Medical Society's Library, and the philosophical apparatus of the Mechanic's Institution; the upper by the exhibition of paintings, in which there are two very fine pictures of the death of Washington and his wife, by Stuart, the only original portraits of the great artists in America; they are upon plain canvases, and considered striking likenesses, but the pictures are in a very unfinished state, the figures not being even traced out.

In the navy yard, which is at Charlestown (built on another peninsula, connected with Boston by bridges, and containing 7000 inhabitants), a most excellent dry dock is constructing. It is the only one in the country, and is formed of heavy granite upwards of 300 feet in length and 80 in width; the chamber intended for line-of-battle ships to lie in is 200 feet in length, by 18 or 20 in depth. It has double gates, an outer one intended to break the motion of the sea. Two line-of-battle ships, and a large frigate were drawn up under cover of the sheds, and three other vessels of war lay alongside the pier. The vessels on the stocks were in the same state of forwardness as the others, and were navy yards, and could be employed about in a few weeks. The navy yard is employed about by the three line-of-battle ships and four frigates which I saw on the stocks at Washington, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and Charlestown, though much of the work was in progress connected with other branches of the navy. The navy yard is the most extensive of the British's Hill, upon which the memorable battle of June 17th of June, 1775, was fought; and generally known by the name of Bunker's Hill, which lies half a mile to the northwest, at the entrance of the narrow neck of the peninsula. The hill is higher than Breed's Hill, it was the intention of the American general to attack the British; but the officer entrusted with the charge of the troops, through some mistake, led them to the one on the point of the peninsula, within range of the British batteries on the opposite side of the neck. The redoubt which they threw up during the day was afterwards the scene of the day by the royal troops under the command of General Howe and Pigot, was carried with great slaughter, after a most determined resistance on the part of the revolutionists. In the redoubt, on the summit of the hill, and on the spot where General Warren fell, a monument was commenced on the 17th of June, and a second stone was laid by Lafayette, but was subsequently taken up and relaid, the foundation not being deep enough to resist the action of the frost. For the last three or four

years no farther progress has been made, though the entire side of the hill is covered with the requisite materials; want of funds is the reason advanced for not finishing it; but a stranger would imagine that such a city as Boston might in itself contribute more than the requisite sum at present it is but a monument of the inhabitant's want of spirit. The design is upon a grand scale; a obelisk of granite, 50 feet in diameter at the base, and 320 feet in height. No one would wish to deprive the Americans of the honour of their victories; but I never met one yet who did not claim Bunker's Hill as a splendid triumph over the British army. In argument the victors always referred them to their own histories of the war, which have the candour to acknowledge that the provincialists retired from the position, after making a resistance even longer than prudence admitted. The works of the Americans to this day prove how they blocked the town, and the series of forts, redoubts and entrenchments may be easily traced for a distance of fifty miles, from Dorchester Heights on the margin of the bay to Winter Hill on the Mystic River.

Two miles from Charlestown is Harvard college, which was founded in 1637, and took its name from its first great benefactor, a minister, who bequeathed nearly 800*l.* to it. The general court of Massachusetts had appropriated the sum of 400*l.* towards its commencement in 1630, and the small but pretty town in which it is situated was founded in 1636. The university is a fine granite building, and the modern mansion, which is built of brick, and has rather an air of antiquity, arising from the thick wooden window sashes small square panes of glass, the numerous attics, and roof surmounted by a wooden balcony, or platform and railing.

The Granary Burying-ground at River Bay is one of the most interesting objects near Boston; it is a continuation of Beacon street, which forms one side of the common, and connects the city with Brookline. The pier is of solid materials, and one mile and a half in length, cutting off upwards of 600 acres of land over which the tide formerly ran. The pier is built of stone, and the rock which has been obtained. A second dam has been thrown at right angles from it to a point of land in Roxbury, dividing the 600 acres into two reservoirs of rather unequal proportions; and several mills have been erected upon this second dam whose wheels are kept in motion by sluice-ways. The upper reservoir is the long thin pier in the upper reservoir is furnished with six pair of floodgates, which, moving upon cast pivots, are opened at high water by the force of the tide, and close again at the ebb. The lower reservoir is also furnished with similar floodgates, which are opened at high water, and close again at the ebb. The mills have a fall of 14 feet from the upper reservoir (which is replenished every tide) into the lower one, which lets off the waste water at the lowest ebb. Charles River, also, flows into the upper reservoir, and supplies it so abundantly that when I was at the pier, the shore half-drowned, and the waste water was rushing over them. The cost of the pier was 350,000 dollars (73,000*l.*) but does not appear to be very profitable stock, there not being more than twelve or fourteen mills, although there is space for one hundred upon it, and it had been first intended for a navy yard, and a very important theatre, immediately opposite the hotel, and a very remarkable building, had closed for the season when I arrived; but, the fanaticism for which the New Englanders were formerly so barbarously notorious having softened down to true religious principles, the town now supports two or three theatres, though the first was built only thirty-six years since.

One afternoon seeing a funeral enter the Granary burial ground, adjoining the Tremont hotel, so called from the public bread store having formerly stood there, I followed it, and, walking up to a lofty granite obelisk surmounted by three figures, I discerned in the memory of Dr. Franklin's parents; it bore the following inscription:—

FRANKLIN.

"JOSIAH FRANKLIN, and ABRAHAM his wife, here interred. They lived lovingly together in wedlock 55 years, and without an estate, or any painful employment, by constant

labour and honest industry, maintained a large family comfortably, and brought up thirteen children and seven grand-children respectively; so, from this instance, reader, be encouraged to diligence in thy calling, and distrust not Providence.

He was a pious and prudent man.

Since a doctor and a virtuoso visited me at the Tremont. Their youngest son, in filial regard to their memories, places this stone.

A. F. born 1655, died 1744, *E. 89.*
A. F. — 1667, — 1752, — 89.

The original inscription having been nearly obliterated, a number of citizens erected this monument as a mark of respect for the illustrious author.

DCCCXXV.

Turning round, immediately after I had copied the above, which could not have occupied me five minutes, to my great surprise the funeral party had disappeared, and the gates were again locked; so I had no alternative but to climb the door and stairs, and sit down on the seven feet into the street, my sudden appearance in it astonishing some of the passers by.

The materials for building at Boston are excellent. There being almost inexhaustible quarries of granite at the same town, and granite is the building stone of two of the present cities of the United States, about nine miles from the city. The day I left the city, a melancholy accident occurred to a party of four gentlemen from the Tremont hotel, upon the inclined railway connected with the quarries, by the chain to which the car was attached suddenly breaking, and having been a considerable distance of the summit; the carriage descended with amazing velocity until it struck some obstacle at the bottom, by which they were all thrown out with such violence that one was killed upon the spot, and the limbs of the other three were severely fractured.

Brattle street church, where I attended service, was occupied as a barrack during the siege, and Governor Hancock's name, who was one of its benefactors, is inscribed upon two of the corner stones of the tower, with the date of 27th July, 1773. One of the inscriptions reads: "The breaking down of the walls of the city by the bayonets of the British; and a nine-pounder shot still remains in the tower where it struck, close to one of the windows. It was fired from the American lines the evening before the city was evacuated, and evidently intended for General Gage's quarters, which were in a house near the spot."

Boston is often called "the paradise of clergymen," and never did a place possess such a proportion of churches; including Charlestown, it has not fewer than sixty; their style of architecture is generally neat. Trinity church, which has not been long built, is a handsome and substantial edifice, and king's chapel (or the stone church, as some of the republicans call it), in which the British governor's pew still remains, more closely approach the English style of places for sacred worship than any others I saw. The hospitals and charitable societies are very numerous.

Leaving Boston on the 25th July through Brighton and Newton Lower-Falls, and to Westborough, over a line sheet of water by means of a floating bridge, I arrived at the pretty town of Worcester late in the evening. The road ran through a country of rather improved fertility. Worcester was taken advantage of by some military engineers. Engineers were also busy along the whole line of it in surveying and marking out a railway which was projected from Boston to Albany, 160 miles, and thus a connected line of communication would be opened between Lake Erie and the Atlantic at New York. From Worcester to Northampton the road passes through a fine bold country, but rocky and difficult of cultivation; the high lands and sides of the hills being set apart for pasture, and the valleys and along the banks of the rivulets, where the soil was of a more fertile quality, for the growth of grain. The country was fertile and cultivated, and the reputation of being better farmed than any other; the average produce being from 25 to 30 bushels of Indian corn, and from 18 to 20 of wheat. It struck me that the schools were much more numerous than in the other states I had visited, every district and township had a school, and I observed a school upon the road side; the children were also remarkable for their decorum of manners, bowing and making curtsies to the passengers as the coach passed. I observed the same respect paid to well dressed people in most parts of the New England states, and in the western part of the state of New York. In the first county I was in, passed by Connecticut in 1839, six years after the first

settlement of the colony, it was ordered that every village of fifty families should maintain a good school for reading and writing; and the same law is also established in Massachusetts.

We had a charming view of the fine country, with Amherst college upon an eminence, from the summit of a hill a few miles before arriving at the village of Hadley, where the regicide judges lived after their retreat had been discovered at Newhaven. It is related that when the village was attacked, during Philip's bloody war of 1675, it would have probably saved the fate of Brookfield and other towns through which we passed on the road from Boston, but for the timely appearance of a venerable stranger, who by his skill in military tactics and encouragement to the troops repulsed the Indians. His immediate disappearance after the retreat of the enemy induced the superstitious inhabitants to conclude that he was their guardian angel, and had been expressly sent to their assistance. It was Colonel Goffe, who, in the emergency of the case, had ventured to leave his place of concealment in the cellar of the minister's house.

Between the village and the Connecticut river, two miles distant, are rich and beautiful meadows, unconfined by fences, but well planted with fruit trees, and being overflowed by the spring freshets, which leave a deposit, and are afterwards covered by the late of the Connecticut river, half a mile in length, crosses the river into the prettiest of American towns, Northampton. Nowhere did I see such beautiful villages as in New England, of which Concord in New Hampshire, Worcester, and Northampton, rank pre-eminent. The situation of this last is a charming one, the river winds upon a noble river, and steam navigation to the ocean. The streets are unlike any thing English. Frame houses possess a neatness and cleanliness of appearance which it is impossible to impart to our heavy town abodes; and, as the material which is used in their construction is of the most elegant forms, the American houses are distinguished by their light balconies and porticos, supported by columns of the Doric or Corinthian order. I thought Northampton the most delightful and enviable place I had ever seen; it is the very realisation of a "*rus in urbe*," the streets being so wide, and the houses so low, and the air so pure, that their boughs are almost interwoven across the road, and the neat private dwellings and shops beneath them appear like a series of cottages and gardens. The town has been settled nearly 180 years, and contains about 10,000 inhabitants. On the opposite side of the river, which is crossed at South Hadley, is a fine view of the Connecticut river, in Mount Holyoke, 1070 feet above the level of the river, and a favourite resort of travellers and parties of pleasure. Seven carriages, filled principally with ladies, arrived at the foot of the mount at the same time as myself. The road winds along the side of it through a dense forest of trees, until within 400 feet of the summit, where it is necessary to dismount and clamber over rough loose stones and logs of wood for the remaining distance. But the scene which bursts upon the spectator's view, as he steps upon the bare black rock on the summit—a scene of sublime beauty, of which but inadequate description could be conveyed—suddenly repays him for his trouble and fatigue. A more charming day could not have been desired: it was one of those clear American atmospheres which are unknown in our own grey clime, with a soft, glowing light, a strong breeze to blow away the mists of the atmosphere, and a clear sky, which lay spread out beneath in all the various hues of a quickly ripening harvest. Innumerable white houses, and pines of churches, were seen scattered among the trees and along the banks of the smooth but rapid Connecticut, which in the distance made a fine appearance, which river in its fantastic and capricious windings returned within a few yards of the same spot, after watering two or three miles of the vale—or, after being coupled at intervals by the hills and woods, would again appear with its silvery surface glistening amidst the dark woods of the mountains, and the distance of these objects, and, above all, the high and rocky mountains, contrasted with the smiling valleys, altogether formed one of the most magnificent panoramas in the world. Places 160 miles apart from each other were distinctly visible. I soon recognisably found the same scene as Newbury, which is a distance, though only 400 feet in height, and could not trace their rugged and bold outline upon the clear horizon.

I had carried my pencils and sketch book up with me; but did not even presume to take them from my pocket. After having had dinner at the hotel, and after waiting an hour, I went into the small frame house which is on the summit, for something more substantial. The occupant,

or rather tenant, as he pays a rent of 100 dollars per annum for the spot of ground, might be an old sailor, for the extravagant price he charges for refreshments; but in my opinion, his money is well earned, as he ascends the mountain daily from the village at its foot. The table in the room was covered with a number of books, misnamed albums, in which every visitor, who has been either in a sentimental, witty or meditative mood, has thought proper to record the workings of his mind, which were generally bombastic descriptions of the view, ending up with a moral lecture. I sympathised deeply with one poor poet, who had departed from the world long with

"O great Olympus, fair Northampton's bride,

How hot it is to travel up thy side !

Hail mighty mount, grand beacon of our sphere!

I wonder how the d—l I got here!" But many Smiths and Thompsons, more ambitious of transmitting their names to remotest posterity, had with laudable zeal engraven their names upon the hard rock. The descent is even more difficult than the ascent, being so precipitous.

Proceeding east, the road passes through a mountainous and only partially cleared country, with fine groves of noble hemlock, which appeared to be fast diminishing in number from the bark being used for tanning leather. We then took a high upland road from Northampton to Worthington, which only crosses the crest of the hills. From Pittsfield (where an agricultural show has been established upwards of twenty years, and takes place annually in October), the road ascends a hill of considerable height, the summit of which is the site of the foundation on the outer edge is made of large stones, close together, covered with earth, and no protection for a carriage against falling over the side, but some weak rails, generally composed of small trees laid horizontally in the fork of the upright in the ground, forming a very inefficient fence. Upright in the ground, close to which the coach passes. I congratulated myself upon arriving safely at the summit with a fine view of the White Mountains in the distance, and the village of Northampton in the valley beneath us. The road was, however, even more steep than the ascent we ascended; and having a heavy load on the coach, and as usual in America no slipper on the wheel, we descended a sharp turn with such frightful speed that, whirling round a sharp turn, and plunging over an inclination outwards, the vehicle lost its equilibrium, and the passengers screamed out, and over it went. I would not at the moment have given half a dollar to insure all our lives, and the tops of the trees far below, and thought nothing could be done.

From perching amongst their branches, the birds gave way to a crash, when I was surprised by a sudden and violent shock, as if the coach falling on the friendly stump of a tree which I checked us in our course. The vehicle in part overhanging the precipice, carpet bags and mail bags, trunks and boxes, were to be seen rolling down the hill to the depth of the ravine. The coach of old could not have had a more uncomfortable descent. I was glad to have had, if the coach had been two or three feet farther on either side of the stump. There were eight passengers of no light weight inside, and I was one of the heaviest. My seat was under me, and I was one of those who were undermost. A strong voice called out above me, "Get up, K. R. is no one hurt." "Thank you," said a smothered tone, "I am not hurt, but I speak for me, I guess." As soon as I could extricate myself from the confused mass of arms and legs, and scramble out of one of the windows, I began to shake my head and discover what broken limbs I had; but finding myself a sprained ankle, a bruised arm, and one or two contusions on the ribs, and that none of my companions were much more injured, I began to scurry for my

We had just raised the shattered coach again, when some people who had seen it upset from the Lebanon springs galloped up, expecting to find half the passengers killed; in an hour more I was in the Columbia hall hotel.

[illegible]

raised their hands up and down (I hope I shall be excused for mistaking this for the striking simile) like so many kangaroos standing upon their hind legs. Upon the whole, it was a most singular scene: old and young were dancing away without their coats, as if it had been a matter of life and death; while the room, containing about thirty or seven hundred people, was hot to suffocation. Though some of them called themselves most laboriously, they were (owing to their dress) as pale and ghastly as so many shrouded bodies—or living corpses—an appearance they wished to assume could imagine, as not being very inviting to the eyes of those who were not of their own country-fashioned folks. I overheard one of a Frenchman sitting in rear of me, who could not at all contain himself, say, "he had seen an Egyptian mummy more hideous than any of them." I could not, however, avoid laughing at him; for there were two or three pairs of very pretty dark-skinned women of fourteen features. One young girl, in particular, about eighteen or twenty years of age, who paid much more attention to the spectators than to her devoirs, would have pleased to reign her former place in the world. She was in the last rage, so that no one could overlook her motions; and all the young people were similarly disposed of. Those who formed the first row, and who were confronted face to face with each other, were the oldest and ugliest of the party—a dangerous position, which was assigned to young people, with such eyes as interpreters, and who are having occasionally taken place, much to the dismay of the elders. A respectable, middle-aged man, seated with great civility, turned part in the performance of the above ceremonies, but perceived the effect produced by the effect such a singular show had upon the audience. After the society had finished their first dance and song, he came up directly in front of me, and said something, as if they were three young men talking and singing, as if they were three young men in the room. All eyes were turned *insalter* in my direction, and, fortunately for my credit, the speaker caricatured them, and I discovered they were the "Egyptian mummies," whom he abused the figure by telling them, and allowing them to laugh at him; upon the floor, I may say, let every one hear what it was; that the rest of the visitors had behaved respectfully and with propriety, when, conducted to the door, he observed that those young men, who have some respect for the religion of heaven, deserved reprimanding, and that he reprimanded them accordingly." The young men looked much surprised, and took an early opportunity of retiring. The society after this formed a column of five in front, with fourteen members in the rear, and the others, who sang words to a tune like "Yankee doodle," the column stepping off at quick time, and marching round the room as correctly as any well-drilled battalion, changing places, and, if any one fell out in the rear, his place was immediately occupied by some one from the rear. They beat time by clapping their hands up and down as before described, clapping them in certain parts of the tune. After thus marching round the room, they halted, and the inner files of two again in different directions, they struck up, and they moved forward, and they returned, and they moved back, and they advanced and angling in the slow parts of the air; thus thickening their pace almost to a run at the more lively parts. Together I scarcely ever saw so difficult or so ill-dressed, or they could call it dancing, but certainly so ill-dressed, or they could call it dancing, but certainly so ill-mannered; for there was such a succession of halting and counter-marching, slow step, quick step, and double-quick step, advancing and retreating, forming open columns, and returning, perpendicular lines and oblique lines, that it was impossible to puzzle and confound the clearest head of the lookers-on.

After a hard hour's work, the first speaker, who had quoted "to behave with decency," again came forward and spoke to the following effect: "Friends, I wish to say a few words to you. No doubt what you have seen to-day appears vastly strange—a mode of shipping the Almighty altogether new to you; and I am sure that it should appear strange, 'The glory of the Lord is brightness with man.' I asked you attention and good conduct, before we commenced; and I am not even surprised at that. They who despised us and laughed at us in scorn and derision, are, however, as satisfied; we *well* know that we are in

CHAPTER XIV.

LEBANON SPRINGS—SHAKERS—ERIE CANAL—FALLS OF THE
MOHAWK.

At Manchester, in England, this burning truth began,
When Christ made his appearance in blessed Mother Ann.
A few at first received it, and did their lusts for ake,
And soon their testimony brought on a mighty shake.

For Mother's safe protection, good angels flew before,
Towards the land of promise, Columbia's happy shore;
Hail thou victorious Gospel, and that auspicious day
When Mother safely in North America!

Memorial to Mother Ann.

The company at the Lebanon springs during the sea-

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 6, NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA—AT 95 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

soil presents itself. There is but little worthy of notice in the town, excepting Union College, on an eminence near the road from Troy. Only two large buildings, forming a part of what is intended, can at present be erected; but several more are to be immediately added, and the adjoining grounds being spacious, it promises to become a pretty spot. The college has been very liberally endowed by the state to the amount of 300,000 dollars, and the number of students at this time is about 200. Dr. Nett, the president, is not only a good classical scholar, but an excellent and persevering mechanic. Some of his inventions have even gained a considerable name in England, amongst which is an improvement in hot air stoves for heating cathedrals and large buildings. He has expended also large sums of money in making experiments upon steam-vehsels; several of which, constructing upon his plan of having twenty small boilers, instead of two or four large ones, and are considered safer than those generally in use, and equally swift. After passing two hours in Schenectady, I entered the packet boat on the Erie Canal, and proceeded at the rate of four miles an hour, on a line parallel with the Mohawk. This immense work, which connects the waters of the Hudson with those of Lake Erie, was commenced in 1817, at the suggestion of De Witt Clinton, at that time governor of the State of New York. The packet boats, as on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, are large and well furnished with excellent sleeping berths, and the charge very reasonable, being only three cents per mile, breakfast and dinner being provided on equally moderate terms; so that the travelling is rendered more agreeable and almost as speedy as upon the rough turnpikes.

I varied my mode of travelling by leaving the boat sometimes at the locks, and walking on, being able at a moderate pace to keep a-head of it. Upon arriving at the first lock, we found more than twenty boats waiting for the turn to pass through; but all were obliged to give way to our vessel, which, paying a higher toll, claimed priority of passage. The ferry of the canal, preference did not, however, appear to be at all comprehended by the passengers in the other boats, nor did they submit to it without murmuring, thinking (as I afterwards found to be the case) that they were to be free and equal. We had only ten passengers, although the boats were crowded with commodious for forty. We experienced an hour's delay during the night, from the horses of a vessel a-head of us breaking loose, and galloping down upon our train, which, throwing their driver head foremost into the canal, followed the example of the others by breaking the tow rope and scampering off, leaving the man rolling about, half stunned, in the water.

In the morning we had a dense fog, not uncommon on the banks of the Mohawk, and which, as is frequently the case elsewhere, was the forerunner of a very hot day. The country through which we passed was pretty well diversified with hills and rich meadows of Indian corn on the banks of the stream, and the farmers were every where employed in reaping or cradling the grain on the upland. As the canal approaches the little falls of the Mohawk, fifty miles from Troy, the scenery becomes improved, and has some claims to picturesque. I had heard so much in praise of it that I stepped out of the boat at the first lock, half a mile from the village, not only for the purpose of viewing but of alighting some of the given scenery, and walked past it all, momentarily expecting to come upon something new, grand, and sublime, so much had I been deceived by exaggerated description! Although very pretty, no part of it can vie with Matlock in Derbyshire. There is one bend in the canal which winds round the rocky mound, and under some dark bleak, imposing cliffs, with the roar of a torrent of the Mohawk washing its base, and the spires of the village churches with a fine aqueduct visible through the excavation, which would form a pretty sketch, but nothing to warrant the overdrawn description given me. In passing to pass through five locks in five miles. Having reached the aqueduct to the village on the opposite side of the river, which is becoming a manufacturing town of some importance, from the great water-power afforded by the falls. Its progress and prosperity have been considerably retarded for some years, owing to the neglect of the manufacturing ground being the property of a gentleman in England, who has not been at it until last year, when it was purchased by a

company, who are proceeding rapidly in the construction of numerous manufactories. Large pieces of rock in the river here present a singular appearance, from being more perfectly hollow and round like a caldron, the shell or interior being reduced in many parts to a few inches in thickness. Other rocks are bored through in circles with as smooth a surface as if they had been chiseled or worked out with an auger. These effects are supposed to have been produced by small pebbles having lodged in an orifice in the rock, and been agitated by the eddies and force of the current, until they increased the opening sufficiently to admit larger stones, which, in process of time, formed these singular excavations.

From the Little Falls, the canal passes through Herkimer or German Flats, a fine rich tract of country, with a rising from one hundred and fifty to two hundred acres, at about one hundred dollars per acre, yielding from twenty-five to thirty bushels of wheat, or from sixty to one hundred bushels of Indian corn. At Frankfort, a few miles further, it does not exceed from twenty to fifty dollars, the soil appearing rich and fertile, but in a poor state of cultivation. The farming of the Dutch on the flats forms a striking contrast to that of their aboriginal neighbors. At this last village, "the long level" commences, the canal running a distance of sixty-nine miles to the town of Syracuse, without a single intervening fall.

At five o'clock in the afternoon we entered Utica, eighty miles from Schenectady, having been twenty-two hours on our journey, and stepped from the canal into the United States Hotel, where we were accommodated with excellent rooms.

CHAPTER XV.

FALLS OF TRENTON—MAIL RACES—NAMES.

Having hired one of the four-wheeled carriages known at Philadelphia as a "dearborn," in the eastern states as a "fly-rail," and in Utica as a "wagon," a friend (Mr. B.) and myself started at eight o'clock on the 3d of August upon an excursion to the Trenton Falls. The road being rough and mountainous, and the day excessively hot, we pulled up at a small tavern, eight miles from the town, to give the horse some water. While I was holding the reins, my friend, who was out, and after looking on quietly for some time without saying a word, he observed that we "had better let the beast stand in the shade a minute or two until it became cool, and then it would proceed more cleverly on the journey." I understood him immediately, and determining to accept the challenge, led the horse to the shade of the house, when the following conversation ensued, much to the amusement of my companion, who did not at first comprehend our host's manoeuvre.

Lentard. "You are from the southward, I guess."
"Yes," "Now—from Utica."
"Ay, but you don't keep there, I reckon."
"No, in the southward."
"Ay, I guessed so; but whereabouts?"
"Oh! south of Washington."
"But! pretty rich there now?"
"No."
"But there's tarnation little travelling now; last fall this here road was quite unpassable, but now I have been fixing it myself, expecting company, and no one comes."
"You will have them all here when the cholera panic has subsided."
"I don't know that; I heard a gentleman, who had been in the south, say the other day that there was very little money there now; the southerners wouldn't care a fig for the cholera, they'd clear out tarnation soon if they had plenty of money to spare; ain't it so?"
"I had now put one foot on the step of my vehicle, but mine foot was not yet satisfied, so he followed me up with—"But you are going to the west, I expect?"
"Perhaps we may."
"Yes, you came down the canal."

"That's fine travelling; that's what I like; you push along so slicit, there's no chance of getting one's neck broke as there is aboard those stages on the rough turnpikes; if the boat sinks, one's only up to one's knees in water. You'll see the falls?"
"We are going there now; which is the way?" So, re-

ceiving the necessary directions, we wished this true specimen of an American post-house keeper, good morning, and drove on, subsequently finding his parting words prophetic. Though the Yankees are so notoriously inquisitive, yet there is nothing disrespectful in their manner; nor did I ever feel annoyed by their asking such prying questions, generally leading to a considerable amount of "wrong trail," as they would say, or, else, having finished them, commencing a cross-examination, to which they always submitted with good grace.

After a pleasant ride of fourteen miles, we arrived at the hotel, a short distance from the village of Trenton, and proceeded immediately to view the falls, which commenced within two hundred yards of the house, though entirely concealed from it by a thick intervening forest. To see them to advantage, it is necessary to descend a rocky precipice nearly one hundred feet perpendicular, into the ravine along which the dark stream winds its course. Scarcely any thing can be conceived more grand or picturesque than the first view of the surrounding objects after the visitor has gained the rock, and at this season, dry bed of the winter's torrent. I have seen many falls, but none possessing such a variety of scenery as this. The difference in the formation of the cataraet was in these; and of their sublimity but a very faint idea can be conveyed from description. The impetuous rush of water during successive ages has worked a bed for itself through a ridge of lime-stone rocks, which extends from the Mohawk to the northward as far as St. Lawrence; but in several places the rocks are covered with a red of harder materials, which has been able to withstand the force of the torrent. There are several of these ledges, occupying an extent of about two miles, over which the stream is precipitated. Of these the High Falls are the finest, being one hundred and nine feet in height, including a small intervening ledge, and a very fine idea can be formed of the appearance of the falls, and the grandeur of the circular fall, and dividing it into two cataraets, renders it more picturesque than if falling in one unbroken sheet.

The Americans possess a most singular taste for marbling the beauty of every place which can boast of any thing like scenery, by introducing a bar-room into the most romantic and picturesque scenery. Consequently there is a little white, painted wooden shanty perched upon the very brow of the High Fall, from which all kinds of liquors are distributed to the Yankee admirers of nature, after they have undergone the overpowering fatigue of walking for a hundred yards from the hotel. It proved an insurmountable barrier to the further progress of a large party, who had flocked round me, passing the most candid and unprejudiced opinions possible upon my efforts at delineating the scenery. Numerous fossil organic remains are visible in the lofty banks which bound the ravine; and the frequent holes in the rocks, similar to those at the Little Falls of the Mohawk, is here seen actually in process. Many are formed by the backwater of the rapids. One, called the "Rocky Heart," from its striking resemblance to the common rock of the seat of life, has been made by two of these eddies. The "Rocky Heart" breaks the current, proceeds on its course for fifteen or twenty feet, when arriving at a narrow pass, the bottom or point of the heart as it were, it separates in the centre, returning back to a fall on each side of the river's bed, and has thus washed away the rock in the shape of a heart. Adjoining is a natural well, called "Jacob's Well," about six feet deep, and three in diameter. The bottom is covered to some depth with round pebbles, which have been deposited there during the floods, and been employed in forming the kettle.

The width of the ravine, through which the stream takes its course, varies from one to three hundred yards. At the lower end, where the bed is formed of a smooth level rock, walking is as safe and agreeable as upon any well laid pavement; but at the upper it contracts to a narrow pass, and the rocks rising in a smooth perpendicular mass, the passage is rendered rather dangerous and unpleasant, people attempt to pass the Rocky Heart, the path not exceeding six inches in width, the water being of a pitchy blackness, fifty feet deep.

Having spent a very agreeable hour at this interesting chancing spot, we again stepped into our dearborn, carrying, or wagon, and, turning our backs upon Trenton and its delightful scenery, arrived at the summit of a long hill five miles from Utica, without any adventures, or incident,

round behind. Upon gaining this height, the sun was drawing nigh to the horizon, and casting a mellow tint over the extensive landscape, which was beautifully interspersed with all the requisites to form an attractive scene. I was about expressing my admiration, when seeing the long steep descent which I, as whelp, was to guide over the vehicle, my thoughts were immediately diverted elsewhere, and I observed (having the upset at Lebanon uppermost in my imagination) that "I should not like to descend such a hill in a heavy coach." My companion answering, that "the Americans despised *draft-horses* and *happies*," I was about to exclaim, "I am not a horse," but, giving him a full and true account of my misfortunes the preceding week, when I felt the carriage pressed too much upon the horse, and attempted to check it, but in vain; for owing to some accident or mistake at the hotel, a strap upon the collar of the harness had given way, so that the horse, unable to bear the carriage off his legs, became frightened and set off at full gallop, kicking most violently, to the imminent danger of our legs. Mr. B. lifted his upon the seat in the first instance, and then, wisely thinking "discretion the better part of valour," lifted his body out behind (knocking my hat over my eyes in the hurry of his movements), but, not being able to relinquish his hold of the vehicle immediately, he cut up the rough road, with his knees, like a plough, for a considerable distance; or, as he afterwards more classically compared it, like Hector dragged by the car of Achilles round the walls of Troy. Freed from the vehicle, and without weight, I was carried along with the rapidity of a whirlwind, the foot-board splintering in all directions from the incessant battering of the horse's heels. A broad deep ditch ran upon either side of the road, so, perceiving if I should be overtaken by the storm, I determined I should be dashed with great violence upon the ground, and remembering the cautious advice Phaeton received from the old gentleman, his father, when he drove the fiery car, "*medio tutissimius ibis*," I kept in the middle of the road, pulling hard upon the reins to prevent the horse from galloping over the top of the hill, and, as I was at the foot of the hill, in the shape of a narrow bridge over a deep and broad ravine, with a deep stream, where I might even meet with the fate of the above worthy himself, so I dashed the horse at a high rail and fence at a run of the road, where temporary bridge crossed the stream. He, however, completely escaped, and, as the carriage was veering and rolling, a kind of tottering doubt whether we should capsize or not, which would have ejected any thorough landsman from his seat. The strong wall brought us to a sudden check. I was from my seat at the top of the hill, and, as the carriage was about to scramble over it; but he soon desisted, having, like myself, had quite enough of such work in the last half mile. Mr. B. was still far away, peering through the clouds of dust, to see what had become of me, fearing the result of my rapid descent. He was much out and bruised, as was the horse from kicking the wagon, and *vice versa*. I alone escaped uninjured, being but a sufferer in the purse, from the compensation we were obliged to make the owner of the steed and vehicle, for injuries received. In my case the names of the two places "Lebanon Shakers," and "Trenton Shakers," are incongruous; they should be the "Trenton Shakers," and the "Lebanon Shakers," but I can never remember them, and with them the recollection of my shaking in the wagon, and upsetting in the coach, will always be associated.

The above accident detained us a few days at Utica, Mr. B. having been on his journey, but the delay, and the cause could scarcely be regretted, since we had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of an eminent barrister residing in the town, who had been on of our fellow-passengers from Schenectady, and from whom we received much kind attention.

The town of Utica, as I believe it is now called, occupies a gentle slope, rising to the west, from the banks of the Mohawk, and until the commencement of the canal was an inconsiderable place, with a population of about 3000. Since the completion of that work, it has augmented 10,000, and is now a city of some importance. The line of canal, which eight years since was the outlet of our passes directly through the centre of the city, giving it a pleasing appearance, to which the innumerable wooden bridges with their light open railing greatly contribute. The inhabitants are well aware of its rising importance, and the canal has been a great source of revenue to the town, removed from Albany, and that the future laws will emanate from their capital, whose site they have marked out in a square at the upper end of the city, on a rising eminence, whence its dome will be seen by the surrounding country for many miles. The streets are also laid out in a style befitting the capital of the most populous state in the

Union. As a central situation it is more convenient than Albany, which is on the very confines of the state, and three hundred miles from the inhabitants of the western parts of it. A stranger, seeing no manufactories or large mercantile establishments in Utica, finds it difficult to account for its rapid increase, until he discovers the cause, which is, that the town is situated on a high and fertile soil, with such speculations, and the margin of every creek. The goods being transported from the town, it derives all the benefit, without any of the inconvenience, arising from numerous manufactories.

On Sunday, the 5th of August, in the vicinity of the city, is the singular but laudable "Oneida Institution of Science and Industry," which, similar to some institutions in Switzerland, combines learning with manual labour. It was first established by a clergyman in bad health, who, opening a small school ten years since, discovered that, by "putting" working for a few hours daily, they earned sufficient money to defray the expense of their education. Since that time it has been much encouraged and had several benefactors. There is a farm, containing upwards of one hundred acres, attached to it, upon which the students must be seen working for three or four hours daily, and two years' produce will pay their board for that time. This mode of obtaining an education has been found entirely practicable, and it is principally intended for those designed for the church, but some are also educated for other professions. The merit of the institution, independent of the fact that it has been successful in educating a number of men of talent may obtain an education here who cannot afford to go to more expensive establishments. Upon the whole, from the prevalence of mercantile pursuits, there are but few places for classical education in the States, compared with England. On Sunday, the 5th of August, we attended divine service at the Dutch Reformed Protestant Church, the minister of which, Mr. Bethune, a Scottish gentleman, is in high repute as an eloquent and a powerful preacher. We were much pleased with his manner, which was that of a man who spoke from the heart, and, as he preferred it to that of the English. The sermon being delivered in a more familiar and colloquial style, and with great earnestness of manner, was well calculated to rivet the attention of the congregation. In America the compact is between the congregation and minister, as between master and servant, and each is bound to do his duty, and to agree and suit each other. The clergyman's salary in small towns is generally 1000 dollars per annum, which is sufficient for people who are expected to doar themselves the active pursuits of the rest of mankind. But in cities and populous places, the salary is much higher. The minister of the church at Utica, for instance, is paid 1500 to 1650, which is raised by a tax upon the congregation, or (as in New York) from grants of land made prior to the revolution. In a Presbyterian church, which we attended in the afternoon, the pews were originally sold at two hundred and eighty each, and the annual tax was nineteen dollars and fifty cents, the organist and leader of the orchestra alone receiving small salaries, in addition to the minister. The floor of this church was on an inclined plane, so that each pew was more elevated than the one in front, the pulpit being under the organ-loft at the lower end of the church, and the organ placed on the ground on the ground floor under the church, where, from the minister having made frequent allusions to "Samuel James Mills, the founder of Sabbath schools," we expected to see one of a superior order, but were disappointed. There seemed to be a number of children, but we were rather at a loss to account for one hundred and eighty boys, and a voluntary teacher to each class of six or eight boys. Before we departed, the superintendent (an editor of a newspaper) requested us to address the children, but appeared satisfied with an answer, that "our qualifications were not in proportion to the number of the people, very few of whom had comprehended his meaning, until he rose and delivered a long extempore prayer for the prosperity of the school.

The state of New York has a permanent school-fund, of the enormous amount of a million and a half of dollars, which originally arose from the sale of the lands of the king, and the people were rather at a loss to comprehend so large a sum that the annual distribution is now 120,000 dollars, and as much more is raised in the state by contributions; so that nearly a quarter of a million is yearly expended by this one state in promoting knowledge among the people, very few of whom have received a useful education. Connecticut is the only state in the Union which possesses the same powerful means: its fund arose from a vague charter granted by the King of England, soon after the establishment of the American colonies, to Lord Say and Sele and Lord Brook in 1631, by which the state of Connecticut was bounded, east by the

Naraganset river, south by Long Island sound, north by Massachusetts, and extended west to the Pacific Ocean. By this document it claimed the right of extending its rule over tracts of land which were unexplored at the time the charter was granted, and which included a considerable portion of Pennsylvania and New York. These two states resisted the claim, and compromised the matter after the revolution, by obtaining for Connecticut the grant of certain lands in Ohio, which, being sold, produced the sum of 1,200,000 dollars. This sum was, in the first instance, to be appropriated for the propagation of the gospel, but the government, since its establishment in a school, and thus one of the smallest states in the Union distributes an annual sum amongst the several districts, for the support of education, considerably exceeding the state tax on the inhabitants; and the most singular instance is presented to the government, as all its expenses have been defrayed, returning to the citizens more than the amount of what has been taxed. In those districts which receive assistance from this fund, it is required that the same amount should be raised by contribution. New York imitated Connecticut in adopting the same system, and ordaining that the proceeds of all unimproved or unappropriated lands should be added to the school-fund, which was increased to the amount of another million of dollars. In Massachusetts much attention is paid to education, and numerous schools are established throughout all the New England states, the necessary funds being annually raised in districts.

On the 6th of August we proceeded on our journey through New Hartford, a small village four miles from Utica, and two or three from Hamilton place, incorporated in 1821, and so called after the unfortunate general. We obtained a good view of its white buildings, pleasantly situated on a rising ground above the village of Clinton. We arrived at the manufacturing village of Manchester, nine miles from Utica, in an hour and ten minutes, being at the quickest rate we had yet travelled upon American turnpikes, and accordingly anticipated a continuation of the same rapid progress, but were disappointed, for the innkeeper, not expecting the mail so soon, had made no preparations for breakfast, and three quarters of an hour elapsed before the breakfast and coffee made their appearance upon the table. At the village of Onondaga Castle we obtained the first sight of some Tuscarora Indians, and a number of them were lying out in their blankets, though a burning sun was shining, looking comically, and apparently without curiosity, at the coach as it whirled along. There was an extensive settlement of log huts, with an Episcopal church belonging to the village, and a large tract of the turnpike; and a circular grove of trees where their council was formerly held, and where they now receive their annual allowance from the state, to which all had they wish to dispose of must be sold, not having the power to grant a title-deed to individuals. During the last year, fifty of the tribe, with their Episcopal pastor, a man of liberal education, having sold their lands, migrated to Green Bay on Lake Michigan. In the summer season their time is employed in tilling the ground in the Reservation, or in cutting fuel from the extensive forests in rear of their village. On the winter months they proceed to the hunting grounds of their four hundred and thirty warriors, where they collect an abundance of skins, from the sale of which they might realise a considerable sum of money; but like all savages, or semi-barbarians, they are much addicted to drink, and barter their hardy-gained spoils for a small quantity of rum, which they consume in great quantities at Onondaga Hollow, where there is a tribe of that name, some women came up to the coach, offering small articles of their own manufacture for sale; they could speak English very fluently, as can most of the Indians in those tribes which have much intercourse with the "sale" tribes, and are much more civilized, but still, as before, were much depreciated by most Americans, who asserted that their government was the aggressor. To a foreigner the American policy towards the Indians appears most cruel and inhuman, every possible advantage being taken to dispossess the lightning bolt of the land of their property. The Indian character is noble and generous, when well treated; but, when goaded, as they have been to desperation, it is no wonder that their treatment of the white prisoners who fall into their hands should be barbarous. Americans have been found to retaliate upon the Indians, and have been found to have been filled with late accounts of another "glorious victory," in which some volunteers or militia men had brought three scalps into camp!

The town of Onondaga Hollow, and Onondaga Hill, were of some importance in the middle war, and civil war, in growth and prosperity, being situated in a grain coun-

try, and the great deposits of corn and other requisites for the army on the frontier. But, alas! their day is gone by; the sunshine of their greatness and prosperity is forever obscured. The houses are almost tenantless, and of the aerial nothing is left but the naked rafters, running within three miles, gave them the coup de grace. The sooner the road is diverted from the present route the more secure will the lives of all travellers become; for of all hills to ascend or descend, the one near Onondaga (how is the name spelt?) is the most dangerous. The fine view of Syracuse, Salina with its salt vats, Onondaga lake, the town of Liverpool, with the thickly wooded country between it and Oneida lake in the extreme distance, scarcely compensate for the risk of ascending it in a heavy coach.

Our progress was much delayed by the delivery of the mail bag at every small hamlet on the road. The letters in America, instead of being put into separate bags for each town, as in England, are carried in one huge leather case, which the postmaster is allowed to detain ten minutes, so that he may pick his letters out of the general mass. The coachman (there being no guard) drives up to the office, sometimes a small tavern, and throws the bag, about the size of a flour sack, upon the hard pavement, or muddy road, as most convenient; it is then trailed along into the house, and heaved up the ladder, and the elevated, and out tumbled all the letters, newspapers, and pamphlets, in a heap upon the floor. At the little village of Lenox, I had the curiosity to look into the bar for the purpose of seeing the mode of sorting letters, and witnessed a scene which could never answer in any other country. The sorters consisted of an old grey-headed man, at least seventy-five years of age, an old woman, with "spectacles on nose," the old gentleman's equal in point of years, and a great fat, ruddy-faced damsel of twenty-five, backed by half a dozen dirty little barefooted boys, who were perched upon their knees on the floor, overthrowing the huge pile before them, flinging those letters which were for their office into a distant corner of the room, amongst sundry wet mops, brushes, molasses barrels, &c., & those which were for other towns on our route were again bagged in the same glib style, and the postmaster's salary, do not receive half that amount, and the postmaster's salary, do not receive sometimes his month's receipts did not exceed six dollars. No revenue being required from the post-office establishment, the offices in large towns furnish funds for extending the mail line of communication. The surplus funds of that at New York are enormous; but, for the last three years, that expenditure upon the mails has much exceeded the receipts throughout the States. In 1790, there were only seventy-five post-offices; at this time, there are 9000, and 115,000 miles of mail communication; and the postage on letters from Boston to Baltimore, a distance little under 400 miles, is only 30 cents.

At Marcellus the coach stopped at an inn, of which the landlord seemed quite an original. He was sitting in the bar, without his coat and neckcloth, reading a newspaper, and his feet stretched half across the top of the bar, upon which several of his guests were enjoying "a drink," and a mouldy loaf of Virginia weed. Hearing one of the passengers address him by the title of "Doctor," I observed "he was an elegant specimen of a medical man." "Ah, but," said my fellow-traveller, "he's one of the smartest physicians in the state, I'll assure you." Under the name of a "doctor," according to the English acceptance of the word, he was one of the shabbiest-looking men I ever cast eyes on. At sunset, we reached the beautiful little village of Skaneateles, situated at the head of a romantic lake, and then a long and nearly two wide, of the same name. While the coach was waiting for "a drink and horses," and for the mail to undergo another examination, the passengers stood on the margin of the lake, admiring its clear and untroubled surface, save here and there where a slight ripple was caused by the slow movement of one or two small scullers, as they changed their

fishing berth for some spot which would appear more favourable for their diversion. Gardens and cultivated fields extended to the water's edge, and numerous neat white houses scattered about upon the range of low hills, which lay between the water and the city, were visible. A thunder-storm suddenly burst over us, with a heavy squall of wind; and ere we could regain the coach the whole scene was changed. The lake was now perfectly black, and its disturbed surface with a small and troublous ripple, occasioned by the violent gust, formed a strong and somewhat unpleasant contrast to its late placid and mild appearance.

At half-past eight we arrived at the American hotel in Auburn, rejoiced that the fatigues of the day were over, having had scarcely 300 yards of level ground during the last 100 miles. We had passed two, through the strangest medley of named towns, many of which appeared almost as if the founders had collected them from all quarters of the globe indifferently, discarding many of the fine sounding, significant, old Indian names, substituting some gleaned from ancient Greece or Italy, interspersed with one from Cockney land, or perhaps a genuine Yankeeism.

CHAPTER XVI.

AUBURN PRISON, &c. JOURNEY OF DISASTERS.

Hearing that the board of health had issued an order that no visitors should be admitted into the prison until the cholera had subsided, a precaution taken in consequence of its having broken out at the Sing Sing prison of the Hudson, we much feared that we should be disappointed in not attaining the object for which we had visited Auburn; fortunately, however, Mr. B. had introductory letters to Dr. Richards, president of the Theological Seminary, through which we obtained an order for admittance at mid-day on the 7th of August.

The prison is situated on the outskirts of the village, surrounded by a wall 2000 feet in extent, varying in height from 20 to 35 feet, according to the situation of the ground, and is completely unoccupied. The cells where they are confined during the day, and at night, are appearance (something like a large pigeon box, or honey-comb), being in five stories, with galleries, and the windows in an outer wall at the distance of five or six feet from the prison, so that no convict can attempt effecting his escape through this medium. It is, in fact, a house within a house. Each prisoner has a separate cell 7 feet in length, 7 feet high, 31 in width, with a small shelf for holding his bible, and a canvas cot, which, in the day time, is reared up against the wall, and, when lowered down at night, rests upon a stone ledge, and covers the whole extent of the cell. A strong grated door admits a free circulation of air, and the works of the lock are so contrived as to be two feet from the door, and entirely out of a convict's reach, if he even succeeded in breaking one of the iron bars so as to admit a passage for his arm. A keeper always patrols the galleries during the night with cloth sleeves act as a check upon the prisoners, who have no discourse. The building was perfectly clean, and free from that tainted atmosphere which generally pervades a prison, the cells being white-washed once a fortnight, as a preventive against the cholera, though when there is no necessity for such a precaution, the walls are cleaned only from five to six times during the war season.

From the cells we proceeded into an open square, formed by the keeper's house, prisoners' apartments, and workshops, and a part of the convicts are employed in stone-cutting, and making addition to the building of another five-story row of cells, to be erected in the place of a wing constructed upon the old principle of confining a certain number of prisoners in one large room, by which means they had free intercourse with one another, a system, which is entirely unwholesome. It was almost impossible to imagine ourselves in a prison amongst a set of hardened desperadoes, when walking through the shops where they were working with an alacrity and attention to their business which were truly surprising. Every prisoner has his own particular shop, with one keeper as a superintendent; and the good effects of discipline are seen. In the blacksmiths' shops, for instance, were forty or fifty athletic men wielding their sledge hammers with the power of the Cyclops of old, and armed with weapons which, in one minute, would shiver the strongest iron into atoms. One of the keepers was with them, sitting at his ease upon a chair; and not any instance in record of an attempt at making a forcible escape. The prisoners are not allowed, upon any pretence, to speak to one another, and only on

business to a turnkey, who can easily observe if any conversation takes place, as they are generally placed with their faces in the same direction. The weavers were the most numerous body, there being nearly one hundred sitting at their looms in a row, and forty tailors, whose occupation was to make up the clothing of the prisoners, position requisite for the performance of their work. They are not permitted to look at any stranger who enters the room; but I observed several squinting at us out of the corners of their eyes when the keeper's back was turned. The most curious specimens of workmanship, and of every description, are turned out of these shops, and are contracted for by merchants and store-keepers residing in Auburn; a system most injurious to the industrious mechanic, who cannot make a livelihood in the vicinity of the prison, and who is underworked by the convicts, whose labour is contracted for at the rate of 25 cents to 50 cents (to two shillings) per diem, the tailors at the former sum; those trades which derive assistance from a saw-mill, turning-machine, &c. which are worked by water (introduced from a stream that washes the southern wall of the prison) at 30, lock-makers at 40, and blacksmiths at 50 cents a day. A few inviolable and invulnerable convicts are employed in winding at 15 cents. There were only two stocking makers, who were employed solely in working for the convicts.

The mechanics are not permitted to give any orders to the workmen, nor any instructions, they wish to give are through the mechanic turnkey who superintends each shop. In any instance where the latter may not be acquainted with the trade, the contractor may give the necessary directions in his presence. The looms, jennies, tools, &c. appeared throughout the prison in the highest order, and business was carried on in each shop in a more workmanlike style than without the walls. The morning work commences at six o'clock in summer, breakfast being allowed at eight, and at twelve (half an hour being allowed for tea, &c.) at 30, the sound of the day case bell at six in the evening. The prisoners are divided into as many companies as there are galleries of cells, are marched to them with the lock-step in the most orderly manner, each man inclining his face towards the keepers of his company then, so that he may be observed, if he attempts to do anything wrong. The prisoners, on approaching the kitchen, he stoops slightly, and taking up his supper, without breaking the line of march, enters his cell for the night, being locked in by the turnkey of the gallery. The mess-room was particularly clean, with the tables and benches covered with green wooden tables, and the walls were painted a light blue. The cells were so narrow that the convicts sit only with their backs to the wall, with their faces in the same direction. They are waited upon by some of their fellow-prisoners; and, in case any man has more food than he requires, he raises his right hand, where a portion is taken from his plate and given to some one who clemes his left hand in token he has sufficient. The rations are ample, being, 10 oz. of wheat, 10 oz. of Indian meal, 14 oz. of beef or 12 oz. of pork; with 24 bushels of potatoes to every hundred rations, and half a pint of molasses per man, which is added to the mush, a kind of porridge, made of the potatoes, and boiled in water. The cooks were employed in the kitchen, and of copper when we visited the kitchen. I tasted some, and should imagine it to be very wholesome and nutritious. The bread was heavy and sad, but it had a good flavour. The convict is unruly, or discovered speaking, he receives a severe punishment, being confined to his cell for a few stripes with a cane on his back. Such a measure is, however, but seldom required. A false wall or passage round each room, with elits at intervals, through which a keeper may look unperceived, and where he stations himself if he suspects a convict, is a precaution which is checked upon in conversation. A peep through them into the next cell, and the prisoners were busily employed in dead silence, when the keeper was at a distance of 100 feet.

The work appears to conduce much to their health, there being only six in the hospital, out of 607 prisoners; and a few days previously there had not been a single patient. Visitors are not admitted either into the hospital, which is in an upper story of the prison, or into the women's apartment, who are all confined together and work but little, as no compulsion could be used towards them, and to talking all the day of man could avail nothing for its prevention. Altogether the prison is a most interesting sight, and should be visited by all travellers. A considerable revenue now arises from it to the state, so that convicts, instead of being an expense formerly, are here a profit. Many who enter without any trade, and are employed by the state, and many may gain an honest and ample livelihood; and numbers who have been sent into the world again have thoroughly reformed their former vicious habits. We saw one poor

* Scarcely if at all exaggerated. Within thirteen miles of Philadelphia we have witnessed a scene very similar; the contents of the mail bag were emptied on a table in the bar room, where several letters fell between it and the door, and would have been left but for the intervention of a stage passenger.—Ed.

slow progress of our journey, having been more than nine hours performing a distance of twenty-one miles. Excellent beds being provided, in a few minutes the troubles of the past, fears and anticipations of the future were alike forgotten.

CHAPTER XVII.

SENECA LAKE—JENIMA WILKINSON—LOCKPORT—BUFFALO.

On the morning of the 10th of August, embarking on board a steamer, we left Watkins, Jeffersonville, Seneca Head, or Savor, as we heard the small village, where we had passed part of the night, severally called. Though we were assuming a manly attitude, it did not, in any respect, with a canal running past it, which, within the waters of Lake Erie and Seneca with the Susquehanna river by the Chemung canal, yet there are not above twenty frame houses in the settlement, arising from the misanthropic policy of the proprietor of the land, who will not sell a rod under a New York title; whereas, if he gave away every other lot for building upon, the increased value of the remaining lots would make him more than an adequate return. The head of Seneca Lake, like that of Cayuga, is black marsh overgrown with bulrushes, reeds, &c. Several large streams with fine water-falls, 150 to 200 feet high, are scattered along the Hector, 100 feet in height, and those at the big stream Point 136, are the most worthy of observation.

We accompanied ourselves fortunate in meeting with a gentlemanly, well-informed person, in Captain Rumney, an Englishman, the proprietor of the "Seneca" Chief, the only steamer which plies upon the lake. He purchased the right of steam upon these waters for a mere trifle, from ex-governor Lewis, to whom it had been sold by the State, who, upon the original exclusive right of steam navigation upon the inland waters of the State of New York which did not interfere with the interests of neighbouring states, as the Hudson does with the communication to Vermont and Lower Canada. This charter was granted to Fulton for a term of thirty years, and he has since had the privilege of the use of that time the present possessor may expect to realize a considerable fortune. The profits arise principally from towing the Erie canal boats to the different ports of the lake, the traffic on which will be much increased by the opening of the Erie and Seneca canals, now nearly completed. The charges for towing vessels, on one of the other extreme of the lake, a distance of forty miles, is six dollars, and is performed in a few hours.

At Rapley's ferry, a few miles down the lake on the western bank, are the remains of a pier from which the celebrated Jenima Wilkinson proved the faith of her followers. She had collected them for the purpose of seeing her walk across the lake, and addressing them, while on foot touched the water, enquired if they had faith in her, and believed she could reach the opposite shore in safety; for, if they had not faith, the attempt would be vain. Upon receiving the most certain assurance of her belief that she could pass over, she replied "that there was no occasion then to make a display of her power, as they believed in it," and, turning round, re-entered her carriage, and drove off, to the chagrin of thousands of idle spectators, who were in attendance of her numerous disciples. Captain Rumney, who was present, and who, during her lifetime, described her as a tall, stately, and handsome woman; but of rather a masculine appearance. In her costume she most resembled a clergyman, having her hair brushed back, wearing a surplice and bands, and a quaker's hat, and a name of Rhode Island, and during the revolutionary war formed an attachment with a British officer, who subsequently deserted her. In consequence of this mercenary treatment, she suffered a violent attack of fever, and for some days lay in a deep coma, though the medical men affirmed she might have easily roused herself from it had she so wished to do so. It is supposed that at this time she was engaged in laying the deep plot which was so successfully carried into execution on her recovery, by stating that, Jenima Wilkinson having died, the angels in heaven had dispatched her to the other world, and the earth was the universal field of mankind, and the Savior of the world; that she (now calling herself an angel in Jenima's body) had been appointed to fill the body of the deceased, and was come upon earth to preach salvation to all who believed in her, and a sect being soon formed, she quitted Rhode Island, and settled on the western bank, a few miles to the west of Seneca, where her followers, some of whom were men of independent fortune, purchased a large tract of land for her; the deeds of her

farm being drawn up in the name of Rachel Mellon, a relative who inherited the estate after Jenima's death, six years since. Upon all her plate, carriage, &c., the letters U. F. (universal friend) were inscribed. She observed the Jewish Sabbath, but preached on Sundays to the numerous converts who were attracted to her house by her cecity. She was well versed in the Scriptures, and possessed a remarkably retentive memory; but, in other respects, was an illiterate woman. The creed of her sect is the metempsychosis; but since her departure the present head of the society, either Plot, not having sufficient tact to keep them united. In Jenima's lifetime, so jealous were her disciples of due respect being paid to her, that no answer would be returned to enquiries after "Jenima," but only if designated as the "Friend."

All the points of land in the lake (save one, which has a singular bush formed by the hand of nature into the exact representation of an elephant) are occupied by small villages, which possess excellent harbours, during heavy gales up or down the lake, and have about 20 fathoms of water within 30 feet of the shore. This one exception is the property of Ether, who will not sell it with it upon any terms. The entrance of the Crooked lake canal is at the village of Dresden, a German settlement, eight miles west of which is Jenima's house. On the opposite shore, Seneca county is Ovid, situated on a pretty eminence, overlooking the water; also Long Bruts, and various other classically named places. These names, it appears, were bestowed by the government on townships, distributed among the revolutionary soldiers, which extended originally over a large tract, from the north border of the lake, almost as far east as Ulster. The veterans were soon, however, overreached, and decided to dispose of their lands to some scheming and designing speculators, who resolved them most advantageously to the present possessors, persons of respectable rank, which would not then bring a price of more than 25 cents per acre, whereas, at the present dollar in the market will now produce 25 to 40 and even 50 per acre. The soil is a strong loam, and well adapted for wheat. Seneca is, however, an Indian name, although it might naturally be supposed to have the same origin. Tradition of antiquity, as the neighbouring towns of Madison, Seneca, and Seneca, Virgil, and Cassius. The lake, however, is not so clear as the water, is, however, being unvaried and uninteresting; the water is, however, beautifully clear, the pebbly bottom being visible in a calm day at the depth of 30 feet. Being principally supplied by springs, the ice upon it never becomes so thick as to impede the navigation, the severe winter of 1831, a thin sheet formed on some parts, but was broken up by the first light breeze which ruffled the water.

The town of Geneva possesses a beautiful situation upon a rising bank at the northern extremity of the lake, with terraced gardens approaching to the water's edge, and many pretty villas scattered around. About a mile from the town, on the borders of the water, are some extensive glass works, which however have not failed to a great amount, the last year, the owner having been driven from the business, and his lands, in his farming speculations. When the works were first established, they occupied a narrow space in the midst of a forest where fuel was plentiful; but the ground is now so well cleared about the town, that a cord of wood, a dollar and a quarter. An animal, in the appearance of the strata at the head of the lake, that coal may be found, when required. Geneva is altogether a pretty spot, and contains one particularly fine street, in which the college, a dull heavy looking building, with castellated walls, and the various appendages. But the private residences equal any in the state.

Proceeding on our journey at midday, on the 11th, we passed through a fine rich country, chequered with heavy crops of every grain. The apples appeared perfectly ripe, and the peach trees were every where loaded with fruit. The soil evidently increased in richness the farther we proceeded to the west.

The ground in the vicinity of Canandaigua, fifteen miles from Geneva, was kept in a state of cultivation by the country, prior to General Sullivan's march through the country, and was then the whole western part of the state of New York was in possession of the Six Nations, of whom now scarcely a vestige remains. The town is at the outlet of the Canandaigua lake, and in an unhealthy situation, owing to the water being in a deep, nearly the outlet for the purpose of supplying a mill where there is a large artificial marsh, which produces a deadly fever in the autumnal months. Enda-

vous have been made by actions at law to compel the mill proprietor to lower his dam, to the injury of the bank to prevent the water overflowing the country, but hitherto to no purpose. The town consists of one principal street, two miles in length and about 150 feet in breadth, with gardens and locust trees in front of the houses. It is generally considered the handsomest place in the state, though, in my opinion, not equal to Skaneateles.

From Canandaigua, we travelled over a hilly and sandy road, running parallel with the canal, and under its great embankment, over the Irondequoit creek. This immense work, for a distance of three miles, averages a height of seventy feet above the plain areas which it is intended to cross. The banks being chiefly of sand, great caution is necessary in watching and puddling any small cravices which may appear. Two years since, the water forced its way through an opening in the dam, and rushing down upon the road and plain beneath, it was so violent, that it almost opposed the fury of its course. The lesser sand hills at this time present evident marks of the furious torrent which passed over them.

At sunset, descending a hill, we entered upon a flat, marshy plain, the eastern terminus of Rochester is situated. It has more the appearance of a town in a new valley than any I visited, and nothing can be more miserable than its appearance from a distance. An open space has been merely burnt in the forest, and the town has been run upon a narrow strip of land, a long rid of the innumerable stumps of trees which even now are every thing that the outer streets of the place. It is, in truth, a city in the wilderness, and cannot be healthy, so long as it is surrounded by such dense, dark forests. The trees in America do not felled so that the stump remains level with the ground, as in England, but they are left to the convenience of the woodman, who generally strikes the trunk about three feet from the root. Where a thick forest has thus been cut down, the desolate appearance of the face of the country presents can be scarcely imagined—a large blackened tract, and a few scattered trees, and a few, here and there, cumbering the ground with their decayed trunks, and signed to the fire by some more industrious farmer than the generality of the Americans. At Rochester, however, nothing of this kind has yet taken place, though it is the most thriving town in the state. The softer kinds of wood, such as the pine, are cut off sufficiently in six or seven years to admit of being knocked up, but the oak and pine will scarcely be affected by the seasons of half a century.

Crossing the Genesee river, we entered the principal part of the town, and drove to the Eagle, situated in the main street, and the residence of the late Governor, an extensive landed. The town has risen in an incredibly short space of time: twenty years since it was a wild uninhabited tract where 14,000 people now earn a livelihood. Its rapid rise originated from the Erie canal passing through the town, and the Genesee river affording so great a water power to the extensive flour and saw-mill on its banks. The canal crosses the river by a fine aqueduct three hundred yards above the Falls, where the celebrated leaper, Sam Patch, took his last and fatal leap, and was killed. The Falls are over a perpendicular ledge of rock, 97 feet high, and the water is so rapid, that over he was not satisfied, but had a platform erected at the height of 25 feet on a small island which divides it, and in the presence of thousands of spectators precipitated himself into the gulf beneath, from which he never resurfaced. 200,000 people were present to witness the spectacle of his death, little imagining that the same fate as he had already made a similar descent from the Falls of Niagara, faint when, after anxiously awaiting some seconds for his re-appearance above the surface of the water, they at last discovered by the shriek of horror which he uttered, that he had been killed. The accident had been instrumental in the destruction of a fellow traveller, and every one regretted, now it was too late, that such an exhibition had been encouraged. The unfortunate man, being intoxicated when he ascended the platform, did not preserve the proper position for entering the water; and his death doubtless was the result of his drunkenness of the stream, it being ascertained that there were only fifteen feet of water to resist the impetus of his weight falling from such a height. It appears to signify but little how men immortalize themselves, and how they are remembered by posterity, at least in America, by more innocent means than the great and ambitious brethren. The scenery about the Falls is interesting, and but little worthy of notice, though a large body of water forms the cataract. The banks of the river are high and contracted, and covered with extensive ranges of mills.

towards in blankets, and producing great artificial heat in his body by means of hot stones, &c. This treatment had met with wonderful success, there being only eleven deaths out of one hundred cases, a much better proportion of recoveries than amongst the "pale faces." I tasted the herbs, and found one to be the wild chamomile; the other was hot and pungent to the taste, and fiery as Cayenne pepper. The houses in the village were similar to those of the Americans, being of "plank and shingle." The "Indian Hotel" was quite a respectable-looking edifice, and doubtless well attended. As in many other instances, I had formed very erroneous ideas of the personal appearance of the red men of the woods, imagining them to be nose-looking warriors, of fine stature, with countenances of the Grecian or Roman cast; but I found them quite like the dark and rugged Malay. A French gentleman, one of my fellow-travellers, had evidently formed a similar opinion; for when I pointed out to him a female of the tribe, who, with her posture (infant) slung across her shoulders, and in an incessant rescuing a moving bundle of old clothes, was walking past the hotel in Buffalo, he enquired with the greatest *nécessité* to what sex the person belonged, and, upon my informing him, exclaimed, raising his hands with astonishment, "Oh! la malheureuse! la malheureuse!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE KING'S DOMINIONS—NIAGARA FALLS—FORT GEORGE.

In the evening, taking a carriage, we drove to Black Rock, and, crossing the violent stream of Niagara, to the little hamlet of Waterloo by a horse-ferry, stepped ashore into our own good king's dominions. I really felt excited at home again, for what reason I know not: I had expected nothing but civility and attention in the United States; yet here we were at a hop, step, and a jump in another land. Every thing denoted a different country—the first signs we saw over the public-house doors were "the Crown," "the King's Arms," with other loyal supercriptions, and the first steamer which dashed past us was the "British Eagle," and sojourner, and so forth. After the many and various "pale faces" of the States, and the divers "Citizens' Union Line" steam boats, in which I had travelled.

We proceeded down the Niagara River, which flowing out of Lake Erie at Buffalo with a rapid descent, and was then forced to ramble to and fro in the rapids, empties itself after a course of thirty miles into Lake Ontario at Fort George. It was a mild and agreeable summer's evening, and, without viewing things with a prejudiced eye, I certainly never enjoyed a journey in any country so much as this one, and never travelled on a road, not excepting even the famous Ridge-way, to be compared with it. The bridges were strong and well built, the road level and free from corduroy and ruts, running the whole extent of our ride parallel to the river, without any fence intervening between us and the water, and the banks on either side by well cleared and cultivated grounds, and neat old-fashioned cottages. Of our party, being in number, probably I did not the most enjoy the scene, yet to me it was truly delightful,—one of those few which men are permitted to enjoy. Two hours I passed my way to Chippewa Battle Ground, where I met my countrymen, and, as I had been informed, with the last true account of the action in my hand, to ascertain the position of the contending armies. While looking out for some mound or brief monument (of which there was not even a single vestige), erected to the memory of the generous brave who fell on the hard-fought day of the 4th of July, 1814, I saw a bright white cloud of spray rising from the Falls of Niagara, beautifully gilded by the declining sun. Battle Ground, King's Arms, and well-learned country, were alike forgot, and, throwing myself into the carriage, I leaned back, and, with a contentedly fixed eye on the white pillar of spray as the Musselman men penetrated their gaze upon the new moon. Twenty minutes more took us past the bold and beautiful Rapids to the Pavilion Hotel. My French friends, true to their national feeling, were full of exclamation and other tokens of surprise, and, astonished at the English, and the characteristics of their country, spoke not a word; but, not the less feeling the beauties of the prospect, gazed on the magnificent scene in silent admiration. As I could almost pardon the Parsee for adoring so splendid a phenomenon as the Falls, and all its attendant beauties, I could not excuse the Frenchman for his devotion to the Falls of Niagara. How much more noble a deity than the muddy, slow, sacred stream of the Ganges! Probably we could not have been introduced to such a scene at a more fa-

vourable time; a brilliant rainbow was dancing in the breeze, and it was agitated to and fro by the light evening spray, and, even while we looked on, the last rays of the evening sun, like the lightning, kindled the vapoury mist with a hue no artist could invent. The snow-white wreaths of water, as they rushed over the broad ledges of rock with furious violence, for a mile above the falls, contrasted with the dark blue surface of the still calm current above, and the vivid green sheet as it shot forth from its dark bed over the tremendous precipice, and, forming abyss below, presented a scene which is the good fortune of but few to see, of still fewer to appreciate, and which none can well describe. I have read many accounts and descriptions, seen innumerable prints and sketches of the Falls of Niagara; but not a single eye ever saw the real thing, and the reality is infinitely more magnificent. I should say to all those people who possess the means of gratifying their admiration of the works of nature, "If you wish to form an idea of the noblest sight in the creation, cross the Atlantic, and, seeing, judge for yourselves."

Towards midnight, when nought was heard but the thundering of the mighty cataract, I walked out and stood on the bank for some time, looking at the awfully grand scene beneath me, which is equally sublime when viewed by the moon and silvery but indistinct light of the moon as by the sun. The brighter rays of the American sun, and is certainly more calculated in the former case to inspire a feeling of awe. Upon me the scene made a deep and lasting impression. Retiring to my bed, I dreamed of strange events, of vast waters rushing through my veins, of drowning people, of leaping fearful cataracts, and, such a dreadful medley of perils by flood and field that I was well pleased to find myself, at break of day, snugly and safely lodged in a warm bed and secure house.

After breakfast the following morning I walked out to the river's head, more mildly, the preceding evening having afforded but a superficial view of them, and, proceeding a few paces from the hotel, I arrived at a zig-zag path, which led down the steep and wooded bank to the level of the river above the falls, which is about one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet below the surface of the rapids. The descent of the river's lower course is fifteen and twenty feet high, from Buffalo to the village of Chippewa, when the rapids commence and pass over a series of falls with a declination of sixty feet in a mile, until they reach the grand cataract, where the perpendicular descent of the Canada side is one hundred and fifty feet, and the American side one hundred and sixty feet. An island of considerable extent divides the river into unequal portions, the Canada or Horse-shoe Fall (so called from its shape) being 1,800 feet in length, and the American but 900. The river, for some distance before arriving at this spot, takes an easterly direction, when, the fall being passed, it suddenly diverges at right angles and pursues a northerly course towards Lake Ontario. The formation of the Horse-shoe can be very naturally accounted for by the greatest rush of water being in the centre of the river, and by attrition wearing away the sides, so that the falls are drawn together towards Lake Erie. In process of time, some 10,000 years ago, I suppose, by a moderate calculation, the upper lake will be drained, and a succession of rapids only will intervene between Huron and Ontario. The last time any of the rocks gave way was about two years ago, when the nearly a quarter of a mile of rock, in the centre of the Horse-shoe, with such a tremendous crash as very sensibly to affect the ground upon which the hotel stands, and the cottages in the immediate vicinity. Neither the heavy autumnal floods, the melting of the snow, nor the breaking up of the ice, make any sensible difference in the colour or quantity of the vast body of water which flows down from the upper lakes. To fall into the rapids at Chippewa, or venture upon the mile of the great cataract in a boat, is considered by the country almost inevitable death. Many instances are on record of men and women who have been swept into the swirling current the stream too rashly within the tempting influence of the rapids. Nevertheless 'tis said, and I have heard it gravely asserted by some people, (though they were not eye witnesses certainly,) that an English gentleman once ran the gauntlet of both rapids and falls in her canoe, and, after a long and dangerous passage, and foam of the boiling abyss, she shook her long dishevelled locks awhile to discover whereabouts she was, and then swam ashore unscathed, untouched! But—

*Credit Judæus Appella,
Non ego."

She must have been one of the witches of old, taking a bath or a jaunt in her sieve for pleasure.

Had we but arrived a few hours sooner, we should have witnessed the destruction of the scow, which, laden with a horse, twelve hogs, two or three sheep, and a dozen cords of wood, had struck against the pier, in making the attempt to go up the Chippewa Canal, and springing a-lark became unmanageable. The crew, immediately perceiving their danger, threw themselves into their canoe and effected their escape ashore. The horse, it was said (with the same instinct that prompted the man who leaped from the schooner three years since, though it was intended to be a snare for the fish, for an innocent amusement of some thousands of American spectators), sprang overboard and swam ashore. The vessel, with the unfortunate animals left to their fate, was carried over the centre of the vast Horse-shoe, scarcely a vestige of the horse or water ever reappearing. I walked for a mile along the beach in search of the fragments of the scow, but did not observe any of its timbers exceed six feet in length, although many of them were nine inches in thickness, and in no instance was there any portion of two planks still connected. The only sheep which appeared again above water, and which was driven ashore perfectly dead at the ferry, nearly half a mile below the falls, was dreadfully mangled. The bones of its legs were broken and even crushed, as if they had been placed in a vice; but a hog, which lay near it, showed no outward signs of injury, and only bled profusely at the mouth.

The wood which has passed the falls at various times has been collected in the small rocky inlets, and at the head of the backwaters, with the edges rounded off perfectly smooth by the incessant tossing it received before it floated out of the attractive point of fracture. Even the natives of the stream do not appear afraid against their influence, as numerous dead fish are always to be found on the sides of the banks near the ferry.

The grandest view of the deep gulf into which the waters descend, is from Table Rock, a large projecting slab on the Canadian side, about a mile from the falls, which is of a soft substance, being washed away. Two guides live within a few paces of it, and each has erected an enclosed spiral stair-case, from his wooden shanty down the side of the rock, to the loose shelve there is a zig-zag ninety feet steep descent, and, although there is an easy path to the foot of the cataract. Having taken one of my fellow travellers expressed a wish to walk behind the falling sheet, we were provided with oil-skin dresses, having first divested ourselves of our usual apparel. Our garments were here by no means the most comfortable which could have been devised for the purpose, and, for men of all sizes, shapes, and dimensions, from Daniel Lambert down to the "anatomic vivante," and I was some time arranging matters, so that I might have a chance of retaining possession, when the furious hurricane should inflate them like the bags of *Æolus*. The shoos had evidently visited the water two or three times since for the last half-dozen years at least, and, having been as often exposed to the sun, had become nearly as hard and inflexible as sheet iron. To crown all, we had each a gilet, and, and, thus equipped, we descended the staircase, and, gaining the sloping bank, descended, for seventy or eighty paces under the overhanging rock, until within a short distance of the dense cloud of spray, and dark semicircular entrance, when a council of war was held with regard to ulterior movements. The day was so dark, and the water so high, that it was impossible to stand up the stream, and, as the wind blew in wreaths of foam, and cast such a dismal gloom over every thing around us as to render the appearance of our undertaking far from inviting. One of the party backed out, asserting that his lungs were weak, and a friend declared that he had a difficulty in breathing behind the fall; so that he would not attempt to explore the dark recess: a second said that he "decidedly would not go any farther, that there was nothing whatever to see, and that mere braggadoos only went behind, so that, in the minority, he, Mr. Fulstiff says, "Honor prices, for, on," and, being resolved to see all that was to be seen, I boldly told the guide to lead the way, and, with a caution to keep my head down, we entered the thickest mist, ineboring us way slowly through it in the dark. The path was so firm, and the ledge of rock, only a few inches in breadth, and afforded by the water, that the guide however grasped one of my hands firmly, while with the other I took hold of the rough projections in the rock. The wind, which equalled a tornado, blew the water against my face in such torrents that I could scarcely see, but I kept my head down, and, as the water proceeded thirty or forty feet behind the sheet of water, the wind moderating a little, the water descended in a

more perpendicular stream, and my surprise almost amounted to disappointment when the guide stopped, and said we had arrived at "Termination Rock." I scarcely credited that we had advanced one hundred and fifty feet, and made an attempt to pass the *ne plus ultra*, but found it utterly impracticable, the rock becoming too abrupt to afford a footing for a first hole to the hands. Until this point the path is about twenty-five feet above the level of the water, and the base of the curve, between the great body of the falling sheet and rock, is about forty feet. The guide here told me to look up; but the water dashed with such impetuous violence against my face, and the light shone so dimly through the watery medium, that I made the experiment but thrice. While I amused myself with shouting at the extent of my voice, the guide was making the best use of his time in securing a quantity of the cels which abound among the loose stones. I could scarcely, however, hear myself; so, despairing of having any effect upon the ears of my friends in the open air, I rejoined them but a trifle wiser than when I entered, and felt rather hard pressed for an answer to their oft-repeated enquiries of "Well, what did you see?" and "What was upon my half-drowned appearance, as I stumbled over the stones, pumping the water out of my shoes at every step, and my hair adhering to my cheeks in long straight lines. Having resumed my habiliments, the following certificate was handed to me, so that hereafter no one might venture to doubt the loose stones of Niagara. This was certain. Mr. Coke, of the British Army, has passed behind the great falling sheet of water to Termination Rock. Given under my hand at the office of the general register of the names of visitors at the Table Rock, this 15th day of August 1833.

And on the reverse, as the metallist would say, the following exquisite mottoe:—

"Niagara Falls."

The following was suggested by paying a visit to the "Termination Rock," one hundred and fifty feet behind the great falling sheet of water at the Falls of Niagara, on the 6th of August 1828:—

"Look up! look up! the spray is dashing—"

Roaring waters loaming sweep;

O'er our heads the torrent's clashing,

Hurling grandeur down the steep.

Oh, mortal man! beneath that splendor,

How trifling, empty, vain, and poor!

Prepare then, sinner, to surrender

All thoughts unallotted or impure.

Tremendous is the scene around us;

Oh, mark how wild the waters ring!

Terrile columns, bright, surround us;

Grand are they works, O God, our King.

David M. Day's Print, Buffalo.

Two days afterwards, those gentlemen who had deserted the cause on the previous occasion proposed to pass in rear of the fall, and, wishing to ascertain the appearance of it in a clearer state of the atmosphere, I accompanied them, and was much gratified with my second view of the cataract. The difference between the American Fall, seen through the thick spray at the entrance of this watery cavern, formed a strange contrast to the turbulence of every thing within. Though there was scarcely a breath of air without, yet the wind blew in the same heavy gusts behind the falls as on the preceding day, and, upon our return to the atmosphere, we were pushed out by the force of it so rapidly as to impress those persons standing without with the idea that we were escaping as rapidly as possible from the fall. I might be said to be scudding before it under bare poles; for, the guide's prodigious being took every half a yard from each of us as we under the necessity of disengaging with certain portions of the requisite dress; and it fell to my lot to obtain only a pair of the afore-mentioned torturing shoes, a hat four inches less in circumference than my head, and a short frock coat of oil-skin, and thus equipped, a Frenchman I encountered every half a mile, and I should pronounce the undertaking perfectly safe for a man of the most delicate lungs, and even for ladies possessed of moderate nerves: one of the latter, with whom I have the pleasure of being acquainted, penetrated as far as Termination Rock, and I believe this is not a solitary

instance. Any one who can make up his mind to walk out in a heavy thunder-shower, accompanied by a stiff gale of wind, may as safely venture in rear of the falls. With proper caution, there is no real danger; the first sight of the enormous column of spray, if it descends from the level of the lake, is derived from two Indian words signifying "coming from above," or "from a mountain," may raise fears, which, however, become dissipated on further acquaintance.

The hotel, and four hundred acres of ground, have been lately purchased by a company of which, I believe, the British Consul (New York is the head), who purpose founding a city, which is to be commenced immediately, under the name of the "City of the Falls," or "Clifton"—I forget which. The hotel, which is to be pulled down, may be well spared, without loss to my respect. It was not only a dirty and uncomfortable place, but I felt my English blood almost all in my veins when I found myself sitting in company with two servant women at the table d'hôte, at the same time that their mistress occupied a place at the other end of the table. I could have very well accommodated myself to such neighbours in the States, but never expected to have found the levelling system introduced into the British provinces to such an extent. After being exposed to it during every meal for three days, I crossed the river to dine at the American village, where the hotel was much more comfortable, and kept by no less a personage as a general. This, however, was no novelty; for in such a nursery for militias, volunteers, and citizen gardeners, as the States, a man need not think himself in the slightest degree honoured by being waited upon by a general officer.

The company of speculators intend erecting grist-mills, stone-houses, saw-mills, and all other kinds of ornamental buildings, entertaining the most sanguine hopes of living to see a very populous city. The die then is cast, and the beautiful scenery about the falls is doomed to be destroyed, and kept by no less a personage as a general. Even at this time they were surveying and allotting, and proprietors were planning one front of their house upon the falls, the other upon Lundy's lane, and meditating the levelling some of the rock, so as to form a pretty little flower-garden. It would not much surprise me to hear that the great force to be employed in a suspension bridge has been thrown across the grand Horse-shoe to Goat Island, so that the good people of Clifton may be the better enabled to watch the pyramidal bubbles of air rising from the foot of the cataract. 'Tis a pity that such good ground was never reserved for agriculture; the great force to be employed to be allowed to luxuriate in all their wild and savage beauty about a spot where the works of man will ever appear paltry, and can never be in accordance. For my own part, most sincerely do I congratulate myself upon having viewed the scene before such profanation had taken place. The small manufacturing town of Manchester (which a romantic name and what associations!), upon the American bank, at presents detracts nothing from the charm of the place, the neat white-washed houses being interspersed with trees and gardens; but when once the red brick yards, the tall chimneys, the great Venetian blinds in roofs, and huge smoking chimneys arise, far well to a great portion of the attraction Niagara soon possesses.

A ferry-boat half a mile below the Canadian Fall, crosses to Manchester, landing the passengers within five minutes of the cataract, and the water is precipitated over a flat perpendicular rock three hundred yards in breadth. The prosperity of this village has been much retarded by two causes, one from its liability to destruction, being a frontier settlement; and the other—by no means an uncommon cause in the United States—being the property of one individual, an individual, the great proprietor, for a grant of the water privileges allowed by the rapids. Two or three hundred yards from the bank above the ferry, and at the entrance to the village, a wooden bridge has been thrown over the rapids to a small island on which, as a paper mill, has been erected with Goat Island, which is of considerable extent, and divides the two falls. Truly the men who were employed in the erection of this village must have been in full possession of Horace's *as tripler*, for a more perilous situation could scarcely be imagined. The ship of a man's boat is but a trifle above the level of the water, whence it would pass with the rapidity of lightning over the falls. It was constructed at the expense of General Porter, an American officer of distinction, during the late war, and appears strong and firmly situated. The piers are of loose stones, confined together by a wooden frame or box, and the floor of planks twelve

feet in width. There was once erected previously at the upper end of the island, and out of the great power of the rapids, but it was continually subject to injury from the drill-ice, whereas in its present situation the rapids render the ice harmless, by breaking it before it arrives so low as the bridge. Goat Island is thickly covered with trees; but a road has been formed round it, and across it, to a position on the opposite side, from which the Canadian Fall is seen to great advantage. Another platform (or it can scarcely be called a bridge) has been constructed upon some detached masses of stone, called the Terrapin Rocks, which extend into the stream nearly three hundred feet, and to the very verge of the cataract. The platform projects twelve or fifteen feet beyond the last rock, so that a person standing at the end can look down into the foaming gulf, and thus obtain a very happy view of the scene, for the end is utterly unsupported, being merely upheld by the superior weight of the timber upon the last natural pier. A large party of us walked out to the outer extremity; but observing upon what a slight thread we were trusting ourselves, and the idea of the stage being overbalanced by our weight, and launching us all into the cataract and the next world, occurring to our minds, we soon retreated to a more secure position.

It has been estimated that upwards of 100,000,000 of tons of water pass over the falls in an hour, of which at least two-thirds fall over the Horse-shoe. The latter fall is particularly grand, the water falling in so thick a body that it descends nearly fifty feet in an unbroken sheet of the most vivid green. At the upper edge, where it begins to descend, the dark thin ledge of rock over which it is passing is overbalanced by our weight, and water in that part a beautiful and deep blue tinge. The noise of the falls is not near so stunning or so loud as the descent of so large a quantity of water might be supposed to produce. Some writer (Captain Hall, I believe) has compared it to that of the surf at Madras; the similarity is, however, in sound only, but not in appearance, the breaking upon the sandy beach, even in moderate weather, much greater than that of Niagara. I have heard the jorner in calm evenings at the cantonment of Poona, make a distance of fourteen miles; but the latter was very indistinct, and not to be trusted. At one end of the island, one hundred yards distant from the river, and I thought the noise of the falls, at night, much resembled that of boisterous and windy weather, and just sufficient for producing a most soporific effect upon me. Frequently I sat down upon the banks of the stream with my eyes closed, and the noise of the water was so agreeable a sound of the cataract did really resemble. When the wind was blowing from the falls towards me at the distance of two miles, it was like that of a vast quantity of flour-mills at work, or large manufactories in the immediate vicinity. And then it appeared as if numerous carriages were driving at a furious rate along the road, and more than once I started up on my feet to ascertain where were coming. At times the noise would rise and fall as if the water were affected by some gust of wind or a heavy swell; the next moment the sound of machinery, and again the surf of Madras might appear before me, and not unfrequently it would resemble the sound of common waterfall, with which, probably, every one is well acquainted, but which almost any one would find it difficult to describe. Although Patch, of fall-leaping celebrity, has generally the credit of leaping these falls, he is entitled to no more credit than the man who descends from a platform at an elevation of one hundred and twenty feet, and descends the staircase upon Goat Island into a backwater of the river.

The field of battle of Lundy's Lane is in the vicinity of a small village one mile from the falls, and was the scene of the hardest combat and action during the war. A burial ground has been formed and a church is in meditation upon the rising eminence where the British artillery was posted, and where the bodies of those who fell were buried. The remaining portion of the field was purchased after the conclusion of the peace by an officer who was present at the battle, and who has since resided in the country; but, owing to its long settlement and sad mismanagement, the soil has become nearly exhausted.

I did not see any part of America which I should prefer as a residence to that which lies between Lakes Erie and Ontario. It is more settled and more civilized, and, as the better class of emigrants. The majority of the company at the hotel during my stay there consisted of families lately arrived, who were making purchases in the vicinity. If the settler seek society, he may meet a continued stream of his countrymen on their pilgrimages to the most stupendous natural curiosity in the world; and

if he wish retirement, he may have it in perfection, for the finest and most grandly sublime scenery is to be seen on the one grand object, that they trouble not themselves with making visits, or intruding upon those who have settled down within hearing of the roar of the cataract.

Every one with whom I had previously conversed upon the subject most carefully impressed upon me that I should be disappointed with the falls. Like a good philosopher, therefore, I had prepared myself to meet the disappointment with calmness and resignation, recalling to my mind all the penny prints I had seen in my childhood, representing the pine tops, the bare rocks with a few tufts of grass or an Indian prairie, and a promontory, and a smooth sheet of water rolling over the side of the said rock. The result was that I gazed upon them hour after hour, in the bright glare of the noon-day sun, the soft light of the moon, the sombre haze of the storm, the mild and lovely serenity of the summer's eve, with renewed interest and admiration. I condemned those who had told me I should be disappointed as having no taste, and found fault with every living and dead author for not having sufficiently praised them. But I soon discovered that I could not succeed any better in description than in delineation: the scenery upon which I had the full power of my poor pencil was in vain bestowed, and all my labour was lost in attempting to give a representation which might impart to my friends some faint idea of the stupendous grandeur of the scene. The more a person gazed upon the falls, the more he admires them. New thoughts appear with every new party from the promontory, passing cloud. In a damp and calm atmosphere, when the spray ascends like a dense fog to the height of 500 or 600 feet, and mingles with the clouds, the scene differs more than one who has not witnessed it can imagine, from the appearance of a clear, sun-shining, mid-day, when only a light mist rises and curls gracefully like the smoke of a distant hamlet, or as the sun verges towards the western horizon a beautiful rainbow is seen dancing in the spray, or when a strong breeze allows it to rise for a few feet above the upper level of the falls, and when sweeps it along within a few feet of the earth, it sprinkles the traveller, at the distance of half a mile, with a bounteous summer shower.

My time was so limited that I could spare only four days for Niagara, during which time my eyes were scarcely fit for any other object but the falls. I parted from them with as much regret as if bidding farewell to an old friend, frequently turning round, when advanced many miles upon my journey, to gain a last glimpse of the light pillar of spray.

"That an idea Mr.— must have formed of them," thought I, "must be wanting as I moved onwards. He was an old fellow-traveller I had met by chance at Buffalo, and seeing him step into a coach after breakfast, I had the curiosity to ask him where he was bound to. "To the falls," was his reply. "And how long do you intend staying there?" "I shall return in the evening," and verily I met him eight hours afterwards half way back to the hotel from which he had started. He had hurried down to Manchester, fourteen miles distant, peeped at Goat Island, pulled across the ferry, toiled up the zig-zag road, peered over Table Rock, and throwing himself into the water, he had gazed at the falls till he felt that he could now enjoy the satisfaction of telling his friends that he had seen the falls, or use the laconic words of the Roman, "veni, vidi."

An hour's drive brought us to Queenston Heights, upon the summit of a magnificent of freestone 130 feet high, dedicated to General Brock.

We obtained a fine view from the summit of forts George and Niagara, with the vast expanse of blue waters of Lake Ontario, and York (the capital of Upper Canada) on its northern shore.

Leaving a small fort of stone and masonry, on the opposite side of the river, though not possessing so fine a situation, proposed to become a flourishing village; but presenting no object of interest, excepting the remains of Fort Gray upon the river's bank, I neglected the Niagara, and arrived by sunset at Newark, Fort George, or Niagara (as it is severally called) at the junction of the river with Lake Ontario. The first mentioned was the original name, but it was changed by law in 1798, and of late years has been more generally known as Fort George by the military and Niagara by the provincials. As the latter name has been generally adopted, I will use it on the opposite bank, it creates much confusion and occasions frequent mistakes amongst travellers. Crossing the common, a crown reserve which is used as a race-course, my eyes were once again greeted with the sight of St. George's banner, and the athletic figure of a Highland sentinel, pacing to and fro on the broken ramparts of a

fort near the entrance to the town. A few minutes brought us to the summit of the hill, where the landlord used his utmost endeavours by civility and attention to render us comfortable, yet still I could not resist daring secret and inward comparisons between the American and Canadian hotels—comparisons indeed, which were far from favourable to the latter; and I began to find my British prejudice in favour of the infallibility of every thing Canadian already waning.

The town occupies a pretty situation on the margin, and about twenty feet higher than the lake, which has so much encroached upon it by the waves undermining the cliffs, that houses have been thrown up but a few years since, as near as possible to the level of the water, for the laudable purpose of annoying the enemy's fort on the opposite peninsula, have now nearly disappeared. The common above the town is intersected with the broad-ways and redoubts of the English and Americans, as each party alternately had possession of the town, which are now rapidly crumbling into dust and powder, but the shadow of their former greatness, might with some trifling expense be again rendered formidable. At the present time they are only put to shame by the neat and fine appearance of the American Fort Niagara, which being built on exact opposite to the former, and about 800 yards distant, must annoy it by a very effective bombardment.

The following day being Sunday, I attended service at the Scottish and English churches. As the former had little appearance of the interior, within only a few months, the interior was in a very unfinished state; but the congregation was large, and I was much struck with the fine soldier-like appearance of two companies of the 7th Highlanders, who attended in their full costume.

During the night a death by cholera in the hotel struck me, who was anxious to leave the town immediately; but, no public conveyance travelling on the lake, I was necessarily detained until mid-day on the Monday, when embarking in the steamer I crossed the lake, and in five hours entered the harbour of York, the capital of Upper Canada.

CHAPTER XIX.

YORK, KINGSTON—RIDEAU CANAL—MONTREAL.

The old Indian name of York was Toronto, and it was so called from the circular bay upon whose margin the town is built; but the same name had bad taste for modernising the names of places has spread over the Canadian States. The first objects which meet the eye upon approaching the bay are the Light-house and mud fort upon the left, Gibraltar Point and Light-house on the right, and the large building of the new parliament house in the town, about a mile distant from the fort, in front. The town, containing between 8000 and 9000 inhabitants, is situated on a low ground, which rises gradually as it recedes from the lake, but attains no great elevation. The streets are straggling and ill paved, but the greater proportion of the private houses and shops are of good substantial masonry. The public buildings, with the exception of government-house, which in point of external architecture is little superior to the private, are plain and excellent, and the English church, which is neglected, will be a tasteful and ornamental structure. The new parliament house, a spacious brick building, was in an unfinished state, and had been appropriated for the purpose of an hospital during the prevalence of the cholera, which was there daily taking its victims, and the tide of wretched emigrants from Montreal. It was truly melancholy to see some of the wretched objects who arrived; they had left England, having expended what little money they possessed in laying in a stock of provisions for the passage and payment of the passage across the Atlantic, expecting to obtain what a kind of refuge they had landed in Lower Canada. Being deceived in these prospects, they became a burden upon the inhabitants of Quebec, or the provincial government. Forty-five thousand emigrants of all classes landed in that city during the first three months of the season, and the fate of many of them was miserable in the extreme. Nearly one hundred of the St. Lawrence was occupied by a hospital, tenanted by numerous sufferers. Those who had some small funds, and intended settling in the lands belonging to the colony, were forwarded to the upper end of the lake in the following manner: they engaged, and purchased not less than two hundred acres in the scattered crown reserves, or one hundred acres in the Huron Tract, received a passage to the head of Lake Ontario, upon depositing with the company's agent at Quebec a sum of money equal to the price of his conveyance to the head of

the lake. After he had fixed upon his land, he showed the receipt for his forwarding-money to the company's agent at York, who was taken in part payment of his second instalment, the company allowing the purchase of their lands to pay by six instalments in five years, and giving them a right to occupy the lots after payment of the first instalment.

The situation of York is far from an inviting one, the inhabitants of the city suffer during the winter months from fever and ague, caused by the marshy ground, which lies close to the town and around the head of the bay. It is almost to be regretted that a better site could not have been chosen for the capital of an increasing country. Though a more elevated position than Kingston at the foot of the lake, yet in no other respect does it equal it. The bay is too shallow to admit vessels of even moderate burden, and in time of war it is always exposed to the incursions of American gun-boats, and the town subject to be sacked, as in 1813. Some years since it was proposed that the capital of Upper Canada should be removed to Lake Simcoe, and a water communication be opened with Montreal by means of the shallow lakes and Rideau Canal; but I believe all thoughts of removing the seat of government from York are now entirely laid aside. The climate at York is healthy during the summer, but becomes more fertile the distance from the lake is increased, and good farms are abundant towards Lake Simcoe, and on the side of the road called Yonge Street. The place is however only in its infancy as yet, and said to be increasing rapidly, though the comparisons between it and Buffalo, the last American town I had seen, and of which I saw the growth, were much in favour of the latter. There are no places of public amusement, and the chief diversion for the young men appeared to consist in shooting musquito hawks, which hovered plentifully about the streets and upon the margin of the bay in an evening. Upon these occasions the gentlemen made their appearance, equipped in shooting jackets, and attended by their dogs, as if prepared for the 12th of August on the moors of Scotland.

I found nothing here to make a longer stay than three days desirable, the point of proceeding to Burlington Bay, for the purpose of seeing the head of the lake, and visiting Brandt, the celebrated chief of the Six Nations of Indians, who possess a large reservation there, when an officer, who had just arrived from Brandtford, informed me had seen a man dying of cholera in the States. He had been taken ill on the 10th of August, and of health assisted at this time, and uncertain of obtaining medical assistance there if required, in company with a friend I embarked in a steamer, and arrived at Kingston the following morning, after an unpleasant voyage of twenty hours, during which I had seen many objects far more disagreeable than the long swell of the Atlantic.

The town and uncomfortable inns were crowded to excess, owing to the assizes and the bishop's visitation occurring together; nor was it without great difficulty that we succeeded in obtaining a sleeping apartment upon the ground floor of the principal hotel. The principal hotel was to be distributed and the representative of the law to be attired in the same plain and simple manner as in the States. We saw the sheriff dressed in plain clothes, but with a cocked-hat, queue, and sword, walking through the streets in the company of his judge, undistinguished by dress, upon either side of him.

The town, which contains about 5000 inhabitants, lies upon the margin of an arm of the lake, with the navy-yard upon the opposite peninsula, formed by this inlet, and the entrance to the lake of the Thousand Isles. By the Indians, the name of the Thousand Isles was given to the spot, where the town now stands was called Cataract. When the French became lords of the soil, they erected a fort, and named it Frontenac, in honour of the governor of Canada, and both were in turn ousted by the English; Kingston, during the late war, being the great naval depot of the British navy, and the seat of the busy manufacturing place, but declined with the peace. It may now, however, experience a re-action from the Rideau Canal communicating with the lake here, and be again restored to its former prosperity. This canal continues up the inlet of the lake until it reaches the first locks at the mill, and five miles distant the masonry and the whole workman-

* Brandt (or Tekanehogan, as he was sometimes called) was carried off by the same disease a few days after I left York. He had distinguished himself upon several occasions during the late war, and was a brave and energetic, a polished, well-informed man. His habits were those of a European, and, in his earlier days, he had resided for some time in England. His father's name has been immortalised in "Gertrude of Wyoming."

ship connected with them are much superior to those upon the Erie or Chesapeake and Ohio Canals. The total number of locks between Kingston and Bytown, upon the Ottawa River, one hundred and thirty-five, and the locks are of such length about one hundred and fifty, breadth thirty-three, and depth six or seven feet. Dams, upon a very extensive scale, have been had recourse to throughout the line of canal, instead of excavations as in England. Where such works have been necessary, the most judiciously selected sites have been chosen to swell the rapids and form a navigable stream, so vast an extent of stagnant water (in one place 10,000 acres) has been created as to render the settlements in the vicinity exceedingly unhealthy. I saw many of the workmen at the mills who were perfectly helpless from the malarial fever they caught. These large inundations, however, in a few years will destroy the drowned forest, and a quantity of valuable land may then be reclaimed by small embankments. The whole work was completed at an expense to the imperial government of 700,000. In the course of war with our neighbours, it will be found invaluable for the transportation of military stores and troops from the lower to the upper province, without being subject as heretofore to captures from the American force upon the St. Lawrence, or to running the gauntlet of the batteries upon their bank of the river. Like the Erie, in the case of New York, it will also encourage settlement along the whole line, as an outlet is now opened for the produce of their farms. A few steamers were at this time continually running between the Ottawa and Ontario, and the traffic of heavy boats also appeared considerable.

Several large hulks of iron, built during the last war to fortify some of the American forts on the rocks at Sackett's Harbour, and which were never launched, are now fast falling to decay in the navy-yard at Kingston.

A seventy-four had been sold two or three months previously for 25*s*, and a few days before our arrival a heavy gale of rain, accompanied by lightning, had split the *Lawrence* in 120 fms down the centre, and, the proping giving way, the vessel broke into a thousand pieces, covering the ground all around with a heap of ruins. Ere long the remaining four or five frames will meet with a similar fate, as they are in a very advanced state of decay. The remains to be seen are a few fragments of iron, and a few barrels of powder, and a few pieces of timber, and being run up hurriedly and of unseasoned timber. There is also the commodore's house (his flag, by the way, was at this time flying on a cutter stationed in front of this squadron of hulks), and some fine marine barracks in the navy-yard. The ground rises sharply in rear of the town, and forms a table-land to the eastward, and is covered by the forest. On the summit of this elevated land of fort considerable extent was repairing; it occupies an excellent position for defending the entrance to the harbour and the narrowness of the St. Lawrence. The new barracks in the town are also fine substantial buildings enclosed by a loop-holed wall, and erected at the opposite extremity of the bridge to the marine barracks.

Brockville, upon the English bank, 50 miles from Kingston, is the prettiest town and situation I saw in Upper Canada. It is on the side of a hill, rising gradually from the St. Lawrence, with the Court-house and the barracks, and the houses and the principal streets, running parallel with the water, ornamented with a fine row of trees. The country on the bank below the town becomes better cleared and cultivated, with pretty hamlets and farm houses, which are well opposed to the dense dark forests on the American shore.

We arrived at Prescott, 73 miles from Kingston, early in the morning; but, owing to the dirty state, and the whole town presented such an uninviting appearance, that we were induced, in spite of the necessity of subjecting our baggage to the scrutiny of a custom-house officer, to cross the river to Ogdensburgh, immediately opposite, in the State of New York, where we found a comfortable hotel. This town, which is situated in a clean and healthy appearance from the Canadian neighbourhood, contains about 1200 inhabitants, and is situated at the mouth of the dark marshy waters of the Oswegatchie, which flowing from the Black Lake, eight miles distant, unites here with the deep blue St. Lawrence. The remains of the great Huron, who by his death, and occupied by the British prior to the session of the town, 1796, but burnt in the subsequent war, are seen on the point of land formed by the junction of the two streams.

Prescott contains from 800 to 1000 inhabitants; and being the head of the small craft navigation from Mont

real, and the foot of the sloop and steam navigation with Lake Ontario, much business is carried on in the forwarding of goods and travellers, and a vast deal more in the smuggling line. Endless are the disputes and broils on the subject of the rapids, which are a great evil between the two towns every ten minutes for the convenience of passengers, who are not unfrequently well supplied with contraband goods. Broadcloths and English goods of every description being much cheaper in the Canadian than in the United States, the summer stockkeeper who sat next to me at the *table d'hôte* in the latter town, and, walking into a warehouse in Prescott the following day, found him busily employed there. He said he had another establishment on the opposite side of the river.

After a detention of two days was proceeding on a meeting with a bateau, which was proceeding down the St. Lawrence, a mode of travelling we considered preferable to a heavy coach over a bad road. The boat had arrived the preceding evening at Prescott with fifty Irish emigrants, after a passage of eight and a half days from Montreal. The cargo was in charge of a French settler, who from the *Cleaveland* mills in Ohio, where, after payment of a duty of one dollar per barrel, at the Coteau du Lac, where it crosses the frontier, is rated as Canadian flour, and finds its way to England in British vessels. The bateau was a strong built craft, from 40 to 45 feet in length and 7 or 8 width, and of a long heavily laden, so much preparation was made by nailing skirting-boards round the bulwarks to prevent the spray damaging the cargo that I imagined we had embarked upon rather a dangerous undertaking. The whole complement of navigators, captain included, were longer in setting our feet on it than it took to get the boat started. The crew in reefing topsails on board of a man-of-war. Our steersman bore the character of being the steadiest and most able pilot upon the river, having been accustomed to the navigation of it for twenty years. He took the vessel down the first rapid with sail set, which is contrary to the custom of the country, and, as the water, the inclination of the water that we began to think, it such were the far-famed rapids of the St. Lawrence, that the whole affair was a complete bugbear.

Passing sufficiently close to Cryler's farm on the left bank to see the riddled gable ends of the cottages, and the extent of the position where the American army was repulsed in November 1814, when on their march to Montreal, we approached the rapids of the Long Sault. Our sail was stowed snugly away some time before we came in sight of the white breakers, and, as soon as the bateau dashed into the heavy swell, it evidently became a difficult matter to guide it. The steersman had laid his hand on the helm, and his eyes moved to and fro, as he prayed to some favourite saint, whilst every nerve was strained in the guidance of his helm, as if the slightest deviation from the narrow track would subject us all to destruction. Upon the summit of every wave, the boat gave a long forward; in the centre it lay, yielding to the shock, and, as the boat moved on, the motion of the water entered an eddy at a bend in the river, the full power of the oars was required to prevent it broaching to, when we should have inevitably been lost. The descent on the Canadian side of the river cannot be made, excepting for those of the channel, and the channel, by the terms of the treaty thrown entirely into the hands of the Americans, the islands being divided, by each power taking the alternate one; the island in this place lies between the channel and the British shore. With an unskilful or timid pilot, the descent of the rapids would be a perilous and a hazardous affair, any chance of safety by swimming would be hopeless; and, for real pleasure one descent is quite sufficient. If I were ever to travel down the course of the St. Lawrence again, I should take the land conveyance from Prescott to Cornwall, though I never enjoyed myself more than when I rode the horse, and, as soon as the water was six long cylindrical boilers, and the paddles astern, on the supposition that in ascending the stream they will

propel the vessel quicker than paddles on the sides, which might retard its progress, by being opposed to the full power of the current. Four rudders were placed in the direction of the stream, so that the vessel might more command over the water in the violent eddies; and, if the experiment answered in the smaller rapids, it was intended to attempt the passage of the Long Sault.

After passing a most miserable night, tossing about in a heated room, and disturbed by the whipping and screaming of the Indians, and the noise of the boats, we embarked on the morning of the 25th of August on board a steamer, at that most uncomfortable of all hours aboard a ship—five o'clock, when the passengers are all asleep in the cabin, the crew are washing and swabbing the decks, and a thick cold mist rises from the surface of the water. The boundary line between the British territories and the United States runs on the verge of the village of St. Regis where the Iroquois tribe of Indians have a large settlement, a few miles below Cornwall, and just within the Canadian frontier. Their priest, a French Canadian, came on board and accompanied us to Montreal; he was a sensible, well-informed man, and told us, in the course of conversation, that he was a native of Quebec, and had never been out of the province, though he intended visiting Europe the ensuing season. His whole tribe, 800 in number, were at the house, and the priest perceived nothing was added to drink, their mode of life (being employed in the arduous work of transporting goods up the river to Prescott) rather encouraging their natural inclination for spirituous liquors. The cholera had been raging amongst them violently, eighty of the tribe having died in very short space of time, and the priest perceived the duties of surgeon in addition to his own. He was evidently a worthy man and much esteemed by the tribe; All the Indians we met upon the road and even in the streets of Montreal, sixty miles distant, saluted him by touching their hats and smiling with pleasure when we spoke of him. Throughout the country every one spoke in high terms of the exemplary conduct of the priests during the prevalence of the disease. The Iroquois have a second village at St. Louis of five hundred inhabitants, within a few miles of Montreal, and there were thirty of the tribe at the second village of St. Lawrence. We were informed by the priest that during the war of 1812, and the two ensuing years, the tribe took an oath at the altar, before entering the field, that they would not commit any cruelties upon their prisoners, nor even scalp their enemies when dead, and that in no way would they be allowed to take any of the property of the dead. We were informed by the priest that during the war of 1812, and the two ensuing years, the tribe took an oath at the altar, before entering the field, that they would not commit any cruelties upon their prisoners, nor even scalp their enemies when dead, and that in no way would they be allowed to take any of the property of the dead.

At the village of Coteau du Lac, at the lower extremity of Lake St. Francis, we took coaches through a flat but well-cleared country, with a continued stretch of French settlers' houses on the road side. At the Coteau rapids there is a fort of considerable extent; and a few miles further are the Cedars, the prettiest rapids on the St. Lawrence. The American army, which was defeated at the battle of the Cedars, was lost through the unskilfulness of the pilots, when moving down to the attack of Montreal in 1760. A canal is now excavating for the purpose of avoiding these rapids, which are more dangerous than any of the others, the water being shallower, and the rocks being more exposed, and the water is visible above the surface. At a point of land below the Cedars we again embarked in a steamer, and, proceeding through Lake St. Clair, passed a fort erected during the late war by a convent at Montreal in a spirit of loyalty. It appeared to be kept in excellent repair, and, as soon as we passed them, we entered the St. Lawrence, a large vessel, a cross erected on its summit denoted its present unwelcome occupation, and accordingly we found it now the residence of nuns.

At the village of Lachine, on the island of Montreal, we again landed, and took coaches through a densely populated country, and at that account more closely resembling Europe than any of the others. The suburbs of Montreal are much like those of a French town, and crowded with small taverns with seats and trees in front of them. Signs are suspended across the street, upon which all the good things that may be obtained within the house are recounted, and inscriptions are placed on the walls, and the signs are so high that the dispensers of *café* and *cau-de-vie* have soared higher than their neighbours, and posted up some such couplet as the following:—

* Major Hamilton & Co. would have made a round about journey rather than make such an acknowledgment!—*Ed.*

"Belfast Hotel.

Good morning, friends—
Come in and read the paper in a chair.
As you can have refreshments here."

The city when viewed from the low range of hills upon which, the road is formed, has much the appearance of a European town. The approach to it from Lachine, nine miles distant, is exceedingly fine, the city being backed by the broad St. Lawrence and a bold mountainous country; but, upon entering it, we passed through narrow streets, and the appearance of the city was sufficient to account for the dreadful mortality which had taken place from the cholera. Every second person had been cut off in the course of a few weeks, and every one seen in the streets showed by his dress that he was mourning the loss of a relative or a friend. At the time the disease was raging with the greatest violence, there being from 170 to 200 deaths daily out of a population of 32,000, a stranger entered the city, in his appearance almost resembling an Indian. He had been dead unshorn for weeks; his attire was tattered, and but little better than that of a common mendicant. He carried several small cases suspended from his neck, containing hog's lard, maple sugar, and charcoal, with which he proclaimed he would check the fury of the disease, and exposed himself wherever his assistance was required without receiving any remuneration. A man of this kind looked upon as a madman, and, ranged, and held him up to ridicule; but others, who had seen whole families of their dearest friends swept off in a single day, were anxious to catch at any thing which bore even a most distant chance of cure along with it. Whether from having been attended and cured by the same means, or that they really had some effect, I know not, but they grew so into repute that, when I arrived at Montreal, the "Charcoal Doctor" (as he was called) was esteemed by some as no less than their guardian angel. I saw a long letter addressed to him, signed by nearly two hundred persons, who had attended and cured, who did not hesitate to say that they considered him as sent by Divine Power to their assistance. He was now residing in an eminent practitioner's house, and still attended persons without making any charge for his services, only whoever required them paid for the hire of a carriage, his practice being too extensive for a pedestrian. I never could ascertain, nor could any one, I believe, have informed me, whence he came, who he was, or any thing about his previous life. There were, of course, ten thousand surmises, but the general opinion was, that he was an American, from one of the New England States, and had been among the most of the Indian tribes for many years, until accident had informed him of the dreadful pestilence raging in Montreal.

CHAPTER XX.

DESCRIPTION OF MONTREAL—WOLFE AND MONTCALM—FALLS OF MONTMORENCI.

The island upon which Montreal is built is about 32 miles in length and seven in breadth, and formed at the junction of the Ottawa, or Grand River, which divides the Upper from the Lower Province, and the St. Lawrence. The black water of the Ottawa never enters the city, with those of the St. Lawrence even the river does not mix with those of the St. Lawrence, but the waters of the Ottawa are ten miles below the union of the two streams; but a distinct line or boundary between their waters can be seen at a considerable distance. This circumstance gave rise to the old Indian saying of, "As soon shall the waters of the Ottawa mix with those of the St. Lawrence as the blood of the red man with that of the pale faces." The river in front of the city is nearly two miles wide, but the depth is only sufficient for brigs and ships of small burden, of which but a very few lay in the waters of the Ottawa, much more than those of the St. Lawrence. A noble quay extends for some distance along the margin of the river, and, being constructed of good substantial materials, is a great ornament to the city; it was only just completed, from the design of Captain Piper, I believe, of the Royal Engineers.

The principal wooded island of St. Helens, two miles in circumference, lies opposite the town. There is a small fort and barracks at its lower extremity, which was, however, have been constructed only for the purpose of disputing the passage of the St. Lawrence, as the rocks rise so closely behind some of the buildings that a most active man might leap without much exertion from their roof, or a small party of riflemen might

subject the garrison to great annoyance. It is the grand depot of artillery and military stores for Canada; and, judging from late circumstances, such an establishment is much required. The 15th regiment of foot were encamped amongst the trees, having withdrawn from their quarters in the city in consequence of the cholera having made such havoc in the ranks; and, though at this time only half a mile distant from their residence in the island, a single case had occurred since their residence in the island.

The mountain from which the city derives its name rises about 700 feet above the level of the river, and two miles in rear of Montreal. The summit and half way down its sides are covered with forest, but the base is composed of neat houses, with gardens and ornamental grounds.

The city possesses some fine public buildings, of which the catholic cathedral is probably superior to any thing of the kind on the whole American Continent, or any structure of the 16th century. The funds failed before it was completed; the tower, therefore, and some of the exterior ornamental work are unfinished. It is of dark gray stone, and built after the Gothic style of architecture. The dimensions of the interior are 255 by 130 feet, and it is capable of containing 13,000 people, three hundred and thirty of the 29th regiment, who had joined his corps in Canada, in 1785, and the 14th regiment, having lost his left leg by accident. His recollections of England were indeed very faint; he had an indistinct idea that it was not so well wooded as America, that turnpike roads were more general, and that the population was more numerous, but nothing further. He asked me if we were acquainted with Mr. Walton of London, and Mr. So-and-so of Liverpool; and, though by his own account he was a native of some village in Herefordshire, I overheard him telling one of the nuns that he came from the same town as myself, and that he was acquainted with me, and that he had attended a convention (it is known by both names) is situated between the St. Lawrence and a deep, dry creek, over which a stone arch was erecting, so as to carry it, in the prevalence of the cholera having been partly attributed to the miasmatic effluvia arising from it. It is a large heavy pile of building, and has been much augmented of late years; the chapel was also now enlarging by means of funds transmitted from France, and, when I entered it, the fat old superior and two of the sisters were planning improvements, assisted by a host of novices and nuns. All religions, sects, and nations, are alike admitted; and but for the religious differences of nine different nations were within its walls. Every room was neat and clean, and the inmates appeared as comfortable and happy as infirm and aged people could be. Including from fifty to sixty persons, there were upwards of an 200 inmates; but a striking difference was apparent between the care and attention paid to the legitimate and illegitimate children: they were not only in separate rooms, but the former were far nearer in their personal appearance, and bore evident symptoms of being better cared for than the others, who it was evident were supported by the power of claims. A considerable income is derived from the sale of little fancy articles made by the nuns, of whom there are nearly thirty, and by the children, every visitor purchasing a few, for which he generally pays well without scruple, having been witness to the excellence and beauty of the articles. Though the nuns were as early as half past 10 o'clock, I found old and young sitting down at well covered dinner tables.

The catholic is the prevailing religion in the city, and the Seigneur of the island is held by the clergy of that church, from which, with a heavy per centage upon the number by sale of all real estates, a large revenue is derived. The English and French reside in the city, the French language is very generally spoken, and but few of the natives of the lower class speak the English fluently. The shops are very excellent, and I never saw in one place so many for the sale of clothes,

the entire street of Notre Dame being occupied by them. The market-house is not only a shabby, but a dirty building; at the head of it is a monument erected to Notre Dame about 100 feet in height, surmounted by his statue, with an inscription and relief upon the pedestal. Adjoining it is the Place d'Armes, a levelled platform on the side of the hill upon which the city stands. Its length is about 300 yards, and breadth 100, and is a fine promenade, but no ornamental buildings are to be seen. The houses of the French and English others are formed by the rear of the jail and some common private dwellings. The hotels are excellent, and the British American, where I resided during my stay at Montreal, is very comfortable—in fact, the finest hotel for the accommodation of travellers in the Canadas. A person is there to receive the travellers, and to give agreeable habits so common in the United States; the habits indeed of the provincialists differ but very little from those of the old country.

There appeared, I was sorry to see, a most violent illness existing between the French and English settlers, which was carried to an extraordinary pitch on the side of the former, who in their public meetings did not hesitate to accuse the British government of sending a torrent of protestant emigrants "to wrest their native country from them, and (to quote the language of one of their orators) to stain the flag of the British empire with the blood of the French." This was a most outrageous insult, ought to serve as an outlet for the industry of the Canadian youth, and as an asylum for their posterity." But he yet hoped "that they might preserve their nationality, and avoid these future calamities, by opposing a barrier to this torrent of emigration." The resolution to the same intent was passed at a meeting held at St. Charles's, at which opulent and influential persons, who had filled high and honourable posts in the colony, took a lead. The Montreal Herald, an able and well-conducted paper, in noticing the proceedings of this meeting, says little of the above resolution. "This unseasonable and uncultivated lances arises from the anxiety of a party (who have long lived upon the delusive dream of one day reverting to France, or being able to revolutionise Canada) to arrest emigration, and thus prevent the settlement of those lands and subjects, which must, of course, be the result of the British empire. It is to strengthen the hands of the 'La nation Canadienne'." At this same meeting the British were also accused of having introduced the cholera into Canada; or, in the words of the resolution itself (the 13th), "That England has, in this case, been the cause of the cholera, and suffered so considerable an emigration at a time when it was under the frightful influence of the cholera, which by this means has been introduced into this colony, the climate of which is the most healthy in all America, and has covered it with mourning and desolation." I must confess that the little I saw and heard of the French Canadians impressed me with very unfavourable opinions of them. In the full enjoyment of their own religion, civil laws, and political rights—burdened by no taxes of any description—with free trade, and England's protection, they were dissatisfied and discontented. Not the slightest wish to improve the state of the country was anywhere visible; but every public undertaking of any importance was the work of too kind a stepmother. I had crossed the frontier with the expectation of finding one of the happiest and most loyal nations in the world; but as far as the French were concerned, I had to say, "To me the Canadians appeared utterly devoted to the spirit of enterprise which distinguishes the English and American settlers; and, though three fourths of the inhabitants of Lower Canada (or nearly 300,000) are of French descent, they are almost confined to the original settlements, along a narrow strip of the bank of the St. Lawrence, where they have impoverished the soil by their slovenly system of farming."

Leaving Montreal at eight o'clock in the evening, I lost a view of the scenery below the town, and of Sorell at the mouth of the Chaudiere or Sorell river, where the governor-general usually passes some of his summer months. But the recollection of our two hours' stay there is well impressed upon my memory. It was about midnight when we arrived, and the few passengers (only sixteen in number) had early retired to their berths. The vessel was about to start, when a loud sound of bells awakened from a sound sleep by the violent screams of some poor man whom the crew were carrying ashore, just attacked by the cholera. I had been suffering much the preceding week from an illness which at one time threatened to take dangerous turn, and had not yet recovered from the effects of it. I lay in the bed of misery I endured the remainder of that night; I threw myself off my cot, and walked the upper deck in the cold

night air, while the screams of agony still rung in my ears, and paced up and down until dawn of day, by which time I had mustered up all my stoicism, and was prepared for any event. A naturally good constitution, however, in a few days enabled me again to undergo almost any fatigue.

The steamers on the St. Lawrence, between Montreal and Quebec, are superior to those even on the American waters which had so much surprised me. The "British America" and "John Bull" are fitted up in a magnificent style, and are complete floating drawing rooms. The dimensions of the latter are on the grandest scale, being 188 feet in length by 70 in breadth, the wings included, and about 1200 tons burden. Its name is well merited, having towed six vessels, two of them of 350 tons, from Quebec up to Montreal, at one time. The traveller may really experience something like comfort on board of them, there not being the crowd of passengers, nor the scramble for meals, to which he is so accustomed in the States.

The country below the town of Trois Rivières, at the mouth of the St. Maurice, becomes more diversified, affording occasional views of rising hills above Quebec, and long streets of houses with white roofs and walls, which, when first seen at a distance on the lofty banks of the river, may be easily mistaken for a large encampment. The houses are built of stone, and are generally constructed to preserve the shingles of which they are constructed, and also to repel the heat of the sun's rays. I have seen many washed in this manner from the foundation to the ridge pole, and the chimney painted black; I always thought they bore a close resemblance to a negro woman decked out in her best bib and tucker. After passing the mouth of the Chaudiere river, over which a fine bridge of one arch is thrown, and entering Wolf's cove, the river shifts its course, and is seen winding out from behind a promontory; and few places can boast so magnificent an approach. The bold craggy rocks

of Cape Diado, crowned with the impregnable fortress, stand in bold relief against the sky; numerous ships lie at their anchorage in the broad and smooth bay, 350 feet beneath, between the citadel and point of land which forms the base of the mountain, and form a fine background to a level and thickly populated country. For some time the old and picturesque buildings only of the lower town at the water's edge are visible; nor until within the distance of half a mile from Point Lido does the upper town, with its numerous glittering spires and domes, appear. The latter is situated on an imposing eminence (the citadel), or the more prominent object, the castle of St. Lewis, the residence of the governor-general. It is supported upon the edge of the precipice by large buttresses under the foundation of the outer wall of the building, and almost overlies the houses at the margin of the bay. The view of the city is not so good as is obtained upon entering the dirty narrow streets of the lower town; nor was it until after much perseverance that we obtained accommodation of a very indifferent kind in the upper town. The principal hotel had been closed, without any consideration for the comfort of a few travellers who had been driven out, the landlord finding that his wa-ter-rent was too small.

The capital of Lower Canada, the tongue of the peninsula formed by the junction of the St. Charles with the St. Lawrence, and contains upwards of 20,000 people. The upper town is encircled by a strong wall nearly three miles in extent, with batteries at intervals, and is entered by five gates, the principal one from the harbour being at the summit of a steep and winding road up the side of the rock. The lower town is built in some places upon piers and land reclaimed from the river : in others by undermining the base of the rock. Instances have occurred (considering the prevalence of In America) of large portions of it being washed away, and thus falling down upon the houses from a point of view which would have been deemed impossible.

The citadel, which is 100 to 200 m. in length, occupies a large proportion of the upper town, and is situated upon the highest part of Cape Diamond, a hard and brittle rock with quartz crystals interspersed. The stone, however, is not of a fit quality for the fortifications, and the materials used in their construction are brought by the St. Lawrence from Montreal to the foot of an inclined plane, which has been constructed from the river into the interior of the citadel, and hoisted up the railway by means of machinery. Great additions were made within the fortifications of the old French walls, erected during the time of Montcalm, and the engineers were facing afresh, were yet old. Much yet remains to be done in the interior, and even on the exterior works on the face towards the plains of Abraham.

An obelisk has lately been erected by the officers of the

arrison to the thorny of Wolfe and Montcalm in front of the government gardens. It is 65 feet in height, but bears no inscription, nor even the names of the heroes in whose honour it was erected. The plains upon which the battle was fought are now a grassy field, and the hills which the ground rises and falls in small abrupt undulations. The field of action is yet open, and used as a race course; but the rock against which the British were defeated is still to be seen. The British army was even now traced out on the borders of the plains), was destroyed by blasting with gunpowder some time since, the Vandalic proprietor of the garden in which it was situated complaining that his fences were injured by the explosion. The stone wall, which was built of stone in wood, and fastened at the side of a house at an angle of a street about 12 feet from the ground, which has always been considered an excellent likeness. The general appears in the middle of the wall, wearing a blue coat and red frock coat with yellow facings, cocked hat, yellow top boots, white breeches, and white shoulder belt for his sword: his position is that of arm akimbo, and the other extended as in the attitude of giving orders. The wall is 65 feet high, and is built of stone. The attack upon Quebec on the night of the 31st December, 1775, is within a few paces of the foot of the inclined plane, and his remains were interred, until 1818 (when they were removed to New York), near the gate of St. St.

The Jesuit convent, which reverted to the crown some years since, is now occupied by a regiment of infantry, and makes an excellent and capacious barracks. What was the fathers' pleasure garden in olden times is now a public square, and the Jesuit church, which I have undergone very little change (except with regard to its occupants), being surmounted by the old spire, and retaining the strong iron-studded gates, with the sacred devices upon them. On the opposite side of the market place stands the Hotel de Ville, a fine modern building, a catholic cathedral, where I attended one day, at the entrance of high mass, but was glad to make my escape again into the open air, such a dense crowd was there in every part. As in Montreal, the catholic clergy possess an considerable property in real estate. The primary school, which I visited, was occupied, together with the garden, seven acres of ground in the upper town, the Ursuline convent possesses as much more, and the Hotel Dieu even as much as twelve; so that, what with the cloister, convents, churches, barracks, and open squares, the city of Quebec is reduced to a mere cipher compared with its extent.

The old parliament house, situated near the gate leading from the St. Lawrence on the eastern side of the town, was formerly the residence of the catholic bishops, and is now occupied by the military, and requires the support of a new wire, which is now erecting.

Although there is little of interest in Quebec itself, yet the surrounding scenery is sufficient to compensate for any loss. In company with two English gentlemen, I made an excursion on the 1st of September to the Falls of Montmorency, about twelve miles from the city. The river of the St. Lawrence crosses the river of the Saguenay by a bridge, and becomes excrebably bad as soon as the outskirts of the lower town are passed, although a continued line of houses and small farms extend the entire distance. The hills which run parallel with the river, at the distance of ten or twelve miles from the city, are covered with a luxuriant vegetation. Putting our horses up at the small French inn on the banks of the Montmorency, we walked down to view the Falls; but with what far different feelings from those with which we had visited Niagara three weeks before! We had been told every where in Quebec that the Falls of Montmorency, and not those of Niagara, were the finest in the world. It was our duty-bound to view them, though, had each of us spoken the candid truth, we should have said we had seen quite sufficient falls of water to satisfy the taste of any moderate man. And really Niagara, the great chalice of every thing grand in a cataract, gives one a sick distaste for every thing else of the kind. I have seen the Falls of Montmorency blessed with the happy talent of forgetting things as soon as he has seen them, should venture near another fall. For at least a twelvemonth after he has seen that at Niagara. If he does, it is ten to one that he annoys his friends who act as chaperons upon the occasion, by showing them the Falls of Montmorency, and then, when even appointed to climb to the summit, contemns, at the sight,

At Montemorenci the fall itself is every thing: there are no grand accompaniments. The water shoots in a sheet about 120 feet broad over a precipice to the depth of 240 feet, and then rolling onwards a few hundred yards unites with those of the St. Lawrence. The banks on

Each side of fire smooth and precipitous, with their summits crowned with trees, and a mill is perched on a high upon the verge of the Fall. There is, however, a fine view of Quebec, and the isle of Orleans which forms the eastern side of the noble harbour, from the junction of the river with the sea. The river is not so deep as it is proper to be for the Montmorency below the Falls, where it is 1500 feet broad, to the ruins of a large saw mill upon the opposite side, for the purpose of ascertaining the depth of water and forming some idea of the difficulty of passing the rocks. The French had placed several batteries under a heavy fire. In twenty-five minutes we gained the opposite bank, having narrowly escaped being washed off our legs several times; but our wounded feet, (owing to the sharp edges of rocks), with cramped and aching limbs, for forty-eight hours, gave us ample cause to repeat our own words, "that it was the most extensive in the province, had, by some strange accident or neglect, been consumed by fire a few months previous, though a sufficient body of water could have been thrown upon it to have almost washed away the ruins." The river is not so deep as it is proper to be, a powerful stream from above the Falls along the summit of the bank until immediately above the mill, when it rushes down an inclined plane of 300 feet in length, with amazing power upon the wheels. From it, conductors have been made, which, by means of rollers throughout the building in case of necessity, but all appearances of there being no avail in stopping the destruction. Several acres of ground were covered with the timber which had been prepared for exportation. Wolfe's Cove was also so named, as it was like one huge raft, and the vessels were taking in, it made no perceptible diminution.

CHAPTER XXI

DESCEND THE ST. LAWRENCE—ANECDOTES—JOURNEY TO
FRIDERICETOWN.

The wind it was fair, and the moon it shone
Serenely on the sea,
And the vessel it danced o'er the rippling waves,
And moved on gallantly. *Old Ballad.*

Previous to the appearance of the cholera, a steamer plied between Quebec and Halifax in Nova Scotia, but, owing to the long quarantine imposed upon vessels arriving at the latter port without a bill of health, the proprietors declined making any further trips until this was obtained. This was the case with the steamer "Caledonia," the most unexpected impediment to the tour I had planned. Through the eastern provinces, and the uncertainty of the length of voyage in a sailing vessel such as that I came to the resolution of making an overland journey through the dense forests, or padding myself in a canoe down the St. Lawrence, or, if unsuccessful, in time, too, being very limited, it was necessary that I should be provided with a course or lay aside all thoughts of seeing any thing further of the British provinces. My friends attempted to dissuade me from the undertaking, on account of the lateness and unhealthiness of the season, and the weight of my baggage, but almost have turned the scale, when I fortunately became acquainted with Mr. Reid (a gentleman from Georgia,) who having much business in view as myself, we agreed to make the journey in company. Having, therefore, laid in a small stock of provisions, a bottle of laudanum, a whole box full of opium pills, with a suitable quantity of eau-de-cologne and a few other articles, a precaution against the cholera, we set sail with a light breeze, and in a few days arrived at St. Lawrence, at mid-day on the 3d of September. The weather appeared settled and pleasant, we preferred taking an open pilot boat to travelling in a carriage over a hundred miles of rough road, and at considerable additional expense, the owner of the land conveyance having the conscience to demand fifteen dollars per diem for the trip.

Being ebb tide, we glided rapidly past the Isle of Orleans, where those huge floating masses of timber, the "logs," Columbus and Baron Renfrew, were put together, and, as by the time the flood had set in, were thirty eight miles from Quebec; when not having sufficient breeze to stem the tide, we came to an anchor. The sun had set some time, but it was a mild and pleasant evening, with a bright moon shining overhead, and every star in the heavens so clearly reflected in the smooth mirror upon which we floated, that I should have been insensible to the charms of nature, had I not been reminded of our situation. Thinking that music would do more for us with the time and place, I produced a flute from the depths of my portmanteau; and having in my earlier days learned the gamut, "God save the king," "The British

ately arrived Irish upon the Madawaska river, these were the first British settlers we had seen since leaving the veteran's house upon Temiscoutia lake, and from this specimen we were almost justified in forming but a mean opinion of the New Brunswickers' hospitality.

Twenty miles farther brought us to the Great falls, where we again landed, the portage commencing at the rather dangerous vicinity of about one hundred and fifty yards above them, the influence of the cataract being very evident upon canoes which must cross the river to gain the entrance of the portage, situated in a small cleft in the rock. The surface of the river is perfectly smooth and unbroken until it gains the very edge of the rock, when it is precipitated seventy feet in a sheet of amber-coloured foam into a narrow and rocky channel, not exceeding thirty-five in breadth, down which it boils and bubbles in the open air, and then expands into its original width of about one hundred and twenty yards. There is a tradition, though seemingly not a very probable one, that several canoes of Mohawk Indians, who had attacked a tribe near the source of the River, and massacred all, excepting two old squaws, were accompanied by their prisoners floating down the current at night, and were to a man dashed to pieces over the falls, of whose existence they had not even the most remote idea. The squaws aware of the circumstance perished with them, not wishing to survive the bubbling of the river. Standing upon the high ledge upon the margin of the cataract, we made a late dinner upon the last remains of our shoulder of mutton, sacrificing the well-boiled bones to the shades of the old squaws and the Grand falls.

The river banks, for a mile of a hard rock, with light covering of soil, exceed one hundred feet in height above the falls, and more than two hundred half a mile below them. The man who conveys the boats across the portage* earns a good livelihood by his two-fold occupation of farmer and boat-carrier. Our canoe, with the baggage, was being hauled up the river, and was being pulled by two oxen, and launched again into the water half a mile below for a quarter of a dollar. Timber was formerly drawn up on the level of the bank, and then launched again into the water down an inclined plane, and the logs, abandoned as too expensive, and it is now allowed to shoot the falls, which in the freshets but little injures it.

For seven or eight miles the current carried us on with great velocity over the "White Rapids," the "Black Rapids," and a series of rapids, all sufficiently dangerous to encounter without skillful pilot, and which, in the dusk near a small log hut, the first we saw after leaving the portage. The banks had continued a hundred feet in height, and covered with a dense pine forest, but we frequently passed groups of woodsmen bivouacking by their fires at the river's edge after their day's labour had ceased. Throwing part of the baggage over my shoulder, I walked up to the hut, through whose small window the bright light of the wood fire could be seen blazing cheerfully, and knocking at the door walked in, and found a family of seven, who welcomed me most hospitably, after enjoying following me, we joined our party, and, after sipping a bowl of excellent milk, asked the settler's history. He had been a comrade of the veteran upon the lake, and had been settled there at the same time, when his nearest neighbour lived at twenty miles distance, and he was, in his mind, but he considered it no advantage, and would rather that people did not settle so near to him, as he should then have no fear of quarrelling. Part of his house had been washed away by the freshets during the spring of the previous year, although it was twenty feet above the level of the river, the water had done five feet less in his kitchen, which was the only room he had remaining. This summer, too, the bears had destroyed thirteen sheep and four hogs of his stock, but he had yet twenty-three sheep remaining, and two cows. The only neighbours, however, he did not appear, in any manner, to

* Owing to the numerous rapids on the river St. John, these portages or carrying-places are frequent. The eastern provinces, more especially New Brunswick, are so intersected by rapids, that the carrying-places are in the immediate vicinity of each other, that the whole country may be traversed by means of them with very little difficulty; and, in short, the rivers are the highways of the province. The Grand Temiscoutia portage is of an extraordinary length, being thirty-six miles over a mountainous country, and is little used, except by the occasional travellers, but some of the navigable streams are within two miles of each other, yet flowing in opposite directions.

approve, were the Americans, whose boundary was within five miles. He said that he had been amongst some of them lately, and told them that they had better be silent upon the subject of the boundary question now, for that New Brunswick had a governor who had just been most satisfactorily arranging the boundary.

As the night was advanced, wishing to obtain a few hours' sleep, I threw my wet great coat upon the floor before the blazing hearth, as the most comfortable bed I could select; but the settler's wife would so positively insist upon my Reid and myself taking possession of the only beds in the room, upon which, she said, "she had just placed new blankets for our express comfort," that I was compelled most reluctantly to relinquish it, while the settler and his son went out and sought a night's rest amongst the straw in the stable. I had heard from some kind of a dispute in the East, that the hotel-keepers had not celebrated for its cleanliness, and a sight of the beds convinced me that there must be very substantial reasons for its fame having spread through hundred miles of nearly uninhabited country; so I walked out of the house with the intention of sleeping in the open air, and thus avoid giving an affront to our hosts, but the mist rose so thick and cold from the water, and remembering the story of the bears, I thought it more prudent to undergo a night's tortures within doors. On returning into the house, I found my friend already between the far-flamed logs, and looking upon me with a very delicate position on the hearth: the children were lying upon a bed at the foot of ours, and the settler's wife sat in a chair watching the fast dying embers. I was somewhat puzzled to discover how Mr. Reid had contrived to turn in; my friend, however, explained himself otherwise than in my clothes, and, after considerable manoeuvring, took my place, and, when the settler's wife turned her head, to spring in, and strongly intrenched myself up to the chin between the coverlid and upper blanket. My friend had taken a strong position, and was almost choked with attempting to keep his head up, and I was conscious of every thing that was passing. Towards morning I was awakened by some heavy weight upon my feet, and, at first, I took it for a visit of the night-mare; but arousing my senses a little, and feeling it move, I was convinced it was the settler's daughter; so out of gratitude for our accommodation I could remain in my bed, and, to avoid evil, until rising to depart upon our voyage I discovered that it was a large black dog which had favoured us with his company.

Two hours brought us to the mouth of the Aroostook river, and Stober, a small Indian village on the opposite bank. Landing where we saw a bark canoe drawn up on the beach, we fortunately met a staff officer, who had been up the Aroostook to check some aggressions of the American Indians in the forests on the disputed territory, and was now on his return to Fredericton. We proceeded on our way, and, after a short distance, entered a time well-inhabited country, with fine bold scenery at every turn of the stream, and at night arrived at Woodstock, about sixty miles below the falls and half a mile from the river, where we found a comfortable little inn, where, after a good dinner, and a very comfortable night, we had only lately taken place, had not been publicly known more than three or four days, and Woodstock, which had formerly been in the county of York, was now the capital of the new formed county of Carleton. At present, it is a small village, though doubtless, ere many years have passed, it will be one of the most important cities in the province, being situated in the most fertile part, and already possessing a large agricultural population. Persons anxious for posts under government, and to establish themselves with the earliest foundation of the town, were flocking in from all directions, no fewer than three surgeons and four attorneys had already arrived, though there was neither fire nor food for one of them. The small and formerly quiet village had already divided opinions and clashing interests, and numerous little jealousies and rivalries had arisen. It is a straggling place, settled by the river, and the river is the highway of the high ground where the inn was; so each party wished to establish their own spot as the site of the capital, and derive the advantage of having the public buildings there.

On evening gun, from the American garrison of Houlton, on the river, we were met by a party of men at Woodstock; and as we were descending the river, on the 11th of September, we caught a glimpse of Mr. Hall's

upon which the boundary monument has been erected. Large as the St. John's river is, it is rendered utterly unnavigable by the numerous rapids, which in some places, the depth does not exceed three feet. The beach, everywhere was strewn with fine timber, which had been left by the falling of the spring freshets, and which could not now arrive at the port of exportation before the ensuing winter, and fast-bounded prison-ships can with difficulty reach Woodstock on the third day from Fredericton. The stream throughout the St. John's is of a superior order to the generality of that in America, and becomes colder and more beautiful as the river nears the ocean; but the land decreases in fertility in an equal ratio every succeeding mile below Woodstock. The falls of the Paskoia, its largest mile below Woodstock, is of a superior order to the junction with the St. John's, seen through a wooded and rocky chasm, and an Indian village with some fine drooping elms upon a bold undulating country a few miles lower down, are exceedingly picturesque objects.

With the exception of Woodstock, I do not think that there is any settlement which can come under the denomination of a village between the Green river and Fredericton, a distance not short of two hundred and twenty miles. In many parts, as at Madawaska, a narrow ribbon of farms extends along the banks of the St. John, and stretches back from a quarter to a mile into the interior. Three or four tribes also of Indians have their straggling collection of bark-built wig-wags huddled together upon the headlands formed by the junction of the Tobique and other tributary streams: the chief's house is usually elevated half a mile from the shore, and the staff alongside of it, or the roof being raised on a flag-staff. The costume of the females struck me as much grayer than that of the tribes I had previously seen in the Canadas. Their dress here was generally of brilliant and gaudy colours, with much black hair encircled by a broad silver band. The men, who appeared to respect chiefly upon fishing in the summer season, had the same heavy and forbidding countenances I had observed amongst the Seneca and Iroquois tribes. I was informed, however, by officers of the army, and agents who had superintended the annual distribution of goods from the British government to the tribes upon the borders of Lake Ontario, that fine athletic warriors of the Sac and Fox tribe of Indians, with noble features, used to attend upon those occasions with one side of their face painted sky blue, and the other cheek decorated with vermilion and bright yellow; but all when I saw fell very far short of the features of Bengal and Pegu both in stature and countenance.

At ten o'clock on the night of the ninth day from our leaving Quebec, we arrived at Fredericton, three hundred and fifty miles distant, rejoiced beyond measure that our fatigues were at an end, and, after a short time, the multitude of sitting crouched at the bottom of the canoe for sixteen hours, during four successive days, without being able to change that position, lest the heavily laden and frail vessel should capsize, was irksome and overpowering in the extreme. But when my troubles and vexations were over, as usual we laughed heartily at all our adventures; and, taking it all in all, I may fairly say that I enjoyed this journey more than any other portion of my travels on the continent of America. Our provisions had been rather short, and the bread on the fourth or fifth day was of a very inferior quality, and the water wet and exposed to the sun, that it was unwholesome and unpalatable, and began to affect us seriously. Nor had our night's rest been sought upon couches of the softest and most fleecy down; but, in the enjoyment of good health, and the matters were of trifling moment, and soon consigned to oblivion.

CHAPTER XXII.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE—STREET OF EQUALITY—DISPUTED BOUNDARY.

After the separation of New Brunswick from Nova Scotia, in 1785, Colonel Carleton was appointed governor of the new province, and selected a spot on the right bank of the river, where Fredericton now stands, as the site of the capital. The situation is good, being the head of the tide-water and the terminus of the navigation. Though ships of large burden can ascend to the mouth of the Grand, from twelve to fifteen miles below, yet merchandise is usually forwarded from the sea-port ninety miles distant by small craft, the Falls of St. John, two miles from the sea-port, presents a passage of large vessels except the autumnal freshets, when the water rises to a level at high water. The town consists of the Grand, running parallel with the river, and contains about 1300 inhabitants, but as yet has no regular market nor fair. The point of land upon which it is built is flat and low, rising but a few feet above the level of the freshets. A low range of rocky hills, however, rises half a mile in

rear of the town, and another at rather a greater distance on the opposite side of the St. John's, into which the pretty stream of the Naaswhaak empties itself. The river immediately above Fredericton is studded with many beautiful islands of considerable extent, which, being in fact at certain seasons, produce abundant crops of hay, as is the case with the low land on the banks; but, in general, the soil is cold and poor.

The original government house, a wooden edifice, was burnt by accident some few years since, and the present one, built in the fine style of the present day, was erected during the administration of the late governor, Sir Howard Douglas. In point of situation and style of architecture it far exceeds both that at Quebec and the one at York; and, with the tastefully laid out pleasure-grounds and gardens, occupies a large tract of ground on the margin of the water also.

The college, situated at the base of the hills, is another fine stone edifice, and in addition to possessing the enormous grant of 6000 acres in its immediate vicinity, has 1000*l.* per annum allowed by the British, and the same sum by the provincial government. The former made them grant on condition that the province allowed an equal sum; but of late years the house of assembly have shown a disposition to withdraw their grant, though that of the mother country was made in *perpetuum*. They contend that they cannot afford to pay so highly for the education of the sons of the donors of the college, who are now president and four professors. The other public buildings are of wood, and do not display any thing either tasteful or expensive in their structure. The officers' barracks, for the few companies of infantry quartered in the town, are a neatly situated one, on a green surrounded by fine trees and the intervening space laid with grass, where the excellent band of the 34th regiment executed a crowd of auditors during the fine evenings of September.

Many of the old inhabitants were the royalists of the American revolution, who settled in New Brunswick after the failure of the king's arms in the States. Several of them still hold high official situations. But, as in the Canadas, the same blunt manner and independent spirit which an Englishman is so apt to censure in the United States is here very perceptible, and the lower classes of people are of one similar air. A shopkeeper might indignantly at to address a soldier, and a militia blacksmith is a lieutenant of militia grenadiers, and sports his full-dress uniform, with gold wings, as proudly as a nobleman; a maid-servant, who has emigrated from England only three years before with scarcely a shoe to her foot, will in to the door of a gentleman, and, in the parlour of the house, seat herself in the best chair in the parlour, and then enters upon business with the ease of one who is reciprocating a favour; in short, no one confesses a superiority. They certainly possess the levelling system in full vigour, inhaled, I should imagine, from the opposite side of the frontier. "A tutor ultra crepidam" is not the motto here; the majority of the house of assembly is composed of ignorant farmers and shopkeepers, the representatives of the eleven counties into which the province is divided. One thing, however, I will account them of; they neither chew tobacco nor do they annoy you with their title with the essence of egg-nog and mint juleps.

The New Brunswickers, generally speaking, are a fine athletic race of people, and the lumberers, in personal appearance and strength, will not yield to the peasantry of any nation. They are alike insensible to heat and cold, and will stand in a stock of ice, or remain in the woods without quitting them for months employed in their hardy occupation of felling timber. The province will doubtless improve rapidly. The timber trade, which has so long employed the energies of the inhabitants, is already beginning to fail in some parts, and agriculture will be better attended to. The farmers have ever been in the habit of paying their one shilling and sixpence per ton into the crown-land office for a license to lumber during the winter months, entirely neglecting their farms for a pursuit which would bring them a little more ready money. Owing to this ruinous system, the species has found its way into the United States for the purchase of flour and pork, while a system of barter has been established between the inhabitants of the interior of the province, the labourer receiving so many bushels of wheat for his work, and the whiskey dealer bartering with the butcher or the farmer.

The population of the province, including the scattered Acadians and original French settlers, who possess considerable tracts of land upon the eastern coast, does not at present exceed 100,000, though it is now rapidly increasing. Many emigrants of a highly respectable class, and of good education, were continually arriving during my stay at Fredericton. They intended purchas-

ing farms on the banks of the St. John's, near Woodstock; but I could scarcely imagine that persons who had been accustomed to mix in the gay scenes of a college life, and move in the higher walks of society in England, would ever be happy or contented in a comparative wilderness where they would not only be obliged to depend on their own resources, and their time, devoid of excitement, must hang heavily on their hands. From what little I saw of the vast western continent, I should say it was no country for a mere gentleman, who retained a fondness for dancing, or for the sports of the turf, or rather for artificers and farmers, whose previous habits enabled them to put their own shoulders to the wheel. Of the natives of Great Britain the lower orders of the Scots are usually considered the best settlers, having been more accustomed to privations and hardships than their English neighbours, who, though fond of the sports of the turf, and the pleasures of the chase, and more dissatisfied with the change than the English, than the Irish. The Lowlanders again are even a better description of settlers than their Highland brethren are, who, like the French, satisfied with a mere existence, care little about the improvement of their farms.

Until the arrival of Sir Archibald Campbell, the present governor, no part of the world could have possessed so few and such bad roads. Since his arrival, however, the "Royal Road" has been surveyed, and several miles of it are already completed; the intention being to extend it from the capital to the principal rivers, and so on, to the coast. The course of the stream the distance is one hundred and thirty miles, which will be shortened forty miles by the new road, and, at the same time, not only tend to the rapid settlement of the interior of the country, by throwing open a mercantile line of communication, but in time of war will be of incalculable advantage. A military road to Quebec, with the broad stream of the St. John's, a natural protection against any sudden invasions from the American frontier. Most of the allotments upon the sea-coast have been occupied many years, and the occupation of the interior of the province has principally followed. They are generally of a narrow front, so that the occupant may command water navigation; but some extend to the rear as much as five or six miles; and the second and third occupations from the river are even now filling. The best crown lands are at this time selling at three shillings per acre, and the principal crops are about sixteen bushels of wheat per acre. The winter being of longer duration than elsewhere, winter wheat is not sown; the soil, however, yields the finest potatoes in North America, which give the name of Blue-noses to the New Brunswickers. The principal crops of corn are also raised, and wheat is covered, and they are exported to the United States in vast quantities. The province as yet (owing to the dense forest) has been very imperfectly explored, but it is known to abound with coal, slate, freestone, and granite; it also produces some small quantities of various ores. Its climate is dry and particularly healthy, springing about the coast of the Bay of Fundy, where, from the continued fogs, the inhabitants are said to be liable to pulmonary complaints.

During my ten days' residence at Fredericton I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Audbon, the celebrated ornithologist, who, at the time, was searching for additions to his laborious undertaking.

The militia were called out for three days' training, and the battalion which assembled at Fredericton 1000 strong, was composed of fine athletic men. Only 200 of the militia were present, but the appearance was striking and accoutrements. There was also an African company, who had decked themselves very gaily, and carried the only drum and fife in the field. They appeared quite proud of their occupation, not being exempted, as in the United States, from the performance of military duty. The province was without any regular militia, the 30th men, (but, unfortunately, there are neither arms nor clothing for one tenth of that number), and six troops of yeomanry cavalry. The Fredericton troop made an exceedingly neat and clean appearance, being well clothed and partially armed, and in active service, in such a country as New Brunswick, where there is no regular military utility. In case of immediate aggression from their neighbours, the province must for some time be entrusted to their care alone, there being only six weak companies of regular infantry in three distant detachments, with a frontier of 200 miles of coast, and a frontier of 200 miles of coast. The American have two garrisons close upon the boundary line (at Eastport and Houlton), and an excellent militia road nearly completed to Boston. The New Brunswickers have already given ample proof that they are well qualified soldiers to undergo any hardships and fatigues. During the late American war, the 100th regiment was entirely raised in this province, and made

a march unparalleled in the annals of English history, and only equalled by that of the Russian campaign in 1812, through the extensive forests to the Canadas in the depth of a severe winter. No troops ever behaved better in the field, and the corps was nearly annihilated at the storming of Fort Erie. Many Americans settled in the province, and are always the most enterprising and money-seeking men; many too are prevented naturalising by an oath of allegiance, or some similar form, which the law requires to be taken in a protestant church; and, being considered as aliens, they pay a fine of thirty shillings in lieu of performing militia duty.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ST. JOHNS—DIGBY—ANNAPOLIS—WINDSOR—HALIFAX.

On the 22d of September I embarked in a small steamer in company with Captain C. An old Barmian friend, whom I was so fortunate as to find stationed at Fredericton, and who kindly offered to accompany me on a short tour through the provinces of Nova Scotia. We proceeded down the beautiful river St. John (which received its name from being discovered by De Monts on the 24th of June, 1604, the day of St. John the Baptist), and thirty miles below Fredericton passed the embouchure of the small river, the mouth of which empties into the Bay of the Grand lake and its numerous tributary streams.

After crossing the mouth of the Kennebecas River and entering Grand Bay, which is interspersed with numerous islands, we were enveloped in a dense fog, and, finding a few miles farther, at the Indian village a mile above the town, the fog fell, and we proceeded into the town of St. John. For three days it had been obscured by fog, while with us all had been sunshine and heat, the fog not extending more than ten miles up the river. During the first day we saw nothing of the town beyond the curb-stones of the pavement, or the steps up to the doors of the houses; but on the second day, when the fog came on while we were groping our way through the streets in search of the barracks and thoroughly drenched us, dispelled the fog, so that the following morning the sun rose bright and clear.

The town, which contains nearly 11,000 inhabitants, is built upon a rocky and irregular promontory, formed by the harbour and the river which here empties itself into the Bay of Fundy. The principal streets are broad, well paved, and neatly laid out, with excellent private dwellings, and some elegant stone public edifices. The corporation have lately expended a large sum in laying out sums of money in beautifying and levelling the streets, though much to the inconvenience of private individuals, whose houses at the bottom of some hills have been blocked up by these improvements to the attic windows, so that a plaster by way peep into the first or second story. On the summit of the hill again 20 feet of solid rock have been cut away, leaving the dwellings perched on high, and allowing the occupants a view of little else save sky and the occasional roof of a lofty house. The barracks, a fine extensive range of buildings, with some small batteries overlooking the sea and commanding the entrance to the harbour, occupy an elevated and pleasant situation in front of the town, whence in clear weather the opposite coast of Nova Scotia can be seen across the Bay of Fundy.

Every thing about St. John's pointed the air of a flourishing port. Numerous vessels were upon the stocks in the upper part of the bay, where the tide rises to the height of 30 feet. In point of commercial importance it is the capital of New Brunswick, and upwards of 400 square-regiped vessels enter the port annually, exporting more than 100,000 tons of square timber. More than 100,000 square yards of square timber, with a greater quantity of timber than from St. John's; and from St. Andrew's, which ranks as the third sea-port, from 150 to 170 vessels with 25,000 tons of timber. In addition to these there are several minor ports, and from the whole collectively about 11,000 tons of square timber are traded from the province. It appears by returns made in the year, 1824, when the trade was rather brisker than at present, that 324,260 tons of square timber were exported from the various sea-ports, exclusive of spars, lathwood, and deals. St. John's possesses most of the shipping and mercantile establishments of the province, and, the duties upon English importations being lighter than at Halifax, it absorbs much of the traffic which would otherwise flow to that city. This and the adjoining province of Nova Scotia, under different regulations, might have been a greater source of profit to the British, had the same regulations been extended upon these occasions have been neglected by the mother country, who,

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VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 15, 1833.

NO. 14.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 6, NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—At \$5 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

by the treaty of 1703, granted to the United States participation in the fisheries, and a general permission to take fish at the distance of a cannon-shot from the coast. This permission has been much abused by their frequently running in-shore at night, entering the bays to set their nets, in many instances forcibly preventing the British fishermen from carrying on the fishery, and destroying the fish by throwing the offal aboardward, while the provincialists carry it ashore. These rights they forfeited by the war of 1812, but the renewal of them at the peace was strangely permitted, with the most injurious effects to the colonies.

The immediate vicinity of the town, and for an extent of some miles up the river, is such a mass of rock, covered only here and there with stunted pines, as almost to deter any emigrants from penetrating into the interior, for at least to give them a very poor opinion of their adopted country. The only richer fertile tract I saw, was a narrow strip of land about a mile in width, running between two ridges of rocks away from the bay, and which had been reclaimed from the bed of a river or large inlet. By some people it is imagined to be the course of the St. John's previous to its bursting through the ridge of rocks which create the falls. The opening through which that river passes is in the narrowest part called the "split rock," and not more than 40 yards in width; a quarter of a mile higher up the stream is a second pass, from 150 to 200 yards wide, above which the river expands into an extensive bay. The great rush of the tide is such, and it rises so rapidly, that the water at the flood is some feet higher below the split rock than above it, and renders it impassable, except at high water for half an hour, and the same fall is formed at the ebb time, when it is again possible to pass the time at low water. Boats frequently venture too far, not aware of the time of tide, and are lost in the whirlpools and eddies; one, containing three men, had been lost the day before we visited them, the most powerful swimmer not being able to gain the shore. The noise from thence was heard at a distance of several miles, and the harbour, or bay below the falls, is covered with floating float a foot in thickness. A few years since an engineer officer proposed undermining or blasting the rocks, which vary from 50 to 100 feet in height, and thus opening a passage for the free admission of the sea, but this was opposed by the inhabitants, who fear some miles above the town, who represented that the river would thus be drained and rendered too shallow for navigation.

Leaving St. John's in a steamer on the 21th, with the sea as smooth as a lake, but the vessel rolling heavily, we pursued our way to the beautiful head of the Capricorn Island (the quarantine station at the entrance, which, being high and rocky, is an excellent breakwater and shelter to the harbour in easterly gales,) and steered for the Nova Scotia coast, forty miles distant. The lofty heights in the rear of the bay, the various mountains, towers and lights, as on Parry's Island, and the heavy batteries and barracks rising upon a gentle acclivity from the harbour, with the ruins of old Fort Howe frowning from a rocky precipice over the city, which is built upon several eminences, form a picturesque scene when viewed from the bay and river.

In five hours we entered the strait of Annapolis (or Digby, as it is frequently called,) which is about a third of a mile in width, with high lands from 500 to 600 feet in height upon either shore. A violent tide rushing through it into the bay of Fundy rendered it next to an impossibility for a vessel to beat against a head wind into the basin of Digby, one of the finest summer harbours on the American continent, and in which the whole British navy might ride with safety. Were batteries thrown up at the entrance of the strait, the passage would be rendered very impracticable at all times. In the morning, however, it is rendered unsafe for a vessel to quit the strait, as the ice will drift down from the Annapolis River. Several wigwags were erected upon the sandy beach by the Indians, who, with their rifles, assemble throughout the summer for the purpose of shooting porpoises in the basin; and, by afterwards bringing them to the shore, and drying them, to make a tolerable livelihood. We saw several paddling about in the canoe, who appeared very expert, and were informed it was no uncommon thing for them to kill at a single shot. The basin is also celebrated for its chickens (a species of hering,) but of late years their number has

considerably decreased, owing to the numerous weas, which destroyed the young fish. The small town of Digby, which owed its origin to the fisheries, is prettily situated on a light gravelly soil at the water's edge, about three miles from the entrance of the strait. After passing an hour or two there, we pursued our course up the bay, which by its whole extent is divided from the Bay of Fundy by only a narrow chain of hills, between whose base and the margin of the basin there is a strip of about a mile in breadth of well populated and cultivated land. Near the head of the basin, at the influx of the Moose River, are the remains of an iron furnace which was commenced in 1825, by the Annapolis Mining Company, with a capital of one hundred shares of 1000, each, and afterwards increased to double the amount, but failed through improper management, and is now mortgaged for a trifling sum. There was a fine field open for their undertaking, nearly all the minerals throughout the country being reserved by the Crown, and granted for sixty years by the late Duke of York to Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, who have only opened some coal mines at Pictou on the northern coast of the province.

We arrived at Annapolis, situated ten or twelve miles up the river of the same name, early in the afternoon. Though formerly a town of some note, it has now been dwindled down into a place of inconsiderable importance, not containing more than 300 inhabitants. From the being of 1712, when Nova Scotia was ceded finally to Great Britain by the treaty of Utrecht (which took place two years after the conquest of the country by General Nicholson with the forces of Queen Anne), until 1749, it was the capital of the province, but in that year the seat of government was transferred to Halifax. From the first exploration of the strait in 1703, the British had stationed a fort there and named it Fort Royal, until 1712, it changed masters eight times, having been restored to France by treaty every successive time it was taken by the English. The old fort is yet extant upon a point of land immediately below the town, by the junction of a small stream with the Annapolis River, and is occupied by a detachment of infantry from Halifax. An old block-house, and a square brick building within the ramparts, bear such outward signs of antiquity that one might almost imagine them to be coeval with the original French fortification. The town, which is a part of the town, in one street, parallel with the river above the fort; but, on the eastward of it, on the land side, there is a continued succession of neat private residences for nearly a mile, all of which have gardens prettily laid out, and even quickset hedges. These last immediately attracted our attention, being the first I had seen in North America, though, at this time, I had travelled 2500 miles in it. The orchards are extensive and numerous, much cider being made in this part of the province, and I could have fancied myself in an English village, had it not been for the negroes with whom the street swarmed, and whom I should never have expected to see in such numbers so far from the north.

On the morning of the 25th of September we left Annapolis, pursuing our journey to Bridgetown, fourteen or fifteen miles distant, where we crossed to the right bank of the river, and entered a fine port and cove, and exceedingly light soil. The township of Ailsby, fifteen miles in length, produces only a crop of rye and Indian corn in three or four years, and then lies by for pasture for a length of time.

The day was stormy, with heavy rains, and the coach was a second Arabian, and we were "Waded, Mired, and Hoboken," upon the doors; neither was it water-proof, the canvass curtains hanging down in long shreds, and flapping to and fro with the wind. The horses too were poor specimens of the Nova Scotian steeds, three out of the four being lame; the coachman however was a cheerful, good natured professional in his appearance than those in the States. I attempted to kill time by reading Bulwer's Eugene Aram, but was incessantly interrupted, when devouring one of the most interesting chapters, by a prosing little woman eighty years of age, who, notwithstanding her age, was bright, lively, and full of teeth which would no longer be disgraced by a Brahmin. She was the very picture of good health, but most unfortunately my neighbour, and apparently took a great fancy to me, as the full benefit of her colloquial powers was bestowed upon me in some such interesting

conversation as "Aye, these barreners are very deary, but you will soon come to the settlement!—now there's a pretty interval—this is a poor territory."

Near the village of Ailsby we passed in sight of Clermont, the pretty country residence of the Bishop of Nova Scotia, and the river flows into the Cariboo Swamps. It is the source of two rivers, the Annapolis and Cornwallis, which rise within a few paces of each other by the road side, and flow to the ocean in opposite directions, one emptying itself into the Basin of Minas and the other into the Basin of Digby. It was formerly a favourite hunting ground of the Indians, but now the animals from which its name is derived are now to be found in any part of the country.

Every one forms some idea of a place before he visits it, and mine were fully realised throughout this day's journey. After leaving the swamp, we entered dense forests of oaks, unvaried by a solitary habitation for many miles, and the few small clearings were plentifully covered with Nova Scotian sheep, *alias* large black stones; but at Kentville, where we passed the night, the country assumed a more fertile appearance, and our road continued within sight of the large prairie and rich ridges of Cornwallis and Horton. A long range of hills, from 1000 to 1200 feet in height, commenced just beyond the village of Gaspareaux, which derives its name from a poor description of herring which run up a small stream in shoals during the spring, and are caught in such vast quantities that the fish are frequently asked the poor people to take them away gratis. They also form a considerable article of trade with the West Indian Islands. The rivulet winds up rather a pretty and fertile valley, twelve miles in length, between the village and the mountains, and the road is like a lake the head. The view of Cape Blomidon, or Blow-me-down (as it is now virtually called, from the heavy gusts of wind which prevail off its bluff point), with the basin of Minas and the opposite shore, is a fine and extensive one when taken from the high part of the Horton Mountains, over which the road runs, and is like the head. The view of Cape Blomidon, or Blow-me-down (as it is now virtually called, from the heavy gusts of wind which prevail off its bluff point), with the basin of Minas and the opposite shore, is a fine and extensive one when taken from the high part of the Horton Mountains, over which the road runs, and is like the head. The view of Cape Blomidon, or Blow-me-down (as it is now virtually called, from the heavy gusts of wind which prevail off its bluff point), with the basin of Minas and the opposite shore, is a fine and extensive one when taken from the high part of the Horton Mountains, over which the road runs, and is like the head.

Making a circuitous route of six miles in twenty, we crossed the river at about 150 yards wide, and the Windor to breakfast. If a bridge were constructed across the river at this town many miles of mountainous country would be avoided. We were informed that one was in meditation some years since, and that the subscribers had actually commenced, but the work was abandoned for some unknown reason. A long wooden pile of building, with a flat roof, occupies an eminence one mile from the town, with twenty-five windows in each story, which, consequently, might be reasonably supposed to be a cotton mill; but, not being in the vicinity of any water, I came to the conclusion that it was a rack; my loquacious neighbour however set me to rights by informing me that it was the college. It certainly exhibits a strange architectural taste, though quite a modern building, the institution having been founded only twenty years. At this time there were twenty-one students, who are eligible at the early age of fourteen, on account of young men entering upon business so early in life. They are required to wear the cap and gown, but little attention appears to be paid in this respect to the rules of the college. I saw some very unacademical specimens of the Nova Scotian breed, and a large stack of books, each scholar enjoying 300 per cent. per annum. The object being that people may be induced to educate their children for the ministry of the Church of England, there are also four scholarships of 200, tenable only for four years. At the foot of the hill upon which the college is erected is a large substantial stone

building, used as a preparatory academy. It was built at an expense of 6000*l.*, and has also twenty divinity scholars, and a small attached school to which are held either for seven years or until matriculation, and, as well as those at the college, are nominated by the bishop and appointed by the society.

Windsor, equally with every Nova Scotian town which I visited, impressed me favourably with its appearance. The houses are clean, and the houses have a respectable and pleasing appearance, superior to the Canadian villages. The town is situated upon the margin of the Avon, where it is 1100 feet broad, and is the great port for the exportation of gypsum, of which nearly 100,000 tons are annually exported to the United States for purposes of farming; but it is very little used in the province as a manure, either not suiting the soil, or being improperly applied. The whole face of the surrounding country is scarred with quarries, and the lofty banks of the river St. Croix, a few miles distant, are composed of the same material, and does not lie in a compact body, but is intermixed with red and blue clay. After exportation, it is ground fine in a mill and scattered over the land by the hand in about the proportion of five bushels to the acre, answering well upon a dry sandy soil, and upon a dark marl, but it is not so good upon a heavy soil up in the ports where it has been scattered. It is also said to prevent that bane of the farmer, the rust in the wheat, which are supposed to be occasioned by the thick fogs of Nova Scotia. When we arrived at Windsor and walked to the piers, where the vessels were loading with gypsum, we had the first of a most extraordinary appearance. As far as the eye could reach, only a thick bed of yellow mud was visible, and the keels of the vessels were 40 feet above the level of a small fresh-water brook, which flowed in a narrow gulch through it. The height of the tide increases in an unaccountable manner as it approaches the E. along the coast of Nova Scotia. At Windsor about 35, and increasing in rapidity as the basin becomes narrower, it rises near Fort Cumberland and Truro to the astonishing height of 75 feet above the level of the sea. The captain of a vessel assured me that he had cast anchor in twelve fathoms' water in Chignecto Basin, and had walked round his craft at low ebb.

The crops throughout our journey appeared in a most deplorable state; in many parts they were yet green, but in most were nearly ripe, and in some were entirely destroyed by the frost, which had been capricious in the extreme: one field was probably quite destroyed, and the farmer at work cutting it for winter fodder, while the next was yet in a flourishing state. Owing to the lateness of the spring, and the early September frosts, it seemed probable that the farmer's yearly labours would receive but a poor return. Winter wheat is not sown in consequence of being liable to be thrown out of the ground at spring by the effects of the severe frosts in winter, and spring wheat is raised with difficulty in some parts of the province. The crops in good upland vary from 16 to 25 bushels. The other grains, however, grow well, oats yielding 25, rye 16, and barley 30 bushels. Indian corn produces from 25 to 30 bushels, but it requires long heat, and the climate of Nova Scotia is too treacherous to be trusted long with impunity; this year I do not recollect that there were two autumn frosts so early as in 1825.

The land is admirably calculated for potatoes, an average produce being 200 bushels per acre; and the rotation of crops, after breaking up the green sward, is to commence with oats, followed by potatoes the second and wheat the third year, when again potatoes, then wheat, accompanied by clover, are sown timely seed. Few farms are divided into fields which receive a prescribed treatment in turn, but remain in grass until the failure of the crops indicates the necessity of change; wheat and oats are generally sown in April, Indian corn between 10th of May and 5th of June, barley and buck-wheat in June, and turnips 10th of July. Mowing is usually commenced the last week of July, and reaping the same time in August, but this season the hay was not stacked as late as the 9th of October. The following return was made a few years since under authority of the local government. Quebec and New Brunswick, from 16 to 25 of Cape Breton 9,994,880 acres, of these 6,113,939 have been granted, but 1,781,292 have been escheated, leaving at the disposal of the crown 5,565,223 acres. Of the above quantity three parts are prime land, four ditto good, and the inferior, and two incapable of cultivation: this is exclusive of lakes and swamps, and water. The horned cattle are well shaped; but the horses, though hardy, are of a mixed Canadian, American, and English breed, and have fallen off of late years. When the Duke

of Kent was governor of the province he used his utmost endeavours, by the importation of several Arab horses, to introduce a good breed, and partly succeeded; but since then the best horses have been drained off by purchasers from the States. New Brunswick produces a superior breed in swiftness and beauty. A celebrated horse that province produced, was yearly used upon the Avon, from St. John's to Fredericton, a distance of 76 miles, in six hours and a half. A useful pony, rivaling the Shetland in diminutiveness, and varying from 5*l.* to 7*l.* in price, is in common use amongst the young people of Nova Scotia. It is imported from the noble island, and is yearly imported in great numbers from the coast, upon which a few ponies of a larger breed were landed many years since as food for shipwrecked seamen, but, their numbers increasing too rapidly for the extent of herbage, many have been withdrawn, and a humane establishment has been instituted there at an expense of 500*l.* per annum. From the same remark, which is quoted above it appears that the cultivated land in Nova Scotia amounts only to 1,292,000 acres, though the first crop after clearing the ground always repays all expenses of labour and purchasing seed, the expense of felling and clearing away timber being 25*l.* to 30*l.* per acre, and the cost of the labour of the hoe, and burning, and fencing, 3*l.* I observed that here, as in the States, the sickle was but little used, the cradle sowing doing its work more expeditiously.

We changed our coach at Windsor for one of larger dimensions, and the Halifax races commencing the following day, we were ready to start at an early hour, and doze away, and attorneys returning from the circuit to enjoy the gaiety of the capital. My prosing old torment continued to place herself beside me again, and, after congratulating me upon the vicinity we had preserved, she transferred her little grand-daughter from the coach, and, as the carriage was crowded, to place every possible shape but the one the maker did intend, to place upon my knee. What with the child, the old dame's vexatious grumblings, and fifteen inside passengers upon a hot day, I was almost worked into a fever, and was therefore happy to escape when we stopped to change horses, and to find myself in the arms of a friend. This mountain derives its name from the slate with which it abounds, and which appears upon the surface in every direction, but the monopoly of Messrs. Russell and Bridge laid an injunction on a quarry which was opened a few years since. The circumstance related to me by the attorney, was that the demand for building, and soon supersede the combustible shingles which at this time are in general use. The road continues over high ground, after gaining the summit, passing between many lagoons varying in size from twenty to forty acres, which are richly cultivated, and have some good land near them. One farm especially, the property of Mr. Jeffries, collector of customs at Halifax, was quite a treat to a traveller who had been so long accustomed to see nothing but a most slovenly system of agriculture. It displayed much better management than any I had seen in Nova Scotia, and the attorney, a general, whose farm and house were erected upon such a barren spot, and so much money had been expended upon the estate, that, to use a fellow-passenger's expression, "for every stone he had picked up he had laid down a dollar." Each house was prettily surrounded by a wall of a fine material, and well cleared grounds, laid out in gardens and with quickest hedges; they had also planted several hundreds of English oaks in the hedge-rows, which appeared to be thriving tolerably. The same fellow-passenger related the following anecdote to us respecting this unproductive farm. The original proprietor was taken prisoner during the war of the revolution, and marched under suspicion of being a spy to Halifax, from the opposite extremity of the province. On his route to the capital, he requested permission of the escort to rest himself for a few minutes upon a stone by the roadside (which, in corroboration of the attorney's story, was in fact an outcrop of granite), and while sitting upon it, he said that he was not so fortunate as to acquire his liberty, and gain an independent fortune, he would purchase the land upon which it lay. In process of time his anticipations were realized, and purchasing 5000 acres of that name, he continued to reside there, and in 1800, he died. He was spoken highly of as being a charitable man, and giving employ to numerous workmen. The house now bids fair for becoming a mass of ruins, the present possessor not admiring so unsocial and aplace.

There certainly was no need to be any longer desirous of a life of ease, and to avoid the risk of a premature death, by passing the Ardouise mountain, nor any fog necessary to disgust him with life if compelled to take up his abode in such a country. A new line of road had been laid out

some two or three years previously, and, nothing being expended upon the repairs of the old one, we had to jolt about most unmercifully over huge rocks and deep water-courses. It was well, indeed, that we were packed so close, and had not much space for pitching to and fro. Our road lay through the leafless forest, which was commenced in the summer of 1825, at the same time as the awful fire at Miramichi in New Brunswick, which spread over six thousand square miles, destroying towns, human beings, wild beasts, and even the natives of the streams in its devouring course. Nothing can exceed the desolate appearance of the country over which it swept; the trees never to be seen again, and the ground, in the natural position, and casting a wintry glow over the few green shrubs which are creeping up again at intervals beneath them, or have been consumed by internal fire, leaving only a mere shell or skeleton. It is a singular fact that most instances where the forest has been consumed by fire a different growth of wood springs up from that which the ground formerly produced; thus a hard timber is frequently succeeded by a soft one, and maple or birch shoot out from amongst the roots of the pine. The quality of the soil is nevertheless generally known by the growth of the trees, and the time of the year when the leaves fall, oak, maple, or certain indications of a rich soil. A small growth of white birch denotes a thin cold soil, and pine a dry sandy ground; though this rule does not always hold good, as strips of pine are frequently found in the best land.

Night fell in by the time we had arrived within ten miles of Halifax, and I, allowing my head to sink down upon my breast, breathed hard, and affected sleep, for the purpose of avoiding the old lady, who was by far a greater plague to me than ever the old man of the sea was to Sinbad the sailor. But this *russe de guerre* was of no avail; ever he saw sure you were not asleep, and he said, "an old woman again," said she; "most sincerely shall I pray for it;" groaned I; and my evil genius persevered in describing the Bedford Basin upon whose margin we were now travelling, and related "how the French admiral and his staff were taken prisoner, and sent to the States, and flying in the presence of the English, sooner than surrender," and how the mast of the admiral's ship was yet visible above low water on a calm day. I was mute, but ever and anon peered out, and squinted through one eye to the right and left, in hopes of seeing the long-wished-for city; but there was only the dark street just at the basin below, or the dark outline of houses at intervals on the right, with the roaring stream of the Sackville, as it descended over its rocky bed from the chain of lakes we had passed during the day. I almost shouted with joy when the exclamation of "there is the city-dell" (citadel) broke upon my ears, and I saw the light of the city, and the vivid flash of the heavy gun from the ramparts, and the numerous bugles and drums of the garrison, announced that it was night o'clock.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RACES—HALIFAX—THEATRE, &c.—SHUBENACADIE CANAL.

I have seldom witnessed a livelier scene than the Halifax race-course presented on the 27th of September. The race was remarkably favourable; not even a passing cloud appeared to darken the sun, and the weather was most show. By mid-day the city had poured forth all its inhabitants, both horse and foot, who were either grouped upon the ramparts or brow of the citadel hill, or listening to the military bands who played between the beats on the plain below. The scene was rendered more enlivened by the numerous gay uniforms of the rifle brigade, 8th and 96th regiments, which, with detachments of artillery and engineers, composed the garrison. The races had been set on foot by the officers of the army and navy upon the station, many of whom carried off the palm of victory in the various races, and the spectators were more suitably equipped for running a race, according to an Englishman's notions of dress, than the provincials, who cut rather an *outré* appearance riding in their shoes and loose trousers. Many of the races were well contested, and the sports were kept up with great spirit for six hours, and the spectators, and subalterns, became field officers on the course, owing to the treachery of the ground which gave way under the horses when they were making nearly their last spring to gain the winning-post. A midshipman merited by his perseverance what he could not gain by the fleetness of his horse, as he ran the last mile, and was the first to get down to the saddle and bridle. The grand stand consisted of a few pine boards loosely tacked together, and was altogether a most frail and tottering erection, and prior

to trusting one's life in it, would have been a matter of course, had we incurred it. We had one or two false alarms of "coming down," from boys scrambling upon the roof, or gentlemen of heavy weight venturing upon the floor; but, the generality of the ladies preferring to witness the races from their own carriages, the show upon the stand was limited to about a dozen or eighteen people. All bottles and the sale of spirituous liquors were prohibited near the course, but the law was evaded by the proprietors of contiguous fields letting them for the erection of tents, which proved of some service in attracting all those who had an inclination to be disorderly away from the usual portions of the assembly.

We dined at the public ordinary the same afternoon, held in the Mason's Hall, a room of noble dimensions, but rendered gloomy by the ceiling being painted in most deplorable taste of a deep black colour, varied here and there with a streak of white, a compass, a ruyi, an eye, and a scroll. The effect of the craft could not be over the general effect only that of a storm about to burst over the heads of the company, and it certainly much marred the beauty of the ladies who attended the ball in the same room the following evening. The cup, which had been made by the victors, was placed upon a cloth was removed for presentation to the winner, a citizen, and I believe the only one who entered a horse for the races.

The peninsula upon which Halifax stands is formed by the harbour, called Chebucto, and the northwest arm, which extends to the westward for three miles beyond the city (the entrance being guarded by redoubts and Martello towers), and runs almost parallel to the harbour, approaching within a mile of Bedford Basin. Melville Island, where the American prisoners of war were confined, is situated under the rocky and sandy wooded bank a short distance from the entrance, but only a few old houses and a mill now remain upon it. The harbour is about sixteen miles in length, and from one and a half to two in breadth, terminating in Bedford Basin, which would furnish a safe anchorage for the whole British fleet, the entrance being exceeding fifty miles in length, when it expands to a noble sheet six miles by four. The approach from the sea is well protected by the fortifications at York Point, some miles below the city, and George's Island opposite the lowest extremity of it. Mr. Nabbs's Island of 1100 acres, purchased a few years since by the Government, is situated in the middle of the Atlantic. The peninsula rises rather abruptly from the water, the streets being laid out parallel with the harbour from north to south; but they are much confined by the citadel on the summit of the hill, and the crown rises again to the eastward, and is consequently much confined in width, and occupies a space in triplicate, being about two miles and a half in length by a quarter of a mile in width, and all the cross streets are inconveniently steep, but the corporation were as actively employed as at St. John's in levelling and making the roads. The buildings are nearly all of wood, and there not being more than 150 stone houses, out of 1600. At the last census, in 1825, the population was 14,430 souls, the increase since the peace being but trifling. During the war it was the great British naval depot of North America, and the dock-yard establishment gave life to the commerce. The greater portion of the population of the island was transferred to the Bermudas, as being central between the North American colonies and the West Indies, and the harbour not being liable to be closed by the ice during the winter months. There are great inconveniences, however, to Bermuda, on the score of the climate, which destroys most mortal stores in less than a year; and the island is not more than 100 miles from Halifax without a half a dozen. The admiral and commissioner divide their time of residence equally between the two stations, and were on the point of sailing for Bermuda when we quitted Halifax.

The climate, which is raised upon an old fort of smaller dimensions, will not be completed for some years; the work is carried on chiefly by the soldiers of the garrison, who receive ninepence per diem extra while employed during the summer months. The position is a command, and a fine prospect is afforded from the ramparts. The barracks at the base of the rock are built of wood, with very little to recommend them, except some fine mess-rooms, and a library instituted by Lord Dalhousie, when governor of the province. A fire would prove of infinite service towards beautifying the city, by destroying both the wooden and great proportion of the private dwelling-houses. These even which are built of stone, substantial materials are principally of the shaly iron-stone rock of which the peninsula is formed, and which contains such a quantity of the ore that it oozes out in long streaks down the walls, and gives them a most lubricious

and prison-like appearance. Some of the public edifices are of a handsome freestone, and the province building, as it is called, situated in an open square, surrounded by an iron railing, and the interior prettily planted with lounst-trees, would not disgrace the capital of Great Britain. It contains rooms for the council, house of assembly, and office of the governor. Its external dimensions are one hundred and forty feet in length, seventy in width, and forty-two in height; but the colonists do not appear to feel much pride about the grandeur of it, and their approbation of it is contained in complaints of the extravagance of the cost. They had another some of lunatic delirium. Duke of Colborne, which occupies one end of the parade, where the guards mount daily, and which was commenced in 1820, but not completed for want of the necessary funds. It is also, a handsome free-stone building, but unoccupied. Part of it, from humane motives, had been fitted up by the governor as a cholera hospital, as well as the lower room at Government House; but fortunately neither of them was required. The latter is situated near the lower extremity of the town, but rather too near a burial ground. There are only two churches of the protestant episcopal religion, St. Paul's and St. John's, the latter being a plain and unpretentious edifice, bearing a close resemblance to the Coliseum; besides these, the catholics and dissenting sects have six chapels. The number of places of public worship, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, appeared far less in the British provinces than in the United States. On the banks of the river, the place of the town, the population is scattered, and along which much of the population is scattered, there was barely a church in every thirty miles; and though on our route to Halifax they exceeded in number those in the sister province, yet still they were comparatively few. The ministers of the province are exempt from all tithes, the ministers of the church in England being supported by the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, from which they receive an annuity of about 2000, sterling (nearly 2500, currency). The society also allows 25*l.* for each new church, and 10*l.* for each new school, which has been erected for that sum. In addition, the twenty-one clergymen thus paid, they have also many schoolmasters and catechists in Nova Scotia, upon salaries from 15 to 30 and 30*l.* per annum. The followers of the church of Scotland are the most numerous of the various denominations, and are chiefly of the high church persuasion, returning 37,325; of England, 28,569; of Rome, 20,401; Baptists, 19,790, and only three Jews, who, as the American saying is, are no match for any one in Yankee land, or the countries north of New York.

On the 20th of the theatre one evening to witness the performance of "The Soldier's Daughter," which was performed by the "Soldier's Daughter;" but almost took alarm at the box-office, which was in a damp corner on the ground-floor behind a green curtain, where we received some dirty play bills, not broader than the ribbon of a lady's bonnet. The interior of the house was corresponded with it. We went up to the balcony in the front box, from which an active man might have almost leaped over the people's heads in the pit on to the stage. Altogether it was much like performing in a sentry-box: we were so close to the performers, that a darkened eyebrow or rouged cheek could be easily detected, and the actors were obliged to keep their faces close to the yet, spite of these objections, the good citizens were flattering themselves that Fanny Kemble would extend her engagements from the States to the capital of Nova Scotia. The house was very thinly attended, but the heat was so oppressive that in half an hour we were glad to be released to our quarters, where I was again, for the second time during our travels, confined to my bed by disposition for two days, but was happily surrounded by military friends, who soon set me on horseback again. I gave the band-choir of a theatre the full credit of inducing it, and of inducing my indisposition to ride towards Point Pleasant.

We enjoyed many pleasant rides towards Point Pleasant, and the pretty private residences near the city, and passed an entire day in visiting Rockingham, where Prince's Lodge, formerly the Duke of Kent's country seat, is mouldering into dust, and in making the circuit of the basin, where the rocks are covered with a thin margin of the water through a thick grove of birch and forest trees, crossing innumerable rivulets which pour their tributary streams into the basin from the rocky and but thinly inhabited country with which it is surrounded. There is a large wooden building, six miles in length, without any claim to architecture, and from its numerous large sash windows, may be likened to a conservatory or a lantern, there certainly being a greater proportion of glass than timber in the front. The grounds have been laid out tastefully, and the situation is exceed-

ingly beautiful, overlooking the broad expanse of the basin, from the edge of which it is about three hundred yards. After the duke's departure from the province, the property came into the possession of Sir John Wentworth, the lieutenant-governor, who allowed it to fall into its present ruinous and forlorn state. Not a vestige of the double tier of verandas remains; the balcony and parapet railing are hanging in the most doubtful suspense; and when we expressed a wish to see the interior, the old soldier in charge said that he would not insure us against either vanishing through one of the floors or being burnt down by fire. The old governor's residence has been converted into the stables of a comfortable inn, the scene of many garrison picnics and citizens' Sunday parties.

We continued our route to the village of Sackville, at the head of the basin, three miles farther, where there is a small military post for the apprehension of deserters; and struck into the forest by a bridge path, over the same rough and hilly country to the village of Dartmouth on the opposite side of the harbour. The Shubenacadie Canal, which was designed for the purpose of connecting the Basin of Minas with the harbour, and thus diverting part of the trade of the province from the provinces from St. John's in New Brunswick, has its commencement in rear of the village. The original estimate of the expense of finishing the entire work was 75,000*l.*, the canal being fifty-three miles in length, and sixty feet in width at the head, and an average depth of four feet, and the canal being fifty feet draught. The locks were to be ninety feet in length within the chambers, and nineteen and a half feet in width, in order that steam boats might tow vessels of considerable burden from Halifax into the Bay of Fundy, and thus save them the long circuit of a dangerous strait. The legislature at the commencement made a grant of 15,000*l.*, and the heaviest expenditure would be upon the first section of 1200 yards, at an estimate of 23,000*l.*, the canal being raised by seven locks into Dartmouth Lake at an elevation of seventy feet above the level of the sea. Thence, with such exceptions, it was to be carried on by a chain of locks, the first of which was derived from Shuben, signifying a "river," in the Miamae language, and Acadie, the original name of the province), which flows into the Basin of Minas, that great reservoir of rivers (receiving the waters of not fewer than eleven rivers), the chain of locks, the first of which was derived from Shuben, signifying a "river," in the Miamae language, and Acadie, the original name of the province), which flows into the Basin of Minas, that great reservoir of rivers (receiving the waters of not fewer than eleven rivers), the chain of locks, the first of which was derived from Shuben, signifying a "river," in the Miamae language, and Acadie, the original name of the province), which flows into the Basin of Minas, that great reservoir of rivers (receiving the waters of not fewer than eleven rivers), the chain of locks, the first of which was derived from Shuben, signifying a "river," in the Miamae 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gratified in the course of the day; but, upon my proposing to ascend Mount Washington, which was thickly covered with snow, the guide said that "he would not go for a five dollar bill, for that it would require two men to hold my hat on." I therefore satisfied my climbing propensity for that day by ascending Mount Deception, which is well named, and affords ample fatigue for unambitious travellers. The prospect that the ensuing day would bring more moderate weather induced me to propose to stay for the purpose of ascending the loftiest.

Mount Washington is nearly in the centre of a continued range running from north to south, each of which is named after the presidents of the United States in succession; but, as usual, one political party of the people will not consent to General Jackson's name being suggested or immortalized in the range of White Mountains. The height of the principal of this chain above the waters of the Connecticut River at Lancaster, 300 miles from the sea, is as follows: Washington, 5849 feet; Adams, 5382; Jefferson, 5208; Madison, 5038; Monroe, 4931; Quincy, 4470; Pleasant, or Jackson, 4358. "T. Crawford's house is 635 higher than the Willeys', and 345 higher than E. Crawford's, which is 1065 feet above the Connecticut. Avalanches have descended from all the summits, and continued for a great distance along the level ground, the largest (which is from Mount Jackson) being upwards of four miles in length.

At half-past four, on the morning of the 23d of October, I set off in company with a guide for the foot of Mount Washington, leaving the selection of the road to my steed, which, having served a long apprenticeship, carried me safely through the huckleberry swamps and forest for six miles. We were detained a few minutes by some windfalls, which the guide cleared away with his axe; and after fording two small creeks, and the broad bed of the Ammonoosuck river four different times, we arrived at a place where the road being impassable for horses, we then took to a tree and commenced the ascent. The guide favoured me with brief advice upon the thesis of "Festina lente," and, profiting by his hint of not commencing the journey at too rapid a pace, I led the way up a rough and steep path, which admitted of our walking only in Indian file. It became exceedingly slippery, and I held my breath for 100 feet in length, which was formed of smooth angular stones, and could not be ascended except by assistance from the roots of neighbouring trees. The lower part of the mountain was covered with deep moss and forest, which diminished in growth as we ascended. The beach and the huckleberry gave way to spruce, which I waded with every step, and at the cape of a long projecting ridge called the "Camel's Rump" it did not grow more than six inches high, the branches shooting out in long horizontal fibres, inclined towards the base, as if seeking shelter from the strong gusts of wind which sweep down the mountain side. At Table Rock, two miles from the base, all vegetation ceased, excepting a few occasional patches of cranberries and coarse grass, which, half a mile farther, gave place to sharp glittering fragments of rock, partly overgrown with gray moss. All natural landmarks ceasing, small fragments of granite have been erected for the guidance of people who may be enveloped in the clouds. After climbing upon one or two steep pitches, we gained the summit at a quarter past eight, having been an hour and three quarters in the performance of three miles from the base. The view from the summit was entirely one hundred miles in extent, rising beneath the feet like the billowy swellings of the ocean; but it did not, I must confess, altogether answer my expectations, nor, to my taste, was it equal to that from Mount Holyoke, where all was richness and life. Here was an unvaried view of mountain and sea, and all with forest, the small settlements but indistinctly visible from such an altitude, and scarcely relieving so dark a mass. The course of the rapid Connecticut was marked out by the light morning mist floating over it; the green mountains of Vermont were visible eighty miles distant; and a long streak of white, stretching away upon the eastern horizon, appeared to point out the waters of the broad Atlantic; but the sun shining brightly upon the surface of the vapours in the valleys rendered appearances so deceptive that it was difficult to distinguish between them and the numerous hills which were the fragments of the mountain range.

The summits of all the White Mountains, excepting that of Washington, which has a short flat ridge with a slight peak at each end, are rounded off, and composed of loose fragments of granite, which, at the distance of some miles, assumes the white appearance of snow. The summer usually thaws the snow upon them by the end of August, but this year it was found, during that month,

nearly ten feet deep in the ravines upon the eastern side, and for several days had again covered the last mile of the ascent with a fresh coat. The walk had so heated me that when I sat down on the cold rock, to partake of our bread and cheese breakfast, with ice in lieu of water (the springs being frozen), the keen air almost made my blood, which had been accustomed to warmer climes, freeze in my veins, the thermometer standing three degrees below the freezing point at nine o'clock, with a cloudless sky. The Ammonoosuck River, rising in a small pond between the summits of Washington and Madison, rushes down the declivity for 4000 feet, with a tumultuous uproar, and, taking its course past E. Crawford's house, flows into the Connecticut a few miles below Bath.

I found the descent more difficult, though more rapid, than the ascent, my feet slipping from under me several times upon the icy surface, and causing me to shoot farther ahead than my own fire-will would have dictated. The guides have a great source of profit in the bearings with which the mountains abound, each skin producing a dollar. They take many hundreds of them, in the autumn, by means of traps composed of a larch tree, with a transverse one upon it, set along the side of the path at forty yards' distance from each other, and baited with grain. In two hours we gained the hotel, nine miles from the summit, and taking one of the common dcarbans or wagons which was passing a few minutes after, and performed the duty of the mail in those rough roads, I proceeded thirteen miles through an uninhabited district to Bethlehem, the settlement of some very religious sect, and arrived at Littleton the same evening.

CHAPTER XXVII.

OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN—MISS M'CRAE—WEST POINT—NEW YORK—PASSAGE TO LIVERPOOL.

The 23d, from sunrise to sunset, was cold and rainy; and the small village of Littleton, with its streams and sheets blocked up with rafts and piles of timber, presenting no inducement to move out, my morning was passed away in distasting the local press, at the expense of my own taste, by praising a wretched dabb (evidently the handiwork of some sign-painter) intended as a representation of her pretty daughter, and afterwards discussing state affairs with a weather-bound American traveller, who had settled upon my assertions to the contrary, that he was addressing a colonel high in command in the British army. No one upon earth, save a Yankee, could have discovered that I even held a commission of any degree; but he possesses a kind of sleight of hand method of undermining and grubbing out news. "Well but, Kernal, you are taking minutes, and intend publishing, I calculate? You can prepare your sketches for the type?" "Well now, I declare there is Ethan Crawford's and the White Mountains 'ain't it so?" I thought the man must be a decided quizz, and resolved that I should not answer him, but I was so tired, so gave him a story or two, about the truth of which I wished him to be rather sceptical, of the finger-nails of the East Indian devils growing through the back of their hands—the burning of widows—a banian-tree covering several acres of land—the Arab horse eating his rider in a canting. At the onset his countenance assumed a stare of the greatest admiration and astonishment; but when I brought the sheep's heads to bear in full force he rose from his chair, and, squirting a mouthful of tobacco juice into the grate, walked to and fro upon the floor of the room, with his hands in his pockets, whistling "Yankee Doodle," and thus made my triumph complete.

I rode out early the following morning to the iron-works at Franconia, about six miles distant. They are the property of a company, and produce a metal of soft, tough quality, considered superior to any in the State. There are found in considerable quantities in the hills, three miles distant, and supplies another foundry in the immediate vicinity; both establishments, however, are upon a small scale. Pursuing the Plymouth road for seven miles, I entered the Franconia range, a continuation of the White Mountain's range, and visited the "Profile of the Old Man of the Mountain," which is a most singular human nature. An exact representation of the human features, as seen in profile, is most correctly delineated by the hand of nature upon the brow of a rock, which, in the distance, is nearly perpendicular in height. No art could improve the effect, nor could any attempt be made to assist it; for, the profile being seen perfect only from one point, the slightest deviation from that



spot throws all into a confused mass. The upper part of the rock, too, upon which it appears, is so overhanging and free from shrubs for nearly two hundred feet, that all access to it is impracticable. One branch of the Pemigewasset river, which subsequently takes the name of the Merrimack, rises in a small pond at its base, and opposite to Mount Lafayette, which is four thousand three hundred feet high.

We set off the same afternoon in a mail cart drawn by one horse, over a hilly road and a good farming country, to the Connecticut river, which we crossed to Waterford in the State of Vermont. Walking into a small tavern at seven o'clock, during the time our solitary horse was relieving, we found a fine portly landlord, sitting with his legs crossed, reading a newspaper by the blaze of a cheerful wood fire. "Good evening, colonel," said the driver; "tarnal cold weather this." "Aye," answered the gallant officer, rising from his arm-chair to make room for us, and remembering a trundling hogshead of ale not colour and shape, as he moved towards the bar; "you are here sooner than I calculate; I've been at work firing the road till sun down, and making it as easy for you as I could by throwing dirt on it." So, in truth, it proved; for we could scarcely move two miles an hour through this marsh of his creation. I had frequently noticed notice of this novel method of repairing a road in these parts of the States. The art consisted in first turning the ground up with a common plough, which was followed by a slightly curved, broad board, edged with iron, and a long handle attached, which, upon being elevated by the person who had the guidance of the machine, penetrated the loose earth, and scooped itself full, when, being again depressed, the load was moved by a yoke of oxen to that part of the road which required repairs, and not unfrequently was it emptied into a deep rut filled with water. The Americans in general are not given to wasting time, labour, and expense upon the highways. During a journey of 1500 miles I did not see a solitary labourer employed upon them.

Three hours' cold drive over the same miserable roads took us by six o'clock on the morning of the 25th to Cabot, nine miles from Danville, where we had passed the night. Thence passing the pretty falls of the Winooksee, which rushed over a forest-crowned precipice by the roadside, we continued along the course of the stream to Montpelier, the capital of Vermont, containing 2000 inhabitants, and situated in a retired valley about half a day's ride from the city of New York, and at the junction of the Union and Winooksee rivers. It was a day of election, and the State-house, a shabby looking edifice occupying one side of a square, was crowded with the inhabitants, amongst whom a great sensation had been created

by the proposed removal of the seat of government to Burlington on Lake Champlain, thirty-eight miles distant.

Six horses took us rapidly from Montpelier along the margin of the Onion river, a narrow stream, but subject to heavy and sudden floods. The preceding year all the factories at Middlebury, through which we passed, were carried away by the waters, and in many instances rough gravel beds, or plains of white sand, had been left in exchange for rich and fertile meadows. One horse was pointed out to me as having floated three miles in a rapid current, and another as having met with more apparent injury; another had been left by the receding of the waters on its gable end, and many had been swept away with all the proprietors' goods and chattels towards Lake Champlain. Not a bridge escaped uninjured: we crossed one, constructed entirely of thick logs, upon a similar principle, and with similar success, to the sloop "Experiment" at Washington. Symptoms of yielding to passing carriages early appeared, and the centre was now strengthened and supported by strong props from the bed of the river. The coachman pulled up for a few minutes to enable us to take a peep at the nature of the centre, and then, passing a series of five feet of the deep chasm at whose base it is formed. Appearances plainly demonstrate that the ridge which appears on each bank was originally connected, forming the dam of a large lake, and that the bridge was caused by the cutting of a narrow channel through the masses of rock becoming wedged in the narrow space. Four or five miles farther is seen the loftiest of the Green Mountains, known by the name of the Camel's Rump, from the form of its summit, which however bears a much closer resemblance to the Lion Couchant at the Cape of Good Hope. The whole of the country between Montpelier and Burlington is a succession of ridges, some of them delightfully pleasant, and through a most romantic valley, from a quarter to half a mile in width, bounded by abrupt limestone rocks, which rose at intervals, with the lofty range of the Green Mountains in their rear. Extensive tracts of rich alluvial soil occupied either side of the Onion river, and numerous settlements were scattered over the face of a hilly and wooded country.

The sun had set ere we arrived within view of the buildings of the University of Vermont, which crown the eminence at the entrance to Burlington. My limited acquaintance with the place did not enable me to say whether it appeared, *en passant*, a neat, pretty town built upon a sandy soil, rising gradually from the lake. Taking the steamer which touched at ten o'clock the same night on its passage from St. John's, on the Sorel river, we proceeded up Champlain, with a cabin full of fiery, hot-blooded Americans, and a few English, the latter the cause of his favourite candidate so warmly, that almost all was out of the question for any of the non-combatants. Fatigued with the length of my day's journey, I retired early to my berth for the purpose of inviting the drowsy god; but the war of words waged louder and louder, I relinquished it, for the joy of learning whether any individual could possibly breach any thing new upon the subject. The only instance that occurred was in the person of a tall, broad-shouldered Kentuckian, some six feet two inches in height, who, to my infinite satisfaction, put an end to the discussion, and dispersed the entire assembly by saying to the tall Kentuckian he was a pretty sample of a wise man, now 'n't you? I wish I had a tallow candle here to grease your head, and I would swallow you whole." The man of Clay, though little in body, was great in spirit, and, nothing daunted, drew himself up to his full height, which, though not exceeding five feet three, and bustling up to the tall Kentuckian he answered, with a warlike shake of his head, "You would find me a better pill, I guess." The several disputants, however, slunk off to their cots before the wrath of the western giant, and, in a few minutes more, all electioneering animosities appeared to be in temporary oblivion, or superseded by the long and deep-drawn breath which issued from their respective berths.

We passed the classical spot of Ticonderoga, the scene of so much bloodshed, at break of day, and arrived within a mile of Whitehall at eight o'clock, when the river began to narrow for the passage of the steamer, and we proceeded to the town over a flat, swampy ground, and immediately after breakfast embarked in a packet boat, on the Champlain and Hudson canal. The piers were covered with people, who assembled to witness the starting of the opposition, and the boatsmen, which, as usual elsewhere, were exerting themselves to catch the first start, had gained a quarter of an hour's start, but six horses towed us through the water at a half' center, and we overtook it upon the point of entering a lock, when it again gained a few minutes by leaving it full of water. Any one

would have imagined that all the passengers had some great stake at risk, so laboriously did they toil at opening the gates, and exert themselves to gain upon their rival. The road running parallel with the canal, I stepped into a coach which was pursuing the same route, my baggage in the hurry being thrown ashore most unceremoniously. The stream, however, progressed through the water being impeded by having her paddle at the centre of the vessel, she was soon left far in the rear.

Two miles beyond the long straggling village of Fort Anne, we entered upon the military road constructed by General Burgoyne for the transportation of his bateaux and other stores, and the march from the Hudson to the Hudson in 1777, two months previous to his surrender at Saratoga. Portions of it are at this time in an excellent state of preservation, though upon the marshy ground it is formed of the trunks of trees *a la corduroy*. It takes nearly a direct line for the town of Sandy Hill, below which the British General threw a bridge of rafts across the river, and took post at Saratoga on the opposite bank. At the last named town, twenty miles from Whitehall, we gained the first view of the Hudson, which is here about 200 yards wide, and bounds, murmuring between high and low water, the margin of a succession of shallows, with a descent of seven feet, save a quarter of a mile, ascending the hill into Fort Edward, two miles farther, an aged pine tree, whose summit has been blasted by the lightning, is seen within a few yards to the right of the road. By the side of the spring at its foot, the melancholy scene of the march from the Hudson to the Hudson, which accompanied Burgoyne's army in the disastrous expedition of 1777. This young lady, who resided at Fort Edward, was both beautiful and highly accomplished, and was contracted in marriage to a refugee, anxious to avoid the promised reward of a British or American party of Indians to escort her to the British camp. In opposition to the wishes and entreaties of her friends, she willingly entrusted herself to their charge, but had proceeded only thus far upon the journey when they were surprised by another party, sent upon the same errand. A dispute arising about the promised reward, the British chief, whose she was slain in a fit of savage passion by the chief, from whose hands she was snatched, and her scalp carried to her agonised lover, who was anxiously expecting the return of the parties, as a testimony that they had not said that the officer died of a broken heart. The Americans at that time industriously promulgated a report throughout the country, for the purpose of further incensing the people against the English, and widening the breach between the provinces and the mother country, that the British had been treacherously murdered by the express desire of General Burgoyne, and that he had actually paid a reward to the Indians for her scalp. Such was the tenor of a letter from Gates, the American general, who did not hesitate in the most direct terms to accuse the British chieftain of so revolting a deed. In consequence of this report, which I may truly say, at this instance, he was induced to devise for his own rule of "disinventing to justify himself against the rhapsodies of fiction and calumny," test evidence should be construed into an acknowledgment of the charge, at the time of the expedition, his abhorrence of the deed in these words: "If this misapprehension were true, I would consent to inform you that I would not be conscious of any offence you presume to impute to me for the whole continent of America, though the wealth of worlds was in its bowels, and a paradise upon its surface." Dr. Eumons has charged the British with having committed similar barbarities during the late war, and has furnished some laudable proofs. The tree, with Miss McCree's initials engraved upon it, still continues an object of veneration to the inhabitants of the village; and an old fashioned house was pointed out to me, near the outline of an ancient fort, and being the residence of the unfortunate young lady. Her remains were buried in the same year, since from the spot where she fell to Fort Edward Church.

Three miles below Fort Miller, the surface of the country becoming more broken, we crossed the river to the westward, and the march continued parallel with the road, and the river, which was now a rapid stream, crossed the bridge at the same time, by means of a small dam, and passed through the stream some distance below the bridge; and in a few minutes we arrived at Schuylerville, the scene of Burgoyne's surrender. The field in which the British had thrown their arms is upon a long plain, between two ranges of hills, and the British, who were the latter mounting his seat in such a disgraceful state of intoxication that he could not even see the reins, but

attempted to make amends by the use of his whip, which he held aloft, and the horses so immediately that they whirled us about at full gallop, with the reins in the coach at a most alarming vicinity to a fifty-foot wharf, whose base was washed by the river, with no defence nor guard between them. After he had twice fallen from his seat and injured himself severely, we resolved to run no more of the crossing, and the field of battle of Burgoyne's Heights, eight miles from the Hudson, and the river, taken a short inspection of the ground, and proceeded onwards a-foot. A farmer overtaking us in his wagon, proposed to convey us to the next town, six miles distant, where we arrived about an hour after our baggage. After the crossing the river again, once by bridge at Watford, and by ferry at Tappan, we arrived at Albany, where we arrived at Albany, the capital of the state of New York, when the night was far advanced.

At eight o'clock the following morning, we proceeded in the Champlain, a splendid steamer, down the Hudson. The channel, for several miles above Albany, is intricate and shallow; the banks low, not well cultivated, and possessing but little interest, until we came to Coscaick landing, when they become more elevated, and the scenery gradually improves as the stream approaches the ocean. The lofty and rugged Catskill Mountains are seen rearing their wooded summit to the sky, and the high, fertile, miles distant from the right bank, with the lofty hills, buildings of an hotel, the favourite rendezvous of New York fashionables in the summer season, at the cool elevation of 2200 feet above the Hudson. A few miles below the Kingston and Rodknot, is the only consideration of gentlemen's country, and the only one (in the English acceptance of the term) I had seen, which have more air of aristocracy about them than the houses in any other part of the States I visited. They are prettily placed along the margin of the river for an extent of several miles, with extensive pleasure grounds attached to them.

I took advantage of the steamer touching, to land at West Point, the seat of the Government Military Academy, 34 miles from Albany. It is situated in a romantic rocky ridge, at the entrance to the Highlands, a mountainous rocky ridge, running parallel with the Hudson on both banks for twenty miles, and generally rises to a height from the water to various heights, from 800 to 1600 feet. The Cadets' Barracks, the same formal and substantially built edifices as elsewhere for similar purposes, with the residences of the commanding and officers attached to the institution, form a small portion of a square, with a parade-ground in the open space, upon a hill about 100 feet above the river. The rear is sheltered from the south and west by a hill 600 feet in height, crowned by the remnants of a revolutionary fort, which are, as the Americans boast, the only ruins in the United States. In a redoubt at an angle of the parade-ground, a white marble monument is inscribed with the name of Kosciuszko, the Polish patriot, who resided in a small house on the sloping bank of the river, and occupied much of his time in cultivating a garden, which still bears marks of his industry and taste. West Point is the scene of the strongest American holds during the war of independence, and is celebrated as being the cause of the unfortunate Major André's death. Colonel Beverly Robinson's house, which was confiscated in consequence of the active part the proprietor took in bringing about the conference between André and Arnold, and the site of the battle of the river, and visible from the parade-ground.

The institution received its first organization by an act of Congress in 1812. The number of students is limited to 250, all of whom are educated and maintained at the expense of the general government, the annual cost of each being about 720 dollars. This time there was nearly the full complement, being a much greater amount than is required for the officering of the small American standing army of 6000 men; but many of those educated here prove of infinite service in the superintendence of public works as civil engineers, and in organising the militia. The advantages of this military academy, as inscribed in the regular army and navy, are that it exceeds one third of those who are entered at it; about one eighth are discharged, and the remaining proportion resign. They are permitted to enter between the ages of 16 and 22, preference being given to the applications of the sons of officers, and of those who have served in the next to the sons of officers killed in action. Of the deceased officers who were engaged during the last war with Great Britain. The system of education and military drill are taken closely from that of the French, and I verily believe that the Americans would give the preference to a system which would ensure the same result, though it were inferior to that in practice in England. The drills are

confined to the infantry and artillery service, there being no riding-school nor detachment of cavalry at the station, for instruction in that useful arm of warfare, which will daily become more requisite as the forests disappear before the woodman's axe. The cavalry, however, is not the least of an ill-chosen and inconvenient one, the ground being too contracted and abrupt for cavalry movements, in case they should be required, and too rocky for the construction of field works and landscape sketching. It cannot be a matter of surprise that so many of the young men resign their claims to commissions, the army being scattered in distant and small detachments along some thousands of miles of coast and frontier, many of them removed far away out of the pale of all society, which, in times of peace, tends so much to render the profession an agreeable one. The ranks are also recruited with great difficulty, and many European emigrants may be found serving under the American standard. The very nature of the government totally unites the people for strict military discipline; they are more calculated for militia and active irregular warfare than for garrison or outpost duty. Although the term of enlistment is for a very limited period (five years only, I believe), desertions thin their ranks daily, as may be seen by the following report of the Secretary of War, bearing date 22d of February, 1830:—

Year.	Desertions.	Courts' Martial.	Cost, in dollars.
1823	668	1093	58,677
1824	811	1175	70,398
1825	898	1201	72,300
1826	636	1115	59,393
1827	848	991	61,137
1828	820	1476	62,137
1829	1083		66,826

So calculating the army at 6000, which is its utmost extent, upwards of one fifth have deserted and one fourth have been tried by courts-martial during the last year included in the above returns; and the number of desertions in one year has exceeded, and one in six have been tried by a military court! The general average gives the number of desertions in nine years equal to the whole army, and that of courts-martial equal to it in four years. Desertions from the English troops on the Continent are from the same cause, though less frequent, but they are extremely insignificant when compared with the above. That the present standing army of the United States is too small for even checking the predatory incursions of the Indians is evident from the circumstance that, at the breaking out of the war with the South Sea Indians, the British Government was obliged to dispatch after my arrival in America, a placard, addressed "to the Patriot Young Men of New York," was posted in every conspicuous part of that city, stating that 500 volunteers were "required for immediate service upon the northwest frontier." I could not ascertain whether any such soldiers of a race composed part of the force which proceeded upon service, but nearly an entire division of which deserted to Upper Canada when their more dreaded enemy, the cholera, appeared amongst the ranks.

I twice saw the cadets at drill, but their long hair, dirty uniforms, and the want of military arrange, were sufficient to mark the appearance of the recruits as men in the world under arms. The words of command, too, were issued in such a drawing, careless tone of voice, that the movements were necessarily performed in a similar manner,—devoid of all smartness and precision. The inferior execution of the establishments, however, seemed to be well conducted, and strict discipline is enforced by Colonel Thayer, the present gentlemanly and able commandant. Though the soldierlike appearance of the men should not have exactly come up to my expectations, yet, if ever the two nations are so unfortunate as to meet in arms, the gallantry and gallantry of the British will be apparent in the polished manners and information acquired there by the American officers. In former campaigns, generals have been called from the rear of their countries to assume the command of armies, and have not even signed their names on the battle-plough to head divisions. Owing to the scattered state of the forces, it was my fortune to become acquainted with only few military and naval officers; but the uniform attention and kindness I experienced from all was such that I should feel proud in being enabled to render my assistance to any one bearing a commission from the United States.

We embarked in the afternoon of the 28th of October in the gigantic steamer, the "North America," which shot through the Highlands at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. I should have had all the New-Yorkers up in arms, and inveighing against me in no measured terms, had I

ventured to express any thing like disappointment at the scenery of the Hudson. But so it was, and my expectations were not realised; because, as at the falls of the Mohawk, its beauties had been much overrated. I had generally heard the Hudson, when taken in its grandeur, and, indeed, professed to think it superior; but my own taste (I should imagine) would no more admit of such a comparison than it would that New York and London should be mentioned in the same breath. The scenery between Albany and West Point is not in any ways remarkable, and the scenery life. The *total ensemble* is all that is pleasing, and the numerous craggy precipices towering one above another alone possess any claims to the picturesque. I had kept the Hudson in reserve, as a kind of *bonne bouc*, previous to my immediate departure for England, expecting that I might see it to the great advantage at a late season in the year. For this hint I was indebted to the great American novelist, and shall make a short extract from the "Spy" as being more graphical than any thing I can compose upon the subject, and as exonerating me from the trouble of penning a laboured description. "To be seen in their perfection, the highlands of the Hudson must be viewed from the point of the leaf. The picture is then in its choicest keeping; for neither the scanty foliage which the summer lends the trees nor the snows of winter are present to conceal the minutest object from the eye. *Chilling solitude* is the characteristic of the scenery; nor is the mind at liberty, to imagine a grander or a more sublime view of nature that is soon to check, without improving the view."

After passing the highlands, the river expands into several fine bays, and the shores assume a more fertile appearance. In turn we rapidly passed the extensive plain, the highlands of the Hudson, the river, the city, and the bay. The picture is then in its choicest keeping; for neither the scanty foliage which the summer lends the trees nor the snows of winter are present to conceal the minutest object from the eye. *Chilling solitude* is the characteristic of the scenery; nor is the mind at liberty, to imagine a grander or a more sublime view of nature that is soon to check, without improving the view."

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The Palisades, a range of perpendicular fabled rocks, like the Giant's Causeway in Ireland, extend along the right bank of the river, to the height of two hundred feet, and exclude all prospects of the interior for twenty miles. The highlands of the Hudson, the river, the city, and the bay. The picture is then in its choicest keeping; for neither the scanty foliage which the summer lends the trees nor the snows of winter are present to conceal the minutest object from the eye. *Chilling solitude* is the characteristic of the scenery; nor is the mind at liberty, to imagine a grander or a more sublime view of nature that is soon to check, without improving the view."

perated to have vanished with the pestilence. It now only wanted two or three days to the commencement of the quadrennial election, and new squibs or caricatures were hourly teeming from the press. Hickory trees, emblems of the Jackson party, were placed in many streets of the upper part of the city, and were as often cut down by the night by the advocates of Clay. I saw one, nearly sixty feet in height, brought across the East River from Brooklyn, accompanied by a grand display of boats, coppers, and music, and afterwards planted with much ceremony upon the summit of the city. Even at such a late party spirit had not run so high since the republic had been acknowledged, and I can certainly testify that the whole country was in a perpetual state of ferment from the day of my landing until that of my embarkation for England.

There is generally a break in the weather in the month of October, which, from being cold and boisterous, becomes mild and genial as spring during several days, and is termed "Indian summer." It continued during my stay in New York, nor could any thing be more delightful than that it was. The few days I had to remain ashore were passed in visiting Staten Island and the surrounding country, which I had omitted during my former visit. I also attended the Bowery Theatre one evening to witness the performance of a new national drama, entitled "the Cradle of Liberty," in which, as usual, all the talents of the country were displayed. The play was British. Patriotic sentiments were received more enthusiastically, and one—"the proud day of England shall be lowered never again to rise"—created most tumultuous applause. The plot throughout was, however, a most meagre production, and the composition replete with inelegance, from the opening scene to the fall of the green curtain.

At sunset, on the 1st of November, 1832, the packet-ship "North America," of 620 tons, in which I had engaged a passage, was clear of Sandy Hook, and standing off to sea, under a fair breeze, with a southerly wind. The London and Havre packets were also in company, the swift sailing run their hull down in a few short hours, and we met not a single vessel from that time until we entered the chops of the Channel.

Scarcely any thing can exceed the comfort and attention which we experienced on board the packet-ships, where the cabins are fitted up in a costly and elegant style, and the dinner-table is loaded with a profusion of delicacies. When in addition to these recommendations there is a gentlemanly captain and an agreeable party of passengers (as in this instance), even the most misanthropic and morose man, in company, during a voyage across what has now become a mere ferry, will find the fifth day we were on the banks of Newfoundland, with a heavy swell, and thirty-five fathoms water. The wind lulled for a few hours, as if in order to enable us to leave to under our main-top-sail and take thirty fish-cod, when a northwesterly gale springing up, with sharp squalls and rain, we scudded before it, and on the fourteenth day were in sight of the high lands round Bantry Bay and Cape Clear, Ireland, 3000 miles from our starting point.

The weather now became serene and beautiful, and had not the storm which succeeded the gale threatened to frustrate all our expectations, the most pleasant passage upon record, we could with pleasure have remained a week or two in the same situation. I never experienced a more delightful and sudden transition. The days were more mild and genial than in the month of May, and the sea was calm. The night of the 15th of November, the northern lights illuminated the heavens with an unusual brilliancy. The heavy gale had swept away the dim blue haze which generally hangs over the land, and the bold and picturesque coast of the south of Ireland was before us. The sea was calm, and the sky was clear, and we saw a dark line to windward, presented one placid and glittering sheet of long unbroken billows. Our ship was rolling listlessly upon the smooth surface of the waves, just beyond the verge of the last puff of the breeze, and the number of vessels around us hourly increased. Their well-filled sails came rising before the dark triple on the distant horizon, and gradually creeping towards us with diminished speed, until every sail flapped and beat itself against the straining masts in our own hapless condition. In my eyes our sister life never wore so sad a countenance, and something like the pride at her being seen to such advantage by the many strangers on board; but, as if coy or bashful, she soon drew a thick veil over her charms, or in other words, true English weather set in. The long-dreaded southeasterly wind, with its usual concomitant—a dense fog, succeeded after the expiration of two most delightful days.

After beating a few hours to windward in order to weather the cape, we were enabled to hear up the channel with studding-sails set, and were off Holyhead the following evening, when time again hung heavily on our hands. It was Sunday night, and the pilots preferred continuing their carousals to noticing the numerous rockets, blue lights, and signal guns we fired, and kept us beating on and off shore in equally unpleasant weather, until day-light, when one of them took charge of the ship, and gave us the first news of a Dutch war. As usual in such cases, the accounts were greatly exaggerated; but he had more compassion than a Cork pilot, who, three days previously, boarded a vessel in which an acquaintance of mine was passenger, and destroyed the whole Russian fleet, with only the loss of a few English line-of-battle ships; yet, the information was such as to raise the military barometer of the officers on board to its highest degree. The wind veered a-head during the two following days, which time barely sufficed to beat to the mouth of the Mersey, a distance of fifty miles; nor did we land amongst the hazy and dark buildings of Liverpool until the nineteenth day from our leaving New York bay: a fourth of this our short passage had been most provokingly swallowed up by the few miles of the Irish channel.

"You might easily pass muster as one of us; for I should never have imagined you to be the countryman of these sturdy fellows," said an American fellow-passenger to me, as we were passing through the dense crowd on the quay the following morning, and escorting our baggage to the Custom House, where it was passed in due time; and after the payment of half a crown for "specimens of minerals" (videlicet, a lump of Schuylkill coal, cedar from the tomb of Washington, splinter from the vessel which was carried over the falls of Niagara, and part of Termination Rock from under them, with divers other such valuable relics), I was soon again trundling rapidly in a good coach along the smooth roads, and amid the well-cultivated lands of the broad-shouldered sons of Old England.

THE END.

SONNETS TO ROSALIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VILLAGE FLORETTES."

There is a quiet cot, its walls are white
And covered o'er with foliage green and deep,—
And round the casement clustering wall-flowers creep,
And in link'd arches o'er the porch unite.
Retired and calm that humble hut is placed
In a warm valley, — and the smoke upcurls,
From the near village, fantastic whiffs
Above the sheltering trees. Embowered, and graced
By their rich covering, stands that modest dome;
The light glaze closed before it, and all round
The gravel'd path, pinks, daisies, deck the ground: —
That simple cot is mine — my bosom's home, —
My heart's own resting-place, for ever fair,
For thou, my Rosalie, art smiling there!

I look into the past! and see thee there,
Laughing, yet chasten'd in thy young heart's glee;
And o'er that brow, unmarred yet by care,
The rich brown tresses clustering wild and free;
Thy bosom heaving with delicious sighs
That speak of anguish but sorrow, — and the cheek
Flushing with unknown fancies, — and thine eyes
Speaking more tenderly than words can speak —
Thou' lo'st me!

And within those eyes I gaze,
Bright with the pure soul's brightness; and thy smile
Repoves in vain — and only tempts — the praise
Of lips by smiling made more sweet the while!
And there thou standest with that gleaming eye,
Blushing in youth's first love, my Rosalie!

I see thee, Rosalie! — thy charms the same,
But mellow'd — and more lovely — on thy knee
A fair-haired infant laughs with childish glee,
Or clings around thy neck, and lip thy name!
Still art thou beautiful! and as thy hair
Is bent to kiss thy cheek, thy tresses brown,
Floating in wavy ringlets loosely down,
O'er the fair features of the child are spread,
Which sleeps within their shadow. —

At thy feet
Stands the light cradle, and I see the place
Thy slumbering babe within it, and thy face
Grows bright as listening to its breathings sweet, —
Thou gazest on its rest, so soft and mild,
And callest on thy God to guard thy child!

Traditionary Stories

AND

LEGENDARY ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY ANDREW PICKEN,

AUTHOR OF THE "DOMINIE'S LEGACY," &c. &c.

INTRODUCTION.

The following stories are taken from a work just received from London, entitled "Traditionary Stories of old Families, and Legendary Illustrations of Family History," by the author of the "Dominie's Legacy," a book which has not, we believe, been printed in America. This new work comprises, besides the two longest we have selected, a few very brief legendary illustrations of minor interest, particularly in this country.

It appears to be the design of the author to continue his labours, and not to confine himself to Scotland; he says in the preface, "future volumes will be trusts, how much it is his own wish to avoid the charge of national partiality." He returns thanks to the early friends of the plan, who by patronising it in its early stage, or by supplying information for the present, or offering it for future volumes, have encouraged him to the publication.

Among the names thus introduced, is a long list of dukes, duchesses, marquesses and marchionesses, earls, the Lord Chancellor and other lords, &c. &c., and not least Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Southey, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Moore, and others. We are confident these tales will be received with favour by the public; the second in particular, is a story of great power and pathos. We shall look for the future volumes with anxiety, and if of equal merit, shall lay them before our readers.

LADY BARBARA OF CARLOGHIE,

AND

THE JOHNSTONS OF FAIRLY.

A STORY OF THE DOMINIE.*

CHAPTER I.

THE DOMINIE'S PROGRAMME.

It was whilst living dull and solitary in my upland dwelling of Balgownie Brae, in the west of Scotland, and slinging listlessly on towards the evening of life, that I at one time took a plaintive thought concerning sundry events in my own history; and recalled, with an inward sadness, various illusory enchantments of my youthful days. In particular I reflected, in reference to those wanderings of mine, in the course of which I had gathered together so many records of bygone good and evil, that there was one district of my country, to me associated with many interesting recollections, which I had not visited for above twenty moralising and regretful years.

And yet, several times of late, I had ventured towards the exterior margin of this peculiar spot, and had traced out, by the help of fancy, the green holms of Ruar water, and even seen against the evening sky the embattled turrets of old Carloghie, rising venerable o'er its sweeping woods; reminding me of promising fancies that had

*To those who have not met with a book called "The Dominie's Legacy," it may be necessary to state, that the idea is of a simple and benevolent old man—an abstruse clergyman of the Kirk of Scotland, afterwards a teacher or dominie—who, becoming independent in his latter years, indulges his propensity for wandering about over the country, making his observations, and hearing and gathering old and quaint stories, in all of which the honest Dominie felt himself much interested. These he is supposed to write at his leisure, in his bachelor home; and not having the courage to publish them himself, leaves them to the author as a "legacy" for the edification of the world.

ended in nothing, and hopes whose very recollection lay in the mists of oblivion. But more than a Plough sight of these well known haughs, it neither answered my pride, nor my prodigious lake; for, circumstances had happened to myself, which deeply mortified my feelings; and I would not be the first to seek out those who sought not me, nor run the hazard of meeting with one, whose presence could only stir up most painful thoughts. Many a tale I have told of the loves of others—and how the young were ever ready to hear of such matters; but the old were disappointed in the ambitions of life. But the simple egotisms of my own experience, and how I was vexed at the heart concerning a certain female, it does not become me to open out to the world.

The dismal time of the year was yet at its worst, for it was one dreary and dropping afternoon, in the dark month of January, when these sombre musings came over my mind like a heavy cloud, reminding me of tenderness long gone by, and anticipations of joy which had melted away like the summer's sleet, and left nothing behind them, but a yearning of the heart. As I looked at the leafless trees round my dwelling, through whose naked boughs the cold wind of winter was mournfully whistling; and bethought me of the barren bachelor sterility, left at this late time of life without an object on which to let out the sympathies of my nature; and observed the young men, like myself, stretched forth their bald arms towards the heavens, waiting for the genial days of spring life, which would soon return to them, but never again to me—the weakness of feeling broke out upon me, as it had been the dissolving clouds; and, like Rachel in the scripture, I wept for my children because they were not.

Anon, this weakness passed away, and I wiped with shame my solitary tears; for I reflected, that unavailing regret was but one of Solomon's vanities; seeing that it is not in the nature of Time's things to fill up the secret cravings of the affections. So, like others, I smelt in myself the same yearning, and my whole discontent, and resolved that when the warm spring should again return, I would take up my wallet and my staff, and setting forth as I was wont, would once more venture to tread the gowans by Fairly Burn, and explore the stately woods of sweet Carloghie.

The long winter at length passed over, and spring, as the song says, began to "cleed the birken shaw," when my time of travelling being come, I prepared to set forth with my face turned towards the pleasant south. The very evening, however, before my intended departure, considerations began to press upon my thoughts, which almost tended to change my whole resolves. While these considerations precisely consisted of, it were tedious to the reader, at present, to amplify. But they partook of that mixture of pride and delicacy, which may exist between persons who have known each other long, from circumstances that grow out of the changes of things, we know not how, but which fate or fortune is constantly bringing about, to disappoint our auguries of what is to happen to ourselves.

I had nearly made up my mind against my journey to this quarter, when looking forth from my window, I perceived, to my surprise, the post-chaise, with his coming slowly up the avenue. A sealed epistle was soon put into my hands, and I found myself addressed in the following unusual manner —

"Carloghie Castle, 1st May 17—.

"As there is a time, dear sir, for all things that are done in the world, so there ought to be a period, when reasons may be given for our darkest acts; and when I, at least, may take pen in hand, to solicit the kindly recollections of an old friend. It is due to you, and long has been, that I should explain in person various matters, that might appear mysterious in my conduct to you in former years.

"This explanation I had much desired to give you, as I now feel myself ready to confess. But there are reasons connected with a woman's feelings, and the world's circumstances, which may not themselves be easily explained; for we see not clearly what is required of us, and good and evil seem at times almost to change places.

"For all this, if I am not wrong in my calculations concerning you, you will come hither to me and speak to me. Come then to Carloghie, and that speedily, for all is past that we once dreamt of, and we may now converse as old friends, whose former acquaintance is forgotten by the world.

Yours in kindness and esteem,

"MARION LOGAN."

Never did fate send a lonely man, in the nick of time, a more welcome epistle, to skin over the sores of his pri-

vate regrets, and restore his confidence in human virtue. All that night I could not sleep, and fresh morning had hardly raised the birds from their nests, when I was already on my pleasant road; for never were my nerves in better order for a long journey. Thus I trusted on for half a day and date, with my staff in my hand, and my wallet from my shoulder, sometimes crooning to myself a song of my country; and as light of heart as a minstrel galloping. Two long summer's days had hardly won to an end, ere I descried on the horizon towards the western sky the picturesque array of towers and battlements drawing towards me, and of the following day, however, ere I arrived at the old-fashioned porter's lodge, where I had been directed to enquire concerning my early friend. Two or three sentences exchanged with the porters, as I rested on my staff by her honeysuckle-bush, told me I had, I thought, to know regarding Marion's reasons for her conduct to me; and enabled me to waive, when we should meet, those circumstantial details which could not be mutually painful. Never shall I blame man or woman for a becoming pride, even though their situation be humble and obscure, when they know it to be the foundation of so much virtue. At the time when Marion last communicated with me, she had been obliged to become a dependent upon the ancient noble family of Carloghie. All the members of the family were now scattered, or had fled for a time, as the way of the great world had sought to know regarding Marion's life, with old Mr. Morrison the gardener, and two or three more supernumerary servants, were left in full charge of the old building and the domains.

The roses and lilies, and bushy brooms and sweetbriars, that margined the avenue which led to the door, were dressed in garlands like a running nosegay; and when I got to the top of the mount, where the road elbowed round, the holms of Fairly lying quiet in the distance, appeared beneath me, where the stream windied between the woods, like a paradise of poetry and pleasant thoughts. Above the streamlet, upon a grassy bank, I had seen a tall, slender tree, which Marion herself told me to be my daily society; but many a wishful dream I have had in my time, which came in the train of solacing fancies, delighting the present and gilding the future, but which vanished at last like the illusions of sleep. Marion has no doubt had her fair time of youth and pleasures and a mother's joys. But times and things are no longer what they were, and here in the distance I could see the building that once was her father's mansion, all changed and altered by the hands of a stranger.

The castle of Carloghie, to which I had been directed, was a long, low, and rambling building, and had great towers and high chimneys, and broken battlements, and frowning arches, and grinning faces that peeped out of awkward corners, and strange outlandish edifices, that supported corbels of heavy Gothicism above your head—grotesque creatures that were made by the Piccts, at the time that King Kenneth conversed with the dragon—and so many doors there were to this patched bundle of buildings (besides the great entrance which I dared not attempt), that when I drew near and began to reconnoitre its endless intricacies, I could not make a choice by which to enter. I was at last obliged to choose the one which I thought most idle, and which I thought most likely to ensure for my friend. At length, finding myself gazed at by one of those little boys, who are the natural vermin of great houses, I addressed the chap with becoming circumspection, and he led me to a door as lowly as he thought me entitled to, when ushering me into a long passage, he said, "I had hoped to get you at the ultimatum of my errand."

When the door of the apartment into which I was shown was shut upon me, my heart beat quick at the near anticipation of Marion's real presence, and I was hurried to my knees, and yet I could not find it to say in strictness, that I had ever been absolutely in love with Marion Logan. The sentiment I entertained for her partook not of the earthly impatience of passion, but consisted rather of those quiet sympathies of nature, between persons of different ages, and of different degrees of intellectual esteem, are rendered touching by time and individual meditation, and twice closer after all into the inner affections, than any more fiery and consuming agitation.

But agitation in reality was now fast coming over me, and I was trained to it, with the same quickness, and rushed hastily through my mind, the stillness that reigned in the great castle was to me almost painful. I could hear distinctly, even above the murmur of the summer wind without, the boom of the waterfall, which I had passed in the hollow beyond the planting. At length, the echo which followed the shutting of a door above my head,

sounding through the arched passages, recalled my expectation. I heard a light foot step down the stairs, and the door of my room being softly opened, I rose to meet the friend of my memory.

With some surprise I observed that she was dressed in black; a white smock (something) with sable ornaments, was folded modestly from her neck; and for a head-dress she wore a black (something else) which, tastefully arranged, and tipped with spots of white satin, appeared almost affecting in its mournful simplicity, like the ermine emblems on the monument of departed youth. We stood and contemplated each other for a moment. Time had made a difference certainly; but that difference was such, as instead of injuring rather to enhance the force of a sentiment, which had been founded on something more than the flash of a momentary glance. I had lost less however of the warmth of the heart's feelings, alone in Marion's mild and speaking eye; and whatever her countenance had lost in its form and compactness, it had gained, at least to me, in sedate meaning and depth of expression.

After the shaking of hands, and the first steady look, and the enquiries and responses that let us hear once more the sound of each other's voices,—

"You will now admit, sir," she said, after some few words, "that I had good reasons for adopting that painful resolution, which deprived me, of all hope, of all interest, and I have myself been involved in them, in a way which I could neither foresee nor prevent. But come," she added, "let us not make ourselves melancholy over others' fates, while our own have included their share of disappointments; and while we talk as we have been talking, we shall never be able to grasp the various grandours of this old mansion, and tell you something of the ancient historians of my lord's family."

CHAPTER II.

The old castle of Carloghie, as we went through it, certainly presented altogether a strange mass of antiquarian inconsistencies. Like similar edifices of progressive erection, it might be said to form an instructive record of human greatness and infinity. There was not wanting banqueting halls, and dancing halls, with high ceilings and long windows; and with drawing-rooms of modern decorations; and state chambers of the olden time; and faded tapestry, and tattered velvet, and small dormitories, which ought to have been haunted; and narrow passages adding to nothing, unless they were the means of being better turreted, which ought to have been feared to climb to; and which, topping over a precipice of black tower, frowned over wood and hollow; overlooking a prospect without that refreshed the senses, and pleasantly recalled the weary imagination from the dry contemplations of dusty antiquity.

At the end of the most ancient part of the castle, there were holes and dungeons within oaken doors into which Marion and I feared to look; and dark recesses, and iron rings in the walls, which filled the mind with the most terrible fancies; whilst above all these were painted saloons with great gilded beams and carved and gilded carvings and bravery, and antique armour, and stained glass—which bespoke nothing but lordly waste and enjoyment. Many a heavy door my guide pushed open for me, and many a naked apartment of arched stone or stony magnificence, she took me into, and made me gaze at the past, and meditated the present, and where we saw much dusty grandeur, and many oaken inconveniences of quaint shapes and grotesque massiveness; which, like the obsolete spelling of an old book, taught, in uncouth terms, hard to decipher, lessons ever new and ever old, which time and nature puts in

But as Marion and I conversed over the tattered pictures in the upper chambers, among many broken-down portraits of former lords of these domains, whose very names were becoming as obsolete as their features were their pictures, I looked at the ugly traits of the old lords, resembling nothing ever seen on the earth, which

the artists of the olden time had carved in black wood, to diversify living forms; they seemed to bring to me the same evidence, as the grotesque sphinxes of ancient Persia or Egypt,—that if the old father of the hour-glass is not a hallowed monument, his domains being constantly invaded by the shadows of oblivion, the human fancy is also limited; experience continually circumscribing its fantastic domain, by subjecting its wildness to a constant comparison with existing things. These strange fancies could have come into my head, however, but for the faded countenances on the walls, whose walls were almost covered with more modern portraits? They were of different sizes, and represented persons of the family who had died at all ages—from the chubby infant to the toothless old man. In contemplating all these round the apartment, the idea of a church-yard became so unconsciously mixed up with the figures before me, that I was obliged to pass my hand over my eyes, and enquire internally the cause of this involuntary association. I could give no other reason for it than that, though seeming fresh and animated with life by the art of the limner, the personages on the walls were all dead, and actually buried in the family vault near the old chapel of Carloghie; and it was the knowledge of this, no doubt, made me associate what I saw with the idea of a burying ground, wherein, of course, to be seen, in irregular mixture, white urns, and the bones of the aged, full grown death, or wasted decrepitude, resting beside the child of a span—long all gone, and equally silent with the painted effigies before me. The scraps of individual history, which Marion was enabled to append to my observations on several of the personages in my view, carried in them that sort of interest which we trace the fortunes of those who are born apparently to every advantage, and yet somehow come short of anticipated happiness.

Was I right in inferring, from all I could learn, that these effigies were the most tragical lives of whom the name was known to their posterity? I found at least that the historical circumstances preserved through tradition were nearly all of an unhappy or unfortunate species; for man is a being so discontented with his own lot, in his day, that he finds a consolation and a comfort in tracing the dwellings of his forefathers, and in the contemplation of especially who are beyond the reach of calling for his help.

"Your eye has caught her at last," said Marion, rather abruptly, observing me contemplating the face of a female portrait, comparatively recently traced on the canvas, and which I thought I had never seen before. "You will not say she is so pretty as some of the others."

"There is nothing in that portrait that is at all striking," said I, looking again at the buxom figure of a young lady, whose face had more of the character of Rubens' women, than that of that cold Madonna—unless it be the crimson velvet robe, that so ambitiously wraps her bust; or the pearl tresses on her head, that gives her a look like Queen Cleopatra. This must have been a very high dame by her queen-like appearance. She seems even now to frown upon us, as if reproaching us for our familiarity."

Marion merely shook her head, sadly, as she contemplated the portrait, and stepped two paces back, as if the look made her uneasy. "Do you like her?" she said, rather hastily. "Portraits are a good channel for family history; sometimes also a good text, from which to preach a sermon, which I cannot gainsay. Who is she?"

"Do like her," I answered, "and yet I hardly know why, for beauty is certainly not the main characteristic of her face; nor can I read ought of her character in its mixed lineaments. She is a daughter, I perceive, of the house of Carloghie, and one of the most haughty of its females; at least, I cannot gainsay. Who is she?"

"She is,—but come away! we have been long enough in this room," said Marion hastily, and hurrying me towards the door. "Follow me," she added; "and as we have talked of pictures, we will see if a painter can tell a history."

We descended again some long narrow stairs, and then turned off towards a different quarter of the castle. When we came to a little arched door, she stopped and hesitated, as if some thought had struck her to prevent her entrance.

"No," she said, "we will not enter now. It will be time enough when you have heard a tale about this lady, which I owe it to myself as well as to you to tell, from the beginning. You may not think it interesting; perhaps it may even appear tedious, in the way I must narrate it, to show it out as it struck me,—but, whatever may be its defects, it is at least a tale, and it is in it a deep and solemn moral, evidenced by sufferings of which I

have been the melancholy witness, and feelings which I shall not easily portray."

While we thus speaking, the bell in the western tower rang for dinner, with as much formality as if the whole family had been at home; and after a simple repast, which enjoyed much the society of my valued friend, Marion thus began her tale of the family.

CHAPTER III.

THE STORY.

"One of the earliest things that I can remember," began my narrator, "was the marriage day of the earl, when he brought home to Carloghie Castle the high and haughty Lady Mary Bochlviye. I was then but a child at my mother's foot; and my memory only retains a dim confusion of carriages, horses prancing towards the castle; and white ribands, and gay dresses; and firing of guns that almost frightened me out of my wits; and shouting of the men, and amazement of the women, at all the grandeur and the bravery. Never, from that day to this, was there such a show in the Fairly Holms: for it was then the fashion for weddings and funerals at great houses to be celebrated with much eating, drinking, crowds, and rejoicing. And so Lady Bochlviye, being a great lady, to be brought home; and my lord being a proud man, and used to all manner of magnificence ever since his marriage, he could not be gratified, though it was nothing but cold and flying on the towers of Carloghie, and wine flowing in the great hall below; and all the gentry far and near were gathered to the celebration, to drink happiness and joy to my lord and my lady.

"I remember the confusion of my little head at seeing all that I saw, and hearing all that I heard that day; and at the guns cracking at my ears, and the shouting and hurraing; for the farmers and people were perfectly mad with joy at seeing the great folks come back to our own holms, and talked all manner of extravagances in their ears. And when the night came, the bonfires glowing on every hill for miles round, in my young eyes—I think I see them still, blazing through the dimness of forty years!

"But my father was a thoughtful man, and had particular view of the world; and when he saw all this ostentatious rejoicing, he shook his head with a stern countenance, and a rebuke in his look; and I heard him say to my mother, that, although it was not pleasant to prophesy sorrow in the midst of mirth, yet that the whitest stone threw the blackest shadow; that this over boasting of present joy and anticipated happiness was perilous to the future; that it might be followed by a sudden prediction for the uncertain future. The day passed over, however, as the happiest day must; and months ran away after that; and the rejoicing was almost as great, when a son and heir came to be surely anticipated, to inherit the great earldom of Carloghie. That my lady's heart to come to be a son, there could be no doubt; for my lord was a man who had always been used to have his own way, and to be crossed in a particular so important to his house was an event which of course was not to be thought of.

"From that time ripened, and the doctors were agreed, and all the countess was set on so great an occasion, the earl received a damper in the page's news, which was almost too much for his spirit to bear. The expected son, who was destined to be christened in the names of all his ancestors, turned out to be only a daughter, for which no name whatever had been made or provided.

"Here was a business for an earl of the land! It was perfectly cruel and distressing!

"The worst of disappointments, however, time will soften down; and a son and heir was again promised to the earl of Carloghie. But the prediction, that at length, after years of waiting, and in the fulness of the period, ended also in a new disappointment, more trying—I may say more intolerable—even than the former. To be thus contradicted in his wishes a second time, was more than could be expected to be borne, by a man of my lord's disposition, with this child, the earl and his lady, fell ill health from trouble of mind, and my lord went abroad, and became misanthropic to the world.

"Both might have become reconciled to these repeated misfortunes, had the little ladies Frances and Mary been cherubs of beauty, as great people's children, no doubt, might be. But, as the earl and his lady seemed not to look at the little girls were plain to a degree, and the nursery maids said they were perfect imps. The hopes of the parents again revived, however, for it was evident the earl was going to have a large

family. But the next child my lady had was also a daughter! So all the calculations of the relatives, on both sides of the house, were entirely defeated, and the earl was reduced to black despair.

"It was a great trial for my lord to be so pertentious; but, from the old Lady Carloghie and others, he had always, from a child, had whatever he wished that money could purchase; and as money had hitherto procured him every thing he desired, and he had never been so balked and thwarted before, it was no wonder he was so sad and discontented. Other children of his house, and his tenantry were at this time added to vex and worry my lord's mind; and as, I have heard tell, he began, in the midst of his fit, to look around him with astonishment, and ask himself if he were really a born earl, and a patrician of the realm, that he should thus be subjected to crosses and troubles, as if he had been nothing but a poor man.

"The expectation of children was now only a vexation to him, as the event he had set his heart on never took place; although my lady was now in good health, and all the livings and domestic here at the old castle. Accordingly, the fourth time, my lord set off from this irksome neighbourhood, just to be out of the way of another disappointment. He was gone about London, or somewhere else, seeking consolation, as usual, in the spending of money, when, what was his surprise, one day he was invited to a dinner at the residence of the common post-office, as if it were only a report of his factor, announcing to him nothing less than the actual birth of a son and heir!

"So sudden a dispelling of the clouds of misfortune was almost too much for his lordship's nerves. He took leave instantly to return to his affairs, and his rejoicings that took place at Carloghie Castle, on his arrival, were so great and long continued as almost to cause the death of the child whose birth had been the occasion of so sudden a change. Thus began the several bright years that, notwithstanding my father's ominous forebodings, were followed by a calamity through the cold hearts of the earl and his lady, and to enliven the whole neighbourhood of old Carloghie.

"And so thus ends, I may say, the first epoch of this particular branch of our family history."

CHAPTER IV.

"When Lord William grew up—for this was the first of the names by which the male heir of the family had been christened—unlike, in particular, his two eldest sisters, who, I may venture a first name, a handsome youth, with a countenance so fragile and delicate, that to his dotting parents his health became a subject of constant solicitude. As for the girls,—particularly Lady Frances and Lady Mary—they were really, to speak the honest truth, as plain in all respects of the outward woman, as ever you would suppose to be possible for a noble earl's daughters to be. The eldest was arrogant to a degree, and had an ungainly figure, and features such as you will seldom see in a common farmer's lassie. The second had high cheek bones, which my lady her mother said, was too Scotch; a skin freckled like a leopard, although the face was so comely; and her eyes were so big, and she had also sandy red eye-lashes, which gave her face a very peculiar and far from agreeable expression. The third and youngest, Lady Barbara, though bluff and brown when a child, grew up a comely and attractive girl. This young lady, indeed, took very much the look of my father, Lord William—having at least his dark penetrating eye, with the lofty and haughty bearing of her mother's side of the house. Consequently Lady Barbara was flattered much from contrast with her less favoured sisters, and by them she was regarded with a natural, almost a justifiable, envy.

"The second epoch of our family history was, from her earliest years, lavished upon the young heir, who began to discover qualities, both mental and external, which well might excite the admiration of my lord and my lady. With a thin yet animated longish visage, an eye like a hawk, and a look expressive of that wild sort of intellectuality which belongs to the finest species of the aristocracy, Lord William was a youth of whom any lord in the land might well have been proud. I remember him when a boy—a pretty boy! riding like Jehu down the Fairly Holms, and calling upon the farmer lads to follow him in his gallop, as if he had been leading an army to battle; and, in the time of his little rambles, he seemed not to be in the youth's thoughts; but rather something that was not usual for a lord, namely, learning and scholarship, and pretty arts, as if he was to be nothing but a silly man to write books for dull people to

abuse, or a learned clerk to teach homilies of philosophy; and then, to crown all, what should serve his wilful spirit after that, but he must take up the ambition to paint pictures, like a painter.

"What I have not got this fancy into his head, he filled the castle with a litter of limners' gear, paints, and paint-brushes, and filthy oils, that smelled the rooms, dabbled the floors, and vexed the house-maids exceedingly. My lady his mother did not approve of these fancies; but he being delicate, besides being very clever, and not the least capricious, and as he had been left to leave his tutors and his hard words, and wander the woods with a crayon and a book, and sit himself down on a cold stone or the root of a tree, drawing old walls and ruined turrets; or he would go down about the holms by the water's edge, and take effigies of common birds, and peacocks, and cobbles, and he would be boys, and cart horses, and swine; which he would come and show at the castle, as if they had been high matters to be admired! Then he would make free to look at the farmer lads, and to be seen with his crayons and his paper, as if he had not been the son of my lord, and nothing but a common student, drawing trees and stumps for his living.

"In these peculiar fancies, certainly, my lord was not aided or abetted by any at the castle; for his father frowned and spoke angry austerity; his lady mother behaved as if she were a stranger, and as if she were not his eldest sisters looked stiff and scornful upon him and his drawings, and sometimes broke out and scolded him like perfect kilt-women. All this, however, only roused in him a spirit of resistance, which, partly founded on the consciousness of his rank, partly on his haughty disposition, and partly on the sure workings of human nature, in a process of imbibing, did not develop itself in a returning of argument, but in setting them all by his conduct at open defiance.

"In this sort of wilfulness, which was after all tolerably harmless, except on the score of letting down his dignity, Lord William was not alone. For he had, as you see, his youngest sister, whom he most resembled, by degrees began to join him in what he pled for, praised his talents, and defended his conduct; and at length broke loose herself, and followed him without in his eccentric ramblings. In the opinion of his mother and her sister, Lady Barbara was now began to adopt her as becoming her father's daughter, as the young lord did unlike an earl's son. Parental or tutorial authority was now of little avail against the wild spirit of the brother and sister; and the domestic dignity of my lord's family government became defined against itself in the insubordination of family.

"To give you the philosophy of the matter," continued Marion—"for there must be philosophy in my tale, although I tell it, or truly it is nothing—there was a reason for the disobedient spirit of the two younger children, arising out of the sure workings of human nature. In common with very many in their high station, my lord and my lady made the chief virtue required of them and their children to consist of the proper support of their dignity, especially in the view of their obvious inferiors. Accordingly, from the first dawn of reason in their children, they were taught to feel that it was their duty to be pressing upon their young minds, in the strongest language, the fact of their hereditary greatness, and of the infinite distance that there was by nature between them and all those by whom they were usually surrounded. As they grew in years, maxims of dignity and airs of superiority were inculcated, and they were taught, as Lord Carloghie with incessant diligence and fastidious care, and became in truth the staple of that family education, which has of all other the greatest influence on the formation of character.

"But the anxiety of parents upon a favourite point is extremely apt to be fatal, itself, by overdoing something with artificial means, which seems to them at the moment to be all in all. Thus, as is often done in the case of religion, by constantly worrying youth with one theme, they excite that feeling of irksomeness and disgust at the whole of a subject, which years only strengthen; by being the result of association, or rather the ideas of Carloghie Castle, however, the watchfulness and jealousy of their parents, upon this incessant subject, and upon the constant study of an artificial manner before inferiors, had not this effect; no more than would, probably, forced religion have had upon a fine species of minds; and, by the way, I must here say, that the elder ladies, and diocese people, all narrow opinions, tending to self-love, were extremely subject to them, and became bitter bigotry as fast as imbibed.

"The nobler and freer intellects of Lord William and

his youngest sister, however, spared these opinions, in proportion as they were extraneous beyond the common sense apprehensions of simple minds; and as they were urged upon them on occasions unreasonable to the warm and generous feelings of youth, their untractable disregard to the reserves becoming their station,—having been formed by a system of restraint too early enforced,—was aggravated by constant and bigoted exhortation; and kindled, by the pressing of overstrained sentiments, often into silent yet resolute opposition.

"Had the Earl of Carlisle been a mushroom house, this insolent spirit might in some sort have been excused; at least it might be deemed only a transient aberration to the usual procedure of the world. But its existence in his case only shows that a contracted mind, feeding on pride, fastens, in all circumstances, on those means and objects, which are suited to its own ignorant spirit and its narrow ideas. Thus, looking upon all beneath him in rank—at least if not redeemed by surpassing wealth—as beings of a different species from themselves, the noble parents taught this creed in every form to their children; and those of the latter, who could not receive it to the same extent as themselves, were opposed to the prevailing opinion, and were considered as renegades from their noble house. Thus also, without parental indulgence, and the delicate state of his own health, preserved Lord William late from being sent to college, the foundation was laid for those artist ransoms and those eccentric opinions, both on the part of himself and sister, which, as we have seen, have since been quite different from those of my lord and my lady, ultimately ended, at least on the part of one of them, in the uncommon events of her history."

With Lord William, indeed, this spirit of unsuitable liberty, contrary to the will of my lord, would have doubtless been followed down by more extended observation, had time been allowed him to mix further with the world. But, alas for his haughty yet dotting parents! when just about sending him at last to the university, his health grew worse, and getting drenched in the rain, they sent him to the country, to reside in terror of his father he sat in the evening in his study, and a fever was the consequence, which at once threw the family into the most dreadful alarm. Their worst fears for him soon became too well verified; and though doctors were sent for, wherever money could procure the highest medical skill, the patient continued to grow weaker, till, in the end, he expired, and his father, who never left him, nursing by his bedside day and night, the efforts of man were of no avail; the prospect of a coronet could not save him; and in ten days after he was taken ill, handsome Lord William, the hope of his house, and the pride and boast of the Fairly Holmes, lay a dead corpse in the Gothic room, among the old standards and escutcheons here in Carlisle Castle.

"Oh, what a voice of lamentation and weeping arose within the hoary walls of this dreary mansion! Oh, what a despair of heavy grief drowned in sorrow my lord and my lady! and oh, what a day was that, when the youthful body was to be buried in the great family vault in the old chapel! When the black hearse, with the white plumes, and the yellow skulls that grinned on the dark panels, came down the long avenue from Carlisle Castle; and when the long cavalcade of mourning and black-robed gentlemen, and the Ruar Water, as I stood and watched the funeral, by my father's side, I saw the tears hop down the old man's cheek; and I heard him murmur to himself these solemn words: 'Now is my prophecy o'er thy rude rede. The fear, is but the first act of the black tragedy, that for the warning period, longings that made the all, is to follow the immoderate rejoicings that made the all, and filled these haughts with boastful bravery so shortly since, upon my good lord's wedding day.'"

CHAPTER V.

"Change of place, and change of scene, and the sight of foreign parts and strange company, help to dissipate great toils' grief; and so my lord and my lady, and all their retinue, at length returned again to old Carlisle. There came with them, or arrived soon after, a crowd of carriages, and various-sized wheeled vehicles, containing doctors, apothecaries, and other lords, and foreign and small means, and, in short, a well selected gathering of miscellaneous gentry."

"All this driving of coaches, and company-keeping at Carlisle, was, of course, to marry off my lord's three daughters, who began to hang heavy on their parents' hands, and made them exceedingly anxious for the time

to come. In this laudable and most parental purpose, my lord and my lady were baffled; however, in a manner that looked as if they had been born to be unfortunate. In truth, with reference to the great number of high born authors, the looks of the two eldest girls were exceedingly against them.

"First, in painstaking expense upon this important business, my lord and my lady were not disposed to blame. They had dress-makers from London, and stay-makers from Paris, and milliners from all civilised foreign parts; and artists of the person to no end; and my lord, poor man, was like to be ruined and driven to the wall, by the cost of nothing but the trouble and the cost thereof. Then there were numerous patches, got from all quarters, bearing all manner of foreign names; and French rouge, to make the ladies bloom like the rose; and scents and perfumes, to make them smell like Arabia; and pastes and poultices, to whiten their skins; and oils and dye-drugs, to recolour their hair—and the whole estate was like a warehouse with a litter of cosmetics.

"But all would not do; and my lord's grand dinners were eaten for nought; for the high gentry dropped off one by one, without ever asking an interesting question. And, as for the great number of epithets in the holy book, the ladies were left white as the driven snow, in the castle, or wander about the hills in solitariness. With the two eldest ladies, this was particularly the case; and as for the youngest, though much better favoured, and every way more attractive, she was of a reckless and wild spirit, which seemed absolutely to frighten the men from any waverling purpose towards her. She was now, however, become a buxom and heroic-looking girl, with large black eyes and a towering head; and as her sisters, saving for some inferior match, were exactly upon the shelf, upon Lady Barbara was fixed the hopes of the family."

"In all civilised communities of old aristocracy, it has ever been the practice for parents to look out matches for their daughters; it being well understood, that it is a matter with which the girls themselves have in the end of the day, but little to do. And, in the case of Barbara's philosophy. She conceived, like all foolish young people, that likings and dislikings, in the case of matrimonial coupling, had something to do with the happiness of life—that these were in some cases to be reckoned upon, and considerations even to be set against interest and ambition. In short, she had become a convert to the dangerous doctrine, that greatness itself is not to be considered as entirely paramount to the romance-borne feelings of plebeian nature."

"These opinions might, as I said before, have been softened down into reason, by meeting them half way and more judicious view of the world. But the worthy earl was a straight-forward man, and had no idea of that strange something, which argumentative people call human nature. Never having, therefore, been crossed in his whole life, unless it might be by Providence above, which makes an exception in favour of high lineage, he was not to be deterred at this time of high age, especially by his own begotten children. Accordingly, the wilful spirit of Lady Barbara was met, in all things, by the most determined opposition; until, by the self-confidence of youth, and the fancy of persecution, she was at length settled down, since her brother's death, into a distrust of the justice, and a suspicion of the motives, of her own parents."

"When, therefore, my lord had, with parental care, and much anxiety of mind, arranged satisfactorily for her the business of a husband, in the person of a nobleman of much wealth and undoubted family, Lady Barbara received the tidings with perfect astonishment; as she had received the same news, before, and before, if her will ought to have been adhered to, before, the matter had gone so far. But my lord had mistaken the temper of his daughter, even if he was correct in his ideas of the precise state of obligation between parent and child. Independent, therefore, of her opinion of the person, who she had received permission to address, she was, strongly, if not insuperably, prejudiced against him, from the manner in which she conceived him to be forced upon her. Never, therefore, did obstinate girl more effectually turn the back of her hand to the suitor whom, from the Marquis of Brechin, she absolutely turned herself on her heel, and ran from him, and, taking to the stables down in the hollow, and saddling her pony, almost with her own hands, she set off to the woods like a hunter Diana."

"You will allow, Mr. Balgownie," continued Marion, "that this was most dreadful conduct. Had Lady Barbara been but a simple gentleman's daughter, she might have been excused for this distaste at a disagreeable-looking man; for, to say the truth, the marquess, notwithstanding his lands, was a wornout lord, and had seen much service in this vile world in more ways than I have heard, than it is necessary to express. Besides this, his lordship, in the eyes of the vulgar, was a whipping-post of a nobleman, with gray whiskers and lean legs, and, more like a French mouscree dried to a mummy, than a husband for Lady Barbara. All these, I say, might have been good reasons for the lady's conduct, but she knew nothing but how to think of a man of low degree. But for an eccentric daughter, to be so prejudiced against the man that she should like, or of refusing a marquess for any fault whatsoever, was a thing that was beyond the power of understanding."

"But what might be his lordship's age?" interrupted I, tired of sitting so long without a listener; "for much, with young women, depends upon that."

"As to his age," replied Marion, "it was not out of the way, as gentlemen go. He could not be more than forty years, which, you know, Mr. Balgownie, makes but a young man."

"Why, to that, Mrs. Marion," said I, stroking my chin considerably, "youth itself is a matter of opinion like other things; and I would be loth to predicate, on my own responsibility, upon so little a question, especially in reference to such a free-thinking young woman as this Lady Barbara is described to be. But was there nothing else in the root of young woman's dislike; for I have always understood that, in spite of romantic notions, with most ladies, after all, a marquess is a marquess."

"So he is," answered Marion; "and a high man too was the Marquis of Brechin; and you may call him young or not; but although his wife was very young, his teeth were bad, either Lady Frances or Lady Mary would have had him at a moment. However, as you enquire, there was something else at the root of Barbara's dislike, which, in fact, became the cause of unexpected reverses in her fortune, and may therefore require a few words of retrospection to be cleared up."

Here Marion paused, and took a sip at her cordial; while I, refreshing my own attention with a hearty pinch of Edinburgh snuff, and settling myself on my chair, got her to proceed in her story, as in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

"In the hollow beyond the house where my father dwelt, but nearly a mile farther from the castle, there lived, near to the water's edge, a thriving family of farming people, but no tenants of my lord's; and the name of the old man was Robert Johnstone."

"This farmer was a plain person, and shrewd and sagacious, like most of his compere; but his wife, who had been the widow of a poor minister of the kirk, was bold and ambitious, and continually stirred up the old man to the pursuit of gentility, which his good sense taught him as constantly to resist. He was a man of few words, and angry murmurings of this dame, he held his daughters determinedly to country work, instead of aiming to make them ladies, as his wife would have had him, and then married two of them to neighbouring farmers, while the third, who had remained comfortably settled in the world. Besides these two daughters, Robert Johnstone had a third unmarried, and also two sons; and it was the junior of these young men with which my tale comes particularly to have to do."

"The farmer's daughters were all sonny lasses; gay, and ruddy, and healthy, and hearty, and nothing more; but her two sons, particularly Jamie, were celebrated for their exterior in the whole country. Robie Johnstone, a pair of handsome lads never could be seen riding of a market-day to Fairly fair, or walking on Sabbath to Fairly kirk. Ye may be sure all the lasses from the brigs of Douce to the Locher braes, were setting their eyes for the Johnstone couple. Jamie was the first of the house was a proud woman, while the wife of the farmer of her gallant sons. Some said they were to be married to this lass, and some said they were courting at that; but after many flirting and fleecings, and dancing at kirms, and speering at fairs, the eldest ran off with the loveliest daughter of a small laird, and their mother said their youngste should take nought else but a born lady."

"Certainly there would have been nothing remark-

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 6, NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA—At \$5 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

and began to muse, while the unnatural and unpleasant silence was unexpectedly broken by a low and timid knock at the door.

"That stranger can't be, at this time o' night!" said the old man. "Who is there?" he called out, going mechanically towards the outer door.

"For heaven's sake let me in," said the lady without, in a faint voice.

"Gude-sake, it's a woman!" exclaimed the old man to himself. "What can this mean? Who are ye, and what's your name, before I draw the bolt?"

"Oh! open the door, and don't keep me here. I am Barbara from the castle."

"From the castle?" repeated the farmer astonished; and while he spoke, James from within, hearing the words, rushed past him, and drawing the bolt, the lady drooping and exhausted, fell forward into his arms.

"After a moment of mutual agitation, the young farmer brought her forward, and, supporting her to a chair, he set her down opposite the kitchen fire, while his father and mother looked on in silence.

"It's not possible that this is Lady Barbara of Carloghie?" said the farmer, surveying the humble apparel and dejected countenance of the reviving lady.

"It's just me, Mr. Johnston,—plain Barbara now; she said, rousing herself to ready determination. "The castle here has no lord here this night, or here-forth either; though it gives free shelter to the birds of the air, who pair where they will throughout Carloghie woods, and build many a warm nest under its ancient turrets; so I am come to take up my abode in your farm-house with them that have the best right to me, since I have chosen myself to be a widow."

"If ye seek a shelter for the night, or a temporary refuge from any calamity, Lady Barbara, whatever be the reason, most welcome I make you to my poor dwelling," said the farmer; "but if you have disobeyed father or mother, and done aught unbecoming your high station, you may as well have been hanged, as to have countenanced the child against the parent. James! what freedom is that you use with the lady? Gude-will, I ask you what is the meaning of all this?"

"It's a plain meaning, gude-man, and a brave fortune for our son," said the woman, triumphantly. "What would he think of you, if he saw his father's wishes laid 'a'en the place of worldly greatness, and our Jamie and Lady Barbara were man and wife afore the minister, just by her ain choice and condescension! Dear me, gude-man, what needs ye look so wild and wud at me! Though the lady's come in rather bare and disjacketed even now, there'll be red gold and green gems coming wi' her yet, for a good tetcher to our Jamie, as soon as the auld yerl, her father, gets his passion out."

"And dare you, woman, to tell me this tale! and to have encouraged, when my back was turned, this miserable folly!" exclaimed the old man, his honest indignation giving him a look that was almost terrific, as he strode up to and stood over the cowering dame. "Confound your senseless—your cursed ambition! that would have ruined my daughters, who, by my care and guidance, had been suitably and happily married, and now have ruined my life, and destroyed the peace and prospects of a noble family to whom I am under many obligations! Think you I shall ever forgive such an act as this? Think you I shall ever be able to look over my own door, from the suspicion of having been accessory to such unbecoming treachery!—to the destruction of my own character, and of the peace and respectability even of my own family! Me to be allied to the oldest nobility of the land! You, and your peasant connections and mine, to claim kindred with the noble house of Carloghie! Woman, I know what to say to you! this misfortune will drive me mad!"—and, unable to proceed, he strode three or four times across the kitchen.

"It's a great misfortune, indeed, and a sore mischance, me doubt," said the dame angrily, and recovering her composure, she said, "for an honest man's wife to get a gentle wife,—and me, that was the widow of a reverend minister, to be blamed for—"

"Hold your peace, senseless wretch!" interrupted the farmer passionately; "you know not what you have done, and know not the effects of your own folly, even as it respects those worthless young people, whom you

advice ought to have saved from such an egregious imbecility. Condescension, indeed! it is *my* son that has condescended to place himself in a position where he must be looked down upon by those among whom he has thrown himself in presumptuous conceit; while there is not a family of his own degree, between this and the brig of Berwick, but would have been blithe and happy to have counted him and his among their kindred,—to have made him a respected man in his station, and his wife a companion for his own sisters. But now, he is not only despised by the noble family, who would have otherwise respected him, but has divorced himself from the society of his own relations; for what fellowship can there be with my daughters and a daughter of the Earl of Carloghie? Young man! young man!" he added, turning to his son, "have you less sense in this matter than I had given you credit for?"

"Whatever may have been our imprudence, father," said James, in an agitated tone, "you might consider in whose presence you are saying all this."

"It is very true, James," said the old man, approaching Lady Barbara, "it's very true; but little did I think ever to have *had* such things to say. This is a sad folly, young lady! a sad and sad folly in your father's child. And so you have been sent frae the castle at this time of night, and came here without a friend or attendant, carrying a big bundle in your hand like one of my hieling shepherds. Lord help this! this is a pair way even to our son's wife; to come hame to his house without bridal, or brewis, or minister's presence; as if we were ashamed of our ain doings. What will our very neighbours say to this, Mary Barbara?—and what must my lord, your father, say to this?"

"The ceremony of a wedding-day like this for his favourite daughter?"

"I am not my lord's daughter now, Mr. Johnston," said the young lady, breaking into tears at the thoughts of her father, and at the picture thus drawn of her wedding day; "but if my lord had had more consideration for a willing and obedient daughter, he would have let my marriage with one I hated, had reasoned with me as you are now doing, I would never have disobeyed him as I did, for all the love I bore to your warm-hearted son, that's my husband this night, and the sufferer for his sins, and I have never chosen another station, and if you would let me go, I would have been as glad to have placed my friend for James, who have indeed cast me off and disowned me, I will make to him an affectionate wife, and to be you an humble daughter."

"God forbid that I should refuse to be a father to these poor young things! even though my own son is in some measure the sacrificer," said the old man, melted at the manner in which she had thrown herself upon him.

"Yet I fear thou knowest little of what is actually before thee."

"There's no fear o' nothing," struck in the farmer's wife; "when Lady Barbara's trunks, and trappings, and grand dresses come the morn frae the castle—that'll be a pleasant ploy. Odd, I'll wait upon the flunky ladies myself."

"There'll be no trunks coming to me, good dame," said Barbara, with all her might; "my father's word is a hard word, and all I bring is on my person, or contained in this little bundle."

"Ye'll no mean what ye say, Lady Barbara!" cried the farmer's wife, in consternation. "They'll certainly send you your jewels, and your brooches, and your head pieces, and your gold watch, and your velvet robe, and your calash, as ye're entitled, never speaking o' p'ren money, and pocket money, and marriage presents, to the boot, o' a gude mailing for our Jamie, even if ye were disown'd twenty times o'er. The bundle!" my truth! added she, "is a hard word, and all I bring is on my person, or contained in this little bundle."

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"And is this the way ye speak already, Mrs. Johnston?" said the young lady in simple astonishment; and, seeing no more, she sat looking at her new mother in law, as if beginning to awaken out of a kindly induced dream.

"Woman!" said the old man to his dame, coming up between her and the humbled lady, "if it were not that you are my wife, and the mother of the lad that sinks with shame at what you say, never would you stay any

hour night under my roof, for the degradation you are putting upon my family. Out, I say! out of my night! I'll discuss in calmness what remains to be said to this deluded young couple!" Having said this with a determined stamp of his foot, the disappointed dame, in high wrath, was forced to withdraw into another apartment.

"I see too well how it has been, my lady," said the farmer, kindly and respectfully, when the dame had disappeared; "but dinna mind my foolish wife,—more foolish, I fear, than either of yourselves; for since this thing is done that cannot be undone, I will for your friend while you remain in my house, and while you lay down your mind to your let as my son's wife. And, James," he added, addressing his son, "do not give way to this feeling of shame: I know well your generous nature, and what is in your thought; but behave yourself as a man, and look up bravely from this trial, and you shall not want for the little substance that I have to give, or fat my blessing, that will do you no harm, and the blessing of God, that addeeth no sorrow!"

"This was too much for the feelings of the young man; it heard the sob that rose up in his throat, and saw the tears start down his handsome countenance, as he looked in his father's forgiving face, and grasped in silence his offered hand. The farmer next respectfully offered the same salutation to Lady Barbara, who was for some time too much affected to speak.

"Oh! sir," said she, though I may have acted foolishly to my family, your son is the choice of my heart, and the election of my fancy; and if you will only be our friend until we have fairly begun the world, you will tie us to you for ever by the gratitude of children, and I will do my duty to my dear husband here, through every vicissitude of fortune, and in the choice of my heart, I will not look so incredulous, sir. For his sake whom I have taken by the hand, I will lay aside all the notions of my former rank, and early and late I will, by labour of superintendence, strive to make him a useful and a suitable young man."

"You speak delightfully and intend nobly, my dear young lady," said the old man, much moved by her earnest enthusiasm; "but do not deceive yourself with the glowing promises of your own fancy. Believe me, this pretty hand was never made for the labours of the dairy or the kitchen; nor are there countenances of love-formed romance suited to the homely occupations of a farmer's wife. I do not wish to prophesy evil, but God grant that you may be in no other state of mind, when a twelve-month or two have passed over our heads, and given you that time's experience of the difference between your former and present condition. But good night now; and may God bless you again, and make you, in your own love, abundantly happy!"

"He shook hands with both once more, and looked at them kindly and with fatherly affection; yet he parted from them upon the whole with a consciousness of mingled melancholy, and shook his head mournfully as he left them together. The moment he shut the door behind him, I saw Barbara burst again into tears, and, with a wild ardor of womanly abandonment, throw herself passionately into her husband's arms.

"I was ashamed to wait at a table, and, turning from the little window, where I had been standing, I ran down the hall, crossed by the moonlight the Fairly Burn, and, occupied with various feelings, I soon reached Carloghie phanting, and got back to my own solitary apartment in the castle."

CHAPTER IX.

"Weel, really it's very extraordinary, Mrs. Marion," said I when she had proceeded thus far, "how ye get all these particulars of your uncommon story. And so, it is by peeping in at windows, and hearkening at chinks and openings while folks are talking, that ye study human nature, and get such intimate acquaintance with family affairs. Really, this lets in a gleam of light into my mind, that I never could have otherwise perceived. I never could have perceived how those sweet and edifying letters are made up, which are so pleasant to the reading of idle young ladies, and of old fools like myself, who have nothing else to do. Positively, Marion, if I had taken to the standing at the backs of doors, and looking in at key-

"It's a nice bit advantage as ye may think," replied Mrs. Plasher; "for the earl has disowned the pair lassie out and out; neither stick nor stool will she e'er get fra him, I am credibly told; and what then has the callant gotten, but a gentle doll to dandle, and no a plack wi' her as muckle as woud buy paint for her cheeks. It's an ill bargain, Mrs. Whaup, take my word for't, for a Mrs. Johnston's braggadocio; and Jamie Johnston woud hae een muckle better wi' ny niece, or any other decent farmer's dochter, wha's tocher was gude; weel woud he

has got it, too, for truth be 's a bonnie lad, and there's no a lass frae this to the Blac-hills but would hae jumped at him; but whilst! her she comes herself," whispered the gossip, as the squire drew open, and James Johnston was seen now leaning his high-born lady, to receive the congratulations of the company.

"Is that a' your Lady Barbara?" exclaimed Mrs. Whinn, as she appeared. "Is that her? a dowsy-looking thing, for as high as she hauds her head; and how naughtily she's dressed, w' nothing but a snood on her head, and a plain bodice of the vulgar kind, such as your grand lady, while there's been sic a talk about! My daughter Dorcy is a perfect queen to her."

"These were the sort of exclamations with which Lady Barbara was received (in whispers to each other) by the generalities of the company, and the truth, there was some cause for it, over and above the usual prevalence of certain well-known propensities; for Barbara, high-born as she was, had her female feelings as well as the measure of them; and the sight, from the window, of the flaunting dresses and glaring colours of her plebeian associates, had been her resolve to doff even the common luteitring which she wore every day, and support the distinction to which she still felt herself entitled, by assuming, in the proper spirit of aristocratical contradiction, the plainest dress that her scanty wardrobe afforded.

At the first view of her high daughter-in-law, coming thus forth for the ceremony of a wedding, or any thing—a perfect contrast, in appearance, to the commonest farmer's daughter present, almost took the sight from the eyes of the ambitious old woman. She held up her hands in chof-fallen consternation, and expressed her mortification in audible terms, that gave small promise, even for the party of the vulgar, that she would be her husband, partial as he was, seemed annoyed at the contradictory spirit of this excessive plainness; and still more, afterwards, when she was set among the party, by the evident uneasiness displayed in her manner, the critical glances she threw among the company, and the determined haughty countenance she observed toward his mother and several of the elder women, their guests, as if she in vain tried to conquer a spirit that was inimical to any thing like amalgamation with her present circumstances."

CHAPTER XI.

"Well, Miss Marion," I said, interrupting my narrator at this part of her story, "that last sentence of yours was flourishingly spoken, no doubt; and very like a composition in a fine printed book. But I'd rather ye would speak in a style that would deal in such direct generalities, but tell me plain particulars of the why and the wherefore; for I'm exceedingly curious to know how so high-born a young lady got on as half-wild with farmer folk, at a country doing. I really never met w' the like o' it in any novel that ever I read."

"Well, sir," continued Marion, "if I will have the plain vulgarity of the play, as it must have appeared to one like Lady Barbara, lay aside your own gentility for a moment, while I show you how an earl's daughter must have viewed the coarse scenes of country life. In the first place, her ladyship was just a stranger and a stranger to the whole; and she was, in fact, the first of her head in amongst this gathering; for ne'er a bit could she let down her dignity;—although I confess, she often tried it w' a smile and a word to the farmer lasses.

"As for the folk, they all put on the gentility to imitate her; and the men were afraid to speak; and the women were ashamed to laugh, for fear of being vulgar; and so they sat stiff and anxious, just like some people at a will reading; and, whenever George Gowdie passed a joke, or Jamie Jaup pulled a face, as country folks would do at a gathering, to make fun for the lasses, or Willie Wattle set up a laugh, and showed his long tusks, the Lady Barbara would look grave, or grow red in the face; and so this was the source of a damper of gentility o'er the company, like a wet blanket to chill the heat of honest mirth; for the wives would touch one another's elbows before they spoke, and the very aud men held their tongues in awe of her.

"The first funniest thing at the beginning of the night was about the tea-urn; for Jamie Johnston, to please Lady Babby, behaved to send all the way to Edinburgh for a brass urn, to keep the water scalding hot for the making of the tea. And so, as Lady Barbara had affronted the old woman, by dressing 'like a methodist,' to the disrespect of her, the old woman determined that her proud daughter-in-law should not have the place of honour at the handelling of the urn; and that

she would be the leader of the feast, and make the tea herself.

"So you never saw any thing so grand and proud as the old woman was in her cockle-shell, and pink ribbons, seated as she were on a lady behind the tea-urn, that buzzed and fuffed before her like a steam-engine. Such an invention for scalding water, and gentility, had never been seen in the country-side before; so it was no wonder that the young folks marvelled with amazement, and the old lady sat down with some of the old women to play a tea-drinking game upon such a new-fangled instrument. Well, the new china was also set out, and planted in rows upon a mahogany server; and there were borrowed cups forbye, above a score; and such a confusion and a jingling of crockery and pewter spoons, and a loud talk, not to speak of the bings of short-bread and cakes, and the plates of mutton-ham that had been birsled for the occasion; and the mugs of jam, and jelly, and marmalade; and the trenchers of caraway seeds and sweeties—a perfect feast! It was dreadful how the old woman got through it; for the red-headed lassie that served were so awkward, and the house was so crowded, that the men said it was like nought but the kitchen of a kirk a-side at a tent sacrament.

"But about the urn, you see: the cock that lets out the water was rather stiff and ill to turn; and Mrs. Johnston, who was sitting at the top of the urn, and engine scalded her fingers till the tears came into her eyes, which made her try a new plan o' 't, rather than she would demean herself to make a complaint before the company. Well, getting Miss Mally Dowd to help her, she shifted the tea-pots beneath the cock, and every now and then a bang and a great current round with a sort of hobble; for the farmer lads, not being acquainted with high gentility, such as it was fit to enact before my lady, handed the eatables and drinkables with a scuffle of awkwardness, which made them dunt against one another and the table, and smash a cup or so of their own china. This untoward accident provoked Mr. Johnston to lift her head and speak up; in the confusion she forgot the tea-urn and the turning of the cock, until the whole tea-board was in a swim w' scalding water; so that the stream broke out at the handle, and ran into Mrs. Chastler's drab petticoat.

The wife gave a squel, so loud that ye might have heard her at Carlighie Castle; and the lads ran to stop the flood, and Georgie Gowdie turned over a plate of mutton-ham and sauce on Mrs. Whinn's silk gown, and a whole mug of bramble-berry jelly was spilt into Mally Dowd's lap; and as Mrs. Sutherland up and said, 'tis no harm, ye see, to have the water in the tail, and the beast yowled out w' the howl that might have startled the very dead, and snapped at Thomas Gobbie with a dreadful bite. At this the whole women got up in a consternation; ye never saw such a confusion; and Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, who were sitting at the top of the urn, and engine scalded her fingers till the tears came into her eyes, which made her try a new plan o' 't, rather than she would demean herself to make a complaint before the company. Well, getting Miss Mally Dowd to help her, she shifted the tea-pots beneath the cock, and every now and then a bang and a great current round with a sort of hobble; for the farmer lads, not being acquainted with high gentility, such as it was fit to enact before my lady, handed the eatables and drinkables with a scuffle of awkwardness, which made them dunt against one another and the table, and smash a cup or so of their own china. This untoward accident provoked Mr. Johnston to lift her head and speak up; in the confusion she forgot the tea-urn and the turning of the cock, until the whole tea-board was in a swim w' scalding water; so that the stream broke out at the handle, and ran into Mrs. Chastler's drab petticoat.

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was wiped off the silk gowns of the women, and all again were set down to drink their tea. But something was yet wrong in the harmony of the company; for the prouder of the females did like to be taken in by the next, either by Lady Barbara or by one another; and so, wishing to behave themselves in her presence as befitting ladies, an unnatural gravity came o'er them all; and, instead of carrying on the jollity of a country hand, they sat stiff and starched, nodding and bowing to each other like the statues of the gods, like the figures being, as I said before, a thing they were not at all used to.

"This conduct turned out a perfect embargo on the honours of the eatables; for, watching Lady Barbara, and seeing her put her spoon in her tea-cup at the end of the first drink of tea, the high-born of the ladies put in their spoons also; this was imitated by the next in gentility, and so the whole ladies, with one accord, gave in their resignation at the end of the first act, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of Mrs. Johnston, to the manifest affronting of the grand tea-urn, and the discomfiture of the whole business. As for the men, some said they had got quite enough of scalding water, but in truth they had a want of confidence in the urn, and a dread of the new china, not knowing in reality what might happen; so they also broke out into an unanimous revolt; and although some took a spoonful of the first drink of tea, the high-born of the ladies like a shud at the mutton-ham, the spirit of gentility had so buried up their mouths and stomachs, that no pressing had any effect upon them to speak of; which made the high bings of bread, and mountains of cheese and cakes, stand as it were in undiminished astonishment behind the urn. It is unlikely, any more than the discomfited old woman, to account for this change of the times.

"The farmer himself, however, began to see through the thing, and, determining to stand it no longer, called for the big-bellied bottles and graybeards of liquor, which, he had a shrewd guess, would soon banish the acid and overeat the gentility. No sooner, then, had the cork been pulled, and the liquor began to run like gun to jungle, and the flavour of the hollands reached the noses of the women, than their eyes began to glisten, and the farmer lads to utter jokes, as if no earl's daughter had been there to hear them. Then came the drinking of healths, and the compliments, and the wishing and the hallowing, and the making of toasts, though to the guests this might be a pleasant part of the play, to the parties most concerned it turned out nothing but a humiliation and an embarrassment. Some said, 'Lady Barbara, your health'; and others, for the higher gentility, said, 'Lady Johnston, your health'; and the farmer lads, who were not so much married, and I'm happy to sit at your footy fireside."

"The elder men, however, said little,—only called her plain Mrs. Johnston, and wished her a leal heart to her young goodman, and a married woman's joy in her new condition. 'This she might have borne, for its genuine good feeling, although it nevertheless went sorely against her injured aristocracy; but, when some began openly to clatter with her disliked mother-in-law, saying, 'Young Mrs. Johnston, your health'; and, old Mrs. Johnston, mickle success to you and your new connection'; and some coarse proverbial insinuations, as if her ladyship had been nothing but a common woman, and that she was a commoner, and a commoner, and a first flushing red, and then turning white like an oat cake, and next darning a scornful light with her eyes, and curling up her nostrils, she rose from her seat like the Queen of Sheba, and, never waiting for her husband's arm, turned her back upon the company, and retired to her room.

"Here was a second and severe mishanter, to happen in one night at this unfortunate drinking of tea. James Johnston got up, vexed and affronted, and off to her room, to take the pet out of his lady. But Barbara was too far gone for this, being already in tears of anger and humiliation; and, having her back to the door on the inside to show her spirit, she was deaf to his entreaty, and would let none of them in. This, of course, next roused his spirit, according to the usual process between man and wife—as her conduct now had also roused the distaste, if not resentment, of the well-meaning farmers; so that the next day, when she returned to the room, she observed the side looks and whisperings with which he was received, he was by no means in the best humour with Barbara, or with the figure he himself cut at this marriage handling.

"Dear me, Mr. Johnston, what's the matter, that ye look so ill? Willie Wattle's, a' the while, whistling through his teeth, as James resumed his seat. 'Ye

that their own folly and the world's hard-heartedness has put upon them."

Two other men, one coming with a cooled and doubtful cordiality, yet, the other having many yearnings towards his child, a great consultation was soon after held on the business, in the most private apartment of Carloghrie Castle. But, to make a philosophy of the matter,—where the reasoning is weakly, and the narrow mind apt to be swayed by the most momentary impressions, and his and his subsidiaries prove an overmatch for the dearest feelings of nature that have been planted in our hearts to help out the circumscribed sum of human happiness.

"And so, a new prospect having lately opened out for the earl's next daughter, all the ladies cried out with one accord against their father's weak position in favour of their erring sister; and when the old lord talked, with emotion, of poor Baby's humble condition, and the probable ultimatum of some premature decline, and of the breaking of hearts, perhaps to a lowly grave, the countess replied, in tone like the iron tongue of the battle, that it were better hearts break than families be degraded; and that such a consummation was but the natural and inevitable course of things.

"Meantime, affairs did not go on with much exhilaration, at the lonely and comfortless farm of Green Braes. There is a principle in the human mind, especially during youth, that is neither virtue nor vice, but merely undevoted passion, which is extremely apt to turn into either, according as circumstances shall happen to sway it, or call it forth. This principle applied well, at this time, and even, though in the hands of a young lady, it was the struggle of her circumstances, and the peculiarity of their disappointments, at times quite soured their tempers, or corroded their feelings. They now occasionally (as married people will do in moments of irritation) dropped expressions to each other, and allowed looks to peep through their smiles, which were enough, as we know, with a solid under-stratum of wedded affection, were liable to be treasured up in the ranking mind, as indubitable evidences of a begun alienation. At all events, they may talk of love as they please, but it requires stronger affections than the world generally will accord to a young lady, and especially during the heart-eating privations of obscure poverty; particularly to the proud spirit and luxurious habits of such as Lady Barbara; and it required more self-command than Johnston was master of, to resist the tendencies to discontent and quarrel, which his position, long and hopelessly and factually to supply one of the wants and gratify the pressing desires of a born lady.

"Accordingly, if, on a market day, on meeting his former acquaintances, he made up for the reserved seclusion of his country home, by stealing a moment's enjoyment of town sociability, it was nothing more than was to be expected; and if Lady Baby, at times, looking from out her doll window at Green Braes, sighed sadly at the equipages that she saw passing on the distant road, it was only what belonged to her time of life, and to the painful circumstances of her position. Then, every day, when she rose, the first object that she could not avoid seeing was the wide-waving woods and noble parks of old Carloghrie; while the peaked turrets of her father's castle interrupted, with picturesque effect and stately rudality, the warm and gleaming rays of the cheerful sun.

"What is the nearest way to the auld castle yont, gadawie?" said a travelling man one day, who came knocking at Lady Barbara's door, with country familiarity. "What gente places has see many turnings and windings, that I've gane round it and round it these two hours, an' de'd a bit, an' yet the nearest way?"

"Lady Barbara came to the door with her infant in her arms, and humbly pointed the way to the cart." "But what is that, friend, you have got in your man?" she said, making an enquiry in her turn, surprised at what she saw.

"Oo! what should it be, said the carter, 'but some grander than'll be wanted at the great wedding!'"

"What wedding, honest man?"

"Gude keep us! are ye a neighbour woman in this looning, and hasn't heard o' the grand wedding that's soon to be at my lord's castle? I see Lady Mary, the sister of the poor misguided creature that ran off with the farmer, and was disowned to be sure, to be married in a week to the Marquis o'Brechin. The whole country is ringing wi' the news, and s'ae a preparation never was seen. Some sources, as big as a kirk, and new dresses to the score, of stunk and silver lace and velvet and scarlet, an' of stripes an' strapples like the king's beefeaters in Lunnon, forbye cocked hats as braid and blown-up as the auld cruisy o' the Marquis o' Granby on Jamie Tap-

ple's sign, and white wigs to the rascals, like as many English bishops, an' a cavairy o' horses to draw the coaches, as many as would furnish but a regiment o' dragons, an' rivers o' red wine for the lords to drink, and oceans o' beer, and strong awats, an' fiddlers to play up in the banqueting ha', an' bonfires to be brunt on 'a' the heights around!—s'ae a preparation and s'ae a fize has never been seen in the holms of Fairly."

"And what about the wedding, honest friend?" said Barbara humbly, glad to interrupt the tedious garrulity of the speaker.

"Nobility! mistress, said the man, astonished at her question; 'what should the like o' you or I ken about nobility! The whole house of lords, as I hear tell, will be there,—dukes and earls and great squires, and foreign counts wi' lang names,—and a band o' music that canna' speak English—an' flags flying free every twer on the castle; and trumpets sounding, and guns firing, an' s'ae a blowing and blasting, o' breath an' cannon, it's worth a red ginea for the like o' you to hear and see it at a mile distance."

"That's great news, indeed!" said poor Barbara with a sigh; "and here am I that learns nothing; but hear you aught, friend, of the dresses of the ladies?"

"Hea! I!" said the talkative man, "if I didna', I would be as deaf as John Kibb's lead effigy. My wife'll no let me sleep at night for deaving me wi' 't. Flanners lace, and Holland lawn, Smyrna silk, an' Pampadoo satin, Indian pearls, and Golconda diamonds, bleezing on their breasts, or skinking in their hair—it's no for me to be there wi' aboon my comprehension, for the graner and the braver is perfectly unseeable. But s'ae-day, honest woman; it'll be a high favour for a poor body like you to get a moment's glimpse o' such a gallant company."

"It is of no use of talking high didactics," continued the man of the tale; "but if it is not to be human nature to look on and witness, from the lowly stool of eleanor, the acclamations of triumph bestowed upon one's splendid neighbour, without a painful twinge of the bitterness of humiliation. Her plain-looking sister to enjoy all this! while Barbara, the handsomest of the family, was lingering in the background, and in the mean time, in labour, in the dirt and dullness of despised and avoided poverty! The more she meditated upon it, the worse she grew in her mind, until the thought almost turned her distracted."

"The more she thought, that was so intolerable, was hardly so bad as the thing itself when it came; particularly from the unexpected torment of remark with which it was accompanied. Men delight to exalt the exalted, and to depress the lowly; and even draw upon their families, to add to the natural exaggerations of triumph or of misery. While the marriage and its festivities were in full ebb, officious neighbours dropped in to Green Braes to talk of it, and spying gossip offered their impertinent condolences, until Barbara was almost driven from her poor dwelling; and, annoyed by her evident vexation, and harassed by his own thoughts, James Johnston fled to the nearest town, and came home with his evening late at night, his gloomy feelings deepened and exacerbated by the dangerous excitement of disipation."

CHAPTER XIV.

"The marriage of Lady Mary of Carloghrie, from the number of gentles it brought to attend it, was followed by consequences to her disowned sister, Barbara, that never could have been foreseen by any party. For, amidst all the festivities of the high bridal, there crept about, amongst the guests, a certain class of persons, the extraordinary tale, that the youngest and handsomest daughter of the Earl of Carloghrie, disowned by her family, for an unequal match, was living within a few miles of her father's castle, the laborious wife of a common farmer. She, and a pair of her country cousins, who were existing so near them, possessed more interest for the high gentles that attended the wedding, than all the formal festivities of my lord's castle.

"To such as they, indeed, all the show and the feasting had little novelty, and afforded but a trite and commonplace subject of eager and mysterious enquiry.

"Out of this circle, and with curious interest, it eventually occurred concerning her, what any who travelled to this part of the country, grew a species of annoyance to Barbara and her husband; and a series of incidents, that

aggravated all that was brewing in their minds, and brought to a crisis the several events of their fate. Since the marriage of her sister, whenever Lady Barbara came out on her door, to look at the poultry, or look after her cows, she encountered the gaze of the young couple, who, attracted by the babbling gossip of the neighbourhood, watched eagerly to get a look of the noble and disowned farmer's wife. The numbers thus attracted to the castle of Green Braes were remarkable for so secluded a part of the country. Horses, with fine trappings, were seen in waiting within a few fields of the house, while their owners lingered, and watched, to gratify their curiosity; and even carriages stopped at the foot of the lane, and fine dressed madams, talking many giggling remarks, straggled round the farm to get a sight of the lady. Next, the officers of a regiment quartered in the nearest town made stolen parties, and got up secret adventures, to get a view or speech of her; and it was even said that their colonel had sworn a loud oath one night, amidst the drunken dissipations of the mess room, that if money, or art, or love could accomplish it, he would try his power, and gain some *ecole* by an affair with this high-born farmer's wife.

"Even her own family began to partake of the prevailing curiosity; and though her mother, the countess, would have been loath to send her, yet her mother, Lady Frances, to accompany her one day to the farm of Green Braes. We left the carriage about a mile from the spot; and, though determined not to enter under her roof, away we set off, to try if we could see her unobserved.

"It was harvest time, and the fields were gay with reapers, and rich with shocks of new cut corn. We drew near to the house, and watched about. Presently a young woman issued from the back-door, followed by a little girl carrying a large wooden picher. 'Can that be, my dear?' said I, 'the walk comely visitor we have seen ever since she, she steps out with the grace and car of a queen?' and yet the female's apron was up, appearing filled with something bulky, and in her left hand she bore also a small vessel. We observed further, and looked on with astonishment: it was Lady Barbara herself, came to the door, and the girl carried a large wooden picher. 'That freckled with the sun, and having a care-worn look, she was healthy, and handsomer than ever I had seen her; and, though engaged in this humble and almost menial service, she still carried the high crest of earl's blood in her forehead, and was no indication of fiery about her. Her rich dark hair was parted on her forehead, and knotted high behind, with a velvet snood, like the common maidens of her country. A plain lawn kerchief, covering her shoulders, was crossed modestly on her bosom, instead of the velvet and pearls that had once blazoned from it with costly magnificence; and her person, now setting into a married woman's fulness, was clad in plain gingham, like a decent farmer's wife."

"We watched behind the hedge with beating bosoms; for the recollections of childhood and the yearnings of nature began to come into our hearts, and we felt for the artificial sinner, and as for me, sympathy and interest for the young lady almost filled my eyes with tears, to see her thus strangely situated.

"The reapers gathered round her when she came to the end of the rigs—not a rabble of ragged Irish, as in the days of the late king, but a set of sturdy fellows, but little and brawny had and lasses of our ain kind, with light hearts and industrious hands, with whom it was no degradation to sit and eat upon a harvest field. Bless the recollection! It was a perfect picture, to see them all seated beside the sheaves of corn, and Lady Barbara, like a modest queen, distributing round to them their simple food—most gratefully and respectfully received from hands like hers.

"She sat down beside her husband on some sheaves of corn; and when he took off his hat, to ask a blessing on the crops, his black hair clustering round his sunburnt temples, and wiped with his sleeve the healthy perspiration from his brow; and looked fondly and gratefully in his Barbara's face, as he took the bread and milk from her hands; I thought I never saw a pair of rustic domestic pair. They ate their meal with a pleasant contented air, and did not discourage the joke and jeers of the fun, that went round among the reapers; and as the latter rose to return to their work, I saw a tear steal down Barbara's cheek, as, with some strange emotion, she gazed upon her husband; while, when the reapers had gone, he placed his arm kindly round her waist, and

"This incident, at least, we are permitted to advert to, as true of the earl's daughter on whose history our tale is founded.

if to acknowledge, in love and kindness, that this was a moment of real happiness.

"But human things are full of mystery; and the happiness that I talk of steals over us occasionally, in brief snatches, when we seek it not, and often is the ominous precursor of coming sorrow. When I saw this interesting scene in the field, I little knew what was soon after to take place.

"Months ago this again passed on, and some strange reports rose in the country, how that the whole Johnstons of Fairly and Green Braes were in some unknown and unspoken-of trouble. It was said that the Johnstons, with their gay engineers, were seen lurking and hiding about the latter farm, and loud and reproachful words next were heard by the servants passing between James and his wife. Some affirmed that apprehended fraud was the cause, and some that the wife was a bad man; and others said, that a tiff of jealousy had lighted the blaze. How it was exactly none could tell, but the old woman again came backwards and forwards, and took upon her authority, which none would dispute, that she was the cause of all the trouble. How low; and this old thing, which she had said so often, and which she had said between them much worse. Neither was it known how Colonel Delap, of the Netherhauigh, managed to get acquainted with Lady Bobby. But acquainted he was, although at first she banned him from her house, and he was not only a friend, but a lover, and became the bitter, hottemer of many sorrows.

"The colonel, indeed, was a noble fellow, and, never speaking of the irresistible colour of his coat, had the smoothest tongue and forcible impudence which is a well known part of the soldier's calling, and was far beyond the country virtue of poor Jamie Johnston. Not but that Lady Barbara loved virtue like other people, yea, and had practised it vigorously until this very time; but, alas and alack for human nature! which is strong towards passion, and weak towards reason, and seldom can see the two ends of its own happiness!"

"A wicked scoundrel, no doubt, was Colonel Dehph, to take advantage of the misery that at times rose pressed upon Barbara's heart, especially since the boasts and triumphs of her sister's wedding, and, by aggravating the natural discontent of her condition, in order to render the present relief and joy, with which he had baited his hook, more tempting, to plunge her, by its means, into deeper misery. But scoundrels are not scarce in this wicked world, to steal away, by their vile arts, the best part of the little happiness and virtue that is left in it.

"One evening, at the twilight, when James Johnston was away at the town, and Lady Barbara was sitting crying to herself, over a complication of vexations which now seemed to crowd round her, a light tap was heard at the farm door, and the gay Colonel Delap humbly entered. He was dressed in coloured clothes, carried a small riding whip in his hand, and appeared startled and distressed at the situation in which he found her. Her mother in law had just left her; and from something that had passed, in which they had mutually aggravated each other, her mind was left in a dreadful state of proud and resentful irritation.

"At first she was inclined to look upon the colonel with suspicion, as come to spy into her sorrows, or take advantage of her weakness. But it is the property of that strange negation to which we give this vague name of weakness, not to know its own qualities, or the side on which it is most sure to mislead itself; and so the colonel, by touching the proper string, and speaking to the lady's proudest feelings, contrived to gain her confidence, and then to work upon her in the usual manner of practised seducers.

“It is of no use your attempting to bear this longer,” he said; “you have tried it and you have failed; for the nature of things is against it, and the bare effort is ruining your health, and shortening your days. You talk of virtue, and of your husband’s love: every one talks of virtue, and of love, too; but ask you where they are, and the echo will answer, Where?—not, at least, among those who talk much of either.

"Hark ye, Lady Barbara," he went on; "would not the good uneducated peasant, whom a strange fate has made your friend, feel much love, and more, for the commonest wench that scours your hall-pans, than for the noblest lady of the land? Can he pretend to you, the daughter of a haughty peer, and if he loved you with a sentiment you can understand, could he have spoken to you as you say he did, this very morning? Lady, the real question is, whether you will choose to die an obscure and lingering death, by persisting in attempting a life that to you is an impossibility; or, by doing what is done every day, from less excusable causes and lighter temptations, live but ten—but *one*

year! enjoying that world to which, in reality, you are now worse than dead.'

"He paused and continued gazing in her eyes with all a soldier's impudence, and all a seducer's meaning. She saw the nature of his proposal, and started at it as if it were a new and unheard-of crime. He, however, urged his suit in words more elegant than I can repeat, with ardent trembling in his voice, and passion burning in his eye. But the possibility itself had been no stranger, after all, to Barbara's secret thoughts, amidst the long and unrequited love which she had borne her wavering love for James Johnston, when meditating, with roused passions, upon the mean vexations and dark prospects of her lowly condition. And when the colonel talked eagerly of divorce, and of marriage, after the first terms of the law, she felt that she was not far from the fulfilment of her usual wishes, promised to devote his life and fortune to make her happy, and that amidst the pleasures and honours of her original condition, her eyes began to sparkle at the fascinating picture which he drew of a seducing woman, who was to be a superior to her. Her usual wishes, which she knew were entitled to triumph, was too much for the natural passions of the woman; and the ardent colonel soon saw that here the struggle ended was. The only condition she asked, after her husband's death, was that she might be free to marry her own dear man at once about a mile from the house, after the manner of the Scotch and the Irish."

"Next day a distracted man, namely, James Johnston, was seen hastening, like one beside himself, through his deserted house at Green Braes and the Fairly Holm; for now the hue and cry had got up in the neighbourhood, that Lady Barbara of Carloghie had stolen from her house, in the dead of the night, and run off to London with the gay and blackguard Colonel Delap.

CHAPTER XV.

“With few does the stream of life run in an even course. With most—metaphor aside—it is a confused succession of alternating sensations; sometimes dark and dull of hue, like the clouds of winter; at other times breaking out into the glowing splendour and bright illusions of a happy dream, in which life, for the moment, hurries on with feverish celerity, and time gallops like a race horse, impelled by the ardour of present enjoyment.

"But all dreams have their hour of awakening, and sometimes merge into strange turnings, which make the dreamer aware of the reality of the thing which was begun in bounding delight terminate in the gasping convulsions of horror and apprehension. I would you have me to tell of Lady Barbara's life history, I should have to tell of a life which was but a repetition of follies and deceptions, and became not profit by repeated example. The usual dream was dreamt by Lady Barbara, while the colonel was believed; and the usual disappointments suffered, when she found that he had deceived her. At length, after many bickerings and a tedious gaily, and many turns of fortune, when their careers were at their height, she was deceived by the simple lady's part, that she found herself disappointed in so many ways, and that none whom she desired would now associate with her, the usual event took place between her and the colonel; and having still some virtue left, to preserve her from the horrors to which he would have subjected her, she fled from the embraces of her husband and her child, down she plunged, all once, into the deepest abyss of shame and despair.

"A Mysterious strange and sad changes had taken place at the Fairly Holms. The old man had died of a broken heart, after being turned out of his farm for going too far in helping of his unfortunate son; and the old woman, living now, occasionally, in the deserted and neglected farm-house of Green Braes, was considered to be at times almost as mad as the old man. The old woman, Mrs. Marion with a sigh, "it is a pain and a distress to me even now to speak of him. He went about the cauld rags of the maling, a perfect object of broken down manhood, suffering, and despondency. The only consolation he appeared to take in life was in the nursing and tending of his little daughter. But Providence, in its mystery, seemed to have set its mark upon him; for even this last time, when he was threatened next to be torn out of his shattered body."

"The winter time had set in cold and grim, and a lonely blackness seemed to brood over the neighbourhood of leafless Carloghie, when one dark night, towards the

middle watches, a solitary figure of a woman came stealing towards the farm-house of Green Braes. She was dressed richly for a pedestrian; yet there was in her appearance and manner an air of wild and reckless dissipation. She sought the window where she saw a light burning. I need not say this was the once handsome and proud Lady Barbara of Carloghie.

With hesitating steps and rising emotion, she drew near to the little window. There was no screen, and she looked in as well as her blinded eyes would allow her to see. She saw her child lying on the bed, and James gazing at it in flushed face; sometimes murmuring out a sob of grief, and sometimes uttering words which she could not hear. He rose, and walked about the room, wringing his hands in silence. Suddenly he muttered something, and with his eyes turned upwards, as if in ejaculation for the feelings of his daughter; and then, his voice rising as his feeling became impassioned, he broke out into a loud and long cry.

"O! if your misguided mother but saw you now, Mary Johnston," he said, "this sight might give me melancholy thoughts." But she is far away, with whom I can never leave her as I have done; and now thou art heaven's latest added remembrance, and cold death's creeping heart-throb of my own heart—and I am a bereft and broken hearted old man.

"He stopped suddenly, choked by his sorrow, and thought he heard a noise without. It was Barbara groping agitatedly for the latch of the door. The sounds were low, but became sharp and abrupt, and the door moved as if the walking spirit of death sought hasty admission. In another instant the figure of a female wanderer stood before him, and the pale and haggard countenance of his own Barbara appeared, by the dim light of the small lamp, more like a deadly ghost than a living being.

"It is indeed Barbara herself," she said, after gazing long and sadly in his altered countenance, come to lay her head beneath your feet, James Johnston, if ye'll only let me acknowledge I've been your ruin, and kiss my bonnie hair before she dies."

" 'The Lord prepare me for this trial,' he said, staggering back to a seat: 'Babby, is it you come to me at this dread hour, when I called upon your spirit. Ye've wronged me sair, Lady Barbara; but I can refuse you nothing. There, in that bed, is your dving bairn.'

"It would have melted a heart of the rock adamant to hear the sobbing screams of bitter grief with which the broken-hearted mother and unfortunate lady bent over the face of her expiring child. 'James Johnston,' she said, turning to her groaning husband, ye'll no put me out at this door, till my pair bairn wins to her last rest."

"Till the breathe's out of Marv's body," said James.

ye may sit there and greet by her side; but ye've done us bitter wrong, Lady Babby, as ye truly say; and another night ye shall never bide under my roof."

"The two parents sat and watched the dying child, and, at times, between their sobs of sorrow, stole a nameless look at each other's faces. At length, in the darkest hour that comes before the break of the morning, the pretty bairn gasped its last, and was relieved from the troubles of an uncertain world.

"Nothing was said—nothing *could* be spoken, as the women that waited without came in to compose the limbs of the child. 'It's over now, and my deed's done,' said Lady Barbara, rising. 'It is not fit that I should sit longer in an honest man's house.'

"With a steady step she walked towards the door; and ere the light of morning had opened out fairly upon a breaking sky, her figure had vanished beyond the fields of the farm, and no one enquired whither she went.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Pride and propriety make strange resolves, working upon the dim perceptions of supposed expediency ; as if any line of conduct could effectually bar out intruding evil, or that man could know what was really good for him in the present life.

"4 The funeral of the child passed quietly over, and men hardly knew what was in James Johnston's mind. It was not even correctly ascertained that Lady Barbara was, for certain, in that part of the country. Some said they had seen her, and others affirmed that there was a mistake of the person; and many wondered what poor Johnston, in his present demented and stupefied state of mind, would attempt to do.

"The Fairly kirkyard, where Mary Johnston was buried, is pleasantly situated a little above the Ruar Water, where the bridge crosses off towards Carloghie Castle

THE PRIORS OF LAWFORD.

A STORY OF THE DOMINIE.

CHAPTER I.

One long summer's day I had been travelling on, in my usual pedestrian manner, through a series of sweeping yet solitary valleys, such as may be found, as he goes, by any by-road topographer, towards the eastern and southern extremities of Scotland. The country was sufficiently romantic to interest the fancy of a wanderer like myself, but as the sun declined towards evening, I had plodded on for several miles without seeing a human face, and I began to long exceedingly to meet with some habitation, where I might enjoy a little comfort and rest. At this part of the world there was a perfect stranger, and now began to get uneasy; for I was spent and weary, and even the song of the blackbird, which still echoed through the woods, failed to bring its usual refreshment to my spirit.

Much farther I had not proceeded, when, buried "easily" among the upland woods, and partly straggling down a green dale, a sweet romantic village came unexpectedly into my view, and delighted my fancy with pleasing ideas of what I might find within it. As I drew near, the small dwellings seemed so quaintly built, and huddled together with so much simple sociability—the place seemed altogether such a "rest and be thankful" station, for those who, like myself, chose to wander to and fro in the world, to see what it might contain, as well as to chase away sad thoughts, that the contemplation brought me involuntary comfort, from the impressive conviction, that, bad as the world may be, still to be found in it much purity, and happiness.

As I came on towards the village, the hour of eight struck sonorously from the bell of the tower, and presently it began to toll an evening chime, which broke pleasantly the surrounding stillness, and sounded away among the valleys with a soft and full sound. I had not been a few minutes, when I perceived a light, and a crowd of Granby, that was pointed on the sign-board of the decent inn, seemed to grin upon me a hearty and inviting welcome.

I was soon within the old-fashioned hostelry, and, seating myself in a large room, I calmly perused the printed and bound, and looked upwards, giving thanks for the mercies thus pleasantly and conveniently thrown in my way. At the same instant I was attended by a clean-looking woman, namely the landlady herself, who came to offer me her best refreshment. A single glance showed me what sort of person the landlady was; and, a few minutes after, my mind was made up to pass a whole day in her house, perhaps more, to get acquainted with this interesting village of Hillington.

"Who are the principal people of this neighbourhood, mistress?" I enquired of the curtsying landlady. "The principal family are the Grants, the Grants, and, kindly, 'live down the water in Lawford Holm'; but it would be a long tale to tell you all about them," added the woman, mysteriously.

"And who preaches in that fine old church of yours, mistress?"

"It's just what I wish to tell you, sir," said the woman: "Mr. Kinloch, the old minister, seems to live but a short time to live; but his successor is so much beloved, that his name is in every one's mouth here. Maybe, sir, as you are a stranger, you are come to the place."

"What placing, mistress? I have not heard of it." "Mr. Bannatyne, the new minister, is to be placed on Wednesday, and this will be a great doing in Hillington."

"No doubt. But who lives in that ill-made square house among the trees, that I observed on the left hand, as I came into the village?"

"The Laird of Glanderston, sir,—and his daughter is."

"The laird," said I surprised, "is an old acquaintance of mine: I was not aware that he lived here. But what were you going to tell of his daughter?"

"She is spoken of as the wife to be of the handsome young minister who is about to be placed in Hillington kirk, indeed."

"Indeed,—what mistress?"

"Oh, sir, she is a coarse creature."

"Nothing remarkable in that, mistress," I said: "coarse and fine are often spun together, in this world, for wiser

reasons than I can make out. Marriages, they say, were once made in heaven, but that must have been long before my time."

"You are an observable man, sir," said the woman: "I wish you could say to see the placing."

"Why to see that, mistress?"

"I cannot tell you, sir: but there is a lady——"

"Very likely. And there always is a lady in every thing that is interesting. And what lady is it?"

"The lady of the Holm, sir. 'Tis not for me to talk to a stranger about her, but, perhaps, you may hear something concerning this lady from the Laird of Glanderston. An observable man like you should not leave this country side without knowing something about the Priors of Lawford."

"The name of the name of a family. An English name, I think it is."

"Yes, sir. A strange, and yet an admirable old family it is, and ever has been, long before the remembrance of living man; which I cannot tell you about what I would, at this present talking; and then, sir, there is the young minister. I'll tell you what it is, that young gentleman ever couples himself with Glanderston's coarse daughter—but 'ye'll excuse me, there's a bell ringing in the wee parlour, and I'll be wanted.'—and with this, tripping out of the room, after a slight curtsy, the tantalising woman left me to ruminate over this interesting information."

All the addition to her hint that I could afterwards obtain, was, that Mr. Bannatyne, the said minister, was expected at Glanderston House on the following day; and, whether I determined to walk, shortly after breakfast next morning; for my mind was awakened about something, I cannot say.

Now going to the laird's house, he was exceedingly pleased to see me, and introduced me to the old minister of the parish, whom he had hospitably invited to meet Mr. Bannatyne. The latter did arrive, just as the gentlemen were sitting down to the table. The minister, however, the Rev. Mr. Kinloch, who had been minister of the parish for nearly forty years, I must first say a few words.

Contrary to what experience had taught me to expect in a common country clergyman, I found the senior to be a man of a most judicious and judiciously spirit; one whose comparative want of knowledge of the world, of which he was himself sensible, was well made up by the quality of his reading, and great natural shrewdness and sagacity of mind. I was just rejoicing inwardly over the value to me of such a man, when the minister, before he had finished his parish of such a man, in the person of his successor, when a coach stopped at the door, and Mr. Bannatyne, of whom we had been talking, accompanied by another clergyman, alighted, and joined our company.

The first glance I had of this remarked person, even his walking across the room, showed me that he had one advantage, of value both to himself and his charge, to wit, the birth and rearing of a gentleman; and his conversation soon indicated that his mind set him above the usual peculiarities of his calling. But he was not the more youthful: his age might be four and twenty; and his looks were certainly all that a talkative man could desire. I soon saw that here, as well as in the village, he was the idol of the general women, and the grand object, in particular, of the Laird of Glanderston's red-haired daughter. As his discovery I grudging at exceedingly, knowing that the unequal yoke of the old and the young would be a fine in the world to none the better for its being often done, and becomes a root of bitterness from which grows up many bad shootings.

Though far from being troubled with itching ears, to make me a runner after popular preachers, yet, the obviously superior character of Mr. Bannatyne gave an interest to the ceremony of his being inducted, or "placed," which determined me to attend it on the following day. I had also a curiosity to see the assembled people of this romantic neighbourhood, and to observe in what manner himself on the subject of a change. In the morning, accordingly, I made ready in time; but before the ringing out of the second bell, remembering the hints and half sentences of the talkative landlady, my curiosity was awakened to know something further, if possible, regarding the particular family of whom she spoke. When I take up the matter, however, I found, to my surprise, that her mouth had been completely closed to my enquiries, from some sudden consideration of publican prudence, in consequence, no doubt, of my taking up my abode with the Laird of Glanderston.

"I'm in a public way, sir," she said, "and it's by the

public I live: so it is not for me to keep a wagging tongue in my head, about the worthy gentles of this canny neighbourhood, among whom I earn my milk and my pay; and, as you are an observable man, sir, and able to go to the placing, when you set yourself down in the laird's seat, just observe you a young lady in the green peacock, you'll see the broad scutcheon of arms on the pillar above her head."

"I mind that you say, mistress," replied I: "but tell me about the arms that you speak of, and what is the reason of all this mystery?"

"There is the kirk bell begun to ring, sir," she said, "and I must be going, although ye be a man of interrogation. But if ye would know what I wish you of, I'll be at the place at six o'clock, and I'll show you the broad scutcheon. Ye'll ken her, sir, by her pretty fair face, and her skin as white as milk, an' her dark swelling eye that's never off the minister."

"Go on, mistress," said I, perceptually, "speak out, if you be a woman."

"Then, sir, just do you watch the lady's face at the placing, and see how she looks at the trying questionings, and the denunciation, and the laying on of the hands, and the apostolic benediction, and the confirming prayer,—just observe the countenance of Rebecca Prior, and if you have an eye for an eye, and a thought for a thought, you'll be changed to a bonnie face, when the soul within kindles up under the cheek, and the heart beats because it daurna speak, ye'll think of what I say."

The word of my reply was not ready at my tongue's end, when I looked up, and, behold, the woman was gone. The church bell now sounded, and I went forth with romantic effect over the neighbouring hills, and echoed away through the valleys below the town; so I joined the sober crowd that issued from the houses, and soon entering by the kirk stile, and passing the monuments of the ancient graveyard, I placed myself close beside the Rev. Mr. Kinloch, anxious, as usual, to witness the ceremony of the placing.

As the church filled with people, there entered by the door opposite to me, a tall, dark, remarkable-looking gentleman, accompanying a lady aged about twenty; and as she came forward, I observed, that, before she had entered the church, she was under the influence of a passion, I knew that she was the one whom I was intended to watch.

There never was a female more worthy of observation, or one more likely to excite that sort of interest which belongs to the finer species of sexual character, and which is above the vulgar and the common. I had not yet not seen to describe so well known a ceremony as the "placing" or consecration of a Scottish minister, after the austere forms of the Genevan presbyters. I intend only to speak briefly of what I observed regarding this peculiar lady, and in the demeanour of him who was the subject of the ceremony, on whom, at length, in the character of her spiritual instructor, and with all the maiden's modesty, were the eyes of the female intensely riveted.

Her features, I could see at a glance, might be said to be perfect; and what, more, they indicated that mixture of the lofty and the sentimental, which is always so interesting and sometimes so awful, in the female character. Her skin was beautifully delicate; there was but little colour in her cheek; and though her hair tended to fair, her eyes were deeply dark and sparkling, their large pupils contrasting strikingly with the somewhat pallid, yet healthy, hue of her skin. I had not time to observe her more, for the ceremony was finished, nor was I able to remain for a considerable time, fully to understand the meaning even of what I saw.

Mr. Bannatyne demeaned himself during the whole of the ceremony with that modest good sense which, from previous acquaintance, I certainly expected. But he did not go through this day's trial like one of the timber pulpit that supported his pulpit. He did not hear and answer to the affecting charge of St. Paul to the elders of Ephesus, without being moved, and that deeply, with the serious nature of the duties which he was now binding upon himself. But it was the lady,—it was the girl, that riveted my attention more and more. As I watched her during the exercises of this morning, I could have sworn that there was love for the man burning at her heart, which mixed with, and received elevation from, her admiration of the pastor. I perceived that, in her speech, and in her looks, she was moved by the solemn duties that were addressed to him, or that his own tongue uttered, she, who gazed in his countenance throughout as only a woman can look into the soul of the man whom she admires, seemed ready to burst out into sobs of audible emotion; but, preserving her lips together, she, who I saw within her own breast, she only suffered the large drops to stream down her pale cheeks, or to

stand like crystals glazing over the dark pupils of her eyes.

It was not to be supposed that, on a day like this, the look of the young minister should indicate any thing of reciprocity with the evident emotions of the lady. By the time, however, that the ceremony was finished, and that I had seen and heard all, my curiosity and interest were wound up to the highest pitch, to know something more of the two ladies, and of the boldness of their supposed relations to each other and the world, had already made a deep impression on my mind. All was soon ended, and I went forth with the crowd, convinced, as well from what I observed, as from the hints of the landlady, that there was something to be known of no common nature regarding persons who so much interested me, but of whose character and the peculiarity of their circumstances I was yet ignorant.

It was during my further sojourn in this secluded neighbourhood, and my subsequent journeyings to these parts, that I was enabled to pick up the particulars I have to tell regarding the old family of Lawford.

CHAPTER II.

On the side of a rising ground, which slopes down into a pleasant hollow, or rather hollow, as such a spot is named in Scotland, only a short mile from the village of Hillington, stood at this period an old-fashioned picturesque building, which, overlooking from the midst of the wood with which the slope was covered, the small streamlet or burn that meandered down in the hollow, was then known by the name of the mansion of Lawford. The streamlet was also called by the same name, which, as its etymology intimates, eventually served to designate the whole neighbouring estate; and this ancient property has been, for more generations than can be traced, in the possession of a family who originally came from England, but who had long been familiarly known in the country by the general designation of the Priors of Lawford.

Of this ancient family, once pretty numerous, only two persons at this time remained to claim direct and near descent from the common ancestor, who was so long and so fully, and with respect to the world, solitarily situated. The one was a maiden, the only daughter now living of the last married male of the family. The other was the only brother of that person, who had died about a year ago, and of course, in the relation of a family, was now extinct; and these two persons lived together, in much seclusion, in the stately old mansion by Lawford burn. Neither the young lady nor the elderly gentleman were common characters, as was well known to such of the people in the neighbourhood as had sufficient perception to observe this; and it need not be added, that it was the niece of the tall dark-visaged gentleman who had so strongly interested me on the day of the placing.

There was not, probably, another person in the parish who had had the sagacity to observe what the landlady of the inn had observed and pointed out to me, and who had supposed that Rebecca Prior towards Mr. Bannatyne, the minister, as for the young clergyman, he was perfectly a stranger to the existence of any thing of the kind, and very much so to the lady herself; for, though he had before this period once sat in her company, and had been introduced to her by some of her friends, his behaviour had been so silent, and timid, and peculiar, both at that occasion and when he had noticed her among others in her pew at church, that she seemed to him more like a vowed and pledged nun, who had renounced the world and its pleasures, than "any mortal mixture of earth's clay," who lived and dwelt amongst men.

It was not from any romantic exaggeration of her beauty—which, in truth, needed no exaggeration—that Mr. Bannatyne took up this notion. It was simply an impression of character, regarding a lady of whom every one spoke as being a reserved and reserved person, and who had few expectations of making any acquaintance. At times, indeed, he felt a strong wish to have some intimacy with her and her uncle; for when he came to be settled in the parish, the society he found, male or female, was extremely limited; and curiosity itself, with something like awe of the nun-like and reserved traits, might beget the sentiment. She seemed, however, to have taken, as he thought, something like dislike to himself; for, in subsequently meeting her at Lawford House, in consequence of her uncle's hospitality, her reserve became almost insupportable to him. He could not, however, resist, and began to fancy that she even tried to avoid him. Yet, at other times, after he had *did* enter into some casual conversation with him, her observations were so judicious and so tasteful—her very language indicated so

much mental accomplishment, such unassuming refinement; and he thought her words were at times so penetrating in their meaning—even her voice seemed so musical, that he became interested in her to the verge of absolute absorption, and was momentarily flattered into an idea that she almost took a pleasure in his society.

Mr. Prior himself had taken an evident partiality for the minister; and in the subsequent visits of the latter at the house, he became more and more interested in the person of Rebecca, she would again, at times, become unaccountably silent, as if she was careful to eschew further direct communication with him. But anon, as he talked to her uncle, her large eye would sparkle while watching his words; then she would gradually offer some remark, and join them, as if giving way to her feelings; when, afterwards, suddenly checking herself, so soon as the conversation became serious or interesting, she would, upon some slight excuse, rise and leave the room.

This conduct, so unusual for one of her age, very much astonished Mr. Bannatyne. "What could her motive be?" he often enquired of himself: for this was repeated several times, and under modifications of manner and circumstances so various, that he knew not what to think. Sometimes it deeply provoked his pride; and at others it excited feelings of a very different kind: for more than once he thought that she sat on her high and expressive eyes, as she rose to leave his company, had a meaning in their glance so despairingly sad, that it almost affected him to tears; and on these occasions, if eyes could speak, he thought hers seemed eloquently to beg of him to pardon her manner, to forgive her, and to make amends for her behaviour. But at such times, when Mr. Bannatyne was left alone with her uncle, the conversation of the worthy old gentleman appeared to him so tedious, and he himself became so abstracted, that both gentlemen would sit and observe each other for a time with a look of indifference, and without any remark.

Still the minister could not stay from the house, and the same scene was acted over and over again. The same dread of something unexpressed, seemed to be over all, and yet they could not live separate. Expressions occasionally dropped from the old gentleman also, and looked at him, as if he had been a child, and he felt the minister with a feeling so painful, that it was almost terrifying to himself; and yet he knew not what was its exact meaning, or to what it tended. Sometimes now, as he sat and looked at them both, a sort of vague dread came over his mind, as if he had been looking into the fire, and which was associated with some notion of suspicion, for which there seemed to be no expression. Even the solitary and antiquated mansion of Lawford seemed now to his fancy to have something mysterious, if not terrific, about it; and as he went down thither in the winter evenings, the stream in the hollow, as he crossed it, appeared to meander dark and dreary down the hollow; and the wind to moan sadly through the woods, as if warning him of some dismal tale that he dared not tell. And, at length, some slight incident occurred between Rebecca and the minister, which, he could not have foreseen, affected his feelings, and as he could not have foreseen, on his return home, he determined, whatever it might cost him, to absent himself henceforth from this strange though fascinating family.

But now again, as he sat at home over his books after this, the minister, who had been absent, found that by staying away entirely from his secluded friends, he was punishing himself much more than, in the moment of alarmed pride, he could have suspected; and began, like all candid minds, to think that there might be something in himself, or in the position of the lady, or in the nature of the case altogether more than he had been able to explain a good reason for that manner to him, of which he complained. But even the society of Mr. Prior was of little so desirable in this dull neighbourhood, that it was too much for him to deny himself the pleasure and advantage of spending some time with him. He, therefore, explained fancy regarding a female living in his house, whose manner to himself might be perplexing, but of which there was no reason that he should take any particular notice. Besides, with Mr. Prior himself he felt that he was not yet half acquainted; and, as for the lady, there could be no more than a passing acquaintance. As they talked, her simple smile at her uncle's joke, and the penetrating gaze of her large dark eye (should she never deign even to speak to him), were as he thought, a positive delight, compared to the obtrusive chatter and freedom of the coarse and noisy Gilly of Glaucairston.

"More than this," he said to himself, as he paced the floor of his solitary study, "young men, as my venerable predecessor says, are disposed to be rash in their judgments, and dictatorial in their decisions, before they

have time to know what is hidden under the external surface of things. Doubtless, I am to blame, in presuming to set up my own inexperienced pride, against the influence of the Priors, at an early age, but I must have evils that may arise out of intercourse with wise and accomplished people. It becomes me, as a teacher of others," continued he, "to feel, that I also am liable to misapprehension, to error, and folly. I will, this very evening, arise, and, in the repentant spirit which only candour has often to me, I will, at another interview, at least, with the venerable prior of Lawford."

Pursuing the train of the minister's reflections, it must here be added, that there are few things more passing to sensitive persons, in early life, than the peculiar manner with which the Priors, of whose good opinion they are anxious to deserve. This Mr. Bannatyne strongly felt on his new visit of the same evening at Lawford, particularly with reference to Rebecca Prior; for, though he had persuaded himself that it was her uncle only he had gone to converse with, and that her behaviour, or notice of him, was of no manner of consequence; he found, to his uneasiness, that whether it was curiosity, or whether it was pride, not only the words she addressed to him, but her minutest look, were now matters of increasing solicitude. Yet he could not seem to be able to get over the impression, that his presence was of no importance to him; and this ridiculous watching of the countenance, and pondering on the motives of a strange girl, would wear off as his curiosity came to be gratified; for, as to any mere serious sentiment, that, of course, was out of the question.

The character of the minister, which as they appeared at this time to the anxious young pastor, require, perhaps, a word of explanation. That of Mr. Prior, in particular, appeared to the young man odd and unaccountable in several respects. With a spiteness of fancy, which seemed evidently to fit him for social enjoyments, and which was not without its uses, he was, nevertheless, habitual seriousness and taciturnity, he yet seemed systematically to seclude himself from the world, and to look with jealousy upon any intrusion into his habits, although what he called an intrusion was yet evidently felt to be a real relief. On some occasions, in the presence of his nephew, he was so free and so cheerful, that his youth's surprise, even humorous and caustic; and when he contrasted this lightness with the general strain of profound and didactic thought in which he usually indulged, and the instructive, though gloomy, speculations upon the condition of humanity, which marked the sermons he delivered, and the apologies, he was convinced that there was something hidden under all this, which it would require more than ordinary penetration to find out or appreciate.

As to Rebecca, however, the minister observed, that whatever was peculiar regarding her, beyond her habitual expression of sorrow and resigned melancholy, consisted entirely in her behaviour to himself; for her conversation with her uncle was easy and sensible, besides maintaining a tone of graceful humility that was extremely seductive; and every movement of hers, and every arrangement of her dress, and every word she uttered, indicated the most perfect taste and propriety.

Had the minister had less dignity of character, and used more freedom with others in the neighbourhood, the prying tattle of a country parish would soon have furnished him with certain particulars regarding the Priors of Lawford, which might have served as a clue to the explanation of the above-mentioned traits. He could only trust to his own observations, and as these became more acute, and had more to feed upon, they became still more absorbing to his faculties, and their subjects more interesting to his feelings. He saw an elderly gentleman without wife, child, brother, or sister, living alone in a country seat, and surrounded by a family, but that of a thoughtful maiden of nineteen, the daughter of his deceased brother; who, in the very spring-time and beauty of youth and health, seemed also generally to contrast herself from all society but that of a gloomy and eccentric uncle, and to shrink from company in contrast with her uncle, who would hail her presence with joy, and fed upon her smiles with rapturous admiration.

"What can be the meaning of all this?" he still enquired: "it is not natural for age to refuse honour, or to be so sensitive to the society of admirers, and it is not to be so fearful of such company, as to be so old to avoid society, that solace of life, and the young to choose pensiveness rather than joy, at the very period when the heart beats quick, when the blood is warm, and the

romantic fancy travels over bright regions of imagined and anticipated felicity."

It was in vain for him to strive against the increasing anxiety of his curiosity, or whatever else the feeling might be called, which induced him to watch over Rebecca's manner in the way he was constrained to do. He saw, also, that she was aware of his constant and sensitive observation of her; and this seemed still more to increase his embarrassment; for whenever she caught herself joining the discursive conversation between her uncle and him, until she perhaps echoed some sentiment of his, Mr. Bannatyne would turn his trained judgment to his with animated approbation, her countenance would again assume a strange expression of mental agony, as if she suddenly recollected some painful apprehension.

There is some mystery of sorrow hanging over this family, which he still attributed to himself as he walked solitarily home from Lawford House, one night, in a mood of unusual gloom, "which all my observation cannot penetrate. In this world of strange mysteries, of various and hidden sources of sorrow—this darkling pilgrimage, wherein we still grope in such uncertainty as to the deepest enquiries concerning 'being's end and aim,' I know that it is too true, that, in spite of appearances, and of all the coveted appliances and means which fortune seems to collect around her greatest favourites, for the momentary elation of the youthful spirit, and for the transient gleam of hope, which tantalising hope, still there will be found, according to the sombre meaning of the Italian proverb, to be 'a skeleton in every house'—a concealed cause of regret or of dread in every habitation, or in every heart. What can be the nature, or what the history, of that restless phantom that lurks upon the recesses of the mansion of Lawford, and which cruelly poisons the cup of life to these gentle hearts? What can the name be of the skeleton fiend whose bare bones ever and anon seem to rattle some sound of dread or of horror to check the risings towards enjoyment of the sorrowful spirit? What is that deadly bond which deathless chains points to some fearful issue in nature, of some reserved weal in the future destiny of the family? By heavens! this maiden shall draw aside to me the dark curtain that covers this terrific object, that I may be a sharer in her sorrow myself, or at least be enabled to bear some portion of her burden!"

About this period one or two trifling incidents took place between the minister and Rebecca, such as will happen in the course of an intercourse now becoming so constant, which had the effect of fairly drawing his attention to the state of his own feelings, and of opening his eyes to what he could no longer disguise from himself. It perhaps need hardly be added, that simple curiosity was now no longer the feeling of his mind regarding her. Admiration—increasing and deepening admiration—was, by this time, united to a more touching sympathy. Unappreciated, and unexpressed, deep interest for its object, and rendered sympathies so intense as to be almost painful, until Rebecca Prior became the idol of his spirit, and the charm that awakened him to another existence. Still there was the secret, the apparent mystery, unopened, unsolved. Bannatyne had perceived that the real reason of her certain and slow decline the skeleton that caused her melancholy, and his own. But he had not yet the courage to ask her to do so. He was happy in her society each evening, and yet he was most miserable. Such is love!

CHAPTER III.

By this time, there was not a man (at least there certainly was not a woman) in the whole parish of Hillington, but whose mind was perfectly made up as to the present intentions, immediate measures, and whole future history, of their beloved young pastor. That he was shortly to be married to the heiress of Lawford had long been clearly seen; and that he had fairly dismissed the lady of Glanderson's daughter was a matter of no regret; and that he was to get such and such lands and penisions with the last remaining daughter of the house of Lawford, was all fully understood and settled.

All this, however, was much more than a matter of mere gossip to the young lord of Glanderson, and the female part of his family. The lady was disappointed, he was almost indignant; the lady was wroth, and thought herself wronged; the daughter was in a pet, and would have complained, only that no one in Scotland ever prospers who dares to say ill of the minister.

But, in truth, not the least the lady was a man whose expectations were formed more from his own wishes than the nature of things, he might have seen, from the first, what was seen by every body else, and that, though, shortly to have, in such near relationship, the first, to obtain a comfortable settlement for his favourite daughter, yet the simple fact of Mr. Bannatyne's coming to be assistant minister in the neighbourhood, and accepting, for a time, the hospitality of his house, formed little ground for so extravagant an expectation as that, though, shortly to have, in such near relationship, the fastidious and gentlemanly junior minister of Hillington. We can seldom, in this world, receive a gratification to ourselves, without, whether conscious of it or not, giving pain or offence to some other person; so the interesting visits of our clergyman to Lawford House, and his sitting there so carefully observed, and so obviously felt, by the angry and disappointed family at Glanderson.

The idol gossip of his parishioners, however, had far outrun the truth, as to the prospects or the intentions of their pastor in the quarter where he visited; for, instead of the common state process of wooing and wedding such as the ordinary world experience and expect, his mind, even amidst the pleasing excitement of passion, was, as before hinted, plunged into a sea of cares and fears, with which all who seek to enjoy the higher emotions of our nature seldom fail to be painfully tried. He was, withal, so fully occupied by the business of his mind, and to conclude, in candid self-examination, that reason as he might, from this time forth earthly happiness and Rebecca Prior were with him inseparably connected, he, in the spirit of manly sincerity, resolved at once, that, in spite of all considerations arising out of their respective conditions in life, and in the face of that inexplicable manner which at times had given him so much uneasiness, he would declare to her the passion he no longer could control, and would learn from her own lips all that he so anxiously wished to know.

But, no sooner had he come to this ultimate determination, and sought to end his anxiety by carrying it into effect, than he found that Rebecca, had, with all a woman's tact, long penetrated his intention; for she avoided every thing in the shape of an opportunity for his meeting her out of the presence of her uncle, and, when accidentally left with him, she would look round her, for an instant, in apparent alarm; then, rising, and leaving him, she fell fully into the net of the room as if some sudden dread had just come over her. And yet she did not scruple to converse with him as she had done to the more early period of their intercourse; indeed, so evidently pleased were her uncle and herself always to see him, and so warm were the constant invitations of each to favour them with his society, that he seemed to be now almost one of the family, and could converse with both upon every subject but the one that was nearest to his own heart.

Now, also, the reserve that Rebecca had at first shown to him had in a great measure disappeared, and he had at last assumed a different character, but still the opportunity—the wished-for and yet dreaded opportunity of speaking to her that one word—of asking her that one question—was always denied him, so that the very pleasure which her society gave him was almost a torture in his present uncertainty. He had, however, the unsolicited and yet dreaded opportunity of speaking to her that one word—of asking her that one question—was always denied him, so that the very pleasure which her society gave him was almost a torture in his present uncertainty.

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out and down stairs; when, having taken a short turn in the open air, he would quietly come back, and, taking no notice of what might have been done or said in his absence, would proceed with the conversation, or discussion, resuming it precisely from the point at which he had left it.

This night he was, as I said, more than ordinarily absent and taciturn, until, the conversation between Mr. Bannatyne and his niece turning accidentally upon the subject of the remarkable facts furnished by the infinite diversity in human character, he seemed suddenly roused into eager attention. Lewis Bannatyne, observing this, pursued the subject warmly and eloquently, maintaining his favourite doctrine, that, viewing them philosophically, mankind were not so bad as they were generally represented, either by the bigoted misanthropists who did not sufficient consider the position in which the poor race of Adam were generally placed, or by gloomy expounders of divine revelation who refused to open their eyes to the whole of the subject.

"There is truth in what you say," said Mr. Prior: "man is not, after all, a very bad sort of being; it is merely contemptible—contemptible even in his virtues for they are either hardly worthy the name, or are over-stretched until they become the plague and the bane of virtue itself—contemptible also in his vices, which, while they also often scarcely deserve the name, are yet the hand of heaven, and happen, even in the most virtuous, as the curse of Adam." "And yet," continued, "I have known some, and the world has preserved the history of many, who were as thoroughly and purely wicked as even fiction has pictured, or as hell itself could furnish."

"And I have met with several," said the clergyman, looking across to Rebecca, "who, as far as I can judge, are as purely virtuous as good, and good, as ever painted or sung of;—Bannatyne; and on whom Heaven itself can confer greater purity, or higher elevation of spirit, by divesting them of the clay that as yet ties them down to mortality!"

"I even agree with you also in that," said the uncle, "and I have known the man who can see this much in mankind, and who rejects, as you seem to do, in the pleasing truth. But did you ever observe, Mr. Bannatyne, how much mankind seem to run, as to disposition and character, in distinct races, possessing and maintaining a specific series of family characteristics?—I have only with Indian tribes, among the Indian nations, but even in our artificial and refined state of society; for single families have often, for ages, and generations, evinced a specific and characteristic individuality. I need not now refer you to the history of some of the chief families who figure in the annals of our country, for the distinct characteristics by which they were known in their own times, or are known to us who live after them, as far as we can trace some degree of purity in the lineage; nor need I instance to you the Stuart family, which has passed away; nor most of the other prominent families which now fill the different groups of Europe. A slight attention to their several histories will prove the truth of what I contend for, which is, perhaps, of more importance than is generally thought."

"The subject is somewhat curious, sir," said the minister, thoughtfully, "and no doubt important, as a general subject."

"It is important also as a particular enquiry, Mr. Bannatyne," said the other, with peculiar meaning.

"Perhaps it may, sir, but I have not as yet thought of turning my attention to it."

"I have not thought of even one to know character, that he may not blindly consent to swell the black current of evil which deluges the world. It is the process of nature, that man forms connections in life, and thereby by some particular race is continued. But what race would a wise man choose to continue? Shall we be, in this particular, less wise than the bee, or the magpie? Do not let the germ of doom be sown with the most gentle of his kind? Does the blood courser unite his fiery nature with the sluggish breed of the Pays Bas? Are there not, among men, whole families which, like the birds of the boughs, belong to what may be called a good or an evil nature, and which, though they may be men, and who have the power of reason, know that they are men, and that of the posterity that may be the result. And, if

"What mean you, sir?"

"It is of the last importance, my dear sir," said Mr. Prior, emphatically, "for those who wish to form connections, and who wish to know those with whom they wish both with reference to their own after-happiness, and to that of the posterity that may be the result. And, if

you wish to know me, or any man or woman, in a deeper sense than can be obtained through the conventional courtesies of social intercourse, requires the history of the family from which I have sprung; ascertain the peculiarities of the nest to which the bird may belong with which you would offer to mate for life. Trust me, the qualities of the heart, the peculiarities of the blood, and the great considerations of the disposition and bias, are with much certainty transmitted through families, and are matter of inheritance from the male or female branches of a house."

Having risen and continued walking while he said this, the old gentleman, almost before Mr. Bannatyne was aware, had left the room; and the minister had become so absorbed in the sudden reflections caused by this conversation, that he did not notice Mr. Prior's absence, until he heard the echo of his footsteps as he passed through the hall below.

The moment was now come for which Lewis had so long watched: Rebecca and himself were quite alone, and seated opposite to each other. She smiled faintly, and seemed about to continue the conversation; but, as she looked across to him, her tongue was arrested by observing the expression of anxiety depicted in his countenance. For a few moments he also attempted, in vain, to utter a word; but the silence seemed so intense and so painful, that the lovers thought they heard the beating of each other's hearts.

At length Lewis was able to get out the single word "Rebecca."

She started at the word; but, instantly recovering her breath, as if relieved by the sound of his voice, she smiled sadly, as usual, while he proceeded.

"Rebecca," he said, "I see you perceive my anxiety to say a few words to you. Do not, I pray you, think of moving, but hear me. I have long waited for such an opportunity as this. Nay, listen to me, Rebecca; for the state of my mind is now such, that—"

"Some other time, Mr. Bannatyne; do not speak now!" she exclaimed, interrupting him. "Do not, my esteemed friend!—I know what you would say—I have dreaded this. Do not say any thing to me, but what may be spoken in my uncle's presence—and, hark! there comes the minister."

"No, Rebecca," he answered, after listening a moment, "it is only your fancy that thus alarms you; but now, for the sake of Heaven," he added solemnly "grant me an interview for five minutes only, at some time and place where I may speak to you without witness or interruption; and I assure you that you will wish it of its last importance to me, both as it regards my peace of mind, and even my future usefulness as a minister. Rebecca, what alarms you thus?"

"Oh, Mr. Bannatyne, do not—do not speak of such a thing!"

"What on earth can you mean, Rebecca?"

"I cannot tell you, Lewis—I cannot; why should you ask my meaning of me? I conjure you, as my friend, as my minister, whom I wish to hear weekly in public without distraction—whom I wish ever to honour and reverence!—not to seek from me any further explanation regarding my family, or my own unhappy state; and, above all, that you will not offer to step to me differently from what you have till now done."

"Rebecca!" he exclaimed, "I cannot bear this. This strange mystery, where my happiness is so deeply involved, will drive me distracted. I must be suffered to express my heart, and you can no longer contain it. I must be satisfied from your own lips, or—"

"Or we must never meet more," she said, calmly: "that Lewis is the only alternative. I have foreseen all this for some time; but, by my own weakness, and the fact that I have enjoyed in your society, as well as love for my uncle, who I saw, was also refreshed by your conversation, has made me put off the evil day; but it has come at length, and too soon. Lewis, it will be better for us both that, from this day forward, we meet no more."

"And no word of explanation of this mystery, Rebecca?"

"There is no mystery, Lewis—none whatever; it is merely duty that compels me. Oh! do not look so. I cannot bear it!"

"And will you not meet me, to hear what is bursting in my heart? Will you not speak to me one word for the satisfaction of my feelings?"

"Do not ask me, Lewis. I entreat of you not ask me,—for I cannot." And, so saying, she hurried out of the apartment.

He threw himself back into his chair, in a state of

stupefaction, from what had just passed. In a few minutes afterwards, however, he was aroused from his stupor, by the soft tread of footstep, and, looking up, perceived the slender figure of Rebecca glide softly into the room; and coming forward, she again placed herself in the chair she had formerly occupied, quite near to him.

"Forgive me, Mr. Bannatyne," she said, after a moment, and, breaking the painful silence. "I ask you forgiveness; for I already repent me of the determination which I have just expressed; and, though I know not well what further I shall have strength to say to you, yet I am aware there is something more than I have yet been able to speak about to you, and, lest you have resolved, therefore—resolved, in spite of the painful delicacy of a subject which is bitter to my thoughts, and in spite of all a maiden's pride, to give you, out of my own mouth, a most sad explanation. It is no romantic fancy that has caused this reluctance to meet you on a seemingly mysterious point; but there are reasons for all this, which you will understand when you come to hear them. In one word, I will meet you this night, even before you sleep, in the little conservatory at the east angle of the mansion. Wait for me there, after you have parted from my uncle. And do not, Lewis, put any unkind interpretation on the word, either now or hereafter. You will meet you alone, as I would my brother," she added, passionately, clasping her hands together; "I will speak to you as my minister; I will unlock the secret of my sorrow to you, as my adviser, as my friend, perhaps for the first time; but I must never dare to talk in private. But hark! here comes my uncle."

It was a weary half hour that Lewis spent after this when, at length, taking leave of Mr. Prior for the night, he sprang forth to the park without, to wait, at the angle of the mansion, for his interview with Rebecca.

CHAPTER IV.

"What a large portion of our time in this life is wasted in mere waiting!" exclaimed the minister to himself, as he paced anxiously up and down, within view of the conservatory, for the first time, seven minutes having already elapsed, and still the conservatory was dark and dull. "Waiting," he went on, "for something that seems necessary for our happiness, and the want of which prevents us from enjoying the present hour,—the hour that for the time we think so long, and which afterwards appears so short, and so barren of contentment, and so full of impatience—but there! at last I see a light."

As he hastened towards the conservatory, he saw, through the glass, the figure of Rebecca moving inside, and looking anxiously around her. Presently he was at the small door which opened into it, under a pair of creeping plants, which she unlocked, and he stood before her. She seemed to hesitate a moment as he gazed in her face, while she stood partially shaded by the plants of the conservatory, the habitual melancholy of her countenance glowing at this moment, to an expression that was almost more than human, as her dark eyes beamed on him, he thought he had never seen her appear so charming.

"I am most grateful for this condescension, Rebecca," he said, "more grateful than I can express." "You will not say so before me part," she said, smiling bitterly; "you and me looks romantic, but, assuredly, it will end in being only common-place, barren, and sad. I would not affect to be blind to the sentiment that burns in your eye, my friend, nor is this meeting, I confess, without feeling on the part of one even in my hypothesis, that of love. But we meet not, Lewis, on this painful occasion, as those meet who have words to say, that must never pass my lips, and emotions to indulge in, that I must never feel; or that I must smother within the struggling bosom where they rise. But do not reply here; it is fit that our communication should take place where you say that our communication should take place, and I have said that our communication should take place where you say. I will be your guide: follow me."

They trod lightly along several passages with which Lewis was quite unacquainted, and, at length, mounting by a back stair until they came to the upper part of the building, she opened a door; and they entered with some hesitation a square lofty room with a carved and painted ceiling, like an old saloon, and the walls hung round with tapestries of old pattern.

"I do not bring you here, sir," she said, as she observed him fix his eyes upon the heavy carved ornaments of the chimney-piece, and seeming to feel almost uncomfortable, while he glanced around at the range of

painted faces which appeared to gaze on him from within their frames—"I do not bring you into this unfrequented apartment, the implied danger of which, I fancy, or that I myself have any pleasure in entering a place which can impress me with nothing but associations deeply humiliating to my spirit; but simply for the reason I have already given, and that here, at least, we have little chance of being interrupted or overheard."

"They seated themselves on two old carved chairs, covered with cushions, and, for some time, each in his own moments, in melancholy silence, upon the row of portraits on the walls, until painful emotions seemed to be struggling in her bosom.

"Rebecca, you seem strangely moved," he said at length, "I speak without you! what mystery is this that you still delay to disclose?"

"There is no mystery, Lewis; I tell you again there is nothing remarkable in what I have to speak of, although every one feels his own sorrows most deeply. Nay, do not look upon me thus, Lewis. It is no sin of mine or my father's that I have need to be assumed of. It is simply that there is a judgment of Heaven upon our house. But doubtless it is better to fall into the hands of God than into the hands of men: and I submit. Alas! do not look so piteously upon me."

"Rebecca, I am distracted for you; and you will not even express to me the least feeling of the secret which I will disclose what you have to tell me. And yet you have undertaken to—"

"Well, sir, I know I have promised. Alas! that this horrible statement should come from my own lips. Observe you these portraits around you, Mr. Bannatyne: some of them are grim and stern, like the men of their time; others, as you see, are mild and melancholy of look, particularly those of latter generations. But, to begin with my father,—my poor, sad, interesting father; that is with the black robe and the pale countenance, so like my mother, who have just passed by. I wonder how I can bear to enter this room after what I know. It was here he chiefly lived of latter years; and see you that small door in the recess, under the large picture?"

"Yes, I see it; but what then?"

"That door does open into the small closet in which he died; and for two years before his death he never left that room, although generally in good health. Heard you never his history?"

"No, Rebecca, no; but why go into this unnecessary detail of allusion to the history of your ancestors? Nothing but your spirit, which you are so desirous of declaring, will tenderly, passionately, love! Nay, it is to speak this one word that I have anxiously sought to meet you in private; and nothing that may have impressed your pure and delicate mind shall prevent me from suing for that hand, for that heart, without which I feel that I shall never know happiness. Why do you thus shrink from me, and look so fearfully. What can this mean?"

"Oh, Lewis, your passionate words distract me! why will you not listen to the tale that I am about to tell you?"

I see what it all tends to, Rebecca: some of these grim carven have, in the person of your father, engaged you under some impious, some rash, some unnatural vow, which you ought not to keep. Every feeling of the heart, every consideration of life, love, hope, heaven itself, seem to be in your power to break it, and to preserve the peace and happiness of your ancient house. Will you do so, Rebecca, for my sake—for your own, will you break this accursed vow?"

"Your impatience misleads you, Lewis," she answered calmly; "there is no vow, no engagement; and they will still speak of me as the daughter of an ancient and your impassioned language. On that subject, as I told you at first, my lips must be sealed for ever, even to you."

"Then you are betrothed to another—I must not speak to you of the sentiment that warms my heart—that heart that I ought to devote to the service of the sanctuary, but which irresistible passion has made to swerve in favour of one who is icy cold, and cruel as cold, or who could not tolerate me thus."

"Oh! not cold, Lewis—not cruel; you wrong me sadly when you say so, and, besides, I have clasped your hands together, while her voice quivered with rising emotion. "What would you have me to say? I would you have me to speak as it becomes not a maiden to speak, to him whom she would love, does love, but dares not love."

"Oh, Lewis, pity me! I am a wretched doomed girl. The heart of Lewis is dead; his heart is dead; his wife, the tenderness of a mother, I must never know: I must wear out my life in maiden seclusion, and go down

made money, and the other man lost it, but never take the least notice, thing of higher import, or which might be of interest to a wandering observer like myself. All I could learn from him was, that the new minister had considerably disappointed many good men in the parish; that he had not used him or his daughter almost, and that he had gone about a strange reserved family, who lived at a place called Lawford, until he had been some falling-out among them; for that now he seldom was seen to go there, and yet was still unmarried and was, in short, a man that few could understand.

Next day, when about to walk down into the village, I learned by several persons, that the good and sensible senior pastor of the parish, Mr. Kinloch, was now confined to bed, and had for some time been thought to be dying. This news was impressive to me, from the opinion I had formed of his judgment and information, on my first meeting him in this very house; and, in short, I was greatly anxious to see him, and to hear what he had to say; both from the respect I felt for him, and because I had a curiosity to know what he would say regarding the present state of mind and character of Mr. Bannatyne, his successor. The thought was no sooner a matter of mingling in my mind, than the knock of a stranger was heard at the laird's door.

This circumstance giving me an excuse for leaving Glaunderton House, I immediately departed by, by his coach, the dying old minister. I mounted the creaking stairs to the chamber of the sick, and sat myself down at the bed-side, and said to myself, "I will not think; 'how pathetic to look upon and talk to a living being, who is so soon to be 'for ever hid from our eyes!'"

"Your visit, my friend," said he, "is a refreshment to me. Sit down by me, and let us commune together. If I am mistaken, you witnessed the placing of Mr. Bannatyne, my successor, in the pulpit."

"I did," said I; "and great is my concern respecting him. To say the truth, many a weary foot I have travelled, and many a hill I have climbed, in this upland neighbourhood, until I was breathless, for little other earthly pleasure than to see him, and to hear how he lived, and what was his history, and that of the strange family of Lawford, in the hollow."

"I wish I could see him now," said the dying man, solemnly: "I feel that my time is not to be long; and I have said to say to him before I depart. I fear me that his mind is troubled. Oh, that I could see him while I have strength!"

The old man had not the words well out of his mouth, when the servant announced that Mr. Bannatyne wished to be admitted.

He then said that this was a providential opportunity for me, and waited anxiously to hear and see what might result on so serious an occasion. In another minute Mr. Bannatyne was bending over the bed of the dying man.

I was affected upon observing the evident change in his appearance. The thoughtfulness of five and forty was written on his brow, though twenty years had yet to run their course before he should have arrived at that age. I saw that a death-bed advice was going to be delivered to him; and my ears were open to its solemn import. After a few preliminary sentences, the dying man, settling down on his bed, thus spoke:

"It has been my satisfaction and thankfulness to me, Mr. Bannatyne," he said, "that Providence has been pleased to appoint over my beloved people of this parish, to succeed me as their pastor, one possessing the mental qualities and endowments of which you are well entitled to be confident. It would have been a serious reflection on such a time as this, and might have deeply embittered my dying day, had I had to leave my simple yet intelligent people in the charge of any of those raw youths, who springing up from among the lower orders, are yearly sent from our cheap universities, and who, placed in the important position of religious and moral instructors, by the simple forms of our Geneva church—under circumstances very frequently when they are below the level of the generality of the people, in all that constitutes valuable acquirement—serve so effectually to perpetuate the grossness and depravity of the people, as to justify the proverb, of which the age is justly ashamed, and cruelly to hinder the progress of the glorious improvement of a great portion of the intellectual countrymen."

It is not for me, however, at a time of this kind, to express any opinion on such an occasion, or which attaches to our popular religious education (our pious nation); further than as a ground for congratulating myself and my people, that I am leaving over to you (who cannot suspect me of flattery at this hour) a man of capacity, who, with the education suitable for his office, is possessed of the general knowledge and intellectual ad-

vancement which form the characteristics of a gentleman; and who, while he builds up his people in their faith, will be able to do so, from time to time, raising, upon subjects suitable for them; and who knows how, by making them wise, to make them better men."

Yet a few things I would take leave to say to you, Mr. Bannatyne, as I am about to be taken from you, which, whether you are able to understand them or not, may not, may not be thought injudicious, as the result of some experience, both as a minister of religion, and an observer of the world. Some of these things you may think somewhat common-place; in truth, I think them so myself; yet the daily disregard of them, shows that they are less understood than you and I would suppose, or that their importance is not admitted until after the usual disappointments of experience, and the incurring, and propagation, perhaps, of much real evil."

"The most common error of young men of some natural assurance and readiness of speech, and whose necessary isolation from the world, and set-up position, as religious teachers, is so apt to give them a false opinion of themselves, is the vulgar ambition to become popular preachers, and so to get the empty portion of the world, for a brief period, to rub itself against their own, and need scarcely tell you that the low artifices and feverish feelings of this sort of ambition are far beneath a man of real talent or true worth; and that it holds with preachers of the gospel, as with other men who address the public, that they will be the less successful, the more they are steady trippers of *one man of sound intelligence* and worth, is to be prized above all the unstable shoutings of the giddy multitude. Besides, no man will ever gain extensive popularity, at least he will never retain it, upon the truth. He who makes a subject as religion, by sincerely speaking out the truth, and who is not ashamed to show the prejudices of the itching-ear portion of his people, will not appreciate what they delight to hear exaggerated, cloak or suppress what is likely to offend, and, in short, become a parody to the eternal errors and hypocrisies of the vulgar. What is the usual result of all this? That, after the day shall have passed away, and the inflated fool has strayed away from his acquaintance every wise man and estimable friend, he dwindles down and sinks into an unlovely isolation, harassed with vain endeavours to provide a clamorous party, who will not be content with condescending to flatter, but who will, when he first begins to suspect his motives, and traduce his name; and it will be well if the whole does not terminate in the bitter inveighings of disappointed vanity, and the impotent complainings of merited neglect."

With respect to the character of your instruction to a mixed people, I cannot suppose that any aberration into a mixed enthusiasm for particular theological views, which are ever varying with the fashion of the age, or the narrow conceit of individuals; or any mistaken attempt to promulgate a common error, will ever lead you into the common error of the more ignorant of your flock, of worrying your people constantly with puzzling reasonings upon mere doctrine, and ringing constant changes upon such words as 'faith' and 'grace,' or at least upon what may be contained in one or two simple propositions. This is the worst of the best, which frightens from our churches so many of the best informed and most liberal of our society, and which makes religion itself so often treated with sneering and contempt, is in general resorted to from mere paucity of intellect and information, by those who find it much easier to fill up their tasked hour with the uninteresting rubbish of scholastic disputation, than with such applicable views of human life, scripture and duty, which require in the preacher some thinking and observation, and his failure in which shows too glaringly his real ignorance and incapacity."

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"This is a most serious evil, both as respects religion and morality, and as respects the interests even upon our national character. Do you not observe, by comparing one place with another, and with nations with others under a different system, that it is this pestiferous jangling of words and names, this early and incessant harassment of intellect, with doctrinal mystification, while the practical self-denials of a truly christian spirit, the great subjects of justice and mercy, honour and honesty, between man and man, under the names of ethics and morality, are neglected, or even habitually setting up of doctrine and dogma, and thus, by even in opposition to, what is tangible and real, or conduct systematically forms the character of our charged national hypocrisy?"

"I need not further show you that all this arises from the great preponderance, in Scotland, of the lower order of mind, in that important matter, public instruction; for the very literature in our book-shops, and which is devoured in such quantity by the class, who are as designated, would alone prove it. I sincerely rejoice, however, that you will be one among the few loftier intellects, who will fairly devote yourself to the noble task of restoring the natural union between a modest piety and the most liberal and useful education, and to do so, to make men at all times more apt to do, than to argue, than to make their faith by their works. Thus religion, instead of being an uneasiness and almost a horror, as it is frequently taught, you, by interweaving it with those practical views of social life, feeling, and sentiment, which its genuine operation makes so truly interesting, will show it as designed to be, not only the corrector of the vices and waywardness of the human heart, but the consolation and the staff demanded by the weakness of humanity. Consider, sir, in this respect, the deep importance of your office, and how much good you may do among your people, by giving them a key to the understanding of their own characters, by detecting and exposing to them the intricacies of unchristian selfishness, as well as the delusions of blinded self-love; so that, teaching them habitually to atone to their own motives, in connection with duty, some rational foundation may be laid for true Christian benevolence."

"One word more, I must say, with more particular reference to yourself. I learn, with regret, that your sermons have of late assumed more of a tone of melancholy than is to be considered desirable, and that you are, in some sense or your time of life. This I sincerely regret, because to me it is an evidence of some internal suffering on your part, with the cause of which it does not become me to intermeddle. But, permit me to say, that, although it is very rare for any public instructor to mix his own present feeling for his hearers with his delivery, yet peculiarly gloomy view of human life is unphilosophical and injurious. It is unphilosophical, because, whatever may be the present sorrows of individuals, such a view of things does not agree with common opinion and experience; for I need not remind you that human life is neither a state of entire happiness, nor of entire misery, but is as the mind happens to view it; and the view of the mind on this subject are with many in a state of much oscillation, although generally on the side of cheerfulness and comfort. What a allude to is often exceedingly injurious, especially in the case of the island, for the Scots are a people predisposed to gloom, and a gloomy view of the vulgar system of exaggerating the terrors of death and judgment, and even drawing terrifying pictures of future horrors, is never practised by men of sense, but by popularity-hunting fools, to catch the applause of the vulgar."

"Mr. Bannatyne," added the old minister, after a long breath, "I must say, further, that I would wish much to live still to see you married. A minister of the gospel should not be long without a companion in his home, that he may not be subject to the distractions of passion, or those wanderings of the heart, that belong to the solitude of the virtuous man. Forgive my freedom; it is dictated only by anxiety for your usefulness and happiness."

"Finally, my friend," he continued, after another pause, "never let your aims, in any respect, descend, tempted either by the applause of the base, or scared by the vituperation of the ignorant, who are so often wise can at all times escape. Seek constantly the approval of the highest and the best, along with the approval of your own mind, and a sense of divine favour."

"Forgive, and yet think of, this long advice. I feel myself greatly indebted to you, in this filmy dream of earthly organs, that death is drawing near, and that I am your hands, my friends;—nay, look not so dim, for my hope is good, and I am well content."

"Heaven bless you! Heaven make you happy!"

"Why should I dwell upon the death of the righteous? I saw and was conscious that the living had laid it to heart!"

CHAPTER VI.

It was some time after this my second arrival in Hillington, and even after the Rev. Mr. Kinloch was laid in the grave, ere I was able to come at such authentic particulars regarding the young minister, and the much talked of Rebecca Prior, as satisfied the craving curiosity which had been raised in me concerning them.

I found that the young man, who somewhat passed off, and which Mr. Bannatyne had much received by the dis-

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 6, NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—At \$3 for 32 numbers, payable in advance.

CHAPTER VII.

Another long winter had about this time passed over, and again I crept out from my wearisome solitude of Balgowrie; for the weather was becoming soft and mild, the green herbage of the field was springing lively up from the hollow of the sods—the spring sun had entirely melted the snow which had so long rested on the bald summit of Benlomond, and now glinted pleasantly at 'en o'er the fells of Strathblane; for the last blasts of Yule were forgotten in the valleys, and the time of the singing of birds was come.

It was pleasant to me to hear the rejoicings of nature, as, with my leatheren wallet again on my shoulder, and my staff in my hand, I once more "took the road," and, humming to myself some pleasant madrigal as I went along, or chanting, like the singing birds around me, some cheerful and commendable chant. I wandered forth to see my old friends here and there in the world, and to gather up the gleanings of my former adventures.

But not being particularly hurried for time, I, as was my besetting fashion, so lingered about this place and the other; and had, in truth, so many hands to shake, and healths to drink, to this body, and the next body, on my way; that, in spite of my original intention, it was far towards summer before I passed the high-road that overlooked the green hollow of Lawford, and the foliage began interrupted my view, so that I was almost without sight of the hills of Dunroch, had a peep of the romantic old steep of Hillington.

"Ye're welcome, sir," said the squire landlady of the inn, cursing long before I drew near her door; "I'm glad to see you in Hillington again, so just in time to the garden parlour, for I ken you are to see the birds, and to look out at the bonny blue hills of Dunroch."

Now, sir, just sit ye down in your ain leather chair, while I get the supper ready, for I hae mickle news to tell you about the gentles of this country."

I had hardly swallowed my broiled chicken, and three or four drops of brandy from her glass, before she was saying she was just nibbling a bit of crumby osten cake to give a *goat* to my cheese and my dram of brandy, when in came the landlady again, and bustled about me in the kindest manner, expecting that I would give her the pleasure of telling me all the circumjacent gossip which was being heard round for ever and ever. She then left the neighbourhood. It suited my humour, however, by assuming at first a grave taciturnity, to coquet for a time with her evident incontinence of womanly clatter; but my nature was not so made for cruelty as to continue this long, so at length I allowed her to open upon me.

The first great event which she had to inform me of, was, that the Laird of Glaunderston's red-haired daughter had actually got a husband at last, and was now fairly married and off; which was a great relief not only to the maid and all the family in Glaunderston, but to the whole neighbourhood. The bride was Miss Nelly McGilvray of Glaunderston. But, thank God, she's married now, and that's a blessing."

The other part of the landlady's news was, that there had lately come to live in the neighbourhood a very extraordinary and kespenceful gentleman, who presenced us all, and who had come from the south, and who had taken quarters in the parish, and who, in short, had somehow been known to Mr. Prior of theholm; but, at all events, he had already, more than any of their neighbours, their minister alone excepted, got a footing among the people of the hamlet.

My landlady gave me a very strange account of this gentleman, such as made it difficult for me, for a considerable time, to judge what his real character actually was, and what were likely to be the effects of his increasing intercourse with persons so reserved in their habits, and generally so reticent as the Priors and their friend Mr. Banatyne were well known to be. But what the worthy woman said of him amounted to this—that he was a long-headed and a travelled man; "for he had been," she said, "far abroad, at Seringapatam, and the

Cove of Cork, and such like remarkable places—had seen the burning hills all the way in Mesopotamia, and elephants carrying castles on their backs over the great mountains of Amsterdam!"

Whether this gentleman had once been a voyager with Captain Cook, or travelled with the great Baron Munchausen himself, was not clearly determined; but certainly he must have seen a deal of killing and slaying abroad, for he talked of the taking off of heads, and the destruction of whole cities, with extraordinary coolness and placidity; and hardly less so of the unfortunate inundations which he had seen, and the destruction of the continent, which it had been also his fortune to visit in his time.

This was a sort of information, however, that it had often been my fortune to be obliged to unravel; and thus much I, at least for the present, was able to conclude—that this Mr. or Dr. Heywood (for that was the name of the new resident) was no common person, at least for his information and his opinions. I gathered further, from the whole tone of the landlady's remarks, that his presence had a decidedly favourable effect upon the spirits of those for whom I felt so much interest.

Dr. Heywood, as I afterwards found, had actually practised as a physician abroad; but having, on his return, made choice of this hilly and romantic parish for air, had now retired to live in it upon the fortune which he had acquired. The family of the Priors was too conscious of the propriety of being acquainted with a man so acquainted with whatever was known regarding their character and history; and, having procured first an introduction to the minister, he was soon enabled, through him, to form some acquaintance with a family about whom his curiosity, from what he had learned, had been strongly excited.

Meizing that the secluded family at Lawford had at length added this gentleman to the narrow circle of its acquaintance, I took some pains to ascertain his character; especially as a manifest influence over all became his, and he was visible to all eyes, and so much the object of a theorising philosophy, who made his information subservient to those fancies which the very benevolence of his disposition had led him to indulge. Upon getting into some intimacy with him, I found, however, that he had only accustomed himself to reason too generally; to the neglect of conclusions rested little to individuality, and was impatient of detail; so, though his information was undoubtedly great, and his purposes noble, he had seen so much of mankind, that he could hardly be said to see clearly a *man*.

The singular situation of the minister and Rebecca, which was now no secret in the neighbourhood, had so impressed Dr. Heywood, that the excessive delicacy of the one subject, and the evident shrinking from it of all concerned, could not hinder him from gradually approaching it. Mr. Prior was at first almost offended by his freedom; but the doctor began by referring to the common opinions regarding different races and tribes of men, and gradually slid into observations upon the peculiarities which have been observed to run in families, until they assumed very decided characteristics, of which the gentleman became interested, and to the absurdity of Robert's ideas he ceased to except. Subsequently the doctor ventured to throw out some remarks upon the cases of several former members of the Prior family, which astonished the old gentleman, both from the acquaintance which the former showed with his family, and from the misapprehensions which he had of these facts, that not every one, but only a majority, of Mr. Prior's ancestors had been afflicted with the fearful malady of his house: and that it never, except in two cases, had appeared throughout the female line.

The effect which the mention of some of these things had upon the mind of Rebecca was, that upon her coming one evening, when, in presence of Mr. Banatyne, the doctor proceeded to urge them, was such as instantly to put a stop to the conversation at that time. Lewis, however, and even Mr. Prior himself, began to

awake as from a dream, and, though Rebecca remonstrated strongly with her uncle, against again disturbing their tranquil melancholy, by the discussion of a subject upon which she dared not think with the least hope, the very night following was appointed for talking it over with the anxious physician.

CHAPTER VIII.

There never was before seen, in the fruitful month of September, so peculiar a day as that which followed the one on which was made to appease the unexpected commotion introduced in the last conversation, for who would expect the gusty blasts of March, or the shining showers of April, in the teeming season of autumn; or to see the clouds and storms of dreary winter sweeping athwart green meadows, and shaking the trees in the woods of Lawford, while the birds of summer yet sung in the boughs, and the foliage had not yet taken the painter's tint, which renders it more interesting while prognosticating its speedy decay?

It had been the habit of Mr. Prior, in watching over the mental health of his beloved niece, whenever he saw her in any unusual state of spirits, to drive off to some distance, exploring all the cross-roads and long valleys within twenty miles, and lingering only where nature was most attractive, but seldom visiting the great towns, or mixing with any other society. On the morning of the day, when the unusual tranquillity of her spirits was evidently disturbed, she confessed that she had rested ill through the night; for hope, in spite of all the efforts of her reason, had begun to intrude with flattering *perplexities* into her fancy, and her inward dread, of allowing her thoughts to be further troubled by wishes and reasonings which might only end in adding bitterness to a fate to which she had thought herself quite reconciled. But the variegated scenery of a favourite part of the country, through which her considerate uncle judiciously brought her, together with his own cheerful conversation by the way, tended materially to refresh and settle her mind, and even the strange changeableness of the autumnal day, and the picturesque drifting of the occasional storm along the speckled plain passed out beneath her, had that grateful effect upon her excited thoughts, which the overlasting language of pure nature has ever had upon minds of great sensibility.

They had proceeded a considerable way by a route that was rather new to them, and were returning towards home as the day advanced, when, as they proceeded slowly down a narrow entangled lane, into which Mr. Prior, who prided himself upon his knowledge of localities, had led them, their conversation was interrupted by the coachman stopping short to inform them that the road on which they were was no thoroughfare, and terminated, as he could see, in a private property in front of them; that, in fact, they had lost their way; and that, as they could not even turn the carriage conveniently, without ascending far up and getting within the gate of this unknown demesne.

"We cannot possibly take such a liberty," said Mr. Prior, with his habitual reserve and delicacy.

"I dare not attempt to turn here, sir," said the man, "for I know that the name of the property before us?"

Mr. Prior, looking out,

"I think it must be Bicknell Hill, sir," said the man "owned by Mr. Dryburgh, that is, Dryburgh of Bicknell."

"Surely I have heard that name," said Mr. Prior, repeating, "Is Rebecca, my dear," he added, turning to his niece, "is not that the name of the person whom we heard had some time ago married the daughter of our neighbour McGilvray of Glaunderston?"

"It was some such name," she said; "but, for Heaven's sake, sir, do not let us within a mile of such people. That horrid woman will be sure to fasten herself upon us in some way, if we enter within the gate."

"Let not that trouble you, Rebecca," said Mr. Prior, good-naturedly. "Is the lady's father and I are old neighbours. Drive on, John, and in five minutes add my thanks to the small loaves of which we have issued, and dry grumbling man, with whom, some difficulty admitted them through the rickety gate into the old avenue of Bicknell Hill.

When within the gate, they found the ill-kempt road so

"Is there nobody there?" screamed the lady—"John! Jenny! Gordie!"

"I'm better—I'm better now; do not call any one!" urged Rebecca, recovering herself by an energetic effort—"it is only the consequence of my long ride. Now, Mrs. Dryburgh, say, in one word, what you mean by these hints."

"There now—I'm glad to see you come to yourself again," said Lady Bicknell, also recovering—"an' ye speak very sensibly—I aye said ye could talk as sensibly as I could;—that that could never be the minister's reason for standing in the way of my marriage;—ye mean, Miss Rebecca, by hints?" Now we need not be the least hurried; just put that mouthful of wine over—"

"Mrs. Dryburgh," said Rebecca, indignantly, and pushing away the offered wine, "this indelicate freedom with me and my family is what I cannot excuse."

"Odsake, Miss Prior, dinna speak so sharply," said Lady Bicknell, astonished at Rebecca's scornful energy; "ye'll remember that I'm a married woman, and all I have to say is, that, if ye take my advice, ye'll just tell the minister yourself, plump an' plain, suppose he be a man that at all events, as the folk say, you may be rather—"

"Mrs. Dryburgh, what are you aiming at? It is not fit that I should listen to language like this!"—and, rising as she spoke, while her eyes flashed with scorn, she was proceeding to leave the room.

"Sit down—just sit down, Miss Rebecca—odsake but ye're proud an' pettish. I beg your pardon a hundred an' fifty times, although, being a married woman, ye might take my advice when it's all for your guide. But now set ye down, an' smooth your face, for there's your uncle, an' my gude-man comin' in. Odsake, if the laird ken'd that I had wagged a tongue at ye, he'd flog me. Prior family, I would never hear the last o't! Noo, just forgie me, an' let us be friends—ahem! What a fine afternoon it's turned out!"

As the good lady spoke the last sentence, Mr. Prior and the laird entered the room, to the great relief of Rebecca; and the old gentleman, seeing at a glance that something had been said to ruffle his niece, managed to get off; and in a few minutes they were again driving rapidly towards their own pleasant valley at Lawford.

CHAPTER IX.

The autumnal day, hitherto so variable, had, as has been said, brightened into unusual beauty, as Mr. Prior and Rebecca rode on towards their home. The richness and beauty of the afternoon tints, was heightened and enhanced by the shining freshest which the departed storm had left; and the clouds, having cleared away over the nearest range of hills, appeared rolled together in the far distance, and, mixing in contrasting masses with the partial lights shining on the blue summits of the moor, and among a picturesque grandeur to the still stormy horizon.

As they were driven along, Mr. Prior, as usual, pointed out to Rebecca every peep of nature in sky and landscape that seemed grand or interesting; but he remarked, with regard to the latter, that he had never been so disturbed to a much greater degree than he now was, by the wide range of "meadow green and mountain gray," now lying gay beneath them, had lost all charm for her, and every effort of his failed to arouse her from that tendency to abstraction, which experience had taught him to regard, in any of his family, with a sympathetic and apprehensive anxiety. The habitual delicacy, however, with which her good uncle had always treated her, prevented him, at this time, from touching upon the cause of her disquietude; and they arrived at home immediately, brooding in secret over the painful idea, that the world had rejected them as associates, and already talked of them as ultimately doomed to the melancholy seclusion of mental alienation.

The expected visitors did not come to dinner; but this, so far from being a disappointment to Rebecca, seemed to her, as it were, an evidence, evidently looked with dread upon the further discussion of a subject which she had thought hope could never be associated. At length a carriage was heard to proceed down the avenue; but, by this time, Mr. Prior was left quite alone, for Rebecca had retired for some time, and, when the gentlemen arrived, was necessary to be out of doors. On her account, chiefly, that the meeting had been anticipated, Mr. Banatyne, in particular, felt much disappointed at her absence, and at the evident gloom upon her uncle's countenance.

The servant who had been sent to request the attend-

ance of her room, now returned to say, that she was neither in her room, nor any where else in the house. Mr. Prior felt strangely at this intelligence, and rose and walked hastily about the apartment. Doctor Heywood was disconcerted, and knew not what to think; Mr. Banatyne rose also, walked to the window, and drawing the curtains, looked abroad upon the lawn, upon which the early moon was now shining dimly. A thought struck him as he gazed down the woody hollow of Lawford, and traced the sinuosities of the streamlet that here and there reflected the watery rays of the moon; and, taking his hat, he was soon in the lawn behind the mansion.

Some impulse led him to take the road towards the height beneath which was the dark chasm into which gushed the streamlet of Lawford, from the solitary pond above, called the Lady's Lin. Rebecca seemed always to have avoided this spot, and he had never been so near it before. The rain of the very early part of the day had swollen the waters of the lin, which tumbled with a heavy and saddening sound into the rocky chasm below. Lewis was moved, and contemplated the place as the mysterious emblem of some hidden destruction. But he thought, mist be fancy only, and the fancy often deludes poetical minds into imaginations of sorrow than of joy.

Leaving the falling waters boiling with a hollow sound beneath, Lewis mounted the height to see the lin; but, though the evening was delicious, and the idea of finding the cause of his abode, the hope he had left him of reaching her so far from home as this. He could not resist the impulse, however, of visiting the lin, now as it was so near. The trees that crowned the height were scattered and irregular, and the spot had altogether a neglected appearance; but its very wildness made it more picturesque, and, as he was passing, he caught from among the bushes, the open expanse of this hidden world, and, by the reflection of the moonbeams, now burst upon him.

The solitude of the place was perfect: even the hum of the falling waters below, deadened as it was upon the ear by the intervening thick trees that bordered the lake, seemed to be kept in the distance, and the only sound, still small voice of nature alone was heard to echo through the woods around. Lewis was absorbed, as threading his way among the trees, he traced the green margin of the lake. He had forgotten every thing but some vague and melancholy associations with this holy place, when, as he proceeded musingly forward, he found himself suddenly grasped by the arm, and, looking round, after the start that such an encounter gave him, he perceived the pale features of Rebecca, her person wrapped in a mantle, and her dark eyes gazing on him with unusual animation.

"What could you be here doing," she said, quickly; "who taught you the way to the Lady's Lin?"

"Rebecca, this is strange," he replied: "why do you find me wandering on this ominous spot?"

"Do not be alarmed, my friend," she answered, calmly; "there is nothing remarkable in an outcast like me loving to brood over his woes, and, when his mind is disquieted by this cold world, and any fancy wanders towards another state of being. But I am glad you are come—very glad it is you that have come to me at this moment," and, as she earnestly spoke, she clasped him in her arms.

"The same time with me, Rebecca," he said, kindly, and returning her pressure; "they wait for us at the mansion."

"Not yet, my friend, not yet: let us discuss here an instant. Tell me candidly—tell me, Lewis—did ever a thought oppress you—a temptation—often—to suicide?"

"Nay, start not. 'Tis not so uncommon. Death, as such, may not be an evil. Life, we know, often is."

"How can you talk thus, Rebecca? Let us leave immediately this solitary place."

"Why should we fear to talk of any thing? See you that small stream that murmurs at the foot of the lin, how it struggles and foams through obstructing and dividing rocks: how it leaps and bubbles and brawls in its short course; and how quiet it is when it reaches the depths of that placid pool, on the smooth bosom of the old lake, where it mingles now so sweetly." "Tis the old tale, Lewis," he replied, "and I will not say."

"You are melancholy to-night, Rebecca; you are not as usual; and here the air is cold. Let us hence to the house."

"You will not, surely, like a wordling, run from me, because I am so awful!" she said, smiling. "I fear not our friendship, our more than friendship, cravened and strengthened even by melancholy? Nay, let me speak to you, Lewis, as I have always spoken when the sadness of my heart comes over me. What do you think of the

world, which would not allow me to have you, even, for a friend?"

"Do not, Rebecca, do not encourage these melancholy reflections. Do come home with me! There is something awful in this wild spot just now. See you, the moon is under a dark cloud—the trees round these waters assume strange shapes in the gloom; and the chill breeze begins to moan in the woods, and to sweep up the hollow of the lin, so that now you can linger here, as the cold black depths of that still lin make me shudder when I look into it."

"It is you that are fanciful, Lewis, and apt to be uneasy, and scared by this gloom and solitude. Now, as for me, it does me good, when my heart is disquieted, to gaze upon these waters; when I sit here in the deepening twilight, thinking of the empty idealisms of life, and the numerous disappointments of warmhearted youth,—of the penalties connected with this very reason of which we think so highly, and the sadness that mingles even with truth itself—I obtain resignation to an anticipated state that the distant world abuses with its pity; nay, I feel almost a happiness in my hopeless equanimity, which is only disturbed by such vain discussions as was this night intended; and when, on this point, I have solemnly made up my mind to the sacrifice of every earthly hope, my prayers to Heaven for mental tranquillity mingle with those for the happiness of others, as they tumble heavily into that chasm among the rocks,—prayers sincerely addressed to the High and Lofly One, that, in my hour of aberration, when reason shall have abandoned this helpless tenement, He will not desert me; when, then, my friend, the spirit of my unhappy ancestors, who gave up their struggling soul to her Maker beneath the cold waters of this lin, seems to join in my petition for resignation to the sad fate of my fathers, and to point a ghostly hand, over these woods, towards the heaven above us, where that blessed moon, and the stars that twinkle beside it, glory in their place, and glory beyond; and where there remains rest for the frail victims of earthly calamity."

Lewis stood for a minute, unable to answer; and then, taking her gently away from the margin of the lin, he murmured as they went slowly down the slope, "This is a mournful scene, Rebecca, and your own thoughts which I did not expect you to be occupied with this night of the mind, I know, is a riddle—I feel it in myself; perhaps the highest minds are the most difficult to understand; but allow me to remind you, that, with all this sympathy and delicacy, and all its intensity, the mind is often its own worst enemy, and may, by its own prejudice of a determined melancholy, the galling chains of its own misery."

"Oh, Lewis!" she said, and by this time the tears were streaming down her cheeks, "your very reproval is a pleasure and a blessing to me: but my weakness—my poor—"

"Do not speak of weakness, my adored Rebecca," he exclaimed, now melted with her emotion; "we never lose those who have no weaknesses. It is not weakness that causes the close embrace of the twining tender and its supporter,—yes, Rebecca, and rise together when the storm is over, and grow together, and bud and blossom together, and rejoice together in the richness of summer, and shed their leaves together, when winter approaches, and wither together at last, Rebecca,—and die together!"

Tears, and broken sentences, and intruding hopes that were too bright, and apprehensions that were too sad for the contrast, occupied the lovers until they reached the mansion, where the approaching discussion was now involuntary looked upon as a thing, which was to decide their fate for the rest of their lives.

CHAPTER X.

"You would not have me, sir," said Dr. Heywood, addressing Mr. Prior, when all were seated round him, "begin a formal lecture upon so delicate a subject; particularly as I pretend to advance nothing either very new or recorded, but simply to apply what is known regarding a specific malady to the case, in particular, of your young friend, Rebecca. I will, if you please, what questions you think proper, and I will answer them to the best of my ability."

"There is one great principle regarding this point, which, you say, has been universally admitted of late years," said Mr. Prior, "which, I confess, has many deep and even hopeful impressions upon my mind, and that is, that insanity is essentially a bodily or functional derangement only, and so liable to be treated medically,

like other maladies. Yet, doctor, you will excuse the scepticism, perhaps of ignorance, if, accustomed to the terms of metaphysics and the impressions of the world, I attach to the notion of the thinking principle—or of that essence which, like the great being who created it, is so much at any time seen nor can we see it—no idea so abstract and mysterious, as to make the mind operating effectually to a *mind* diseased, a thing hardly consistent with human skill, particularly it, like any other mental peculiarity, if may have been transmitted through several generations.

"I will not trouble you by your doubt, sir," said the doctor, "and with the feelings that give rise to it: yet, as gout and scrofula, the most inveterate, perhaps, of the other hereditary disorders, have been most overcome by scientific treatment, so has even *mania hereditaria*, as Esquirol calls this dreadful malady. But though I by no means flinch from the consideration, so important in the case of this family, that such an affliction may be inherited; knowing that in all exclusive tribes, as the Jewish people, the Quakers, Moravians, &c. as well as in clanships, and among aristocratic families accustomed to invariable marriages among each other, such predisposition has been and is transmitted; yet allow me to say, that persons supposed to be in this unhappy situation are by no means the best judges of the application of any general rule to their own cases; and least of all can they, being the result of the predisposition, be the best judges of it themselves. I understand, indeed, the doctrine of transmission as likely to affect themselves, or the mode which experience has pointed out of aiding benevolent nature in her usual efforts to free herself from the constitutional derangement to which accident or vice may have brought a series of generations, subjected her."

"Proceed, sir, if you please," said Mr Prior; "we are all attentive."

"Without troubling you at any length upon so wide a subject," continued the doctor, "permit me to observe, that, from several facts that have come to my knowledge, in the history of this family, and from the observations of Esquirol, I am obliged decidedly to conclude that the professional friends of your house, Mr Prior, and even yourself, have made some capital mistakes, both as to the nature of the malady supposed to be manifested in former generations, and as to the actual danger of your family from it. In the first place, I do not think, madam, that in the first place, I do not think, madam, that you, as you are, permit me to urge upon you, that *mania hereditaria* does not invariably proceed in a direct course, as the history of your ancestors will prove, nor even *per saltum* in the second or third generations, as some have maintained; nor is there, indeed, any general rule of transmission that can be relied on, but, by anticipation, to the cases of individuals in whom no manifestation of it may yet have taken place, and who may have safely passed the period of majority. It is worthy of consideration, however," added the doctor, addressing Rebecca, "that this malady, madam, never but in one instance appeared among your ancestors in the female line; and then was associated with circumstances of nervous temperament and worldly trial, that make it by no means decisive as to its belonging to the hereditary character. But there is another consideration, applying to yourself, and especially, Miss Prior, to which you attach great weight in this case. That is, madam, consideration is, that, in the general history of *mania hereditaria*, there is hardly a more decided symptom *a priori* of the predisposition in question, nor a more certain precursor of a sudden manifestation of it, than the attempt to conceal, and even the denial of, the trial of such a predisposition, with a uniform reluctance to advert to its history; but I have constantly observed, that craft and deception applied to self and others, is strictly an attribute of insanity, both symptomatic and confirmatory; so that the readiness of this lady, sir,"—he addressed Rebecca—"to attach great weight to this, and to be unwilling to admit, yet very dread of its manifestation, and her anxiety to avoid any risk of it, is to me a very strong proof that she is in little danger of its ever breaking in upon the happiness and tranquillity of her accomplished mind. Besides all this, be it observed,—if you will excuse me, madam, for I am sure you will,—that you, in your own person,—that it is circumstances of trial, always apt to disturb the reasoning faculties, or to take from us the command of our own minds,—that commonly bring into action the hereditary predisposition; and, I repeat, madam, in the present case, all the few females of your house have suffered patiently, and with noble resolution, as Miss Prior has done, a severer trial to a youthful heart, than I know she has endured before this day."

"Heaven bless you, sir!" exclaimed Mr Bannatyne,

with unconscious emotion, as he hung with increasing interest upon the doctor's words. "You delight me by giving the sanction of your opinion to a consideration which has dwelt upon my mind more than I can now express."

"Proceed, sir! Pray proceed!" was echoed by all, not even excepting Rebecca.

"Upon the disposition to this malady generally, since you are pleased thus to listen to me," continued the doctor, "allow me further to remark, that there are several peculiarities regularly symptomatic of it, which are by no means rare in the trial, and of which most people are little aware. The chief are those unaccountable and fanciful freaks practised by some, which we usually designate by the mild name of eccentricities, and of which, from the physical obliquity in perception and judgment whereof they are founded, those who practise them are unconscious in themselves. Although these absurdities of conduct are generally only a matter of laughter in the world, yet, if unnoticed and unchecked, they have a tendency, in time, to ripen into positive insanity. The seriousness of the circumstances in which you are placed, madam," he added, looking to Rebecca, "obliges me to refer even to this remote and indecisive characteristic of what you dread; but which, so far from having been evinced by you, up to this moment you have shown a consistency and a firmness, in circumstances of trial, that inspire any thing, but weakness or obliquity of mind, in constituting any fear, since you have placed me in the lecturer's chair, you must hear me out"—even that disposition, so common in sensitive and intellectual constitutions, which, if indulged in, makes the nearest approach to some kinds of insanity, namely, tendency to brooding over favourite notions, to fanciful abstractions, to the building up idealisms, profound, or profound, has, if at all existing in Miss Prior's mind, already withstood, as before observed, such trying circumstances, that I should have little fear of its operation in future, if her abiding good sense enables her to watch over it, and to guard her tendency, and particularly if her situation came to be so changed, that the natural feelings of her heart may find their exercise and their repose upon those objects that are applicable to the gushing affections of a woman, and which, excuse me, madam, I give it as my opinion, that it would be as dangerous as it is unbecomingly, to leave her to herself."

A pause of nearly a minute followed this speech, during which no one had the courage to interrupt the perfect silence. At length, Rebecca, lifting up her head from the position which her state of feeling had caused her to assume, and fixing her dark eye upon the doctor, in a tone of command, said, "I have heard you, sir."

"Sir, there is one point more, to which you may yet adverted, which, for aught I know, may come to overturn all you have advanced, and which, in the effect it has uniformly had upon my thoughts, is of too much importance for me to suffer even decay to prevent my mentioning, as I am, to the mind of my dearest friends. Is there not, in the very look of those who are hereditarily disposed to this sad affliction, something which the experienced can read with ease, and which as surely indicates the fate that is in reserve for them, as the hazy glare surrounding the watery moon foreshows the storm-brewing? Now, sir,"—she was unable to finish the sentence.

"Be explicit, madam; not only your happiness, but that of all present, depends much on the issue of this discussion."

"Oh, sir, satisfy me only on this one point," she exclaimed: "does not your long experience among the belief of reason, enable you to see in my very eyes that peculiar expression which distinguishes the individuals so doomed, as it surely indicates the malady of our unhappy house?—I see, sir, I perceive by your hesitation, that upon this important point, you are unable to say more, and, as she spoke, her large eyes, now sparkling from her emotion, began to fill with tears."

"You are quite mistaken, madam," replied the doctor, "a little staggered by her manner and the pointlessness of the enquiry," in supposing that an unwilling to answer, was the same thing as being unable to do so. "The nature of the case, I confess, I could have wished you to rely less upon inference from a fact so liable to fallacy or abuse. I do not mean to deny that there is, to my apprehension, in the eyes of both yourself and your uncle, a certain peculiarity, which, if it is not, as I am now known, to those accustomed to observe it, to accompany the hereditary predisposition to mania. But I have never contended that you are in your generation entirely free from a certain degree of that predisposition, or that you are not, therefore, more in danger on account of it,

than if nothing of the kind existed. I have already stated to you the grounds of my opinion, that, admitting a certain degree of that predisposition to exist, it is in your case neither so decided in itself, nor so alarming in its consequences, indications, that, namely, the present sacrifice of your happiness. And as to the indication in the eyes, I must say, at a time too solemn for the passing of a mere compliment, that in you it is so blended with the fascinating expression of personal beauty, and the speaking glance of poetic intellect, that I can scarcely detect a single darkened trace of that namelike glare, which, in many that I have seen, was to me so decisive."

Another silence ensued, after the doctor had finished, which was, after a few seconds, broken, with a striking effect, by a deep and struggling sigh bursting from Rebecca, as if at that moment a heavy load had just been removed from her heart.

"And may there, indeed, be no real danger?" she at length exclaimed. "May this awful calamity never, probably never, overtake me? Oh, sir, do not deceive me by raising hopes too flattering to me to think of, after all I have suffered. Dear uncle, dear sir, tell me what you think? Are you also convinced, by what seems too delightful for me to listen to?" and by this time she had stepped forward, and was kneeling at her uncle's feet.

"Rise up, my sweet Rebecca, and be not thus agitated," said the doctor, gently, much affected: "your feelings are too sharp and powerful for your own tranquillity; but I trust the time is at hand, when this painful consciousness is about to be removed. Be seated, Rebecca, for we have somewhat more to say, and let us calmly come to a conclusion in this matter. Mr Bannatyne, if I said, that I am fully convinced, that you are less agitated, was by this time standing beside the chair of his Rebecca—"Mr Bannatyne, can you forget for a moment your feelings as a near and dear friend to my niece and myself, and tell me, as a man and a minister of the gospel, as dispassionately as you can, what is your opinion of the facts and reasonings which our medical friend has just offered for our consideration?"

"You will excuse me, gentlemen," said Mr Bannatyne, recovering himself, "if I am unable to express myself, at this moment, before a man of science, in terms becoming the serious nature of this enquiry. I must say, in words, that I am fully convinced, that your doctor has advanced, and neither from reason nor feeling can offer one caveat to the qualified and yet decided conclusion to which he has come. There is but a single point to which my reason, from what little enquiry I can make upon this subject, would feel any answer but the answer I should give, in concert with Doctor Hewson's permission, to receive from the lips of Miss Prior herself."

"Name it, Lewis, name it!" said Rebecca, aroused again into something like alarm.

"It is simply," he replied, "that it has been observed, as I believe, that one of the conscious experiences of those who have eventually been lost in the oblivion of insanity, has been an occasional strange rapidity of thoughts, over which they had no power, and a wild association of them which they could not resist, with an intense dread of the consequences of such a state. I was delighted at the time, like the dreams of the opium-eater; and yet, from the restlessness and anxiety with which it was accompanied, was painful, from the intruding consciousness that it was morbid or unnatural. Rebecca, dear I ask you, if at intervals your experience has been such?"

"Alas!" said she, mournfully, "I think it occasionally has been somewhat thus with me. Indeed, that hurry of thought which you describe, I feel at this very moment. And yet, I cannot say—"

"My dear sir," said the doctor, "a moment's consideration will convince you from analogy, that the very terms of your question are more calculated to create such symptoms, than to explain those that exist. Need I say, that that rapidity and elevation of thought, which is undoubtedly a general precursor of insanity, is so near akin to those morbid workings of the mind, as I am inclined to believe, that we must take the one for the other, every man of genius might, in time, make such a confession, as in this way would lay him open to the charge of insanity?"

"Then, sir, does this really amount to nothing?" said Rebecca, looking up at her uncle with a look of hope. "Your own answers prove it, madam," said the doctor, taking her kindly by the hand. "An intellect like yours is to be guided, not goaded; and feelings like yours are to be allowed to gush forth towards those you love, lest they burst the bosom in which they cannot be

confined, and take captive the reason which would clog them in vain. Heaven bless you, my dear, for you ought to be blessed," said the doctor, becoming almost effusive as he looked at her,—a blessing with all those domestic endearments that are suited to the cravings of female affection."

A pause of some minutes here occurred; for the parties concerned seem to anticipate the result of the whole, and were overpowered with astonishment at the change of prospect that had burst so suddenly upon them. The silence was broken by the old gentleman, on whose countenance the others' looks were now involuntarily fixed.

"My dear children, as I may now call you," he said, "Providence has at length, in an unexpected way, relieved all our hearts of a heavy burden, and shown us clearly what his will is. I know well your thoughts now, for I have long witnessed your ill-sustained feelings. You have had, indeed, a weary and a probation; but Heaven, at last, puts a happy end to it, I trust,—for it calls you, at last, to be man and wife. Stand up, my sweet Rebecca; come forward, Mr. Bannatyne, while I join your hands; and may Heaven above make you abundantly happy; for the clouds of sorrow and distress have now been dispelled, and the sun of joy will yet arise, to prevent the extinction of my ancient house."

Mr. Bannatyne and Rebecca stood for some moments, their hands joined together, but unable to speak. A tumult of joy at the idea of yet being a happy wife to her dear partner so burst upon her mind, she seemed completely overpowered; till, looking in the faces, first of her uncle, and then of the minister, she gave a short sob, and was relieved by a gush of tears.

When Rebecca had been assisted to her seat, and the doctor present had uttered his impressive words in silence beside her, they found that something more was wanted to give relief to their feelings, and that relief they found in a quartet, to which the pious and virtuous usually have resort.

Mr. Bannatyne, giving the tone to what each one of the three spectators felt his arms towards heaven, while the company had stood up around him, and in an address of grateful thanksgiving to the Deity, poured forth those aspirations, in the name of all present, which the world can neither give nor take away.

CHAPTER XI.

What a change now took place in the hitherto dignified and dull seclusion of the venerable mansion of Lawford! The excitement of anticipated novelty of circumstances, and the cheerful bustle and business of preparation, is always a pleasing relief from the dull *ennui* of plenty and lack of care; but it is only once in one's life that any can properly experience the unequalled delight of preparation for their own wedding.

The change in Rebecca's circumstances and prospects was almost beyond her own sober belief, and at times was almost too much for the tranquillity of her spirit. But occupation, cheerful and interesting occupation, that palliates for so much of the evil of life, and antidote to the entire loss of great mental powers, was now the excess of her happiness from injuring the tone of her sensitive mind. Who shall describe all that is to do in a decaying mansion, which seemed to have been doomed to pass into new hands, by the melancholy event of the extinction of the family? Who could have foreseen, in which, as its reinstated occupants, is suddenly restored to the joyful prospects of the continuation of an ancient line, to be its lords in many future years?—or who shall adequately speak of all the bright and happy feelings which connect themselves with such events, in minds like that of the gentle Prior of Lawford?

Artists of the cabinet, and artists *du drap*, now occupied the busy Rebecca from morning to night, for some weeks prior to her marriage day. Her uncle was never engaged with architects and decorators; for the old mansion was of course not only to undergo a thorough repair, but to be made to assume a splendour against the time that the happy couple should be united in their marriage joint, such as was fitting to enhance joys and prospects so pleasing, and of late so unexpected, and to celebrate an event which formed a new era in the family history. The good old gentleman seemed now to be entirely a new man, and the House seemed to have a new place from bustle and expenditure, and the very servants flew up and down stairs like fools in their stir and their joy, and made twenty errands into the talking village of Hillington, or to the houses of the numerous small lords in the neighbourhood, to indulge country gossip, and re-

procure delight in the great event of the approaching marriage.

That marriage in due time did take place, with more general excitement and rejoicing than had been known in the neighbourhood for many years. The whole people of the village of Hillington seemed determined to take a part in it, and in some way did so when the day arrived; for the Priors of Lawford had been from time immemorial to highly respected, and their young and tender was by his parishioners so deeply beloved, that himself and his interesting bride, who had so long been observed wandering sadly together, under the strange restraint of their own principles, were regarded with an almost parental affection. The marriage ceremony of the Scottish church was performed in the parish church of Lawford House by the nearest neighbouring clergyman, and was gone through by the trembling Rebecca with a comparative tranquillity of mind and a leaning of her feelings upon the affectionate attentions of her husband which delighted her anxious soul, and greatly assured all present as to the real stability of her powerful yet sensitive mental constitution.

As the carriage in which Rebecca and Mr. Bannatyne now man and wife at last, which soon drove off with them on their marriage jaunt, passed through the main street of the village of Hillington, the shouts of the waiting company, who only subdued by the enthusiasm of the long and after the happy couple had left the town behind them, the noise of the firing of fowling-pieces, which was then the practice at popular weddings in the country, continued at intervals to remind them, by irregular echoes among the hills around, and the affectionate people, who had long watched and talked of their abiding regard. The pair proceeded first to Edinburgh, and thence to visit the more picturesque districts of Scotland; an indulgence which Mr. Bannatyne's fortune, as well as his arrangements in his parish, enabled him to take. He was now in his bride; and in the next time, Lawford House was left entirely to the tradesmen employed upon it. Soon after the departure of the bridegroom and bride, Mr. Prior and Mr. Heywood took a sober and comfortable tour by themselves, to visit several old places, all of which were only subdued by the enthusiasm of the cheerfulness, reminding them of the pleasures of former times, and interest them by talking of the changes of years, and of the sweets and bitters of the days that were past.

It is usual to end tale with a marriage or a death, because it is a kind of repressing of the emotions, of which all the events tend to one point of happy termination, or to one decisive and woful catastrophe. But this dramatic form of the events of destiny is seldom found to correspond with actual experience; and life itself, if fairly represented, may in many cases happen to furnish passages of genuine interest to those who are tired of the obvious commonplace which can scarcely at this day be avoided in the artificial arrangement of hackneyed incident. Be this as it may, my tale is not ended, because I have brought it to the time when those whom I knew and man and man and wife, nor have I found, from actual observation, that all sorrow and solicitude, all hope and fear, are entirely at an end with the most interesting couple on earth, when they come before the minister, and he has lifted up his hands over them in the presence of many witnesses, and declared them to be from that moment "married persons."

CHAPTER XII.

Months and months had passed away after this, and the harvest had been got in which followed Rebecca's marriage, and stern winter had come and gone, with its long nights of comfort by the parlour fire, and its blustering and beating winds over the moorlands, and its rain without, and rattling and thudding against the windows of the mansion. A new spring had also arisen to "eud the birken shaw," and even the soft showers of "summer again" fell warm yet refreshing over the green valleys of Scotland, before I took my tramps once more abroad from the quiet of Balgonie House. To what friends the grave had spared me over the face of this changeable world, and what tears might have wetted the cheeks of those whom, in sundry places, I remembered with concern; for I was acquainted with many a thoughtful man, and many a woman, who would have been sure, nor the natural alternations of solitudes, nor ways, always a pain. Up hill and down dale, therefore, I wandered once more, and saw many a kind body, and heard many a comforting tale; but there were few of all those who at this time interested my thoughts, that I was

more anxious to hear of, or more liable to see, than the amiable family of the Priors of Lawford.

But surely, though I had not been so long plodded on, must be getting to be an old man; for I felt the roads becoming long, and my breath becoming short; the wading of brooks does not agree with the stiffness of old, and the day is always far spent now, before I can get to the end of my journey. The time was, when I could keep up, foot for foot, with the best of us, and never tramped to market with my basket of eggs; and when the prettiest who was ever wont to look in my face as we padded over the dewy ground, saw nothing in it but to prevent her making me her confidant of all the lore that had ever at any time kept her from her sleep. But, alas! I say to myself, surely the days of man are few; the grass, and as the flower of the field he withereth; "for the wind passeth over it," saith the Psalmist, "and it is gone, and the place that now knows it soon knows it."

It was on a dull, drooping, drizzling evening, at the latter end of August, when I found myself at length drawing near to the sweet village of Hillington. I had that day travelled towards it by a different road from that to which I was accustomed; and whether I had wandered away from my usual way, I know not, but it seemed to me unusually long, and I felt as if I was weary. The mist that had crowned all day the lumpy hills on my right was not disposed in shadowy and floating wreaths of gray white, screening poetically, as I have seen it, the rich purple colour which the hills wore at this season; but lay in dead clouds of gloom and obscurity all round, limiting the dreary prospect to the watery fields on the lower grounds, and the dull sky in which the sun seemed ashamed to show his face.

The quaint old steeple of Hillington Church, which now shod up with black mud, and fading light, began to relieve me; but, somehow, it and the Gothic windows of the building beneath it, reminded me also of age and mortality, into which my thoughts had now taken an unusual turn; and I entered the empty long street of the town with a sadness over my spirit as if Providence were preparing to give me some other sort of last impression, for the sudden surplisal of some old tidings. I almost mistook the door of my own inn, though I had known it so long and so well; for no one stood at the entrance to welcome me, as had always been the case of old times, when I was other than strange faces in the passage. Although, in going to my room, I had, but entered my accustomed room as usual, I soon saw that some change had taken place within the premises. The respectable square-looking high-backed arm-chair, which had hitherto been my favourite resting place in the little parlour, was gone; and I thought myself almost to know me, and to stretch out its bowed arms on my arrival with a look of welcome, was now nowhere to be seen, and its place was supplied by a new-fangled signally affair of red mahogany, the very shape of which was a grievance to me to look at.

I deposited my little valise on another new acquisition among the furniture, and gladly disposed of myself into a resting position; but I had rung the bell three several times before any one appeared to do the services of the hostelry as I should command, and then, instead of a maid, a young girl came to bring me my comforts, and light me to bed; and I was surprised to find a red-cloved, shock-headed kitchen maid blattering in at the door, without the least respect, and impudently asked me what it was I wanted.

The first words I was able to address with this ill-boding apparition were, "What is the matter?" and, in answer, I was told, and consisted of short spoken enquiries into the meaning of this topey-turvey state of the head inn of Hillington, and why it was that my old acquaintance the landlady had not on this occasion chosen to wait on me as formerly. It was little to be expected that I should not have been told the whole truth, but I was not so before me; but I was able to draw from her one piece of news which shocked me not a little in the mood I then was; to wit, that my blithe and kind landlady had been some time dead, and that the inn and its furnishings had, of course, been put into other hands.

The reflections that this singular event called up, entirely took away my appetite for the ill-regulated supper that was now set before me; for I felt, in spite of my worldly reasonings, that I had lost a friend who used to cheer me in one of my most interesting rambles; and I remembered that I had been told, when I was a boy, that the village of Hillington was haunted by the spirit of an ancient acquaintance. I further learned, that my

old friend, the laird of Glaumderston, was also no more; having been cut off shortly after my last departure from the neighbourhood by an hereditary inflammation; and that his son in law, the laird of Bicknell Hill, was now residing in his estate, over the numerous sugar figs of which he had contrived to transplant, and to set up all around among the clift bushes of Glaumderston plantations.

But, of my interesting friends the Priors of Lawford, I was at length enabled to learn many particulars which might be of service to me, and which I was anxious to know, and the relation of which had various effects upon my own feelings. I stayed, with but little personal comfort, for a few days in the inn at Hillington, to gather together my own thoughts, as well as the different details I was able to pick up. I did not think them altogether satisfactory, but, such as they were, they enabled me in my way to proceed with my story.

The happiness that fell to the lot of Rebecca Prior and her husband, for a considerable time after their marriage, can only be judged of by those who have themselves known what tranquil bliss *they* enjoyed in the state of well-assorted wedlock; and who can enter into the appreciation of that intense sense of felicity, which is experienced by minds and hearts such as were those I speak of, now as they were in circumstances so happy as theirs, and from the ground on which they stood, so much previous suffering. If in the world the happiness of mortals were permitted to be long without alloy, assiduously theirs would have been so from their marriage-day.

But though troubles spring not out of the dust of earth, nor does sorrow grow, says the sacred murmur, from the ground on which we stand, yet, towards the east, and all is serene brightness, and towards the west, and there approach no enemy; yet, above or around, or from within or without, a canker worm shall arise to eat into his joys; or the very winds of heaven shall blow to him the wings, through their commissioned portion of the world's evil.

And yet, to Rebecca, there came nothing outwardly for many a day, to break the pleasing spell of her well enjoyed happiness. She and her fond husband, and her cheerful and revived nurse, enjoyed their dream of concordiality in the most perfect manner, and the tranquillity at Lawford, amidst the regard and respect of all who knew them. The only thing that could be said to trouble Rebecca's thoughts was, the occasional stealthy intrusion of that apprehensive conviction, so natural to minds capable of enjoying very highly any earthly good, that the present state of things, and the tranquillity and a shadowy presentiment shot, at times, through her mind, that, though neither she nor her Lewis could at present see where it was to come from, some event was not far distant, which would at least cause a ripple upon the tranquil surface of the sea of happiness. Her long undisturbed dread, too, of the family malady, had taken too fast hold upon her mind to be altogether eradicated, even by the joyous events that had so lately taken place; and although such a thought was now banished as often as it intruded, her very felicity made her at times still turn to that point in the index of possible evil, with a disturbing feeling of nervous anxiety.

The keen eyes of affection enabled Mr. Bannatyne at length to perceive this, and the prospect of an heir being speedily given to the family having increased the joy of all, while it deepened the interest in every thing that concerned Rebecca, he induced her to make a visit to her friends, whether some additional society, in the shape of female attendants, might not be likely to banish from her mind what remained of this troublesome though vague dread. The doctor at once agreed in the propriety of the arrangement; observing, at the same time, that it had always been a peculiarity of the Lawford family, that they had kept themselves too much in a state of seclusion, chiefly from their own sensitive refinement of mind, and their too lofty conceptions of what was becoming in human nature. As Mrs. Bannatyne was, as they knew, too fastidious to admit too much familiarity of such female society, she was finally, by her own reluctant mood, if a gentleman could be found, possessed of an intellect that should render her worthy to be Rebecca's companion, while her circumstances placed her in the situation, in some degree, of a dependent, such a person might at all times be particularly useful in the coming crisis, be a most valuable member of the family. Lawford.

On consulting Rebecca concerning what the gentlemen had concluded for her, she was quite pleased with the idea of what she called so agreeable an indulgence, particularly as the adding such an attendant to the establishment at Lawford would not mean any means of becoming comfortable some deserving, and probably unfor-

tunate, person. An application having been at once made to a friend, extensively acquainted in Edinburgh, a gentleman was soon introduced to Doctor Heywood, who seemed to be perfectly suited to the wishes of all concerned; and was soon after installed as a permanent inmate at Lawford. Mr. Bannatyne, who, as a friend, may appear, however, the only person who entertained a shadowing doubt regarding any part of the high character which this lady had received, was the one principally concerned, namely, Rebecca herself; who, when Mrs. Chapman was introduced to her, thought, that what a first impression she had made, as judge of the stranger, being involuntarily less favourable than description had made her anticipate, ought to be dismissed from her thoughts, as an unworthy and fanciful surmise. But the part that the new inmate at Lawford was destined to play, afforded a little particularity in my account of her, and of her previous history.

Mrs. Chapman was a widow, now about twenty-eight years of age, a member of a family of some antiquity, though not wealthy, but who, having made an imprudent marriage in her youth, had greatly incurred the displeasure, though she had not lost the good opinion, of her friends. Her husband, as usual in such cases, had died her barbarously; but this she bore so well, and she withal discovered, when he lived, such prudent conduct, and such decision of character, that the displeasure of her friends, and her own sympathy, as they did not think it could to alleviate the difficulties into which her husband's early death, as well as his general impotence, had plunged her. What principally recommended this lady as a companion to Rebecca was, that she was a woman of strong sense,* as well as general intelligence, who knew the value of the world, and sufficed with a fair character, not a few of its trials. Her person was ladylike, and her full blue eyes had that peculiarity, that they could express in an instant the various transitions from modest humility to something like boldness.

The constant society of Mrs. Chapman, although it was occasioned, as we have seen, by Richard's illness, was somewhat of a restraint upon them, yet, was, upon the whole, an agreeable accession to their domestic enjoyment; and, ere long, she became a great favourite with every one, high and low in the mansion. The gentleman seemed to be particularly taken with the gaiety of her manner, and her powerful good sense, and her discretion; and whenever, in process of time, a suspicion crossed the mind of Rebecca, that her companion seemed to take more pains to show off the admitted goodness of her understanding, than was exactly suited to her own situation, she was content to let it pass, and to attribute it to the lady of the house and her protectress, she reproached herself with a very unfavourable suggestion, and turned the suspicion back upon herself, from a candid dread of indulging any thing like the mean feelings of female envy towards a person in Mrs. Chapman's dependent situation. This suspicion of self, and benevolent tendency to lay the blame of her own feelings, rather than allow of blame upon another, had very much become a rooted habit of Rebecca's mind, and partly arose from her lofty conceptions of virtue and purity, but more from that terror of discovering any imperfection of intellect, or the most distant symptoms of the malady of her husband, which she had from the moment when she was first made acquainted with the dreadful truth.

Time went on, however, and no incident occurred materially to disturb the smooth stream of happiness that flowed on, and all seemed to pursue their way, and the safe birth of a son to bless the delighted parents and family, and to heir the ancient property and name of the house of Lawford as well as Bannatyne, was succeeded by rejoicings such as never had been witnessed in the vicinity of Hillington. Although the recovery of Rebecca was somewhat tedious, her feelings, finding herself at last occupied with the duties of a mother, and as she often contemplated her own sweet babe, while the infant lay asleep on her knee, seemed almost too sweetly delightful for the strength of her mind, and her fear with solicitude, weak as her accouchement had evidently been, and the nature of her feelings not unusual at periods of weakness, although Rebecca had experienced her full share of them, she did not suffer to fill her with any material alarm, until an evident peculiarity in the manner to her, of Mrs. Chapman, when she spoke, and her length almost completely recovered, aroused her to enquiry, and suspicions exceedingly unfavourable to her quiet of mind.

What this peculiarity consisted of, it was not very easy either perfectly to identify or define: it was one of those things in the address and manner, to use of others, which implies or makes us feel a real degradation, but which is

yet too nice in its shadings, and too much blended with kindness and apparent respect, to tempt us from suspecting it of being more or less the creation merely of our own fancies; but it was of such a nature, in Rebecca's case, that she could not, consistently with her own dignity, consent to herself to ask for any explanation concerning it, nor was she sure that, even should she should bring herself to condescend to this, she should obtain an answer on which she ought to depend.

This feeling was the more painful to the private thoughts of Rebecca, as the thing she complained of herself, she was, to be participated in by her dear Lewis himself; and even she, who was perfectly recovered, in her kindness, during the progress of her recovery, were in part, attributed to this new sentiment with which she fancied that she began to be regarded. That sentiment, which seemed at first to take the shape of a humiliating, yet kindly, condescension, to her weakness, as if of mind as well as body, when she was perfectly recovered, became, as she thought, of a more decided and expressive character, filling her with alarming cares and enquiries, and again turning her attention intensely inwards. She now observed that often when she spoke at table, Mrs. Chapman would look at her, and then she perfectly recovered, as one would do to the idle babble of a child, with whom they would not condescend to argue.

Notwithstanding the respect that she had for Mrs. Chapman's understanding, this was conduct which she she deemed it to take an early opportunity of effectually checking; but it it did not, it was, either, in some degree, compromising her own dignity, or insuring the suspicion of being actuated by motives the value of which she held in the highest disdain. She did speak to her, however, on an occasion of peculiar provocation, and her presence, and the perfect recovery, and though this was done, and she was perfectly recovered, and seriousness, which bespoke the considerate delicacy of a mind anxious to convey with tenderness a merited reproof, the colour that rose into the face of the widow, as she observed the surprise that Rebecca's remark excited in her presence, and the fact that instantly shot from her eyes, indicated, besides the consciousness that the reproof was a just one, sentiments which, at the moment, seemed far from amiable.

The old gentleman, after an embarrassed remark of Mrs. Bannatyne, turned off with a laugh this little spite crossed in her mind; and before they rose, Mr. Chapman put on such a look and manner of humility and diffidence, that Rebecca was not only completely mollified, but, in the considerate candour of her spirit, retired to rest in a mood of self-accusation, from the suspicion that she might have been, in her own mind, unconsciously wounding the feelings of a destitute widow, and that, in the progress of the matter afterwards, privately, to Mrs. Chapman, and comparing the strange looks and guarded replies of that lady, with sundry tender questionings and soothing remarks of Mr. Bannatyne, the thought at once struck her, in her speech, or manner, that mixture of humility to the alarm and consternation of those around her, some distant symptoms of the dreaded malady of her family.

When this horrid idea took possession of her mind, it is not to be expressed what she felt in private, as she was conscious of her own excessive apprehensive despondency; and yet she thought, upon the most rigorous examination of her own mental experience, that, if there did actually exist the surmise that she suspected, it must be founded on a mere mistaking of overwrought anxiety concerning her; for, if her own judgment weighed any thing whatever in such an enquiry, she could find no ground for coming to any such distressing conclusion; but the insane, she knew, were always deceivers of themselves; and though she would have given words to know precisely what her Lewis actually thought concerning her, she could not bring her mind to this, and she must distant enquiry upon the painful subject. Unfortunately, at this time, Doctor Heywood was in London, or on the continent, whither he had gone of late to live for a season; and in this state of painful self-observation and uncertainty, the happiness of her married life of the unfortunate Rebecca was now, in the midst of her, by the internal struggle and distraction of a nervous anxiety, about what might be evinced by her manner and conversation.

And yet there was something occasionally in the manner of Mrs. Chapman, in her regular and frequent or playful conversations in presence of Mr. Bannatyne, that, while it challenged her admiration of that lady's talents and tact, excited, unwillingly, flashes of thought across her mind of a nature exceedingly distressing to

the feelings of a doting married woman. But again there seemed other things inconsistent with these obstructive imaginings: and when Rebecca, when alone with the minister, observed his completely artless, and truly affectionate, almost adoring, conduct to herself, she was sometimes tempted to doubt the truth of her own misapprehension of such unworthily and painful feelings; but seriously to suspect that such thoughts were too surely symptomatic of that malady which was at once, perhaps, her companion and her curse. And then, to confirm her in these unhappy suspicions of herself, she observed, along with the minister, a young man, who, she felt, was a talented widow, that, sometimes, when she (Rebecca) had uttered a sentence, Mrs. Chapman seemed to regard her with a look as if of mingled sorrow and compassion; and, turning her large eyes next upon Mr. Barnatany's countenance, would playfully, and without noticing what she was conversing with the tired or her companion, be absorbing conversation.

The readers, by this time, probably, are in the conduct of Mrs. Chapman, the real meaning of all this; but which the unsuspicious benevolence of Rebecca's nature would not allow her, in any case, to conclude. "I have no doubt," she said, "that I have a true sense," she was also a woman of strong passions; and a week had not elapsed from the day of her arrival at Lawford House, before her eye was fascinated, and even her heart was captivated by the minister of Hillington. Nor was this guilty admiration unknown to herself, as such a thing might have been, for a time, to a more simple, or, in plain terms, a more modest woman; but, though fully aware of all the danger which she was incurring, she was too much in earnest for a married man and a minister of religion, with that recklessness of consequences which has ever been the characteristic of the most abandoned of her sex, she was too much in earnest to resist the force of her passion; and, without any precise design or planned purpose, found her only pleasure in fishing for the admiration and striving to reduce the affections of the youthful minister. Had Mr. Hammatyne been as practised as she was in the art of seduction, he would have perceived the meaning of the alluring arts of the widow; but the feeling of suspicion is the penalty only of the experimental knowledge of evil; and so the single-hearted minister, who had been deceived by the artifice of Mrs. Chapman, dared to show no attraction to her regards.

CHAPTER XIII.

During all this, time, Mrs. Dryburgh, who now lived much at the old-fashioned mansion of Glanderson, near Hillington, made several attempts to impose herself anew upon the acquaintance of Rebecca, now as the latter was, as she said, a "married woman." In these efforts she was not entirely unsuccessful, particularly after the introduction of Mrs. Chapman into Lawford House ; for, as Rebecca's good nature was fully a match for her own shrinking reserve, her crafty dependent easily managed to favour the visits, from motives of her own, of the talkative lady of Bicknell Hill.

One day, Rebecca, having been somewhat discomposed by her own reflections upon something that had occurred at the breakfast table in the morning, had thrown herself upon a couch in her apartment, and, indulging for a time the feelings that oppressed her, miserably fell into a slumber. She was awakened by the noise of a great attendance. She was awakened by the noise below of some one's entrance; but, hearing the voice of Mrs. Dryburgh in the hall, she feigned to be still asleep, as Mrs. Chapman passed out of the room to receive her visitor, in order to avoid the personal annoyance of the former lady's present society. Although, in doing this, she was conscious that she was being deceived, she was surprised to find the latter return on tip-toe, leading in Mrs. Dryburgh; and the two, seating themselves beyond a light curtain or screen, commenced conversation in her hearing, under the seeming supposition that she was

"An' hoo are ye, Mrs. Chapman?" began Lady Bicknell, as Mrs. Durburgh was usually called by the country people, "weel, hoo are ye? Dear me, but I'm quite happy to meet you just by yourself, Mrs. Chapman, for I've often been wishing for a quiet word o' you about Miss Prior—bless me, I never can call her any thing else but Miss! for really I never thought to ha'e seen her a married woman: an' I'm greatly concerned about her—but are ye sure she's fast asleep?"

"besides, she lies off at a distance from us, and cannot possibly hear."

"Weel, ye, Mrs. Chapman, I would just like, as Mr. Bannatyne—dear me, I never can get my tongue about her married name—for I wonder hoo she is since she was married, poor dear lady, an' hoo she's getting on, an' hoo she's doing with the baby, an' if her lady, ye see, is just quite right; for ye know, Mrs. Chapman, that marriage is a trying thing, an' ye have been a married woman yonself, Mrs. Chapman, and I would just like to ken—but are ye sure she'll not bear us?"

"There is no fear of that, if we do not speak any louder!"

"Weel, Mrs. Chapman, does your lady, do ye think, just appear aye fair an' square i' the head?—because, ye know, the Prior family was aye an odd family: an' does the pair lady never take any bits o' turrives, or any kind o' nacer symptomatics, or hysterics, or ——— eh?"

"You know, Mrs. Dryburgh," said the widow, with a demure and wise look, "that it would not be becoming in me to let the least word pass my lips that would look like a disclosure of family affairs; and I need not tell a woman of your experience, Mrs. Dryburgh, that in every family there are matters that —"

"I am perfectly aware of that, Mrs. Chapman, an' it 's a most wise and sensible observe of you; because I'm a married woman myself, an', as you say, in every family there *are* little affairs—but as to this lady, there is something in her look—but I may be mistaken, Mrs. Chapman; an' noo, as we are by ourselves, I would just like to hear your breath about her, purr thing; for if she were ever losing her reason, an', as I say, she has sometimes a very strange look with her—God help her purr young family! an' the minister himself would gang clean crazy after her. But what do ye think?"

"I think, Mrs. Dryburgh, that—but it's not to seek what I would say."

"Hech sirs: but ye may tell me, Mrs. Chapman, for I
 jaloused as much. An', really, ye maun ha'e a kittle
 place o' t' amang them a'; for 't's so hard to know what
 to do wi' a daft body: ye'll excuse my plain talk—odd, I
 hope she doesna hear us!"

"No fear of that, madam."

"An' she'll whiles talk quite odd, an' as it were silly?"
 "She does talk very strangely sometimes."

"One would really at times almost think so."

"And imagines every thing she says, quite gude sense and perfect gospel?"

"Perfectly the nature o' 't; and ye'll no dare to contradict or argue wi' her, whatever she may say."

"It would be of no avail; besides, it would be some-
what cruel to the dear young lady,—an' so I just give a
look to the minister or so, and say nothing."
"O but ye're a sensible, wise woman, Mrs. Chapman:
what a treasure you must be to that pair demented
laddy!"

"Hush — sh! But you must not suppose, Mrs. Dryburgh, that I have mentioned to you any thing particular; Mrs. Bannatyne is a sweet young creature, an' the

"Oh, is n't he a fine-looking gentleman, the minister he's a full head an' shoulders above Mr. Dryburgh, my stumpy gudeman—but, talking of men, Mrs. Chapman Mr. Bannatyne should never have been a minister w' a black coat, he should have been a grand dragon officer."

"He would have looked just to my mind in the cavalry dress, certainly," said the widow delighted with the thought: "but hush—speak low; it is likely Mrs. Bannatyne will shortly waken, and it would be as well, Mrs. Dryburgh, that you were not found here alone with me."

"Ye say right, Mrs. Chapman," added Lady Bicknell rising; "an', dear me now, what ye tell me about your lady, is just what I was afraid of, whenever Miss Prior became a married woman."

"Remember, I have not told you any thing particular Mrs. Dryburgh," continued the widow, looking wise "for family affairs are what I shall never speak of."

"You are a discreet woman, Mrs. Chapman, I see that; but just trust to me, for I ha'e more sense, after all than ye maybe would expect, when ye come to find me out."

"It is evident you have a deal of sense, ma'am," said the widow, slyly, "and it's a great blessing, Mrs. Dryburgh," she went on, in a louder tone, "to be possessed

the reason out of joint, what a chaos does it not make in the whole system of our mental comprehension!"

"What a beautiful style of language you have in your speech, Mrs. Chapman!" exclaimed Lady Bicknel, with a fluttering sweetness of manner, which was exceedingly enchanting to the knowing widow, only she could with much difficulty preserve herself from a burst of laughter.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XIV.

The truth contained in the fable of the Boys and the Frogs, that what is but sport to some is death to others is often applicable than those at least, who are in the habit of looking only for sport, are, in their thoughtlessness, ready to admit; and so it was in the case of Rebecca and Mrs. Chapman, as detailed in the preceding chapter. To the unfeeling widow, however, it was more than sport, as has been already hinted, to work as she was doing upon the sensitive mind of the young wife, and her success was equal to the depth of her craft and the sternness of heart of her unsuspecting victim.

[illegible]

From this hour there was a decided change in the conduct of the unhappy Rebecca, while her dotage husband (her uncle having in the mean time gone to spend a few months in Edinburgh) was obliged to notice in her what he called her sudden and suspicious temper. Her former delicacy towards the old gentleman's peace, he was so fully aware that he made the subject of any communication to him for the present. Yet what he could remark in the changed lady of the mansion was not of that nature to excite his indignation, but rather to excite his pity. He observed that she was not only more than usually taciturn, but also unwilling taciturnity, which, in fact, arose from her nervous dread of saying any thing which should confirm her own and his suspicion of any aberration of mind, though, at first, set down by Mr. Bannantine to the cause, became, at length, by the insinuated repetition of the same, a confirmed habit. He perceived that she had something even more intolerable to him than the mere affectation; namely, alienation of heart from himself. Where else could it be, he thought, that made her now appear so studiously to avoid him; and, dwelling only over the consideration of her own faults, that she was so much estranged from him as formerly in their days of happiness, to answer him with suspicious hesitation when he met and addressed her, and even palpably to shun his society?

Lewis agreed, with a sigh, to the opinion of his friend; and, as they were talking, Mrs. Dryburgh entered the apartment.

"I am obliged by your attention to my unfortunate lady, madam," said Lewis, as she came forward; "and, pardon me, Mrs. Dryburgh, but as you have had opportunity of seeing her often in my absence, may I ask you if you think she is so ill, that my seeing her now might be injurious to her tranquillity?"

"I am, indeed, much obliged to you, sir; and, indeed, it would be a black danger and detraction to the way the lady lies in," said Lady Bicknell, having received her cue from the widow: "and, main than that, sir, as I was saying to that worthy woman, Mrs. Chapman, if ye would take my advice, ye would take away that bonnie dearly-remembered son of hers, or at least watch her very carefully, anent it."

"What mean you, Mrs. Dryburgh?"

"If ye had heard, sir, what strange talk she was talking to the infant, one day when she thought I was not hearing her; and she looked at the dear bairn wi' such eyes! Lord preserve us, sir, but I could na but think o' that dreadfu' story o' Lady Bellidewie, that ye may hae heard o'."

"What story do you allude to, madam? this is strange talk."

"Did you never hear o' Lady Bellidewie, sir, that lived at the Point o' Garneuch, by the sea-side, in the next shire. The poor woman, sir, went clean out o' her senses; for, ye see, it was in the family, and she actually murdered her ain bairn!"

"Mrs. Dryburgh," said Lewis, with a look of more than horror, "I hope you did not tell this story to my unhappy wife."

"Ne'er a bit, sir; but she did hear it, and that when I could na hae thought she was minding me telling it to Mrs. Chapman; an' if ye had just seen, sir, how she screamed, 'as it were, into herself' an' wrung her hands together, so fully!"

Mr. Bannatyne rose, and paced the room, in dreadful agitation.

"But have you heard Mrs. Bannatyne talk in such a manner of me, madam—you will excuse me," said Lewis, stopping, and fixing his eyes on Mrs. Dryburgh—"as to induce you to sue for the present?"

"I have never heard the poor lady talk much at all; an', indeed, she'll hardly speak to me: but I see plainly that the least iota would put her clean into the hysterics, and I am, therefore, sir, not, to go near her until Mrs. Chapman, who understands her far better than I, give you permission."

"I think that advice is safest, sir, under all the circumstances," said the stranger clergyman, "however painful it may be to your own feelings."

By such reasoning was Mr. Bannatyne—after despatching the ladies to their usual abode, Dr. Heywood, requesting, if possible, their instant return to Hillington—restrained from visiting his unhappy Rebecca, until the following Sunday morning; when, just as he was preparing to go to his church, to attend the solemn ministrations of the altar, he found his mind so depressed, and uneasy with himself, that he intimated his determination to take a short interview with her, having learned that she was already up, and engaged in her devotions, and he requested Mrs. Chapman to prepare her for his coming.

The widow, somewhat alarmed by the minister's determined manner, did prepare Rebecca, accordingly to what she so carefully instructed since his return; and soon Lewis accompanied by Mr. Bryce, his friend, found himself once more in the presence of his spouse.

Rebecca did not rise as he entered, although she gave a slight start at first setting her large liquid eyes again upon him, as if the sight was almost too much for her now; but immediately observing that he was accompanied by a stranger, she turned her face towards the book that was before her, and appeared to take no notice of his presence.

"Rebecca—Rebecca, my love!"—he said, drawing near, "will you not speak to me, when, in my anxiety for you, I have at last come to pay you a visit?"

"I cannot recognise a visit of ceremony from you, Lewis," she answered; "and, indeed, I am not a novice, I am perfectly such; as besides the formality of a novice, ment, you have, I observe, come to me with a suite behind you."

"This speech was so sensible, both as to its matter and the tone in which it was spoken, and the reproach in it was so reasonable, upon a supposition of her sanity, that Mr. Bannatyne was perfectly thunderstruck. But, far-

ing to give a direct reply, until he saw further into her state of mind, he only said,—

"I wish you were sensible how much it is the contrary of what you say, Rebecca. But you are attired for going abroad. And you really well enough to venture forth this morning?"

"I would be ill indeed," she replied, "if that prevented me from attending the Hillington sacrament. It is good for those who are broken in spirit to go up betimes to the Lord's house, for he spreads a table in the wilderness even for those who are left without a comforter, and the deeply depressed under the world's sorrows he strengthens, and raises up from the depths of despair, and fills their mouths with songs of deliverance."

"Rebecca," said Lewis, more and more astonished, "I need not expect that you in this placid spirit. There is always hope for those who turn to Heaven in their sorrows, for the consolations of religion are neither few nor small."

"And if it consolation I am in need of, Lewis," she said, hardly able to articulate; "since I have lost your affection."

"I cannot bear to hear you speak thus, Rebecca. I am under some delusion. For Heaven's sake do not give way to this emotion."

"You have been four days at home without coming to speak to me, Lewis. I am an outcast and a spectacle in my own eyes, and I look without a comforter. Disperse with your own hands the sacred symbols of affliction and humiliation. It well becomes you, after the sorrow you have brought to my heart."

"I need not allow myself to be thus agitated, sir," cried Mr. Bryce, as the distressed young clergyman's smoke went forth, and looked upon it as his duty, to stand up and then at Rebecca. "Remember the duties that you have this day to perform, and there is the Sabbath bell already sounding from Hillington kirk. Postpone, I beseech you, this trying matter, at least, until the service of the day is over." And saying this, Mr. Bryce, along with the now called Mrs. Chapman, withdrew, withdrawing Mr. Bannatyne from his wife's apartment.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was with a sad and perplexed spirit, on the same quiet Sabbath morning, that the Reverend Mr. Bannatyne proceeded to Hillington kirk, and mounted his pulpit to commence the public worship of the day. The reasoning of Mr. Bryce, on their way to the village, benevolently intended to calm his mind regarding his wife's conduct, and, in so doing, to excite in him a receptive nature of the malady with which she was afflicted, and the probably ignorant zeal of Mrs. Chapman, by whom he had suffered himself to be persuaded, had but little effect against the cutting conviction of having caused suffering to her whom he loved above all objects on earth, which now stung him with a thousand almost intolerable regrets.

Never before had the beloved minister of Hillington begun the solemn duties of a sacramental occasion with such an uncomfortable and disturbed mind. There may have been some cause, he thought, for the representations of Mrs. Chapman; but, at least, Rebecca had had reason enough left to feel bitterly the systematic cruelty with which he appeared to have treated her; and, if she was now returning to perfect mental health, he was conscious of having caused her, perhaps, irreparable injury, and he would be ought to have been her comfort and her stay. "True, his regret was in some sort needless, as saying to what could not now be recalled; but when, in the course of his preaching, he unavoidably cast his eyes to where she now sat, as formerly, looking up in his face, and drinking in the word of Divine comfort, as she had done ever since his banishment, yearned towards her, as the best beloved of his soul; and he could have gladly undertaken any personal suffering, if that could make up for one pang that he had unwittingly cast upon her to feel.

That Mr. Chapman, and, by degrees, insinuated into Rebecca's mind, struck it up to the point at which it was on this Sabbath morning, they were tedious now at any length to particularise. But with all the understood weakness and softness of her sex, the very intensity of her feelings upon a subject so precious to her, and so interwoven with her heart, had, nevertheless, so far as it gave her mind a strength, or at least, a tenacity, upon that particular point, of which her Lewis could have had no idea. She heard, therefore, his discourse this day with all the pity which the subject matter of it was calculated to promote; but, instead of yet reading his communion in his countenance, every thought that he

uttered, that she was constrained to admire, only sent, with the approbation of it, an additional pang to the core of her heart, from the feeling that she had alienated and lost the regard of so admirable a man, and so deeply beloved a husband.

When the sermon was ended, she felt an exhaustion coming over her, and pressed forward, on the opening of the tables, to take the sacrament on its first dispensation, in order the more speedily to retire to her home. By this time her mind was in a strangely excited state, and while the people sang the penitential psalm, she was pressed forward among a few others who were pressing up the upper end of the tables, just at the time when Lewis was descending from his pulpit to preside at the first, after the manner of the Scottish church; and, from the politeness of those around, or some chance cause, she was placed at the head of the table beside her husband, and next to Mr. Bryce, who was, after the pastor, to officiate at the tables.

When Mr. Bannatyne took his seat at the upper end of the tables, and found his Rebecca, whom he had been considering as a lunatic, and with whom he had had so unsatisfactory a scene in the morning, seated so near him at this ordinance, his feelings were such as it would not be easy by any words to convey a just idea. A series of events, very unlooked for, had made his wife and himself, who had for so long been to each other like the apples of their eyes, almost perfect strangers for several weeks; and the pleasant scene which he had just recovered, and seated beside him at this sacred ordinance, was strangely dashed by what he knew was the state of her feelings with regard to himself. But the long tempest prayer was immediately proceeded in, and the abundance of the heart of the deeply-impressed minister gave forth things which his former audience to the Deity, which took their tone much from the emotions that struggled in his bosom with reference to her, whose case lay now so heavily on his spirit.

It was no common prayer offered to the Father of mercies and of all mercies, in the name of our Lord Jesus now ascended up to Heaven from the burning of the pious minister of Hillington. It was an unbecoming of himself, and on the part of his people, to the Deity, which touched the hearts of all present, with an unctious and a fire almost beyond utterance. He knew he was praying before his wife, and as such, as one of his beloved communicants around, now also deeply afflicted; but what she felt at every word that he uttered while standing trembling under the influence of her feelings, almost by his side, it would not be easy to find language to express.

The assembly sat down; and the bread was broken and distributed to the disciples, while the whole congregation was melted in tears, and all thought they never had witnessed such deep feeling in their minister. But not a tear was come from the eyes of Rebecca, although a crowding of emotions which struggled for vent in her bosom were mounting fast to some high elevation, giving the mastery of human infirmity. Continuing speaking to the communicants the words of consolation, while the elders went down the passes with the elements, as in the manner of the Scottish church, Mr. Bannatyne next turned to the minister of the sacrament, the clergyman on his right; but, in handing the other to his wife, he was so strangely overpowered and confused in his thoughts, that, instead of giving it to Mr. Bryce, who was the person next to him, he handed it at once to his own beloved wife.

Rebecca, who was looking up in his face at the moment, took the cup from his hand, and, putting it to her lips, drank of the symbolic wine, under the influence also of overpowering and absorbing feelings, which prevented her from being sensible to any impropriety, while the elders, who stood looking on, and the other people near, were quite struck with this strange and unexpected communion.

To both, this was a peculiar and an awful moment. It was a solemn communion of both with their Heavenly Father; but it was also an involuntary communion between husband and wife, expressing thoughts and feelings which language could not so fully convey. "For as death we are now commemorating," went on Mr. Bannatyne, in his exhortation at the time to the communicants, "who was himself deeply touched with a feeling of our infirmities, enters into the closest of our most intimate and tender sympathies, and expresses for us, for, knowing our frame, and remembering that we are but dust, he forgiveth all our wanderings and leadeth all our sorrows; and when heart and flesh do faint and fail, he has promised to be himself the strength that we need and our comfort for ever; that comfort and support,

which all who love Him ought, in this world of trial, to be constantly to each other."

At this moment the still solemnity of the communion was broken by an appalling every heart to the outermost aisles of the church; and the people simultaneously rose to look round them for the cause. The scream was from Rebecca; and what must have been passing in her bosom, while her Lewis uttered these words, no language can describe; but her cry was so loud, and yet so motionless in its expression, that every heart was pierced as with a sharp instrument, to the very extremity of the assembly, and all were horrified at the suspicion of what could have taken place to the awful wife of their much-regarded minister.

It was, indeed, a sad moment for him, and a lovely interlude of the painful intensity of the day. The working emotions of Rebecca, which she mastered in her solitary chamber at Lawford, and borne up against during all the time of the supposed alienation of her husband's affections, proved too strong for the cutting communication that she had on that morning been blanning him virtually; and thus, all that was favourable to exciting the malady of her family, meeting together in her breast at the moment of their mutual communion, overpowered that reason, at last, of which she had so long been jealous; and the unhappy Rebecca was obliged to be carried out of Hillington church, none, evidently, at length, in the masterless paroxysms of insanity.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was a strange tale that was told from mouth to mouth through the parish of Hillington, that the minister's lady had gone out of her mind on the sacrament Sabbath day, and had screamed out in the kirk at the very communion table. It was a sad event to all who were within the walls of the ancient mansion of Lawford.

Every suspicion regarding her, which had been infused into the crafty wisdom of the minister, the minister had so deeply repressed of indulging, was now fully confirmed, to Mrs. Chapman's infinite gratification, by the manner which the unhappy lady evinced, during the frightful insensibility of madness. The experience of the past would not from benevolence allow Mr. Bannatyne to absent himself from the parish, and to excite a general alarm whenever he came near her; and when, in particular, he spoke to her with kindness, she seemed ready to hide herself in the very stone of the wall, in her maniacian anxiety to flee from his presence.

Rebecca now, with the wild pathetic obliquity of the mad, kept state in her chamber, and her abode in the chamber next to that deserted one before alluded to, which contained the portraits of her line of ancestors, most of whom had spent the last days of their unhappy existence in that very apartment to which she from this time would cling and claim as her own. In the mean time, letters with the painful intelligence of what had occurred had reached her house, and in three days after the event, the old gentleman had returned to Lawford, in company with the valued friend of the family, Doctor Heywood.

It was a sad sight for the worthy doctor, who had taken so much interest in the welfare of Bannatyne, to see how he died, on his arrival at Lawford; and it was a sadder meeting which took place in that ominous chamber between him and her excellent and grieved uncle. Yet she was perfectly tranquil, and even wildly sensible. Her face was pale and her eyes were dilated; and though she said little and her words were sad in their fitness, there was a touching pathos in the tone of her voice which melted the hearts of her visitors with sorrow.

"Uncle, good uncle," she said, caressingly hanging on the old man, "how long is it since I have seen you! Many a weary day have I spent in Lawford since you left me, and as I can now back to see you at last, Bless you, uncle! but I am happy to see you! Yes, I am very happy. I am quite happy now! For I always knew it was ordained I should come to this little room at last. And here I shall remain by day and by night, until the ladder is let down for me to climb to heaven, and then I shall then I shall be content—aspire and struggle—how finely such the poet,

"Oh, the pain—the bliss of dying!"

What makes you look so sad, sir?"

"I am sad, and for you, and for all, who wish you would leave this room, and go down stairs again."

"Oh, no, no, dear uncle, are not these all our ancestors' pictures in that next room, that I am so well acquainted with? Did not my father and grandfather live in this room, and look out at this little window, till the day of their deaths? Did not my grand-uncle live in this room

—and see you there abroad—is that not the Lady's Limn on the height, where she drowned herself, poor soul! when the evil spirit mastered her? I will not leave this room, sir, until you are dead."

"God help her, poor heart!" said Mr. Prior, turning away his head, and wiping off the tears which started into his eyes.

"And I am happy to see you too, doctor—good doctor," she continued, smiling with melancholy wildness at that gentleman's face, as she clung to his arm, "and I love you—love you much, Doctor Heywood, for you were the man that got my Lewis and me married. These were happy days, doctor! but Lewis has quite changed, and hates me now; does he not, goody?—you told me so," she said, with a bitter expression, as she turned to Mrs. Chapman. "But I thought he had made it up with me one Sabbath day in Hillington church, when he gave me the red wine to drink, out of the silver cup, with his own hand, and the tables were covered with a white linen cloth before me; but a darkness came across my eyes, and a ringing rung in my ears, and the owls seemed to scream from the rafters of the kirk, and voices sounded from the hollows of the steeple, and the minister and all left me alone at the Lord's table, and I've never seen him since. Alas, for me!"

The gentlemen descended, much affected, to the room below, and the solitary minister waited to receive them, and a tedious and lengthened conversation took place to what was to be done in regard to the unfortunate lady.

One of the first things that struck Doctor Heywood, on his entrance once more into Lawford House, and especially on his ascending to the apartment which Rebecca had chosen, was a palpable error of his own judgement in regard to her who might now be called his patient, and which arose from the character of his mode of philosophising upon insanity, as was briefly hinted at several chapters back. The doctor had accustomed himself to regard insanity as the application of principles which he understood, and which he had carefully collected those details of practice and those considerations of exception and individuality, which so essentially change the bearings of many general conclusions. Had he attended, as he ought, to the history of the *maladie héréditaire* of the Priors of Lawford, he would have seen at once the great effect of the constant presence of those objects which handed down to each generation a crowd of associations, calculated to keep constantly before the mind all the sad circumstances which that history furnished; and, in venturing to advise the marriage of Rebecca, he had been carelessly overlooking from this moment, from the scene of the afflictions which had almost destroyed the house of Lawford.

There were other things that occurred to him, in consequence of what fell from Rebecca as well as from what was related by the minister himself, that made him resolve to be careful to sit the case of the unhappy lady much in the way of his patient; but, before he could obtain opportunity of any other than a general conversation with Mrs. Chapman, he heard with surprise that the latter lady had talked of giving up her charge, for what cause he could not learn, while, in the mean time, chance directed him to sit the case of the very unexpected *folie-à-folée* with Mrs. Dryburgh. Having, besides, perceived something in the manner of Rebecca, which quite cheered him as to what could be done for her, and having found little satisfaction in what he could learn from Mrs. Chapman, he was well pleased, for the present, to encourage the communicative spirit of the loquacious Lady Bicknell.

"Well, sir, dear me, doctor," said the lady, "but it's a pity that ye ha'e g'en up the doctor trade; ye'll excuse me, for I hear you so much roosed up for your skill an' sense, an' ye are a notable one of the women's complaint, as the sirs' handiwork about them, Mr. Heywood, that it maan be a perfect pleasure to see you lay your finger on a pulse. But I'm thinking the minister's wife is in a state that's beyond your skill. Ae, but she's a heavy hand! to the pair minister, an' she never was a wife for ye, I think. No, I think ye'd better not touch her—which would be a great relief, I no doubt, for the way she's in—I'm just thinking what the minister would do, the dear gentleman!—what think ye, doctor?"

"Really, Mrs. Dryburgh, I have formed no opinion; but what makes you think upon such a supposition?"

"Oh, I think ye'd better not touch her," said Mrs. Chapman's suppose, too, for the pair demented creature canna live lang in you way, for she cates just nothing. Now, if ought were happening, I ken somebody that would jump at the minister. Od, but I maybe shouldna tell you, sir."

"Why not tell me, Mrs. Dryburgh, if I'm such a man about the women as you say?"

"Deed, sir, as ye're a jocosse sort o' man, an' likes a crack, I can tell you, that that sneck-drawing widow wadna like the very cawn she head for her head, the little finger, if that dowie creature the present Mrs. Bannatyne were awa', an' I dinna see but ye might speck a gude word for her yersell, Mr. Heywood, (if anything should be likely to happen), an' if she got an inkling o' that, I'm sure the very thought o' it would gar her wad up on this demented lady, till see what might turn about."

A light flashed across the mind of Doctor Heywood at this conclusion of the speech, that raised thoughts and suspicions on the instant, the bare idea of which almost took away from him the very cawn she head for her head, the little finger, if that dowie creature the present Mrs. Bannatyne were awa', an' I dinna see but ye might speck a gude word for her yersell, Mr. Heywood, (if anything should be likely to happen), an' if she got an inkling o' that, I'm sure the very thought o' it would gar her wad up on this demented lady, till see what might turn about."

"I've certainly heard of such things as parties speculating about prospective marriages in this way, but, having no skill in matchmaking, I cannot pretend even to form an opinion upon the subject; but now, Mrs. Dryburgh, allow me to ask you, if, in your intercourse backwards and forwards with Mrs. Chapman, and as far as you had opportunity of observing Mrs. Bannatyne, before the period of her screaming out in the church, you witnessed any particular repugnance, on her part, to the company of her husband?"

"Oh, I never saw any repugnance, ye see, sir, I canna just say, doctor; but if you would make your meaning a wee thought clearer, and not use such lang-nebbed words, I would answer you to the best o' my pith; for, to tell you the truth, although I was weel brought up at the boarding schools, an' the tip-top masters, I have not what ye call 'much dictionary knowledge'."

"Have you ever observed, madam," said Mr. Heywood, with some shortness of manner at the dawdling talkativeness of Lady Bicknell, "that Mrs. Bannatyne seemed to have a dread to meet with her husband, or did you ever hear her express alarm at the idea of his visiting her?"

"Why, sir, to speak the honest truth, I never heard her speak much at all. But Mrs. Chapman told me that she was quite against his seeing her, which I thought very unnatural. And yet, one day, now when ye reminded me of it, she said—"

"Well, madam?"

"I thought it very odd after that; for I heard her say, aye pitiful, to Mrs. Chapman, 'Does my Lewis never offer to come to see his forlorn Rebecca?' that was the very words, and the pair young lady looked as wistful as I ever saw her. And then, sir, she was not herself, an' quite manured in her mind."

"And what did Mrs. Chapman say to that?"

"I didna hear any reply, sir, an' I think the widow only shook her head."

Doctor Heywood rose hastily, and began with long and rapid strides to pace up and down the room.

In a few minutes after, he was out and through the house, looking for an opportunity of speaking privately with Mr. Bannatyne.

"Have you attended to my wishes, sir," he said, somewhat abruptly, on meeting him, "not to go near Rebecca, until she has been returned to Lawford?"

"I have never seen my poor Rebecca since your arrival here, sir," said the minister, with a melancholy expression, "and your injunctions are exceedingly painful; besides, were it not for my confidence in you, I should be strongly inclined to doubt of their wisdom."

"You speak as much as men do, from your feelings and wishes only, and little from reason, my dear sir," said the doctor; "you must give me your entire confidence, Mr. Bannatyne; for this is the physician's first requisite for success: have I it, or not?"

"I have, sir," said the minister; "but I have a great deal to say as to your return to Lawford."

"For heaven's sake do as you will in my house, only restore to me, if it be possible, my beloved Rebecca."

"Then, sir, remain where you are until I return," and without another word the doctor left him alone.

But a few minutes elapsed, in painful mental suffering, and the minister again entered the room, accompanied by Mr. Prior.

"I have brought you together, gentlemen," he said, "in order that you may both judge of the result of a conversation I have just had with that viper, Mrs. Chapman. On start, as all good men do, at unexpected treachery; but, on reflection, as much as to return to Lawford, on the base, of the cruelties practised upon those who are least able to bear mental pain, and that on the convenient plea of their insanity, you would be no way astonished at what I have now discovered. In two words, I am convinced that this woman, whom we all trusted, whom

I was the means of recommending to this respected family, has been practising on the mind of her unhappy lady, for the purpose of sending her ultimately to the grave, with the presumptuous hope of one day sitting in her own chair at the head of Mr. Bannatyne's table!" Well, what was she acting as if she had not been, and occupied as you have been. Even I would be incredulous, after all I have seen, did I not know that the whole struggle of selfishness in this world consists in one species of mind taking advantage of another,—the cunning deceiving the upright and virtuous,—the coarse flitting upon the sufferings of the shy, the obtuse and cruel making a prey of the sensitive; until the capacity to feel is justly regarded as a misfortune, and one half of the world is almost driven to insanity by the oppression of the other.

"What an astonishing silences you," continued the doctor, after a pause, "and you wish to be further satisfied? You must be so, fully, else I am mistaken, if you will observe the result of my communication with this person, and the representation she is likely to make to her most injured lady. This you shall soon do, if you will condescend to place yourselves where you can overhear what they say. You consent? Then follow me. We can get, unobserved into the recess, immediately contiguous to Mrs. Bannatyne's apartment."

"They all proceeded towards the chamber: but while they were engaged in the act, that Doctor Heywood's opinion had given to his mind, he became so alarmed, that he reverted to the painful scene in the church, that the surmise was too joyful to be true; and put further questions as to the likely nature of the disorder, as well as to the necessity of such a mode of satisfying themselves, as they now were unwillingly about to adopt."

"Did you know, sir," said the doctor, "how many persons have been persuaded that they were insane, or actually made so by others, when under the influence of strong feeling, who would not spare any pains to get at the real character of those who are chiefly concerned about the person of their lady? My dear friend, it is that more desponding hypochondriasis, which may be transient in its duration like a fit of passion or of sorrow, is all that at present divides her from her family, and has been entirely brought on, I conceive, by the cunning and malicious woman. But haste, and we shall speedily ascertain."

"When the gentlemen had mounted the stairs, and placed themselves where they could plainly hear what passed between Mrs. Chapman and Rebecca, the low murmuring tone of plaintive sorrow, in which the latter uttered her words, struck upon the heart of Doctor Heywood with such affecting impression, that he was with difficulty prevented from rushing at once into the room."

"To leave me again, did you say?" said Rebecca, her voice rising as she seemed to meditate upon the widow's words; "you cannot mean so, Mrs. Chapman! Not, surely, without seeing me and my child."

"I heard no wish of the kind expressed," said the doctor, "but you deeply feel that you who have outlived the affections of a husband that she loves, has little inducement to prolong a neglected existence."

"What a change has come over the spirit of my life!" said Rebecca, resuming her plaintive tone: "even this morning I was unusually refreshed, for my dreams were of Lewis and my baby, and I thought I ought to thank him for a heaviness on my heart seemed to have vanished before some unusual sunshine. But now all is gone again, and I am weary, weary of my life. Neglected—lost the affections of my husband—was not what you said, Mrs. Chapman?"

"Yes, madam, that was the word; and before I should be so used, I would—would do some rashness—I am a strong passioned woman, but—"

"Why don't you say it all?"

"I would slip out of this room when the gloaming came down, and end my life and my wrongs at the bottom of that thin, thin, and deceitful ocean of the trees."

"What frightful temptation is this coming over me?" said Rebecca, with a shudder. "Woman, what is this you hint at? I see something horrid in your face."

The widow merely looked at her, and shook her head.

"Surely, Mrs. Chapman, you are not advising me to take away the life that God hath given me!" And have I not been a mother to you, my dear friend, and thought to care and see him or me? Neglect? pity! what words are these that I have been hearing of late? and from you? Your pity, woman! that art eating my bread, and ought to comfort me under my trials. What is this? Can thy heart be so insatiable? Am I a maniac because I love my husband? Woman, you are imposing upon me!

answer me one question—did Mr. Bannatyne really say he would not see me?"

"Not exactly, madam; but I told him—that—"

"Wretch! there is guilt in your face! your tongue flatters, and your eye quails at my questions. What do you think of all this? I can now recollect, that the horrible insinuations you uttered to that sick creature, Mrs. Dryburgh, while I lay on my sick couch. Now I see it all! You have made me contemptible in the eyes of my beloved husband! You have persuaded me against my own convictions almost into madness. I thought, when I think of all this! I can now recollect, a crowd of horrible suspicions rises into my brain, that I can hardly attribute to humanity. Out, vile woman! that speakest to me of the drowning pool of the lady's sin, and hast put evil and alienation between me and my husband."

"That an impression there is in talent! what a majesty in truth! As Rebecca spoke, her delicate figure seemed to tower upwards into the size of an incensed queen, while the quailing widow sunk lower and lower, until, overwhelmed with confusion that the other had penetrated her secret, she sat silent in supplication at her feet."

"You wrong me, lady," said the alarmed doctor; "your own mind is wronging us both. If Mr. Bannatyne was as before, surely—"

"I will not hear you, widow! You are deceiving me about Lewis. He loves me still! I know he does; for, when I was in the tower, and he was in the prison, at the church, I myself saw the affection that beamed in his eye; and he prayed for me—I know it was for me, until the big tears rolled down his trembling lips, and he gave me the cup with his own hand. I will go down this instant and tell myself before him. I will confess that my poor mind has wandered, and then my tempter requires indulgence. Give me my shawl. Nay, attempt not to prevent me—for a woman's affection is strong as death, and mighty as the grave—as the grave, woman! where it only can be ended."

"I will be in the room in the adjacent apartment—" "Stand back—come forth," said Mr. Heywood, as the patient minister came forward, eager to receive into his arms his distracted wife; and, as they retired a few paces into the large ante-room, the door burst open, and Rebecca, followed by the widow, issued hastily forth.

"How could you do this, Rebecca? It was neither so sudden nor so alarmed as that of Mrs. Chapman. Standing stock-still for a moment, while no one had as yet the power to move, she gave a slight scream of joy, and threw herself forward into her husband's arms."

"How new you would come to see me! I was sure you would never do this. Oh! Lewis!" said the widow, looking piteously in his face, as she held him round the neck, "forgive and pity the wandering and the weakness of your poor Rebecca!"

"I have been deceived, Rebecca," he said, at length, as she dried his eyes, while Mr. Prior, and even the physician, were also affected to tears. "I have been abused. I have been misrepresented. I never wished to desert you. I will watch over you myself from hence, and be a stay to you in all your wanderings; for you are my—my valued, my adored wife. Now, come down with me, that I may detain you here, woman, and this day shall be a day of rejoicing at Lawford."

"And my uncle, too!" she said, grasping hold of his hands—"my dear uncle! surely I am not quite astray in my mind, or I should not so feel the joy of this happy meeting. And has this woman been deceiving you too? Alas, widow, it was cruel of you to vex the hearts of those who loved as we have done."

"Hence, cockatrice!" exclaimed Doctor Heywood, swelling with indignation, as he looked on the abashed and confounded widow. "Woman, you are not fit to live in a world where there is so much misery, when you could have the heart to drive to temporary madness such a sweet spirit as this."

Why need we tell further what more happened at Lawford, to the joy and pleasure of all the kind hearts who were far and near in the parish of Hillington? What- ever distraction of the mind had happened to Rebecca, was soon dispelled by the affectionate conduct and constant society of her husband, and the judicious attention of Doctor Heywood; the latter, after Mrs. Chapman was disgracefully dismissed, insisting upon an entire change of residence, and that she might be taken from beneath the unpleasant associations connected with the history of her ancestors. The health of her mind was fully completed by an easy excursion to the capital, and was insured by an ultimate removal entirely from the old mansion of the family.

Months and years, since these events took place, have

now passed away, and Rebecca is still the beloved wife of Mr. Bannatyne, without experience of a draught of any mental aberration; living in tranquillity and happiness, mother of a numerous family of promising sons and daughters, who the uncle having died at a good old age, have since gained the name of Bannatyne, with good hopes and prospects, upon the ancient designation of the Priors of Lawford.

Note.—The names and local allusions in this story, as in that of Lady Barbara of Carlodge, are entirely imaginary, and we abstain from all particulars, for reasons which must be obvious to the reader; and to its granting a connection so interesting as marriage, however remote, should be given to many enquiries of the deepest importance to individuals, both for their own sakes and that of generations of posterity, will be evident from a little consideration of what past experience has ascertained, and physiological enquiries have borne forth. This is indeed the true moral of many painful cases of the sort we allude to, that have come within our personal enquiries, and which we have endeavoured to illustrate in the *Domestic tale*.

The fact illustrative of the well-established doctrine of the transmission from generation to generation of peculiar qualities, both physical and mental, are not only most curious and interesting, philosophically, but deserves a much greater degree of attention practically, than they usually meet with from a thoughtless world, unwilling to learn what it is doing, for facilities of such an opportunity swayed, upon such a subject, by some predominant motive of passion, which, for the time being, is all in all.

That, in the transmission of life, both animal and vegetable, every thing is uniformly of its kind, is a rule of nature observed from the beginning; and to this extreme importance to ourselves and our posterity in the formation of unions, and the entailing of existence, we would do well to take heed. Hence the decided characteristics observable in families, not only in bodily form or strength, but in view of the mind, for facilities of such an opportunity, especially where their position obliges them more to marry among each other. "In this way," says Dr. Gregory (not to speak at present of the obvious mental qualities by which many of the prominent families of Europe are distinguished), parents frequently live over again in their offspring, and certainly children are so similar to their progenitors, not only in expression of countenance and form of body, but also in the character of their minds, in their virtues and their vices. The imperial Austrian family, for a long time flourished at Rome, but, first, the emperor, and afterwards his son, Frederick, was a most gloomy tyrant; it numbered among its members a Caligula, a Claudius, an Agrippina, and at last, after a duration of six hundred years, terminated in Nero himself!"—*Gregory's Consp. Medicine Theoretica*, p. 4. Ed. 1815.

Not only are the mental qualities very generally transmitted (though rarely to all their extent of power), but also the peculiar conformations of the person.

"It appears to be a general fact," says Dr. Priehard, "that all congenital varieties of structure, or peculiarities which are innate, or which form a part of the natural constitution of the individual, are transmitted from birth, or rather from the commencement of his organisation, whether they happen to descend to him from a long inheritance, or to spring up for the first time in his own person,—for this is perhaps altogether indifferent,—are apt to reappear in his offspring. It may be said, in other words, that the organisation of the offspring in all ways modelled according to the type of the original structure of the parent."

"On the other hand, changes produced by external causes in the appearance or constitution of the individual are temporary, and in general acquirements of character are transient; they terminate with the individual, and have no influence on the progeny."

This transmission, through families, of original conformation, applies not only to external form and peculiarities of shape, but, to the type of character and disposition, or even to some malformation of the mind, or constitution, usually denominated disease. Of the former sort many curious instances are on record, as the case mentioned by Maupertius and adverted to by Priehard, of two families in Germany which had been distinguished, for several generations, by a large head, and many toes on each foot. The instance of the family of Jacob Riche, the surgeon of Berlin, belonging to one of these, is curious, who had the twelve toes and fingers. He inherited this from his mother and grandmother: the latter was married to a man of the

ordinary make, to whom she bore eight children, four of whom had only the ordinary number of these, like the father, and the other four had the long and short sizes like her mother.

There are even instances of similar peculiarities running through families mentioned by Pliny. The Philosophical Transactions record an instance where the writer had known of the transmission of supernumerary fingers and toes for four generations; and in the Edinburgh Review, the Rev. Samuel Johnson, vol. iv., is an account of a family at Iwer who for nine generations had transmitted a peculiarity of this sort, in general only through the women. The imperial house of Austria has been transmitted through it, for many centuries, as we learn from Archdeacon Coxe, a singular disease of the eyes, which has been believed to have been originally introduced into the Hapsburg family by an intermarriage with the ancient house of Jagellon.

But it is a singular and wise provision of Nature, that though she transmits, until accident terminates them, these *her own original formations*, she never transmits the external mutilations or alterations performed by man, as in the case of cutting off of limbs or splitting of ears, or docking of the tails of animals. Were she to do this, human caprice, fancy, or fashion, would soon throw all nature into monstrous confusion.

Medicine is well known to be peculiarities of the mind, and even some of the more rooted diseases interwoven into the constitution, to be transmitted and entailed upon one's posterity, deserve a degree of attention which the subject seldom receives from the more thinking part of mankind.

"Medicine is well known to medical practitioners," adds Dr. Prichard, "that (the doctrine of transmission) equally applies to those minute varieties of organisation which give rise to peculiarities of habit or temperament, and predispose to a variety of morbid affections, as deafer, deafness, and complaisance, and the various degrees of disorder in the nervous system. Even those singular peculiarities termed *idiosyncrasies* are often hereditary, as in the instance of a remarkable susceptibility of the action of particular medicines, such as mercury."—*Prichard's Researches into the Physical History of Mankind*, vol. ii. p. 16.

Insanity, as a disease, like other diseases which, being wrought into the physical constitution, is transmissible, would seem, from its connection with the brain, to partake of the hereditary qualities both of body and mind. Upon the general subject, however, we have been favouring since the foregoing story was published, by a communication from our respected friend, Sir Andrew Halliday, of Hampton Court, M. D., formerly physician to his majesty, when Duke of Clarence, then living at Bushy, and himself author of some tracts on insanity,—which we consider peculiarly valuable. Sir Andrew, speaking of the admitted effect of families constantly intermarrying among each other, says, "That it deteriorates the race, is a fact known to all men; and that diseases accidentally engendered very soon become hereditary, is equally well established; and insanity, as a bodily disease, is one of those that are easily continued from one generation to another. Yet the fact seems not so well known, or is not attended to as it ought, that it is the physical qualities of the male parent, whether good or bad, that are chiefly formed in the offspring, and the mental endowments of the mother: that is, a strong father will confer a strong healthy son, even though the mother may be so diseased or delicate, as not to survive the birth: but a puny father will never have a healthy progeny, even though married to the finest woman in the nation."

"Insanity," he goes on, philosophically, "arises from physical causes, that is, from *accidents or irregularity* in the construction of the instruments of the mind. The healthy strong energetic father gives the instruments which, when cultivated in earliest infancy, by the sound mind of a superior mother, forms the man of talent; and no thing else will do it."

The sensitive observation of Sir Andrew, both at home and on the continent, as well as his sound natural sagacity, entitles his opinion, on such subjects, to the highest consideration; and had these important conclusions been as widely made known as it is our wish to make them, many painful cases of insanity, which have come under our own observation, where sensitive and high-minded females were the sufferers, might have been greatly mitigated, or rather, as we believe, entirely saved.

With regard to the effects of particular families marrying with many others, and continually among each other, considered to be so deteriorating to any race,

which forms such an objection to hereditary honours, and which furnishes such men as the late President Jefferson, with his republican sneers against the sovereigns of Europe, we have met with many facts that we consider curious and interesting, but none so little known or so applicable as two for which we are indebted to the same authority. When the first De Bruise, grandfather of the Scotch hero, obtained from David I. the lordship of Scotland, north of the Tweed, the Celtic inhabitants, whom he found on his new property, were too proud and independent to do any manual labour for a Saxon, as Bruise originally was; consequently, when he planned his castle of Lochmaben, he was obliged to import from England all his domestic establishments, and his great work of building. These he located near him, and as they increased he formed them into four divisions, founding for them towns, which are known to this day by the names of the Four Towns of Lochmaben. The people who formed this English colony were, by the natives around, so despised, that they were shunned as if they had been lepers, and obliged constantly to marry among themselves: they have long formed a distinct race, and are called by their common appellation, although all the reasons that originally made them so have for centuries ceased to exist. These people are so evidently inferior to the Saxon, and have so many qualities which they are proud to boast, and which have shown any qualities to remove the stigma by which they are known. They are even lower in stature than the usual standard of Scotsmen; and Sir Andrew thinks they have less than common physical strength, besides being known in the neighbourhood as *"a quithen"*, or a man of weak characteristics certainly bespeaking no enlarged capacity.

The other instance is to be found in the small island of Lismore, in Argyshire, where a colony of English was originally planted by the Bishop of the Isles, under similar circumstances. The English despised the priesthood, and for mental services they performed for the priesthood, and forced to continue intermarrying among themselves, became so deteriorated in every mental quality, as to obtain the local sobriquet of the *Lismore sheep*; and to say *"baa,"* like that animal, in the presence of a native of the island, or a public enemy, or to address the American war, when some of them had enlisted in the army, bloody quarrels were often the consequence of this trick upon the Lismore men. Some other instances of similar effects from colonisation in the Isles are given, as we believe, by Colonel David Stewart, in his "Sketches of the Highland Regiments."

EXCERPTS.

About one hundred and fifty millions of people are calculated to exist in Europe; double the number in Africa; more than treble the amount in Asia. Supposing that America and the Australian territories only contain one half of what Europe possesses, we may boldly assert that more than 100,000 individuals die every day on this globe. A man whose life has not exceeded thirty years, must have escaped about 1400 times this frightful destruction.

No man would wish to be alone in this world, not even the miser, although he could possess all—not even the envious man, although surrounded by rivals.

The modest man has every thing to gain, the proud man has every thing to lose; no man is ever happy unless he is generous—pride with envy.

Morality raises a more lofty and more imposing tribunal than the laws of man; religion not only ordains that we should do no evil, but that we should do good; not only that we shall appear virtuous, but that we should be so in reality—dependent not upon public esteem, which may be acquired, but upon our own esteem, which never deceives us.

The number of individuals who have received the title of Pope has been 354; a long "succession."

The follies of philosophy have been the squaring the circle, the trisecting the angle, the perpetual motion, attraction and repulsion, the philosopher's stone, the universal solvent, the elixir of life, the influence of the stars, and the raising of spirits. These several subjects have absorbed in the last fifty generations, the lives of at least 10,000 men in each, and the veneration or fear of the invisible.

In 1829, the British and Foreign Bible Society had circulated, in twenty-five years, eleven millions of copies of the Jewish Scriptures, in one hundred and fifty languages; a calculation has been made that the cost of editing, printing, and issuing, sterling; paper and ink, and the binding, £285,000; in round numbers, fourteen millions of dollars. Where is the result?

THE Infirmitates of Genius ILLUSTRATED BY REFLECTING THE ANOMALIES IN THE LITERARY CHARACTER OF THE HABITS AND CONSTRUCTION, & PECULIARITIES OF MEN OF GENIUS.

BY R. R. MADDEN, ESQ.

Author of "Travels in Turkey," &c.

INTRODUCTION.

The following work is of a literary character superior to the general productions of the press, and of that kind which it is part of the plan of the "Library" to make known in places where such works might otherwise never penetrate.

Whether the seat of the mind is in the brain, the spine, or the stomach, has long been a debated point; it will be found that Mr. Madden places it in the digestive organs, and the instances he has selected are well chosen for his theory. Instead of pitying the mental sufferings of men of genius, our author calls upon us to extend sympathy to their physical ills. The bodily afflictions of Burns, Cowper, Byron and Scott, are forcibly drawn, and Cowper's afflictions traced to religious monomania. The tone of the remarks is candid, and the whole essay exhibits research, and is written in a philosophical spirit.

An able London critic, speaking of the *Infirmitates of Genius*, says,—“This is a very valuable and interesting work, full of new views and curious deductions.” Again;—“These volumes ought to be read by every literary person, and we dismiss them with cordial approbation.”

The chapter on the advantages of literary pursuits contains some observations of striking import—the *arms against ennui* furnished by good books are truly invaluable; books are a resource in every privation to those who have learned their value, and have a cultivated taste for their enjoyment. Seneca might well exclaim that “*leisure without books is the sepulture of the living soul.*”

The Author has dropped the title of M. D.; he is however a physician, and the following pages give evidence that he has been a student of no ordinary kind. His previous work, *Travels in Turkey*, exhibits him in the character of a medical man;—popular as that book was, we imagine the present will be more generally sought after.

CHAPTER I.

THE EFFECTS OF LITERARY HABITS.

It is generally admitted that literary men are an irritable race, subject to many infirmities, both of mind and body; that worldly prosperity and domestic happiness are not very often the result of their pursuits.

Eccentricity is the “badge of all their tribe” and so many errors accompany their career, that fame and frailty would almost seem to be inseparable companions. Perhaps it is wisely ordained that such should be the case, to check the pride of human intellect, and to render those humbler capacities contented with their lot, to whom nature has denied the noblest of her gifts.

It is the unfortunate tendency of literary habits to render them too much conversant with the philosophy and erudition of bygone times, than with the sentiments and feelings of their fellow-men. Their knowledge of the world is, in a great measure, derived from books, not from an acquaintance with its active duties; and the consequence is, that when they venture into its busy haunts, they bring with them a spirit of uncompromising independence, which arrays itself at once against every prejudice they have to encounter: such a spirit is but ill calculated to disarm the hostility of any casual opponent, or in the circle where it is exhibited—to any golden opinions of any “sorts of people.” If the fictitious example of the poet of the drawing-room seduce them into the haunts of fashionable life, they find themselves still less in their element; the effort to support the dignity of

genius in a common-place conversation, costs them, perhaps, more fatigue than the composition of half a volume of the occasion in the ordinary course of life. To engage attention, they may have the good sense to subdue their ardour, and endeavour to assume an awkward air of fashionable nonchalance; they may attempt to be agreeable, they may seek to be at ease, but they are on the verge of literary abstraction. At the same time, and in the same manner, they may be so far from being able to bow them down to kiss the criminal rule of good society with graceful humility. But these are the minor inconveniences that arise from long indulgence in literary habits; the graver ones are those that arise from impaired health and depressed spirits, the inevitable consequences of excessive mental application. Waywardness of temper, testiness of humour and capriciousness of conduct, result from this depression; and under such circumstances the errors of genius are estimated too often by their immediate consequences, without any reference to the consequences of the future. The fault, the carriage of genius is unlikely to conciliate strangers, while its follies are calculated to weary even friends, and its very glory to make bitter rivals of its contemporaries and comrades.

Accordingly we find that its ashes are hardly cold, before his frailties are raked up from the tomb, and baited with the rancour of malicious application. Waywardness with the sport. It is only when its competitors are gathered to their fathers, and the ephemeral details of trivial feuds, of petty foibles, and private scandal, are buried with their authors, that the conduct of genius begins to be understood, and its character to be fairly represented.

The luminary spirit at last engages that attention which had previously been occupied with the speck upon its disc. It was nearly a quarter of a century before "the malignant principles of Milton" gave the world sufficient time to ascertain that it was a speck upon existence as Paradise Lost. Only three thousand copies of it were sold in eleven years, while eight thousand copies of a modern novel have been disposed of in as many days; but we need not go back to the age of Milton for evidence of the tardy justice that is done to genius. Ten years after the appearance of Shelley's poetry, it was regarded as an unmentionable one to ears polite; but there is a reaction in public opinion, and whatever were his follies, his virtues are beginning to be known, and his poetry to be justly appreciated. It unfortunately happens that those who are the least qualified to estimate the capacities for the higher walk of literature are the most ready to utter the arduous duties of the literary Rhamadanthus, and at whose hands the "masters of the world" generally receive the roughest treatment. The competency of such a tribunal, however, must not be questioned, even when it is the province of the learned to be the privilege of being judged by its peers; for the difficulty would be too great of impugning a jury of its fellows.

But how few of those who fasten on the infirmities of great talent, for the purpose of gnawing away its flame, like those northern insects that prey

"On the brains of the elk till his very last sigh!"

how very few who track the errors of genius to the tomb, take into consideration, or are capable of estimating the influence on the physical and moral constitution of a long continued pursuit, of mental exertion, of the disorders of the body, of the neglect of the neglected! How little do they know of the morbid sensibility, or the misanthropic gloom, for dreary misanthropy; or the distorted visions of "a heat oppressed phrensy," for impersonated opinions; or the shadows of "a heart diseased by the inwardness of the heart." How few of the fatal friends who violate the sanctity of private life to minister to the prevailing appetite for literary gossip, ever think of referring the imperfections they drag into public notice, (yet fail not to deplore), to a temperate application of the rule, "the reasonable weakness of the mind, which clouds without obscuring the reason" of the individual, to the influence of those habits which are so unfavourable to health! Suicide might, indeed, have well had its horrors for that bard, who was even a more sensitive man than the melancholy Coleridge, when he was informed that one of his best-natured friends had been waiting for the opportunity to write his life. But how devoutly might he have wished that "nature's copy in him had been eternal," had he known how many claims were shortly to be preferred to the property of his memory, and how many of those who were to be his confidants were to immortalise his errors, and to make his imperfections so many pretexts for disquisitions on perverted talents.

Of all persons who sacrifice their peace for the attain-

ment of notoriety, literary men are most frequently made the subject of biography; but of all they are least fitted for the sort of misanthropic biography which consists in the exhibition of the minute details of life. The Pythones, we are told, was but a pitiable object when removed from the inspiration of the tripod, and the man of genius is, perhaps, no less divested of the attributes of his greatness when he is taken from his study, or followed in the exercise of his daily duties. The only thing that concerns the character or the general conduct of those whose productions have entertained or instructed us, and we gratify a laudable curiosity when we enquire into their history, and seek to illustrate their character, and to trace their opinions and actions. But when biography is made the vehicle, not only of private scandal, but of that minor malignity of truth, which holds, as it were, a magnifying mirror to every naked imperfection of humanity, which possibly had never been discovered had no friendship been violated, no confidence been abused, and no errors exaggerated by the medium through which they have been viewed, it ceases to be a legitimate enquiry into private character, or public conduct, and no infamy is comparable to that of magnifying the faults, or labelling the fame of the illustrious dead.

"Conscience," says a learned German, "under how many categories, down to the most impertinent, the more enquires concerning great men, and never wearies striving to represent to itself their whole structure, aspect, procedure outward and inward. Blame not the world for its curiosity about great men; on this point of the world's old-established necessity to worship Blame it not, pity it rather with a certain loving respect. Nevertheless, the last stage of human perversion, it has been said, is, when sympathy corrupts itself into envy, and the indistructible iniquity we make in men's doings has become a part of our own nature, and we are thus in the last and lowest stage—lower than this we cannot go."

In a word, that species of biography which is written for contemporaries, and not for posterity, is worse than the worst of caricatures; for the memory of many recent authors, if their injudicious admirers make a simple obituary serve the purpose of a history.

It is rarely the lot of the wayward child of genius to have a Currie for his historian, and hence is it that frailties, which might have awakened sympathy, are now made the subject of censure; and the memory of many recent authors, if their injudicious admirers make a simple obituary serve the purpose of a history. It is rarely the lot of the wayward child of genius to have a Currie for his historian, and hence is it that frailties, which might have awakened sympathy, are now made the subject of censure; and the memory of many recent authors, if their injudicious admirers make a simple obituary serve the purpose of a history. It is rarely the lot of the wayward child of genius to have a Currie for his historian, and hence is it that frailties, which might have awakened sympathy, are now made the subject of censure; and the memory of many recent authors, if their injudicious admirers make a simple obituary serve the purpose of a history.

It is not amongst the Harveys, the Hunters, or the Heberdens of our country, or indeed amongst the enlightened physicians of any other, that we must look for the disciples of a gloomy misanthropy.

There are, however, many physicians, who have libelled humanity,—in spite of all the cynics, who have snarled at its character, the tendency of the knowledge of our fellow-men, is to make us love mankind. It is to the practical, and thorough knowledge of human nature, which the physician attains by the exercise of his art, that we are indebted for the benevolence and the sympathy, which peculiarly distinguishes the medical profession, is mainly to be attributed. "Do I," says Zimmerman, "in my medical character feel any malignity or hatred to my species, when I study the nature, and explore the secret causes of disease, and when I consider the sufferings which are inflicted on the human frame; when I examine the subject, and point out, for the general benefit of all mankind as well as for my own satisfaction, all the frail and imperfect parts in the anatomy of the human body?"

The more extensive our knowledge of human nature is, and the better acquainted we make ourselves with that strong influence which mind and body mutually exert, the greater will be the indulgence towards all of them, who are unable, not only to detect, but to estimate the importance of those apparently trivial physical derangements with which they are so intimately connected!

It would be a folly to imagine that an ordinary disease exerts such an absolute dominion over the mind, that the moral perceptions are destroyed, and that the patient, and the individual causes to be responsible for his errors. When the intemperate man "puts an enemy into his mouth to steal away his senses," and under its maddening influence commits a violent assault upon his neighbour, no one doubts that the state of temporary insanity was productive of the offence; nevertheless, the offender knew that such insanity was the inevitable consequence of intemperance, and he is punished for it accordingly.

The literary man who indulges in habits prejudicial to his health, cannot be supposed ignorant of the effects that must ensue; and even when he is ignorant, he may say he is guiltless of the infirmities he drags upon him.

There is a case in our criminal records of a thief going out in the middle of the night to rob a hen-roost, and being attacked by a dog, he fired at the animal, and the process killed a servant of its owner, who had concealed himself behind a kennel. The dog was no murderer; the mischief was unpremeditated, but the last degree of violence was incidental to the first, and the law did not hold him guiltless of the murder.

The studious man sets out with stealing an hour or two from his literary repose; sometimes perhaps more; and finishes by devoting whole nights to his pursuit. But this nightwork leads to exhaustion, and the universal sense of sinking in every organ that accompanies it, suggests the use of stimulants, most probably of wine; alcohol, however, in some shape or other. And what the result will be, is known to all who are conversant with a constant circle of excitement and exhaustion, is shortened or rendered miserable by such alternations; and the victim becomes accessory to his own sufferings.

These are, indeed, extreme cases, yet are they cases in point; in all, are the offenders held responsible for their crimes or errors, but nevertheless they are entitled to our pity.

In a word, if the literary man consume his strength and spirits in his study, forego all necessary exercise, keep his mind continually on the stretch, and even, at his meals, deprive the digestive organs of that nervous energy which is then essential to their healthy action; if the proteiform symptoms of dyspepsia at last make their appearance, and the innumerable anomalous sufferings which, under the name of nervous and stomachic ailments, derange the viscera, and rack the joints of the nervous system, be the result; if the blood is continually determined to the brain, and the calibre of the vessels enlarged to the extent of causing pressure or effusion in that vital organ; in any case, if the mischief there is allowed to proceed slowly and steadily, for years, (as in the case of Swift) giving rise to a long train of evils, and at last terminating in paralysis in its gloomiest form, or mania in its wildest mood, or paralysis in the expressionless aspect of fatuity, (that frequent termination of the literary career)—who can deny that the sufferer has, in a great measure, drawn the evil on himself; but who will not admit that his infirmities of mind and body are entitled to indulgence and compassion?

The errors of genius demand no less. "A vigorous mind," says Burke, "is as necessarily accompanied by a powerful sensibility, as a great fire with great heat." And to such a mind, as to such a sensibility, the just and the charitable will be inclined to deem it, like poor Burns,

"Misled by fancy's meteor ray,

By passion driven,

But yet the light that led astray

Was light from heaven."

CHAPTER II.

ADVANTAGES OF LITERARY PURSUITS.

A distinction has been made between literary men and men of letters; the former title has been given to authors, the latter to the general scholar and lover of science.

In these volumes the term literary is applied to all

other men look to their tools—a painter will wash his pencils, a smith will look to his hammer, a husbandman will mind his plough-irons, a huntsman will have a cure of his hounds, a musician of his lute—scholars alone neglect that instrument which they daily use, by which they range over the world, and which, by study, is much enriched.

It seems, indeed, little short of madness to neglect that instrument on the condition of those delicate chords the harmony of every tone of intellect depends, and which, once "jangled out of time and harsh," all the sweet music of the settled mind is spoiled, perhaps, for ever.

And what is there in the *sacrament insaniam* of genius to enchain us of its gloom, and to walk in the paths of error which lead to it? *error gratissimus mentis* it may be, and seductive as the fascination of passion and poetry can make it; but what is there in the distempered visions of Tasso, Cowper, Collins, Shakespeare, or Swift, to reconcile us to the ecstasies of the disordered mind, or to suffer us to persist in the same habits, or continue the same excessive exertions, which disturbed their reason?

So long as life is admitted to be the result of the co-existence of mind and matter, so long as we are convinced of the intimacy of their union by the manner in which they reciprocally sympathise with each other—so long as we perceive the powers of the mind augmenting with health, and diminishing with disease—so long as we observe that the mind is incapable of occupation when the body is wearied by violent exertion, and when it is unfitted for exercise, when the mental powers are fatigued by over exertion of the former—we can arrive but at one conclusion, that the balance of health can be maintained in its natural equilibrium only when mental exertion is proportioned to bodily activity. When this is not the case literary fame is dearly purchased. When it is not glory that surrounds it cannot make amends for the fatigue that has been sacrificed for its attainment. "*On est trop savant quand on l'est au dépens de sa santé; à quel prix on est savant sans le bonheur!*"

In conclusion, then, the words of Tissot's which serve the purpose of a summary of the preceding observations. To comprehend the influence of mental labour on physical health, it is only necessary to remember, in the first place, that the brain is in action when we think; secondly, that the tendency of continual action is to produce fatigue, and that fatigue deranges its functions, because every debilitated organ performs its duties imperfectly and irregularly; thirdly, that all the nerves proceed from the brain, and precisely from that part of it which is the organ of thought, the common sensorium; fourthly, that the fatigues derange the most important parts of the human machine, that it is necessary to every function, and that when once exhausted that derangement, the whole animal economy suffers from that derangement.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NERVOUS ENERGY.

But what is this subtle fluid which exerts so wonderful an influence over mind and body? Under how many names has the knowledge of its nature baffled human enquiry in all ages! and how monstrous are the views of its essence! still it is known to us only by its effects.

We feel when the nervous energy abounds that there is weight with us; we find when it is deficient that we are depressed; we know if it is exhausted that we become debilitated; we find it suddenly destroyed, that death must immediately ensue!

Is it then the vital principle, or the cause of it—or is it indeed the cause of that effect which Brown mistook for animation, when he asserted that irritability was life itself? No, no doubt, is the grand characteristic of life; but motion is only the consequence of irritability. The propulsion of the blood is immediately caused by the irritability of the muscular fibres of the heart and its channels; but nature accomplishes all her phenomena by this irritability. But what agent, therefore, are we to refer this irritability, before we arrive at the ultimate cause of life—that *causa causans* which we have called the electric agency we are to look for the solution of the mystery? Is there any thing analogous to the principle of life in the phenomena of the electric fluid? The nervous energy, however, is so much a part and parcel of the vital principle, being so much intermingled with it, that they stand in the relation of cause and effect, or of different names only for the same essence, they cannot be separately considered. The few observations that follow are not altogether irrelevant to the subject of these pages, nor is there any thing beyond the range of legitimate en-

quiry, in the consideration of the nature of that power which is the source of animation. Were we, indeed, to jump at the summary conclusion, that life is the sum total of the functions of some, we have asserted, we should fall into the error of mistaking a subordinate effect for an original cause; forgetting, that although life is co-existent with the development and cessation of these functions, it is the nervous energy which calls them into action. That it should be its cause, we have asserted, and link, evident, though not obvious, in the perpetual chain of cause and effect which is the connecting medium between animation and the great Author of it.

"The first link of that chain," says Darwin, "is riveted to the throne of God, dividing itself into innumerable diverging branches, while, as the nerves arising from the brain, permeate the most minute and most remote extremities of the system, diffusing motion and sensation through the whole."

"As every cause is superior in power to the effect which it produces, so our idea of the power of the Almighty Creator becomes more elevated and sublime, as we trace the operations of nature from cause to cause; climbing up the links of those chains of beings, till we ascend to the great source of all things."

The doctrine which would have us suppose that this wonderful human frame, originated in a fortuitous concourse of atoms, has been in failing to trace the causes of the combination of matter to their remote origin, and therefore chaos and its products are to this system what nature and the results of her well-ordered design are to the philosophy. The doctrine we adhere to, attributes the origin of mind with the origin of the aggregation of the functions of the body. This is not only the error of ascribing remote results to their nearest origins, but of referring dissimilar effects to the same immediate cause. To imagine, like that of Pythagoras, travels in a continual circle of life and death, and suppose, only two truths it admits are,—death, because it is certain and inevitable, and reproduction, because every thing that lives must die and undergo the process of decomposition, before its pericles again acquire vitality, and enter into new compounds.

The whole history of humanity is to this system one series of transformations,

"Nothing of it that doth fade,
But doth suffer a change,
Into something rare and strange."

To it, of all abodes, the grave is the most pregnant with vitality; every corpse that is consigned to earth, confers life on myriads of other creatures who had not known that enjoyment if death had not occurred. But even though every atom on the surface of the earth may have been a portion of something once living, now inert—though humanity may not shuffle off its "mortal coil" without peeping the clay which covers it with its spoils, where is the spirit to be sought that animated man—in that unhallored receptacle has the aura of intellect taken up its abode?

"Thou apart,
Above, beyond, O tell me, mighty mind,
Where art thou! shall I dive into the deep,
That I may see thee, or shall the roaring winds,
Where art thou?"

In this dreary doctrine, trivial truths are curiously considered, and all that is most important is wholly overlooked. It illustrates the horrors of death, and renders the hope of future life a repugnant feeling, a loathsome anticipation. Its lights are like the lamps in sepulchres, they gleam upon the dead, but they give no lustre to the living. That light of life, that god-like apprehension which renders man the monarch of creation, is wholly lost sight of in the inquiry after the final disposition of the particles of which his body is composed.

Life and death have their analogies for this system, but the human and immortality have none! There is no link between human and heaven! The body is allowed to have its transformations, but the mind is unworthy of a transmigration, not even to be portioned among the worms which have their being in our forms. By whatever name this vital principle is designated—whether as anima, or æther, or ædillus, spark or flame, ethereal or celestial, perplexity at every step besets the doctrine of its extinction. And however speciously, and even sincerely, its entertainer may uphold it, still in secret there are, there must be, misgivings of its truth.

"And yet one doubt
Pursues him still, lest, lest he cannot dic--"

Let that pure breath of life, the spirit of man,
Which God inspired, cannot together perish
With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,
Or in some dismal place, who knows
But we shall die a living death: O thought
Most horrible, if true!"

In a word, the error of this doctrine, like that of many others, is, in attributing the effects to their immediate instead of their remote and ultimate cause, and in tracing similitudes in dissimilar analogies.

CHAPTER V.

THE NERVOUS ENERGY.

The nature of this vital fluid has been the enquiry of all ages, and up to the present time it must be admitted that nothing is known of its essence. Its effects, both in animal and vegetable life, have been found in some important respects to be analogous with those of an agent the most wonderful in nature, the most subtle of all fluids, the most powerful of all stimulants in its action on the life, whether of plants or animals—the electric fluid.

Although science (with all the rapidity of its march) has thrown little if any additional light on this phenomena for the last thirty years, yet a few facts have been noticed which tend to show that there is a similitude between the phenomena of the nervous and the electric fluids.

Whenever the properties of the latter shall be better understood than they are at present, in all probability the principles of the nervous energy will be more cognizable to the range (limited as it must be, necessarily always) of human knowledge. A day, in all probability, will come when the genius of some future Franklin will make that "fifth element," and most powerful of all, better known than it now is; and trace the analogies of the subtle spark which pervades all space, with that corporeal fire which fills the nerves, and nerve trunks, and communicates vitality and vigour, to every fibre of the most minute and mostest vessels. The nature of the nervous energy may then become better understood, and that invisible aura which fills the blood and invigorates the body, be known to us in a more precise manner than its effects.

"In this view," to use the language which we applied electrically to the grandest discoveries of our time "we do not look to distant ages, or amuse ourselves with brilliant, though delusive dreams, concerning infinity, improbability or the annihilation of disease or death. We are contented by enquiry from simple facts. We consider only a state of human progress, arising out of its present condition; we look for a time that we may reasonably expect, for a bright day of which we already behold the dawn!"

The influence which electricity exerts over vegetable life, till very lately has been overlooked, and even now the same fashion which dominates in academies as well as in boudoirs, has rendered the doctrine of animal, or rather vital electricity, as apparently ridiculous as that of electro-chemical agency was considered, before Davy, by its means, changed the whole face of that science which he so nobly cultivated. Nothing, perhaps, has tended more to the discredit of this theory than the inordinate expectations which medical electricity called forth some forty or fifty years ago, when it was ushered forth to practice as a universal remedy, and which shared the fate of all new and untried powers are over-rated, abused, and ultimately deserted. But of late years, on the continent, the influence of the electric fluid on vitality has again forced itself on public attention; and in the south of France we have seen whole vineyards in which numerous electrical conductors were attached to the plants, for the purpose of increasing the progress of vegetation, and of invigorating the vine and its fruit.

In the same manner does electricity act on the animal body, the circulation being quickened by its stimulus, and the fluids driven through the small capillary vessels with increased velocity. Some recent discoveries of Dr. Wilson Phillips have proved that the action in the smaller capillary tubes may continue for some hours after death, and that their current in life is not synchronous with that of the heart, and, indeed, that the doctrine of the circulation of the blood is inadequate to the explanation of phenomena just mentioned.

The facts that are stated may seem to excite doubt; on the contrary, further experience will probably tend to corroborate them; but nothing can be more unsatisfactory than the explanation which is given of the phenomenon.

An observation of Brydson, however, throws no light on the subject: "If you cause water," he says,

"to drop through a small capillary tube, the moment you electrify the tube, the fluid runs in a full stream. Electricity," he adds, "must be considered as the great vivifying principle of nature, by which she carries on most of her operations. It is the most subtle and active of fluids—it is a kind of soul which pervades and quickens every part of nature. When an equal quantity of electricity is diffused through the air, and over the face of the earth, every thing is calm and quiet, but if by accident one part of matter has acquired a greater quantity than another, the most violent and terrific effects ensue before the equilibrium can be restored: nature is convulsed, and thunder, lightning, earthquakes, and whirlwinds ensue."

But it is not the elements only that are thrown into disorder, by these electrical changes in the atmosphere; every thing that originates in the life of the human organism is diminished, the animal functions are disturbed, and the nervous system, of delicate individuals, strangely and unaccountably depressed.

Who has experienced the influence of the sirocco of the south of Europe, the poisonous kamsin of the East, or the summer southeast wind of our own climate, without feelings of indescribable lassitude, which are not to be accounted for by any alteration in the temperature, but solely to the variation in the quantity of electricity diffused through the atmosphere? In the prevalence of these winds, the air is nearly deprived of it altogether, and the nervous system is simultaneously deprived of its elasticity. In damp weather likewise, when it becomes absorbed by the surrounding humidity, every invalid is well aware how unaccountably dejected his spirits become, and how feebly the various functions of the body are performed, especially those of the digestive organs. This state of morbid irritability of the whole frame continues till the north or west wind, as Brydson has well expressed it, "awakens the activity of the animating power of electricity, which soon restores our energies and enlivens the nature, which seemed to drop and languish in its absence."

In very frosty weather, on the other hand, when the atmosphere is surcharged with electricity, there is a corresponding elevation of spirits, which sometimes amounts to an almost painful state of excitement. In our temperate climate, this phenomenon, perhaps, is seldom observed. In the most severe degrees of winter, the influence in very cold dry weather is evident enough. On a frosty day, for one melancholy mien we observe, we meet a hundred smiling faces, the hilarity of whose expression is due to no other cause than that which has been just mentioned. Rousseau has particularly described the extraordinary elasticity of spirits which he experienced in ascending some of the higher regions of the Alps. Every traveller is aware of the more than usual lively sentiment of existence which he feels within him when he is traversing a lofty mountain.

The painful effects arising from too much electricity in the air, were experienced by Professor Sausure and his companion, while ascending the Alps: they were caught amidst thunder clouds, and were astonished to find their bodies filled with electricity, and every part of them so saturated with it, that spontaneous sparks were emitted with a crackling noise, and they experienced sensations which are felt by those who are electrified by art.

Larrey, in his memoirs of the Russian campaign, mentions his having seen similar effects, from the excess of the electric fluid. On one occasion he says, when the cold was excessive, the names of the horses were found trifled in a manner similar to that described by Sausure.

Altogether it is truly wonderful that an agent that exerts so powerful an influence on vitality, should have met with so little enquiry from the time of Priestley to that of Faraday, or that so many discoveries, connected with electrical agency, should have resulted from any enquiry that may have been attempted. And that wonder is the greater, when we recall the prophetic enthusiasm with which both of those illustrious men, whom we have just named, have spoken of the results which might be expected from a more diligent investigation of the elements of electricity.

Mr. Faraday, however, we are happy to find, has lately taken up this neglected branch of science, and made discoveries which are likely to lead to most important results.

Mr. Humphry Davy concludes the account of the extraordinary effects he had experienced by the application of electrical agency to chemical action, in these words: "Natural electricity has hitherto been little investigated, except in the case of its evident and powerful concentration in the atmosphere. Its slow and silent operations

in every part of the surface of the globe will probably be found more immediately and importantly connected with the order and economy of nature; and investigation on this subject can hardly fail to enlighten our philosophical systems of the earth, and may possibly place new powers within our reach."

Priestley sums up his opinions on this subject in these emphatic terms:—"Electricity seems to be an inlet into the internal structures of bodies, on which all their sensible properties depend: by pursuing, therefore, this new light, the sources of natural science may possibly be extended beyond what we now can form any idea of. New worlds may be opened to our view, and the glory of the great Sir Isaac Newton himself may be eclipsed, by a new set of philosophers, in quite a new field of speculation."

Before we conclude this subject, there is a circumstance respecting Davy and his biographer, Dr. Paris, deserving of attention. It appears that Davy, in common with many enlightened philosophers and physicians of the present day, was dissatisfied with the explanation which is commonly given of the physiology of respiration, and the mode in which heat is supposed to be evolved by that process. Where Davy doubted, he was not a man likely to be stopped in the search of truth, by the jargon of science or the plausible fallacies of physiology. He accordingly applied himself to the discovery of the source of natural science, and the result of his enquiry was, that the nervous fluid was identical with electricity, and that the heat that was supposed to be evolved by the process of respiration, was extricated by electrical agency.

This theory of the identity of the nervous fluid with electricity, which we took upon us to conjecture (discovery it cannot be called) which will one day lead to more important results than have arisen from the grandest of his electro-chemical discoveries.

His biographer tells us that "in considering the theory of respiration, Davy supposed that phos-oxygen combined with the venous blood without decomposition; but on reaching the brain that electricity was liberated, which he believed to be identical with the nervous fluid; supposing sensations to be motions of the nervous ether, or light, in the form of electrical excitation the medullary substance of the brain, and the brain itself."

This opinion Dr. Paris calls "a theory which has scarcely a parallel in extravagance and absurdity!" These are strong terms. Science, we think, should discard the use of harsh ones; but whatever be the fate of this opinion of Davy, the commentary has no parallel in profane literature.

The theory of the identity of the nervous and electric fluid may receive little countenance for a time; it may be too much condemned to attract even the notoriety of opposition to its doctrine; it may be buried in oblivion for half a century, but the ghost of this opinion will rise again, though it may upon its judgment await its impugners—their peaceful slumbers will probably be too profound to be incommenced by the resurgance of the opinion they opposed. Perhaps when Davy pronounced it, he might have thought like Kepler, "My theory may not be received at present, but posterity will adopt it. I can afford to wait till their private quarrels for the world's justice, since nature has waited three thousand years for an observer;" for Davy like Kepler, had his moments of "glorious egotism," but like the astronomer, he had genius to redeem his vanity.

CHAPTER VI.

INFLUENCE OF STUDIOUS HABITS ON THE DURATION OF LIFE.

It is a question whether different kinds of literary pursuits do not produce different diseases, or at least different degrees of disease; but the answer is very little doubtful that a vast difference in the duration of life may be observed in the various learned professions, and the several directions given to mental application, whether by the cultivation of poetry, the study of the law, the labours of miscellaneous composition, or the abstraction of science. The poet, for instance, as the French poet says, "D'Irachi," has distinct habits; all poets resemble one another, as all painters, and all mathematicians. There is a conformity in the cast of their minds, and the quality of each is distinct from the other; the very faculty which fits them for one particular pursuit is just the reverse required for another.

An excellent author, who wrote on the diseases of particular avocations about two centuries ago, has spoken in the following terms of the diseases of literary men. "Above all the retainers to learning, the bad influence of study and fatigue falls heaviest upon the writers

of books for the public, who seek to immortalise their names; by writers I mean authors of merit, for there are many, from an insatiable itch for notoriety, who patch up indigestible productions, and make authors rather than readers; but those who seek to immortalise their names by a hundred verses, 'Stanzas in pede uno,' as Horace has it. It is their vice and grand avocation, day and night, who work for posterity, who wear themselves out with labour. But they are not so much injured by study who only seek to know of the world, and to be able to remark at the best way to make use of other people's madness, as Pliny says of those who do not take the trouble to build new houses, but rather buy and live in those that are built by other people. Many of these professors of learning are subject to diseases peculiar to their respective callings, as your eminent jurists, preachers and philosophers, who spend their lives in public schools."

For the purpose of ascertaining the influence of different studies on the longevity of authors, the tables which follow have been constructed, in which the names and ages of the most celebrated authors in the various departments of literature and science are set down, each list containing twenty names of those individuals who have devoted their lives to a particular pursuit, and excelled in it. No other attention has been given to the section than that which eminence suggested without any regard to the number of authors in the profession, or to notice. The object was to give a fair view of the subject, whether it told for or against the opinions that have been expressed in the preceding pages. It must, however, be taken into account, that as we have only given the names of the most celebrated authors, and in the last column the names of the most obscure, the inference of a greater longevity in each pursuit might be inferred from the aggregate of the ages than properly may belong to the general range of life in each pursuit. For example, in moral or natural philosophy, a long life of labour is necessary to enable posterity to judge of the merits of an author, and these merits are retained not only by the value, but also by the amount of his compositions. It is by a series of researches, and re-casts of opinion, that profound truths are arrived at, and by numerous publications that such truths are forced on the public attention. For this reason, the names of the most celebrated authors appear from the list that is subjoined, that the vigour of a great intellect is favourable to longevity in every literary pursuit, wherein imagination is seldom called on.

There is another point to be taken into consideration, that the early years of genius are not so often remarkable for fecundity, as is commonly supposed, and where it is otherwise, it would seem that the earlier the mental faculties are developed, the sooner the bodily powers begin to fail. It is still the old proverb with such prodigies, "So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long." Moore says, "the five most remarkable instances of early authorship, those of Pope, Congreve, Churchill, Chatterton, and Byron." The first of these died in his fifty-sixth year, the second in his fifty-eighth, the third in his thirty-fourth, "the sleepless boy" committed suicide in his eighteenth, and Byron died in his thirty-seventh year.

Most, at the age of three years, began to display a astonishing ability, and the first twenty years of their lives composed some trifling pieces, which his father carefully preserved, and like all prodigies, his career was a short one—he died at thirty-six. Tasso from infancy exhibited such quickness of understanding, that at the age of five he was sent to a Jesuit academy, and two years afterwards recited verses and orations of his own composition; he died at fifty-one. Derodmy was employed by his father, who was a schoolmaster, as an assistant in teaching the Latin and Greek languages in his ninth year; he died at twenty-seven. The American poet, Langens, began to write in his infancy, and in instance of precocious genius, and early death. Keats wrote several pieces before he was fifteen, and only reached his twenty-fifth year. The ardour of Dante's temperament, we are told, was manifested in his childhood. The lady he celebrated in his poems under the name of Beatrice, died before he was twenty, and his untimely termination with a life at fifty-six. Schiller, at the age of fourteen, was the author of an epic poem; he died at forty-six. Cowley published a collection of his juvenile poems, called "Poetical Blossoms" at sixteen, and died at sixty-three.

But it would be useless to enumerate instances in proof of the assertion, that the earlier the development of the mental faculties, the more speedy the decay of the bodily powers.

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VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 5, 1833.

NO. 17.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No 6, NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA—AT \$5 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

CHAPTER VII.

PRECOCIOUS TALENTS.

No common error is attended with worse consequences to the children of genius than the practice of dragging precocious talent into early notice, of encouraging its growth in the hot-bed of parental approbation, and of endeavouring to give the dawning intellect the precocious maturity of that fruit which ripens and rots almost simultaneously. Tisnot has admirably pointed out the evils which attend the practice of forcing the youthful intellect. "The effects of study vary," says this author, "according to the age at which it is commenced; long-continued application kills the youthful energies. I have seen children full of spirit attacked by this literary mania beyond their years, and I have foreseen with grief the lot which awaited them; they commenced by being prodigies, and they ended by becoming stupid. The season of youth is consecrated to the exercise of the body, which strengthens it, and not to study, which debilitates and prevents its growth. Nature can never successfully carry on two rapid developments at the same time. When the growth of intellect is too prompt, its faculties are too early developed, and mental application is permitted proportioned to this development; the body receives no part of it, but the nervous system ceases to contribute to its energies; the victim becomes exhausted, and eventually dies of some insidious malady. The parents and guardians who encourage or require this forced application, treat their pupils as gardeners do their plants, who, in trying to produce the rarest rarities of the season, sacrifice some pleasure to others, and put forth fruit and flowers which are always of a short duration, and are inferior in every respect to those which come to their maturity at a proper season."

Johnson is, indeed, of opinion, that the early years of distinguished men, minutely traced, furnish evidence of the same vigour, or originality of mind, by which they are celebrated in after life. To a great many memorable instances this observation does not apply, but in the majority it unquestionably holds good, and especially in those instances in which the vigour which Johnson speaks of disappears in the development of a taste for general literature, and still more for philosophical enquiries.

Scott's originality was early manifested as a story-teller, and not as a scholar; the twenty-fifth seat at the high school in Edinburgh was no uncommon place for him. Yet was the future writer of romance skilful in the invention and narration of "tales of knight-crantry, and battles, and enchantments!"

Newton, according to his own account, was very impatient to his studies, and low in his class, but was a great adept at kite-flying, with paper lanterns attached to them, to terrify those country people's dark night with the appearance of comets; and when sent to market with the produce of his mother's farm, was apt to neglect his business, and to ruminate at an inn over the laws of Kepler.

Bentham, we are told, was a remarkably forward youth, reading Rapin's England at the age of three years, as an amusement; Telemaehus, in French, at the age of seven; and at eight the future patriarch of jurisprudence, it appears, was a proficient on the violin.

Professor Lesley, before his twelfth year, had such a talent for calculation, and geometrical exercises, that when introduced to Professor Robinson, he was sent to Playfair, those gentlemen were struck with the extraordinary powers which then displayed.

Goethe, in childhood, exhibited a taste for the fine arts; and at the age of eight or nine wrote a short description of the appearance of the Aurora Borealis.

Franklin, unconsciously, formed the outline of his future character from the scanty materials of a tallow-chandler's library; and the bias which influenced him after career, he attributes to a perusal in childhood of Defoe's Essay on Projections.

With the exception of Scott and Lesley, are arrived to extreme old age; but there is nothing in the early indication of the ruling pursuit of their after lives, that was likely to exert an unfavourable influence on health. Those early pursuits were rather recreations than serious exertions, and far different in their effects from those we have spoken of in the present instances of precocious talent. That difference in the various kinds of literary and scientific pursuits, and the infla-

tion of each on life, the following tables are intended to exhibit; each list of names, it being remembered, containing twenty names, and the amount at the bottom of each the aggregate of the united ages.

TABLE I.
NATURAL PHILOSOPHERS.

Name.	Age.	Name.	Age.
1 Bacon, R. - - -	78	Aristo - - -	59
2 Bacon, J. - - -	81	Burns - - -	38
3 Copernicus - - -	70	Byron - - -	37
4 Cuvier - - -	64	Canons - - -	55
5 Davy - - -	51	Collins - - -	56
6 Euler - - -	76	Cowley - - -	49
7 Franklin - - -	85	Cowper - - -	63
8 Galileo - - -	78	Dante - - -	56
9 Halley, Dr. - - -	86	Dryden - - -	70
10 Herschel - - -	84	Goldsmith - - -	44
11 Kepler - - -	60	Gray - - -	57
12 La Lande - - -	75	Metastasio - - -	84
13 La Place - - -	77	Milton - - -	66
14 Lovelace - - -	91	Petrarch - - -	56
15 Leibnitz - - -	70	Pope - - -	68
16 Linnaeus - - -	72	Shenstone - - -	50
17 Newton - - -	84	Spenser - - -	46
18 Tycho Brahe - - -	55	Tasso - - -	52
19 Wollaston - - -	95	Thomson - - -	48
20 Wollaston - - -	62	Young - - -	84

Total 1494

Total 1144

TABLE II.
MORAL PHILOSOPHERS.

Name.	Age.	Name.	Age.
1 Bacon - - -	83	Alfieri - - -	55
2 Bayle - - -	59	Cornelle - - -	78
3 Berkeley, G. - - -	79	Goethe - - -	82
4 Condorcet - - -	51	Masingier - - -	55
5 Condorcet - - -	65	Marlow - - -	39
6 Descartes - - -	54	Otway - - -	34
7 Diderot - - -	71	Racine - - -	61
8 Ferguson, A. - - -	92	Schiller - - -	46
9 Fichte, J. T. - - -	52	Shakspeare - - -	52
10 Harley, D. - - -	52	Voltaire - - -	84
11 Helvetius - - -	57	Congreve - - -	59
12 Hobbes - - -	91	Colman, G. - - -	61
13 Hume - - -	65	Cribbion - - -	89
14 Kant - - -	80	Cumberland - - -	80
15 Kaimes - - -	86	Farguhar - - -	30
16 Locke - - -	72	Goldoni - - -	65
17 Malebranche - - -	77	Jonson, B. - - -	63
18 Reid, T. - - -	86	Lope de Vega, J. - - -	51
19 Stewart, D. - - -	75	Moliere - - -	53
20 St. Lambert - - -	88	Murphy - - -	78

Total 1417

Total 1249

TABLE III.
LAW AND JURISPRUDENCE.

Name.	Age.	Name.	Age.
1 Bentham - - -	85	Cervantes - - -	70
2 Blackstone - - -	57	Le Sage - - -	80
3 Butler, C. - - -	83	Scott - - -	62
4 Coke - - -	85	Lindsay - - -	47
5 Erskine - - -	73	Smect - - -	51
6 Filangieri - - -	36	Racialis - - -	70
7 Gifford - - -	48	Defoe - - -	70
8 Grotius - - -	63	Ratcliffe - - -	60
9 Holt - - -	68	Richardson - - -	72
10 Littleton - - -	75	Sterne - - -	66
12 Mansfield - - -	88	Addison - - -	48
13 Montesquieu - - -	66	Warton - - -	78
14 Redesdale - - -	82	Steele - - -	53
15 Rolin - - -	61	Steele - - -	53
16 Rolin - - -	68	Montaigne - - -	60
17 Tenterden - - -	78	Bathurst, R. - - -	84
18 Thurlow - - -	74	Thornston - - -	44
19 Vattel - - -	53	Hawkesworth - - -	59
20 Wilmut - - -	63	Hazlitt - - -	58

Total 1394

Total 1257

TABLE IV.

AUTHORS ON REVEALED RELIGION.

Name.	Age.
1 Baxter - - -	76
2 Belarmino - - -	84
3 Butler, John - - -	60
4 Bossuet - - -	77
5 Calvin - - -	56
6 Chillingworth - - -	43
7 Doddridge - - -	67
8 Fox, G. - - -	63
9 Knox, John - - -	67
10 Lowth - - -	77
11 Luther - - -	73
12 Massillon - - -	64
13 Melancthon - - -	64
14 Paley - - -	63
15 Porteus - - -	77
16 Priestley - - -	71
17 Sherlock - - -	67
18 Wesley - - -	86
19 Whitefield - - -	61
20 Wycliffe - - -	61

Total 1350

TABLE V.

AUTHORS ON NATURAL RELIGION.

Name.	Age.
1 Annett - - -	55
2 Bodingbrooke - - -	79
3 Cardan - - -	75
4 Chubb - - -	65
5 Drummond, Sir W. - - -	68
6 Dapnis - - -	67
7 Eract, N. - - -	61
8 Gibbon - - -	58
9 Herbert, Lord - - -	68
10 Jacobi - - -	56
11 Paine - - -	72
12 Pomponatus - - -	63
13 Rousseau - - -	66
14 Spinoza - - -	45
15 St. Pierre - - -	77
16 Shaftesbury - - -	42
17 Tindal - - -	75
18 Toland - - -	53
19 Varnum - - -	34
20 Volney - - -	66

Total 1245

TABLE VI.

MEDICAL AUTHORS.

Name.	Age.
1 Brown, J. - - -	54
2 Cullen - - -	66
3 Cullen - - -	78
4 Darwin - - -	72
5 Fordyce - - -	67
6 Fothergill - - -	69
7 Gail - - -	61
8 Gregory, John - - -	48
9 Harvey - - -	81
10 Heberden - - -	92
11 Hoffman - - -	83
12 Hunter, J. - - -	65
13 Hunter, W. - - -	66
14 Jenner - - -	75
15 Mason Good - - -	64
16 Paracelsus - - -	43
17 Pinel - - -	84
18 Sydenham - - -	66
19 Tissot - - -	70
20 Willis, T. - - -	54

Total 1368

TABLE VII.

PHILOSOPHISTS.

Name.	Age.
1 Bentley - - -	81
2 Burton - - -	55
3 Cusack - - -	64
4 Cheke - - -	44
5 Hartzheim - - -	70
6 Harman, J. - - -	77
7 Heyne - - -	84
8 Japsius - - -	60
9 Purr - - -	66
10 Pauw - - -	61
11 Pugh - - -	84
12 Porson - - -	59
13 Raphelengius - - -	39
14 Salmasius - - -	64
15 Scaliger, J. J. - - -	69
16 Sigonius - - -	60
17 Stephens, H. - - -	71
18 Sybarius - - -	71
19 Vossius - - -	73
20 Wolfius - - -	64

Total 1232

TABLE VIII.

ARTISTS.

Name.	Age.
1 Bandinelli - - -	72
2 Bernini - - -	82
3 Canova - - -	65
4 Donatello - - -	83
5 Flaxman - - -	71
6 Ghiberti - - -	64
7 Giotto - - -	60
8 Michael Angelo - - -	66
9 San Siovinio - - -	91
10 Verocchio - - -	56
11 Caracci, A. - - -	49
12 Claude - - -	82
13 David - - -	76
14 Guido - - -	67
15 Raphael - - -	71
16 Reynolds - - -	69
17 Salvator Rosa - - -	58
18 Titian - - -	96
19 Veronese, Paul - - -	56
20 West - - -	82

Total 1412

TABLE IX.

MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

Name.	Age.
1 Arne - - -	69
2 Bach - - -	66
3 Beethoven - - -	57
4 Burney - - -	88
5 Bull - - -	41
6 Camarosa - - -	41
7 Corcelli - - -	60
8 Gluck - - -	75
9 Handel - - -	73
10 Haydn - - -	77
11 Kalkbrenner - - -	51
12 Keiser - - -	60
13 Martini - - -	78
14 Mozart - - -	36
15 Paisiello - - -	78
16 Piccini - - -	71
17 Porpora - - -	78
18 Scarlatti - - -	78
19 Weber - - -	40

Total 1280

only guide is the philosophy of men as fallible as themselves.

The list of philologists exhibits very little difference from that of the divines in the amount of the united error of each. Though many of the former have been devoted solely to scholastic pursuits, these pursuits to a great extent are necessary to qualify the latter for their profession. But exclusion from the world, and sedentary habits, can alone enable the philologist to make his memory the store-house of the erudition of past ages, or furnish him the necessary materials for that vast pyramid of classical erudition, which is based on a catacomb of ancient learning, and has its apex in a cloud that sheds no rain on the arid soil beneath it.

The more we contemplate so wonderful a structure, the greater must be our disappointment if we fail to discover its utility, and the larger the surface over which its shadows are projected, the more must be questioned the advantage of the cronean expenditure of time and labour that was necessary for the erection of such a pile. If Cobbett should ever deign to peruse these volumes, he will pardon our metaphor for the sake of its application; but none can be more sensible of the misfortune of entailing an opinion of the inutility of any branch of learning to the approbation of that gentleman than we are; but, nevertheless, we are inclined to question the advantage of a whole life devoted to the study of the dead languages.

What good to science, or to society, has accrued from Parr's profound knowledge of the dialects of Greece? What original works, even on the subject of his own purport, has issued from his pen? A few tracts and sermons, and a new edition of "Hellenismus," are his only titles to the remembrance of the next age.

Languages are but the avenues to learning, and he who devotes his attention to the formation of the pebbles that lay along the road, will have little leisure for the consideration of more important objects, whose beauty or utility arrest the attention of the general observer.

It is best to put the mind in the way of the effects of sedentary habits to which the pursuits that are carried on in cloisters of ancient learning are apt to lead; but in truth, there remained little to be said on the subject. If such habits appear less injurious to health in this branch of study than might have been expected, it is only because the mind, in imagination, industry and not enthusiasm, have to do with the pursuits of the philologist.

CHAPTER XIII.

LONGEVITY OF MUSICAL COMPOSERS, SCULPTORS, AND PAINTERS.

Finally, we have to observe the extraordinary difference in the longevity of the musical composers, and that of the artists. We find the amount of life in the list of the sculptors and painters larger, by one hundred and twenty-eight years, than in that of the votaries of *Enterpe*.

Music is to sensibility what language is to poetry, the mode of expressing enthusiastic sentiments, and exciting agreeable sensations. The more imagination the composer is able to put into his music, the more powerfully he appeals to the feelings. Sensibility is the soul of music, and pathos its most powerful attribute.

Pythagoras imagined that music was the soul of life itself, or that harmony was the sum total of the faculties, and the necessary result of the concert of these faculties and of their bodily functions.

Musical composition, then, demands extraordinary sensibility, an enthusiastic imagination, an instinctive taste, rather than deep thought. The same qualities differently directed make the poet. Is it, then, to be wondered at, that the poet should live the poets and the musical composers considerably shorter lived than the followers of all other learned or scientific pursuits, whose sensibility is not exercised by their studies, whose imaginations are not wearied by excessive application and enthusiasm? The term "*genius irritabilis*," decided to be transferred from the poet to the musical tribe; for we take it that an enraged musician is a much more common spectacle than an irritated bard, and infinitely more rabid in his choler.

Generally speaking, musicians are the most intolerant of men to one another, the most captious, the best humoured, the most quarrelsome, and the worst tempered of all other times. Music, like laudanum, appears to excite the senses when used in moderation, but the continual employment of either flurries and excites the faculties, and often renders the best natured men in the world, potent, irritable, and violent.

In the list of artists the sculptors and painters have been placed apart for the purpose of showing the greater longevity of the former. The united ages of both exceed one hundred and twenty years; more than three hundred and thirty-two years—an ample indication of the difference of the influence of the imagination and the imitative art on health. Many, we are aware, think that imagination enters as largely into the pursuits of painting as into poetry. But, if such were the case, sculpture might indulge in the vagaries and chimeras of fancy without being obliged to have recourse to the centaurs and satyrs of poetry for its monsters, and painting might not have had to borrow its most beautiful subjects from the fervid description of Madonnas and Magdalens in the monkish records of the middle ages. It has been truly observed by an intelligent traveller, that "what the ancient poets fancied in verse, the sculptors formed in marble; what the priests invented afterwards in their cells, the painters have perpetuated on canvases. And thus the poetic fiction and the sacerdotal miracle—the ancient fable and the modern legend, by the magic influence of the chisel and the pencil, are handed down from age to age." A vivid perception of all that is sublime and beautiful in imagination is essential to the artist; but it does not follow because Hogarth had an excellent perception of the ridiculous, that nature had endowed him with the comic faculty of a distinct imagination, or that he came to be, by invention, design, and disposition. But, if invention implies here original creative power, independent of the imagery of nature and poetry, or of events detailed in history, the term is erroneously applied. The sublimest effort of pictorial art that can be devised is the expression of the feelings of the inventive genius of painting; and that wonderful picture of the Last Judgment, by Michael Angelo. But the majesty and glory, the terror and despair, that are depicted in it, are not invented, but embodied. The original of each outline is in the Sacred History, and our imagination is called to the aid of the scenes more than at the boldness of the genius that had the design to undertake it. Imagination is the power which the artist is least necessitated to call into action; judgment is the master excellence which is requisite to regulate and direct the minor qualities that are given by nature.

It is not, however, in imagination, but in "disposition," says Burke, "acting together, find out what is fit to be done in every work of art." Painting, in a word, is the adaptation of poetry to the eye, the concentration of natural imagery—the skilful combination, in a limited space, of the idea of infinity, with the perception of the objects that are visible at a distance. The genius of the ancient painters, it is true, were tolerable poets. Michael Angelo and Salvator Rosa were good ones; but it does not follow that imagination is essential to the production of art. Some of the most eminent lawyers wrote excellent verses. Sir Thomas More, Jones, Blackstone, Erskine, and Curran, had considerable talents for poetry. But poetry has very little to do with law; neither has it with chemistry, and yet Sir Humphry Davy has left effusions of this kind behind him which would not be discreditable to any bard.

It may conclude with Goethe, "there is a difference between the painter and the poet, in that the painter's bars may touch each other, but their summits are distinct and separate." And from the list that have been noticed of the painters and poets, we have seen there is a wide difference between the influence of an imitative art and an imaginative pursuit, on health.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF MEN OF GENIUS.

Though to the moralist it is of much less importance how a man dies than how he lives, it is nevertheless a matter of more than curiosity to the philosopher, the words and actions, the theoretical philosophy and the practical conduct of men correspond in their last moments. In such moments, what influence has mental cultivation on the conduct of individuals? Or, is there a difference in the different degrees of cultivation, and the bearing of the cultivated and uncultivated mind in the last scenes of all? Generally speaking, the influence of literature and science over the mind and the demeanor of men, is at no period displayed to such advantage as at that of the close of life. What medical man has attended at the death of a man of letters, and not been struck with the dignified composure of the sufferer, and his state one of peace and serenity, compared with the abject condition of the unenlightened mind in the same extremity? Those,

perhaps, who relinquish life with the most reluctance, paradoxical as it may appear to be, are to be found in the most opposite grades of society—those in the very highest, as well as in the lowest of life. In different countries, likewise, it is singular in what different degrees people are influenced by the fear of eternity, and in what different ways the pomp of death, the peculiar mode of sepulture, reasonable views of religion, and terrifying superstitions, affect the people of particular countries. The Irish, who are certainly not deficient in physical courage, support boldly suffering, and encounter death, with less fortitude than the people of this country. A German entertains his fate, in his dying moments, more like a philosopher than a Frenchman. And, of all places in the world, the capital of Turkey is it, where we have seen the most unflinching Arab, in whose breast life has been most unvoluntarily resigned. The Arabs, on the other hand, professing the same religion as the Turks, differ from them wholly in this respect, and meet death with greater indifference than the humbler classes of any other country, Mahomedan or Christian. It is truly surprising with what sympathy an Arab, in extremity, will lay him down to die, and with what pertinacity the Turk will cling to life—with what abject impatience he will solicit the physician to save and preserve him.

In various epidemics in the East, we have had occasion to observe the striking difference in the conduct of boys in the streets, and priests, and even in the situation of Ibrahim Pasha to the Mores, when hundreds were dying daily in the camp at Suda. There the haughty Moslem went to the society of his celestial hours like a miserable slave, while the good-humoured Arab went like a hero to his long last home. The difference in their moral and political views, and the superiority of the Egyptian over the Turk, made all the distinction.

The result of the observation of many a closing scene in various climates, leads to the conclusion that death is envisaged by those with the least horror, whose lives have been least influenced by superstition or fanaticism, as well as by those who are the least imbued with the spirit of the most ardent. "Of the great number," says Sir Henry Hallford, in his Essay on Death, "to whom it has been my painful professional duty to have administered in the last hours of their lives, I have sometimes felt surprised that so few have appeared reluctant to leave this miserable country, from whose bourne no traveller returns."

And probably, were it not for the adventitious horrors which are given to death—for all the frightful paraphernalia of the darkened chamber, the hideous vesture of the corpse, and the lugubrious viages of the funeral performers, the solemn mutes who mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad, and all the frightful 'pomp and circumstance' of death—the sable pall, the waving plumes—were it not for these, and the revolting custom of lightening the horrors of sepulture, the formal mode of doing violence to the feelings of the friends who stand over the grave, death might be divested of half its terrors, and the approach might be hailed as a blessing by the majority of mankind—by those, at least, who are weary of the world, whatever portion of it they may be. Is it not Johnson who has said, there is probably more pain in passing from youth to age, than from age to eternity?

Professor Hufeland, whose observations on this subject are worth the attention of the most enlightened, obtains a temporary notoriety, and that too without any classical clap-nets or shreds and patches of ancient scholarship, has well observed in his work on longevity, "that many fear death less than the operation of dying. People (he says) form the most singular conception of the last struggle of the individual, and the most erroneous, being like him. But this is all void of foundation. No man certainly ever felt what death is; and as insensibly as we enter into life, equally insensibly do we leave it. The beginning and the end are here united. My proofs are as follows. First, man can have no sensation of dying; for, to die, means no more pain than to lose vital power, and it is the vital power which is the medium of communication between the soul and body. In proportion as the vital power decreases, we lose the power of sensation and of consciousness; and we cannot lose life without losing the consciousness of it before, during, and after vital sensation, which requires the assistance of the tender organs. We are taught also by experience, that all those who ever passed through the first stage of death, and were again brought to life, unanimously as-

serted that they felt nothing of dying, but sunk at once into a state of insensibility."

"Let us not be led into a mistake by the convulsive throbs, the rattling in the throat, and the apparent pangs of death, which are exhibited by many persons when in a dying state. These symptoms are painful only to the spectators, and not to the dying, who are not sensible of them. The case here is the same as if one, from the dreadful contortions of a person in an epileptic fit, should form a conclusion respecting his internal feelings, from what affects us so much, he suffers no thing."

"Let one always consider life, as it really is, a mean state, which is not an object itself, but a medium for obtaining an object, as the multifarious imperfections of it sufficiently prove; as a period of trial and preparation, a fragment of existence, through which we are to be fitted for, and to discharge, other periods. From this idea, then, of really making this transition—of ascending to another from this mean state, this doubtful problematical existence, which never affords complete satisfaction, ever excite terror? With courage and confidence we may, therefore, resign ourselves to the will of that Supreme Being, who, in the most convenient manner, places us upon this sublimity theatre, and give up to his management the future direction of our fate."

"Remembrance of the past, of that circle of friends who were nearest and always will be dearest to our hearts, and who, as it were, now smile with a friendly look of invitation from the distant country beyond the grave, will also tend very much to allay the fear of death."

There is one point connected with this subject—the brightening up of the mind previously to its dissolution; or, to use the common expression, "the lightness before death"—on which a few words remain to be said. The fact that dying people were favoured beyond others with a spiritualised conception of things, not only relating to time, but likewise to eternity, was familiar to the ancients, and was probably borrowed by the Jews from the Egyptians, among whose descendants the words and ideas of dying, and of the life beyond the grave, were, from time to that of Sir H. Hallford, millions of years were born and buried, and no indications of a prophetic spirit exhibited by the dying, or recorded of them, till the learned baronet produced his essay on the subject. In truth, this lighting up of the mind amounts to nothing more than the pleasure of the intellect, and the intellectual faculties, following perhaps a state of previous torpor, and continuing a few hours, or oftentimes moments, before dissolution. This rousing up of the mind is probably produced by the stimulus of dark vapour black circulating through the arterial vessels of the brain, in consequence of the imperfect excretion of the blood in the lungs, whose delicate air-cells become impeded by the deposition of mucus on the surface, which there is not sufficient energy in the absorbents to remove, and hence arises the rattling in the throat which commonly precedes death. The effect of this is, to produce a temporary rousing of the mind, and the senses of bodily pain at this appearance is wholly overpowered. These phenomena were, perhaps, never more strikingly exhibited than in the case of the late Mr. Salt. The last three or four days of his life his mind seemed to have regained all its former activity. He spoke various things, and uttered some of the nature of which, as the Amharic, he had not used for many years; he composed some verses that referred to his previous sufferings, and repeated them with great energy to the friend who accompanied him. The prophetic spirit which, in this degree, is supposed, by the ancients, to have been admitted to, to be attained by the dying, was likewise aimed

at, though not attained in this instance—for poor Salt frequently predicted that he would die on a Thursday, but the prediction was not accomplished.

Some of the following brief accounts of the closing scene of men of genius, may tend to illustrate the preceding observations, and to show how far a predominant passion in favour of particular pursuits may extend to the latest hour of life. In nearly every instance, "the ruling passion strong in death" is found to be displayed. Rousseau, when dying, ordered his attendants to place him before the window, that he might once more behold his garden, and bid adieu to nature.

Lochen, the dying speech to his son-in-law was characteristic enough of the man, who was accustomed to align against the follies of mankind, though not altogether free from some of the frailties he denounced. "Behold," said he to the dissolute young nobleman, "with what tranquillity a Christian can die."

Rescousseau uttered at the moment he expired, two lines of his own version of "Dies ira."

Haller died feeling his pulse, and when he found it almost gone, turning to his brother physician, said, "My friend, the artery ceases to beat," and died.

Archard was found dead in his library, leaning on a book.

Beard died in the act of dictating.

Herder closed his career writing an ode to the Deity, his pen on the last line.

Wallen died reciting some lines of Virgil.

Metastasio, who never would suffer the word death to be uttered in his presence, at last so far triumphed over his fears, that, after receiving the last rites of religion, in his enthusiasm he burst forth into a stanza of religious poetry.

Lochen died reciting some verses of his own Pharsalia. Alfieri, the day before he died, was persuaded to see a priest; and when he came, he said to him with great satisfaction, "Have the kindness to look in to-morrow—I trust death will wait four-and-twenty hours."

Kepler, on his dying, and in the act of speaking to the clergyman, repeated his sceptical physician for smiling, in these words—"You are above those weaknesses, but what can I do? I am neither a philosopher nor a physician; I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father. It is not every one who can be an atheist." The last words of the great French Army—"vive"—were clearly enough what sort of visions were passing over his mind at the moment of dissolution.

Tasso's dying request to Cardinal Cynthia was indicative of the gloom which haunted him through life; he said, but one favour, he said, to request of him, which was, that he might be taken to the place where he was to be buried, especially his Jerusalem Delivered.

Leibnitz was found dead in his chamber, with a book in his hand.

Clerendun's pen dropped from his fingers when he was seized with the palsy, which terminated his life.

Chaucer died balding making. His last production he entitled, "A Billad, made by Geoffrey Chaucer on his death-bed, lying in great anguish."

Barthelemy was seized with death while reading his favourite Horace.

John Bull's vanity was displayed in his last moments. Pope, who visited him two days before he died, says, he never saw a scene of so much vanity in his life; he was sitting up in his bed, contemplating the plan he was making for his own monument.

Kepler, when dying, had his young wife brought to his bedside, and having taken her hand in a very solemn manner, said, he had but one request to make of her, and that was, that she would never marry an old man again. There is every reason to believe, though it is not stated in the account, that so reasonable a request could not be denied to her.

"Blind-broke," says Spence, "in his last illness, desired to be brought to the table where we were sitting at dinner; his appearance was such that we all thought him dying, and Mrs. Arbutnot involuntarily exclaimed, 'This is quite an Egyptian man.'" On another authority, it is related, that he being overcome by torments and excessive passion in his last moments, and after one of his fits of cholera, being overheard by Sir Harry Midland complaining to himself, and saying, "What will my poor soul undergo for all these things!"

When he died, when his friend asked him how he did, replied in a low voice, "Better, my friend. I feel the daemons growing over me."

In D'Issail's admirable work on "Men of Genius," from which some of the preceding accounts are taken, many others are to be found, tending to illustrate more forcibly, perhaps, than any of those instances we have

given, the soothing, and if the word may be allowed, the benign influence evidently to be shown on the tranquillity of the individual in his latest moments.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF LITERARY MEN.

If the misfortunes of men of genius were unconnected with their infirmities, any notice of them, however brief, would be irrelevant to the subject of these pages. In literature itself, there surely is nothing to favour improvidence, or to unfit men for the active duties of life; but in the habits and temper of many men, a great deal of application to their pursuits, there is a great deal to qualify the studious man for those petty details of economy and prudence, which are essential to the attainment of worldly prosperity. "It is incongruous," says Burns, "his absurd to suppose that the man, whose mind glows with brilliant lighted up, and whose heart is full of poetry—a man whose heart distends with benevolence to all the human race, who soars above this little scene of things, can condescend to mind the paltry concerns about which the terre-filial race fret, and fume, and vex themselves."

The British aristocracy has been no exception in view when he made this observation, but he must have seen the most simple-minded of birds if he expected to disarm the censure of the world by it. Its charity may sometimes extend to the eccentricities of genius, but seldom to the poverty that springs from its improvidence. The greatest cause of the poverty of genius is, that it is never to be met with for some years, took place in most of the newspapers of the day, not many months ago, on the occasion of the appearance of the life of a celebrated bard, in which the biographer had unfortunately spoken of the poet's improvidence as one calculated to favour the cultivation of the social and domestic virtues. Many men of genius have unquestionably been every thing that men should be in all the relations of private life; therefore, with those outrageous moralists, there was no reason why all men of genius should not be patterns of excellence in the relations of the social and domestic virtues. Many men of genius have been managers of private affairs. No reason can be given why they should not be such. We only know, that such the majority of them unfortunately are not; and, indeed, in the varied distribution of nature's gifts, when we generally find the absence of one excellence atoned for by the presence of another, it is a vain wish to expect a combination of all such advantages in the same individual. Nature cannot afford to be so profusely lavish even to her favorites. It is somewhat singular, that those instances of pre-eminent genius, accompanied by the most perfect habits of domestic economy, are all added in opposition to the notion that the temperance of genius exerts an unfavorable influence on the habits of private life, are of persons who never took upon them the ties of husbands or of fathers. And had they done so, who knows what their conduct might have been in these respects? Newton, Locke, Newton, Hume, Pope, never married; neither did Bacon, Voltaire, and many other illustrious men, who either distrusted their own fitness for the married state, or were afraid to state their tranquillity on the hazard of the matrimonial dice.

Whatever doubt there may be, whether the man who lives *sibi et musis* in his study, and not in society, who communicates with former ages, and not with the events which are passing around him, is eminently qualified for the duties and offices of married life, it cannot be denied that his habits, and the tenderness of his pursuits, are ill calculated to make him a provident or a thrifty man.

In all ages and in all countries, poverty has been the patrimony of the muses. Johnson, Goldsmith, Fielding, and Butler, commenced their literary career in garrets, from which, no doubt, they had as unimpeded a prospect of the workhouse as of the palace of the monarch, to afford. Even Addison wrote his Campaign in a garret in the Haymarket. Canons died in an almshouse, and fifteen years afterwards had a splendid monument erected to his memory. It was with the poor man of genius that day as the present day. And they who loathed his life, might glad his grave." Chatterton lies buried in Shoe-lane workhouse, and Otway expired in a pot-house. The Adventurer goes so far as to state, that not a favourite of the Muses, since the days of Amphion, was ever able to build a house. Poor Scott, however, did not care to build a house, and the example is certainly not encouraging to authors.

But perhaps there is not another instance, even in this land of wealth, of an author by profession dwelling in a habitation of his own creation.

Burton accuses the heedlessness of literary men, of

* In the Quarterly Review for April, the explanation of the phenomena here glanced at is sensibly and intelligibly given, and may be referred to with advantage for larger information on this subject.

the abdominal viscera with the energy that is essential to their functions, are derived from the spinal column, the cause of the disorder of his digestive powers during the early part of his life is easily ascertained. It is evident, in life the original complaint ceased to make any further progress, and its effects on his constitution might have been removed by due attention to regimen and exercise; but instead of these, active medicines and stimulating agents were resorted to, and the patient, by the temporary palliating the exhaustion, and obviating the excitement consequent on excessive mental application. None of his biographers, indeed, allude to his having suffered from indigestion; and it is even possible that he might not have been himself aware of the nature of those anomalous symptoms of dyspepsia which minify the form of every other malady; those symptoms of giddiness, languor, dejection, palpitation of the heart, constant headache, dimness of sight, occasional failure of the mental powers, exhaustion of nervous energy, depriving the body of its vital heat, and the disturbance of muscular strength, without a corresponding loss of flesh, he frequently complains of; and every medical man is aware, that they are the characteristic symptoms of dyspepsia.

One patient calls his disorder spleen, another nervousness, another melancholy, another irritability; the medical writers of the century have designated it by various names for a single malady, and "not one of them," says Dr. James Johnson, in his admirable treatise on the "Morbid Sensibility of the Stomach," "expresses the real nature of the malady, but only some of its multifarious symptoms." All the various designations, indigestion has been the most mistaken title, and it is, in my opinion, the most erroneous. The very worst forms of the disease—forms in which the body is tortured for years, and the mind ultimately wrecked, often exhibit no sign or proof of indigestion, in the ordinary sense of the word, the appetite being good, the digestion perfect, and the patient cheerful.

The fact is, that where pain is not the character of the disease, the attention of the patient is carried to the symptoms in organs, perhaps the remotest from the cause; and in this particular disorder the patient is seldom or ever sensible of pain in the actual seat of the disease. The fact is, as every biographer, "that the indulgence and accommodation that his sickness required, had taught him all the unplesant and unusual qualities of a valetudinarian man." And in various other passages we are informed that he was irascible, capricious, peevish, and resolute; then, that he was morose, and in the next sentence, that he delighted in artifice in his intercourse with mankind, so that he could hardly drink tea without a stratagem; that his cunning sometimes descended to such petty parsimony as writing his composition on the backs of letters, by which perhaps he might have saved five shillings in five years, (a crime against stationery, by the way, which he shared in common with Sir Walter Scott); that although he occasionally gave a splendid dinner, and was enabled to do so on an income of about eight hundred a year, his entertainment was often scanty to his friends, and he was capable of setting a single pint upon the table, and saying, "my guests must be retired, 'Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine.'" We are told, moreover, that his satire had often in it more of petulance, personality, and malignity, than of moral design, or a desire to refine the public taste.

There is some similarity between the justice and amiability of his character; and probably there is a great deal of truth in them, but they only apply to his character, not to his disposition.

There is a paradox in the conduct of literary men, which makes it necessary to draw a distinction between their words, and their sentiments, between the author with a pen in his hand, and the man without it; the character that is formed by the world, and the disposition which is only known by private friends.

Johnson has pictured Pope as he really appeared to the world; but Boscawen has spoken of him when he was not despatched, not as he appeared to be, but as he knew him to have been, when he said to his weeping attendant,—"I have known him these thirty years; he was the kindest hearted man in the world." Who knows under what paroxysm of mental irritation that disease which, in the third volume of his "Lectures on the Rights of the sufferer, he might have written those bitter sarcasms which he levelled against his literary opponents? Who knows in what moment of bodily pain his irascibility might have taken the form of unjustifiable satire, or his morbid sensibility assumed the sickly shape of peevishness? Who knows, when he knew the influence of the strong mind might have been cast down by his sufferings, when "he descended to the artifice" of imposing on a bookseller, and of "writing those letters for

effect which he published by subterfuge?" Who, that has observed how the vacillating conduct of the dyspeptic invalid induces the vulgar to ascribe to him peevishness, can wonder that his capriciousness, or be surprised at the anomaly of bitterness on the tongue, and benevolence in the heart, of the same individual?

But Pope's biting sarcasm was only aimed at his enemies. Byron little cared whether friend or foe was the victim of his spleen; those he best loved in the world were those who suffered most from the bitterness of his distempered feelings. To read those injurious lines on "Rogers," that have lately appeared, and which never ought to have been dragged into public notice, is to fancy the malignity of Byron greater even than Milton's, (which we are falsely told) was sufficient to make hell grow darker at its scowl.

But those, in this instance, was the greater malignity of the two—the writer of productions, penned, in all probability, under the excitement of mental irritability and bodily suffering, without motive, without malice, and aimed, not at an object, beyond the miserable gratification of seeing on paper the severest thing he could say of his best friend: an exercise of melancholy, to try how far poetic ingenuity could exaggerate the follies of those he knew to be exempt from grave defects—written without action, and intended for publicity—or the deep deliberate malignity of the literary jockey, that panders to the rage of the noble-hearted lion, and then preys about his lair, and steals away, when the creature sleeps, the provender of the mangled *dispecta membra* of his spleen; to the "*amni quantum et fœnicula gula*" of the savage community of his own species.

Who might not wish that "a whip were placed in every honest hand," to punish the offender, who, reckless of the feelings of the living, and regardless of the fame and honour of the dead, dragged those effusions into light against the wishes of the author, and without never meant to be sent beyond its precincts? No malignity is comparable to his, for whom there is no sanctity in the grave, in friendship no respect, and no restraint on the pen that perpetuates a slander that had otherwise been forgotten.

Who would have the failings of Lord Byron, or the perfidy of his friends, to do with our subject?—little more, indeed, than to break up the monotony of the task of recording the infirmities of his brother bard. That these had their origin in his dyspeptic malady, we have little doubt.

"From numerous facts," says Dr. James Johnson, "which have come within my own observation, I am convinced that many strange antipathies, disgusts, caprices of temper, and eccentricities, which are considered solely as obliquities of the intellect, have their source in corporal disorder."

"The great majority of those complaints which are considered as purely mental, such as irascibility, melancholy, timidity, and irresolution, might be greatly relieved, if not entirely removed by a proper system of temperance, and a false conclusion has been drawn, that it is necessary for the magic-like spell, which annihilates for a time the whole energy of the mind, and renders the victim of dyspepsia afraid of his own shadow, or of things, if possible more unsubstantial than shadows."

"It is not likely that the great men of the earth should be exempt from these visitations any more than the little; and it is not likely that any man should be free from other things besides 'conscience' which 'make cowards of us all'; and that by a temporary gastric irritation many an 'enterprise of vast path and moment' has had 'its current turned away,' and 'lost the name of action.'"

"The philosopher and the metaphysician, who know but little of these reciprocities of mind and matter, have drawn a false conclusion from a false premise, and a baseless hypothesis on, the actions of men. Many a happy thought has sprung from an empty stomach; many a terrible and merciless edict has gone forth in consequence of an irritated gastric nerve."

"Thus health," continues the author we have just quoted, "may make the same difference to the world, as dyspepsia may render it imbecile in the cabinet."

It was under the influence of this malady that Pope's better judgment was occasionally warped, and that his feelings, for the time, awayed to and fro with his infirmities. On no other supposition can the anomalies in his character be reconciled. Both of his early biographers admit that his writings, especially his letters, were the work of his infirmities. The character we are told by Johnson, a distaste of life, a contempt of place, a perpetual and unclouded effulgence of general benevolence and particular affability; "but it is easy," he adds, "to despise

death, when there is no danger, and to glow with benevolence when there is nothing to be given."

But surely it is not so very heinous an offence against the propriety of style, to assume a virtuous character, even "when we have it not;" and Johnson, himself, even questioned the truth of the common opinion, that "he who writes to his friend, lays his bosom open before him. Very few," he says, "can boast of hearts which will always open to discourse, and to assure us that we hide from ourselves we do not show to our friends. In the eagerness of conversation the first emotions of the mind often burst out before they are considered, but a friendly letter is a calm, deliberate performance, in the cool of leisure, in the stillness of solitude; and surely no man sits down to deprecate, by design, his own character. By whom can a man wish to be thought so much better than he is, than by him whose kindness he desires to gain or keep. Even in writing to the world there is less restraint."

But though his letters are filled with those ordinary topics of literary correspondence, a sense of the worthlessness of his own productions, a spirit of invulnerability against the shafts of censure, nevertheless though censure is the tax, according to Swift, which a man pays to the public for being eminent, no one paid that tax with more wisdom and practice than Johnson. "The first," (he remarks elsewhere,) "for a man to revenge himself of the censure of the world; to despise it, to return the like, or to endeavour to live so as to avoid it. The first of these is usually pretended, the last is almost impossible; the second is the only one that is practicable." Pope smoothly did practice the second with a vengeance, but to use the expression Johnson applied to another of the *genus irritabile*, he still was "a sapling on the summit of Parnassus, blown about by every wind of criticism."

How severely he suffered from his malady may be inferred from the account John has given of his feelings and condition about the middle of his life. "His constitution," he says, "which was originally feeble, became now so debilitated that he stood in perpetual need of female attendance, and so great was his sensibility of cold, that he wore a kind of coat of cotton, and a pair of drawers of the same material. When rose he was invested in a bodice made of stiff canvass, being scarcely able to hold himself erect till it was laced, and he then put on a flannel waistcoat. His legs were so slender, that he enlarged their bulk with three pairs of stockings, which he wore three times a day. He was very fond of warm dress or undress himself, and he neither went to bed nor rose without help." This extraordinary necessity for artificial warmth was an evident indication of the deficiency of nervous energy; and what could be expected from the consequent want of men's body, and the inevitable consequence of such a miserable condition of the system, but irritability of temper, peevishness, and petulance? "It is just," says Dr. James Johnson, "and I believe with justice, that an infant never cries without feeling some pain."

The observation might be extended to maturer years, and it might be safely asserted that the temper is never unusually irritable without some moral or physical cause—and much more frequently a physical cause than is suspected. A man's temper may undoubtedly be soured by a train of moral circumstances, but it is equally true that moral circumstances are not irritable by the effects of those moral causes on his corporal organs and functions. The moral cause makes its first impression on the brain, the organ of the mind. The organs of digestion are those disturbed sympathetically and re-act on the brain, and the mind is thereby rendered irritable. The two systems of organs on each other produce a host of effects, moral as well as physical, by which the temper is broken, and the health impaired."

Head-ache was the urgent symptom which Pope continually complained of, and this was in his mind the cause of his morbid sensibility. It is difficult to conceive on what principle this remedy could alleviate his sufferings; but from the manner in which he aggravated them by improper diet, it is very probable that his remedy was no better than his regimen. It appears that, like all dyspeptic men, he was fond of everything that was not fit for him. "He was too indulgent to his appetite," says his biographer; "he loved meat highly seasoned, and if he sat down to a variety of dishes, he would oppress his stomach by repelition; and though he seemed to be angry when a drain was made of his stomach, he soon afterwards, when he knew the avenues to his heart, pampered him with presents of luxury which he did not suffer to stand neglected. We are told by Dr. King, his contemporary and friend, that his frame of body promised any thing but long health, but that he cer-

tainly hastened his death by feeding much on high-seasoned dishes, and drinking spirits."

And the various ailments of his mode of living, and of the sufferings entailed on him, it was evident, that his appetite was depraved by indigestion; and it is no less obvious, that constitutional debility induced by that deformity, either natural or accidental, under which he laboured from his cradle, had been the predisposition to his disorder. But the head-ache, the constant sensation of confusion and giddiness after application to study, or excess in diet, those premonitory symptoms of dyspepsia, he appears to have looked upon as his original disease, whereas the stomach was the seat of his disorder. It is not to be expected that a head only sympathetic with it, should be affected, though when literary and scientific subjects of this disorder, that it is very often exceedingly difficult to determine whether the head or the stomach is primarily affected; but in whichever of them is its origin, so immediate is the influence of the one on the other, that the treatment is not materially embarrassed by our uncertainty of the primary seat of the disease. It is the nature of parts sympathetically affected to become disordered in their functions, rather than organically diseased; at least it is a considerable period before any alteration of structure in a symptomatic disorder takes place. The interval between the two results is occupied by a long train of anomalous ills, which are generally denominated nervous. The term is vague and unmeaning enough for all the purposes of nosology. It implies a host of sufferings which sap the strength and sink the spirits of the invalid, until it is his frequent madality may confine for years an incubus on his happiness, which will not destroy his health, but renders valourianism a sort of middle state of existence between indigestion and disease. The symptomatic affection of the head only becomes an organic disease, when the long-continued cause has given it such a power that it overpowers the force of a first cause in its influence on an organ previously weak or predisposed to disease. It is then easily conceived how the simple head-ache, in the case of Pope, continued for years symptomatic of a disorder of the stomach, aggravated by mental excitement and improper diet; till the disturbance of the stomach, by a long and ultimately debilitated organ, and left it no longer able to resist the effects of the constant exercise of the mental faculties. The result of such long-continued disturbance of the cerebral functions, there is generally great reason to apprehend, will be either alteration in the structure, softening of its substance, or effusion of blood, or some coming of its substance.

There is great reason to believe that one of these terminations took place in the case of Pope several years before his death, as it was found to have done in the case of Swift, and more recently in that of Scott. Ever when Pope was apparently in the enjoyment of tolerable health, he had evident symptoms of pressure on the brain, or at least of an unequal and imperfect distribution of the blood in that organ. Those symptoms are only noticed by his contemporaries as curious phenomena connected with his habits of life. Spence says he frequently complained of seeing every thing he saw through a curtain, and on another occasion, when he saw fine colours on certain objects. At another time, on a sick bed, he asked Dodsley what arm it was that had the appearance of coming out from the wall; and at another period, when he was old and infirm, he said he was not strong enough to mortify his vanity, but he was strong enough to mind for a whole day. Well might Bellingborough say, "the greatest hero is nothing under a certain state of the nerves; his mind becomes like a fine ring of bells, jangled and out of tune."

The debility of the constitution in his latter years rendered his existence burthenous to himself and to others; his irritability increased with his infirmities, and the peevishness of disease was aggravated by the unkindness and unfeeling conduct of the woman who was then his companion and attendant for many years. The frequent expressions of weakness of his body hardly deserves the suspicion of affectation which have been tainted of its sincerity. Surely there must have been a little inherent melancholy in the temperament of a man who, in Johnson's own words, "by no meridian either of his own or his own, was ever seen excited to laughter."

For five years, he was confined to his bed, afflicted with asthma; his constitution was completely shattered, and at length dropsy, the common attendant on long sufferings and extreme debility, made its appearance. He was for some time delirious, but a day or two before his death, he became collected. He was asked whether a Catholic priest should not be called to attend him; he replied, "I do not think it is essential, but it will be very right, and I thank you for putting me in

mind of it." The calm self-possession, the dignity, and the decorum of his reply, well became the last moments of a Christian philosopher; the forms of his religion had no hold of his affections, but it was evident, that his duties should be neglected, or why the feelings of those who believed in the efficacy of its forms should be outraged. Death at length happily terminated the sufferings of a life which was a long disease, for such was the mind of Pope, from his cradle to the tomb, in which he was deposited in his fifty-sixth year.

Whatever were his infirmities, however great their influence on his temper or his conduct, it appears that neither his irascibility, nor his capriciousness, had ever estranged a real friend. His biographer, who has spared no pains to ascertain the truth of the fact, that the number of his defects was too obvious to those who were acquainted with him, to be overlooked; they knew that ill-health had an unfavourable influence on his character, and that knowledge was sufficient to shield his errors from inconsiderate censure, and uncharitable severity.

CHAPTER XVI.

JOHNSON.

"There are many invisible circumstances," says the author of the *Rambling*, "which we read as enquirers after natural or moral truth, but which we do not intend to enlarge our science, or increase our virtue, are more important than public occurrences. All the plans and enterprises of De Witt are now of less importance to the world, than that part of his personal character which requires him as careful of his health, and negligent of his life."

There are three peculiarities in Johnson's character which every one is aware of, his irascibility, his superstitiousness, and his fear of death; but there are very many acquainted with these singular inconsistencies of so great a mind who are ignorant of the least whether we intend that malady under which he laboured, from inviolability of the close of life, the symptoms of which disease are invariably those very moral infirmities of temper and judgment, which were his well known defects. Few, indeed, are ignorant that he was subject to great depression of spirits, amounting almost to despair, but generally speaking, the precise nature of his disorder, and the extent of its influence over the mental faculties, are very little considered.

There are a train of symptoms belonging to a particular place in the mind, and amongst them it is worth while to consider by what means they have been alluded to in the character of Johnson are to be discovered. The following are Cullen's terms:

"A disposition to seriousness, sadness, and timidity as to all future events, an apprehension of the worst and most unhappy state of them, and, therefore, often on slight grounds, an apprehension of great evil. Sensitive persons are particularly attentive to the state of their own health, to every the smallest change of feeling in their bodies; and from any unusual sensation, perhaps of the slightest kind, they apprehend great danger and even death, and are led to feelings and fears. There is commonly the most obstinate and tenacious opinion." It is needless to say, the disease that is spoken of is hypochondria. Whether Johnson was its victim, or whether the defects in his character were original infirmities, or infirmities, natural to his disposition, remain to be shown in the following pages.

We have a few words to say of the nature of hypochondria, which need not alarm the general reader; so little is known of any thing relative to it besides its symptoms, that very little can be said upon the subject. The first place it may be as well to acknowledge that the seat of the disorder is unknown. Secondly, be the seat where it may, the nature of the morbid action that is going on, we likewise know not; and, thirdly, that it is a disorder little under the influence of medicine, almost all medical authors do admit. These admissions, we may be tempted to ascribe to very narrow limits; to the symptoms which touch on the boundaries of every literary man's estate; for, indeed, the most important points left for consideration are whether men of studious habits are more subject than other men to this disorder; and if more so, whether the moral infirmities of the hypochondria are entitled to be included in the same class as individual who labours under no such depressing ailment.

In proof of the first assertion, we have only to say, that Hippocrates places the seat of the disorder in the liver; Boerhaave in the spleen; Hoffman in the stomach; Sydenham in the animal spirits; Broussais in the intestines, and Haller in the brain. In the opinion of the second, we have but to adduce Sydenham, describing it

as a disease of debility; Dr. Wilson Phillip, as one of chronic inflammation; and Dr. James Johnson, (and, perhaps, with the most reason,) as one of morbid sensibility; but, like taste, there is no accounting for theories. For the truth of the opinion, however, we appeal to the general experience, for the confirmation of the opinion, that time and temperance are the two grand remedies of morbid melancholy. The symptoms of hypochondria are generally preceded by those of indigestion, though not in very many cases accompanied by them, and not unfrequently by those of hypochondria, and in some one form or other of partial insanity; in short, hypochondria is the middle state between the vapours of dyspepsia and the delusions of monomania. One of the greatest evils of this disorder is the injustice that it involves in the mind, from the common opinion that it is the weakness of the sufferer, and not the power of the disease, which makes his melancholy "a thing of life apart;" and the neglect of exerting his volition, which enables it to take possession of his spirits, and even of his senses. His well meaning friends see no reason why he should dwell himself either sick or sorrowful, when his physician can put his finger on no one part of his frame, and say, 'Here is a disease;' or when the patient himself can point out no real evil in his prospect, and say, 'Here is the cause of my dejection.' It is vain to contend that his sufferings are imaginary, and must be conquered by his own power of courage and hardihood, by the sounds of terror, which haunt and harass him by day and night, are engendered in his brain, and are the effects of a culpable indulgence in gloomy reveries. In his better moments he himself knows that it is so, but the spite of every error, those reveries do come upon him; and instead of needing to guard himself from beneath his feet, he feels like a timid person standing on the verge of a precipice, irresistibly impelled to falling himself from the brink on which he totters. It is worse than useless to reason with him about the absurdity of such a conduct, or to try to divert him; it is cruel to laugh at his delusions, or to try to laugh him out of them—his misery is only increased by ridicule.

It may be very true, that he exaggerates every feeling; but, as Dr. James Johnson has justly observed, "all his sensations are exaggerated, not by his voluntary act, but by the nature of his disease, and he cannot by any exertion of his mind prevent it." Railed, and strance, the best of homilies, the gravest of lectures, do not answer here; the argument must be addressed to the disordered mind, through the medium of the stomach. The well regulated regimen, and an anarsenic aperient, may do more for him than all the hypochondriacs, than any thing that can be said, preached, or prescribed to him.

Indigestion is often one of the accompanying symptoms of hypochondria; but, as we have before remarked, it may be either wanting in the severest forms of the disorder, or yet there is great reason to regard hypochondria in no other light than that of an aggravated form of dyspepsia. At all events there is no shape of this disease, as Dr. J. Johnson has observed, which is not aggravated by interference in diet, and not mitigated by an abstemious regimen. Burton's account of the horrors of hypochondria is the first, but it is not the most, descriptions of its sufferings. "As the train," saith Austin, "penetrates the stone, so does this passion of melancholy penetrate the mind. It commonly accompanies men to their graves; physicians may ease, but they cannot cure it, and it is the first, but it will return again, as violently as ever, on slight occasions as the first excesses. Its humour is like Mercury's weather-beaten statue, which had once been gilt; the surface was clean and uniform, but in the chinks there was still a remnant of gold; and in the purest bodies, if once tainted by it, it is like the taint of the pest, the relics of melancholy still left, not so easily to be rooted out. It commonly this disease procure death, except (which is the most grievous calamity of all) when the patients make away with themselves—a thing familiar enough amongst them, as they are driven to do violence to themselves to escape from the taint of the morbid passion. The cause no rest in the night, or if they slumber, fearful dream, astonish them, their soul abhorrent all meat, and they are brought to death's door, being bound in misery and in iron. Like Job, they curse their stars, for Job was much afflicted with this disease, and his sadness. They are weary of the sun and yet afraid to see it. They are *et moi mesme*. And then, like Esop's fishes, they leap from the frying-pan into the fire, when they hope to be eased by means of physic;—a miserable end to the disease when ultimately left to their fate by a jury of physicians furiously disposed; and there remains no more

to such persons, if that heavenly physician, by his grace and mercy, (whose aid alone avails), do not heal and help them. One day of such grief as theirs, is as an hundred years: it is a plague of the sense, a convulsion of the soul, an epitome of hell; and if there be a hell upon earth it is to be found in a melancholy man's heart. No bodily torture is like unto it, all other griefs are swallowed up in this great Eurypus. I say of the melancholy man, he is the cream and quintessence of human adversity. All other diseases are trifles to hypochondria; it is the pith and marrow of them all! A melancholy man the true Prometheus, bound to Caucasus; the true Tityus, whose bowels are still devoured by a vulgure."

CHAPTER XVII.

JOHNSON CONTINUED.

Our attention was some time ago called to the peculiarities of Johnson's malady, by an attack which we heard made on his feelings and infirmities by one of the greatest of our living poets: and one of those literary ephemera who flutter round the light of learning.

We heard that it was the opinion of Johnson, as to the intelligence of his age; that his mind was so behind the legends of the nursery, and the fables of superstition, that his belief extended to the visionary phantoms of both. In short, that he had neither the heavenly armour of religion, which is hope and confidence in the goodness of the Deity—nor the earthly shield of honour, which is freedom of spirit and fearlessness of death.

The minor critic, with supercilious air, spoke of the ferocious powers of the great bear of learning, the unrepresentable person of the "respectable Hotentot," who would knock down the philosopher with one of his own folios.

He inveighed against the coarseness of his manners, the tyranny of his conversation, and the uncouthness of his appearance: had the present been his day, he would hardly be tolerated in good society. An author so ignorant of the "lesser morals" as to be capable of thrusting his fingers into a surgeon's bag, and his about his huge frame in company, to the great peril of every thing around him, would certainly not be endured westward of Temple Bar; and none but Boswell could be mean enough to put up with his vulgar arrogance.

He listened with patience so long as the bard was disparaging the manner of the great man of letters, but when he had the audacity to assail the Triton of erudition, to use an elegant Scotchism—our corruption rose, and though the memory of the doctor had been reviled no less by the bard than the gentleman just spoken of, we could not help exclaiming, "Foolish man! his voice, that it was something after all to be torn to pieces; and he to be gnawed to death by a rat, was too toothsome a fate for the worst malefactor.

That an author of the doctor's outward man and uncompromising manners would cut a very sorry figure in the drawing-rooms of the great, is a fact, which is not retrievable disgrace for standing on a chair in the library to reach a volume, how surely would the doctor, by some unhappy exploit, some sturdy opinion or unfortunate disposition of his members, bring the vengeance of offended patronage, and outraged delicacy, on his head! He is not to be compared to the great man of letters of his age, though his manners were uncompromising, his energy of character oftentimes offensive, his person ungainly, though his "local habitation" had been even outward of Temple Bar, and though his "name" has been associated in some minds with the idea of a recondite assuage. There is something in the expression "uncouth appearance" which implies vulgarity, and therefore is it that one like Pope, with a distorted face, or like Byron with a deformed foot, is less subject to disagreeable observations, than one so unfashionably handsome as the great leopardsman. The countenance of Johnson's appearance, however, was the effect of disease, and arose from no natural imperfection: "His countenance," Boswell tells us, "was naturally well formed, till he unfortunately became afflicted with scrofula, which disfigured his features, and so injured his visual organs, that he could not see the objects of his own eyes." Miss Seward says, that "when at the free school, he appeared a huge, over-grown, mis-shapen stripling, but still a stupendous stripling, who even at that early life maintained his opinions with sturdy and arrogant ferocity." But the picture is over-coloured, and is probably painted in the colours of his subject's character.

At a very early age he was attacked with a nervous disorder which produced twitchings and convulsive motions of the limbs that continued during life, and which have been noticed and ridiculed as eccentric habits, and

tricks of gesture, that he had accustomed himself to Sir Joshua Reynolds says, "these tricks of Dr. Johnson proceeded from a habit which he had indulged himself in, of accompanying his thoughts with certain unwarmed actions, and those actions always appeared to me as if they were meant to reprobate some part of his past conduct." But the truth is, that the disorder of his mind, but there is no occasion to refer these motions to so mysterious an origin: the cause was unquestionably the disorder of his nervous system. The violence of his temper, and the gloom which overcast his religious feelings throughout his life, were no less evidently the effects of that morbid and morbidly permanent ultimate and permanent hypochondria. "This malady," says his biographer, "was long lurking in his constitution, and to it may be ascribed many of his peculiarities in after life: they gathered such strength in his twentieth year as to afflict him dreadfully. Before he quitted Lichfield, he was overwhelmed with his disorder, with perpetual fullness, and mental despondency, which made existence miserable. From this malady he never perfectly recovered."

So great was the dejection of his spirits about this period, that he described himself at times as being unable to distinguish the hour upon the town-clock. As he advanced in life this depression increased in intensity, and differed very little from the early symptoms of Cowper's malady: the only difference was in the quality of the minds which the disease had to prey upon; the different degrees of resistance of the vigorous intellect of Johnson's intellect. On one occasion Johnson was found by Dr. Adams in a deplorable condition, sighing, groaning, and talking to himself, and restlessly walking from room to room; and when questioned about his state, declaring that he would consent to have a limb amputated to recover his spirits."

The limits which separate melancholy from madness were brought to so narrow a compass, that had his malady advanced another step, it is lamentable to think that its mastery over the powerful mind of the sufferer might have been permanent and unchangeable. The tortured instrument of reason was wound up to the highest pitch, and nothing was wanting to jangle the concord of its sweet sounds but another impulse of his disorder. His peace was wholly destroyed by doubts and terrors: he speaks of his past life as a barren waste, and of his present as a desert of perpetual gloom. His mind very near to madness. "His melancholy," says Murphy, "was a constitutional malady, derived, perhaps, from his father, who was at times overcast with a gloom that bordered on insanity." When to this is added, that he was, in his opinion, a very feeble man, and that his infirmities for Dr. Swinfin, and received an illustration in his letter, importing that the symptoms indicated a future privation of reason, who can doubt that an apprehension of the worst calamity that can befall humanity hung over his life, like the sword of the tyrant suspended over his head?" Who, indeed, can wonder that in terrible fits of insanity should cast its shadows before all his future hopes of worldly happiness: the only wonder is, that a physician could be found so ignorant of the moral duties of his calling, or so reckless of the feelings of a melancholy man, as to implant the very notion in his mind of the possibility of his business, to endeavor to cure him, already fixed there; namely, that madness was to be the termination of his disease. Was this doctor simple enough to imagine, that there is any thing in genius which renders the intellect better able to support prospective evil, or the undisguised prognosis of a fearful malady, than the humble faculties of an ordinary mind? Simple indeed he would be to think so, and little acquainted with human nature.

But the error, we well know, is daily committed by the inexperienced, of supposing that literary men are possessed of a superior power of endurance, and are superior to the fears and apprehensions of the common invalid, and consequently, that all reserve is to be laid aside, and the real condition of such patients freely and fearlessly exhibited to their view. This is a great mistake: the most powerful talents are generally united with the most delicate sensibility, and the most delicate cases the considerate physician has to encourage, and not to depress, the invalid: to temper candour with delicacy; and firmness above all things, with gentleness of manner, and even kindness of heart. If it be essential to the recovery of an invalid, for the physician to command the confidence of his patient, to engage his respect, and to convince him of the personal interest that is taken in his health and well-being—that disease is morbid melancholy.

Johnson was wont to tell his friends, that he inherited

"a vile melancholy" from his father, which made him "mad all his life—no, at least, not soberly." Inevitably was the constant terror of his life; the opinion of Dr. Swinfin haunted him like a spirit of evil wherever he went; and at the very period, as Boswell observes, when he was giving the world proofs of no ordinary vigour in mind and action, he actually fancied himself insane, or in a state so nearly as possible approaching to it.

Johnson's malady and Cowper's were precisely similar in the early period of each, as we have before remarked; the only difference was in the strength of mind of either sufferer. Cowper at once surrendered himself up to the tyrant, and his disorder, and took to bed in parading the chains of his melancholy before the eyes of his correspondents, even when "immuring himself at home in the infected atmosphere of his own consciousness," while Johnson struggled with his disease, sometimes indeed in a spirit of ferocious independence, and very seldom complained to his most intimate friends of his "humiliating malady." In no point was the vigour of his intellect shown in so strong a light as in this particular; for in no malady is there so great a disposition to complain of the sufferings that are endured, and to over-state their intensity, lest, by any possibility, they should be underrated by others.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOHNSON CONTINUED.

Johnson's disorder (if we may be allowed the expression) had three phases, the character of each of which distinguished a particular period of his career, or rather predominated at a particular period, for it cannot be said that the hues of each were not occasionally blended. At twenty, however, his despondency was of a religious type; it added to his morbidness, and to his "melancholy," and then had the shape of a fierce irritability, venting itself in irascibility of temper, and fits of capricious arrogance.

At the full period of "three-score years and ten," the chief symptom of his hypochondria was "the apprehension of the approach of death, and the consequent horrors of the grave." This was "the black dog" that worried him to the last moment. Metastasio, we are told, never permitted the word death to be pronounced in his presence; and Johnson was so agitated by having it uttered, spoken of in his hearing, that on one occasion he made a merit of his death, and, in the words of the latter, he had put "his head into the lion's mouth a great many times with comparative safety, but at last had it bitten off."

"For many years before his death," says Arthur Murphy, "so long as he was in the habit of conversing with me, he was not disposed to enter into the conversation that was going forward, wherever sat near his chair might hear him repeating those lines of Shakespeare—

"To die and go we know not where."

If he acknowledged to Boswell he never had a moment in which death was not terrible to him; and even at the age of sixty-nine he says he had made no approaches to a state in which he could look upon death without terror.

At seventy-five, we find him writing to his friends to consult all the eminent physicians of their acquaintance on his case. To his kind and excellent physician, Dr. Brocklesby, he writes, "I am loth to think that I grow worse, but cannot prove to my own partiality that I grow much better. Pray be so kind as to have me in your thoughts, and mention my case to others as you have opportunity." Boswell, at the same time, in Scotland, was employed in consulting the most eminent physicians of that country for him. In his last illness, when a friend of his told him he was glad to see him looking better, Johnson said, "I am blind, and exclaiming, 'You are one of the wisest friends I ever had.' I am curious to observe with what sophistry he sometimes endeavoured to persuade himself and others of the salutary nature of his excessive terrors on this head: he tells one friend that it is only the best men who tremble at the thought of death, and in terms which imply the purity of that place which they hope to reach. To another, he writes that he never thought confidence with respect to futurity, any part of the character of a brave, a wise, or a good man. His executor, Sir John Hawkins, who lets no opportunity pass to blacken his character, speaks of his death in terms which imply some crime of extraordinary magnitude weighing on his heart; it was with difficulty, he says, he could persuade him to execute a will, apparently as if he feared his doing so would hasten his dissolution. Three or four days before

hours. On one occasion Becherker and Langton rapped him up at three in the morning, to prevail on him to accompany them. "The doctor," says Boswell, "made his appearance in his shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head instead of a night-cap, and a poker in his hand, imagining that some ruffians had come to attack him; when he discovered who they were, and that they erand, he smiled with great good humour and agreed to their proposal. 'What is it you, you dogs! I'll have a frisk with you.' These habits, and the excesses they led to, were the fuel which fed his hypochondria; his occasional abstinence the damper which every now and then cooled the fire."

On his first arrival in London, abstemiousness was forced upon him by poverty, and in all probability it was his temperance at that critical period of his disorder, that enabled him to lay in a stock of bodily vigour which he might not have otherwise possessed. The man who could style himself Ingersoll, in his application to a publisher, or who was so reduced as to be arrested for a debt of five pounds, for the common necessities of life, could not have been very luxurious in his living. Yet this was one of "the sweet uses of adversity," he might then have little dreamt of. The man who could so regularly practise, as he his constitution time, yet impair his shattered energies, and to invade him for a long and arduous campaign in the literary world. Subsequently, when the gloom of his disorder drove him into company to escape from the tyranny of his own mind, he could not have been without conviviality, to use one of his own grandiloquent terms, of goliath, which rendered his vigils not only pleasing to the rosy god, but his taste for the good things of the table, a passion which "a whole synod of cooks" could hardly gratify. Poor Boswell complained that he was half killed with his irregularity in the doctor's company. Port, and late hours with Johnson, had ruined his nerves; but his friend consoled him with the assurance that it was better to be palsied at eighteen, than not keep company with such a man.

Johnson loved his wine probably better than Burns did his whiskey; our great moralist voted it for its flavour, but the unfortunate bard liked it for its effects. The one flew to it for enjoyment, the other for relief; it was the difference between food and physic—between mirth and medicine. The same difference distinguished the moderate and the "unlenced" contrasts the vigor of Johnson's mind with the lamentable weakness of Burns: the one could not abstain for a single day, while the other could give up his wine for twenty years, although he seemed to think not a little of the deprivation. It was a great defect in the good Boswell, from the pleasures of life, not to drink wine.

CHAPTER XX.

JOHNSON CONTINUED.

His health began to break down about fifteen years before his death. "In 1766, his constitution," says Murphy, "seemed to be in a rapid decline, and that morbid melancholy which often clouded his understanding, came upon him with a deeper gloom than ever. Mr. and Mrs. Thrale paid him a visit in this situation, and Mr. Thrale, from the intimacy of his friendship, beseeched God to continue to him the use of his understanding." From this period to his seventy-third year his fits of melancholy were frequent and severe, though he continued to go into society as before; but lively as his conversation was at all times, it appears as if he were not so much than questionable, and he, and yet cursing the sun—how, I hate thy beams!"

In 1782, he complains of being "afflicted with a very irksome and severe disorder, that his respiration was impeded, and much blood had been taken away." "The next morning," he appears as if he were repeatedly blooded for it, and subsequently the only relief he could obtain was by the daily use of opium to the extent of three or four grains. The propriety of this bleeding, at the age of seventy-three, for a spasmodic malady, which was capable of being cured by opium, is more than questionable; but he can, indeed, be very little doubt that it was fatal to the powers of his constitution, and that the palsy and dropsy which very soon ensued, were the effects of the debility so great a loss of blood occasioned. The diseases of old men whose vital energies are exhausted, and whose system is so much weakened by the lancet, and when employed in such cases, it is very often "the little instrument of mighty mischief," which Reid has termed it. About a year after his first attack of asthma, during which time he was frequently bled for the disorder, he was seized with paraly-

sis, that malady which literary men more than any other have reason to guard against. The vigour of his great mind was manifested on this occasion in communicating the intelligence of his calamity to one of his friends. A few hours only after his attack, while he was deprived of speech, and of the power of moving from his bed, he was able to send a messenger to bring Dr. Heberden with you, if you can; but come yourself at all events. I am glad you are so well, when I am so dreadfully attacked. I think that by a speedy application of stimulants, much may be done. I question if a vomit, vigorous and rough, would not rouse the organs of speech again. As it is too early to send, I will try to recollect what I can that may be suspected to have brought on this dreadful disease. I have been accustomed to bleed frequently for an asthmatic complaint, but have forborne some time by Dr. Pepp's persuasion, who perceived my lungs beginning to swell."

How truly is the powerful intellect of Johnson, (yet impaired by his disorder,) shown in these few emphatic words! The urgency of the case, the necessity for prompt assistance, and the consciousness of the debility that had been brought on his constitution by so much blood-letting, and that extraordinary ignorance of the common principles of medicine is exhibited in the remedial plan he proposes for his relief! The merest tyro in the medical art would have seen nothing in the administration of the vomit vigorous and rough, but the prospect of aggravated danger, of even permanent loss to the head, and even of sudden death, though he might be aware that such a remedy had the sanction of some recent authorities.

The treatment of diseases is not, however, the subject we have to do with; we have only noticed a circumstance of the life of our great man, which is so strikingly indicative, and of the nature of a disease which literary men are especially subject to, the most learned persons are frequently found to be.

Johnson survived his attack of paralysis a year and a half, during which time he laboured under a complication of diseases, and the effects of his grief, which rendered his life miserable, but yet did not prevent him from performing a journey to his native town, and from engaging on his return in his literary pursuits.

Johnson was one of those few fortunate children of genius who have not the ordinary quality of being early in the time of their great merit in his lifetime was universally acknowledged, and public as well as private admiration and gratitude were not limited to the justice that his memory was entitled to, but were displayed in acts of generosity that were calculated to reward the exertions of the living man, and to increase his comforts in sickness and distress. There was no subscription at his death for the purchase of his Bolt-court tenement, to bestow on Mrs. Lucy Porter, of Lichfield, and her descendants—there was no appeal made to the pockets of the public for the erection of a pillar to perpetuate his fame;

and it is not till after his death, that we find his friends, and his indigence, and in the hour of sickness the beneficent hand of private friendship and of public benevolence was held forth to him. When there was a question of enabling him to visit Italy for the recovery of his health, Lord Thurlow, we are told, offered to defray the expenses of his journey, and his amiable physician, Dr. Brocklesby, signified his intention of adding a hundred a year to his income for life, in order that he might not want the means of giving to the remainder of his days tranquillity and comfort. The complaint which he laboured under, was the subject of a compliment which Johnson paid to his profession, in his life of Garth. "I believe every man has found in physicians great liberality and dignity of sentiment, very prompt effusions of beneficence, and willingness to exert a heroic art where there is no hope of cure."

Johnson continued to struggle with his complaints till the latter part of 1784. His earnest and constant prayer, that he might be permitted to deliver up his soul unclouded to God, was granted: he died in his perfect senses, resigned to his situation, at peace with himself and in charity towards his enemies, in his sixty-third year. The circumstances that we have noticed, connected with the disorder of this great and good man, are amply sufficient to show that the most striking inconsistencies and eccentricities in his character and conduct, were occasioned by disease, or fostered by its influence. His original disorder, it is evident, was a scrupulous affect-

which in early life debilitated his constitution, and gave that predisposition to hypochondria which dogged his whole career.

Hahneman, one of the best observers of disease (whatever his character as a pharmaceutical theorist may be) that medical science has to boast of, attributes him the disorders of humanity to a scrupulous or scrofulous taint in the constitution, and that such a taint is calculated to nurture and develop the seeds of an hereditary disease like that of Johnson's hypochondria, there can be little doubt. At all events, if proof were requisite, we trust nosodes of humanity to be sufficient to show that Johnson's failings were largely influenced by the infirmities of disease, and were foreign to the original complexion of his disposition and the character of his noble nature.

CHAPTER XXI.

BURNS.

Every quarter of a century a revolution takes place in literary taste, the old idols of its worship are displaced for newer effigies, but the ancient altars are only overthrown to be re-established at some future time, to receive the homage which they forfeited, on account of the fickleness of their votaries, and not in consequence of any demerits of their own.

It is not in the nature of Burns' productions that his fame should altogether set aside the remembrance of his failings; yet it is not in the nature of his character, as a poet, discharged his duty to the public and to the individual, whose genius he helped to immortalise, and so truly, in the spirit of a philosophical historian, has he traced the infirmities of Burns to their real origin, that were it only for the noble and virtuous vindication the classic genius Currie's Life of Burns would still deserve to be considered one of the best specimens of biography in the English language. And so long as its excellence had the freshness of a new performance to recommend it to the public, and to lay hold of its attention, the character of Burns was treated with indulgence, and his poetry was duly and justly appreciated.

But of late years there has been a tendency, in literary opinion, to underrate the merits of the Scottish bard, and even to exaggerate the failings of the man. The vulgarity of his errors and his unfortunate predilection for pipes and punch-balls, it is incumbent on every critic to reprobate. Byron, who, in his aristocratic mood, had no notion of a poor man "holding the patent of his honours direct from God Almighty," could not tolerate the addition of a bard to such ungenteel habits, and Burns was not a man who could be said to have a strange compound of dirt and deity, but his lordship at the time of the observation, was in one of his fits of outrageous abstinence, and to use his own language, "had no more charity than a vinegar cruet."

Bulwer has also lately fallen in depreciating the poor excruciation. It is more to be regretted, as we have the credit of possessing more generosity of literary feelings, and less of the jealousy of genius, than most of his contemporaries.

Burns' fame has certainly declined in the fashionable world; but if it be for consolation to his spirit, his poetry, and his name, as well as his life, is a more exquisite pathos has lost nothing of its original charm, but no volume is less the book of the boudoir—the fastidious imagination can hardly associate the idea of poetry with that of an atmosphere that is redolent of tobacco smoke and spirituous liquors.

The frailties of Burns are unfortunately too glaring to admit of palliation; but manifest as they are, much misapprehension we are persuaded prevails as to their character; a dog with a bad name is not in greater peril of a halter, than a poor man's errors are in danger of exciting unmitigated contempt.

In fashionable morality it is one thing to drink the "inordinate cup that is unlenced" of claret or champagne, but quite another to "put an enemy in the mouth to steal away the senses" in the shape of whisky; similar effects may arise from either, but the odium is not a little in the quality, and not the quantity, of the wine. The language of conventional gentility, to have a bout at the Clarendon is to exceed in the pleasures of the table; but to commit the same excess in a country ale-house, is to be in a state of disgusting intoxication. There is no character, however, but as we say, "the more generous the sinner" than any kind of ardent spirits, and that its intoxicating effect is an "unholy insensia" of a milder character than the "rabia furibunda" which belongs to the latter. The excesses of the wine-bibber, moreover, are generally few and far between, while those of the dram-drinker are frequent, and infinitely more injurious

to mind and body. In this country the poor man is debarded the use of wine; spirits are unfortunately the cheaper stimulant; but were it a matter of choice, he might prefer the former, as well as the French and Italian peasant.

There is one circumstance, however, which deserves consideration in forming any comparative estimate of intemperate habits. Different constitutions are differently effected by the same excitants. Johnson could boast of drinking his three bottles of port wine with impunity; but the doctor's was an *"omni vorantia gula."* Dr. Parr could master two without any inconvenience, but probably Burns dined with either of them, he would have found the half of a Scotch pint might have caused him in the morning "to have remembered a mass of things, but nought distinctly," and to conclude he had been drinking the "*vinum erris ab ebriis doctoribus propinatum.*" As St. Austin denominates avarice an invading guest, The sin of intemperance is certainly the same whether it be caused by one bottle or three, or whether the alcohol be concentrated in one form, or more largely diluted in another.

In Burns' time intemperance was much more common in his walk of life than it now is. In Pope's day we find many of his contemporaries and immediate predecessors addicted to drunkenness. "Cowley's death (Pope says) was occasioned by a mean accident while his great friend Dean Pratt was on a visit with him at Chertsey. They were together to see a neighbour of Cowley's, who according to the story, had just made them tea to come. They did not set out on their walk home till it was too late, and had drank so deep, that they lay out in the fields all night. This gave Cowley the fever that carried him off."

Dryden, like Burns, was remarkable for sobriety in early life, "but for the last ten years of his life," says Denham, "he was much acquainted with Addison, and drank with him even more than he ever used to do, probably so far as to hasten his end." Yet in his case, as Byron's, wine seems to have had no exhilarating influence. Speaking of his melancholy, he says, "Nor wine nor could I ever be merry, but I break of wine making him 'savage instead of fruitful.'"

Parnell, also, (on Pope's authority,) "was a great follower of drama, and strangely open and scandalous in his debaucheries, (his excesses, however, only commenced after the death of his wife, whom he was obliged to leave, these helps," he said, "sorrow first called in for assistance, habit soon rendered necessary, and he died in his thirty-sixth year, in some measure a martyr to conjugal fidelity, moment what we presume in the way

"Of Lord Mount-Coffee-house, the British peer,
Who died of love with wine last year."

But another account describes Parnell's taking to drunkenness on account of his prospect declining as a preacher at the queen's death, "and so he became a sot, and finished his existence."

Churchill was found drunk on a dunghill.

Prior, according to Spencer, "used to bury himself for whole days and nights together with a poor mean creature, his celebrated Chloe," who, unlike Ronard's Cassandra, was the bar-maid of the house he frequented. And Pope is told by Dr. King, hastened his end by drinking spirits.

Precedents, however, are no plea for crime, and to multiply them would be useless for any other purpose than to deprecate the infliction of an excessive penalty in a single instance, because the latest though not perhaps the most enormous.

If Burns' irregularity deserved the name of habitual intemperance, it was only during the latter years of his life. Till his three-and-twentieth year, he was remarkable for his sobriety, no less than for the modesty of his behaviour. He had continued at the press, in all probability he would have remained a steady worker till his new career unfortunately led him into it. It was only, (he tells us) when he became an author, that he got accustomed to excess, and when his friends made him an exciseman, that his casual indulgence in convivial pleasures acquired a more permanent character. In his early life he laboured under a disorder of the stomach, accompanied by palpitations of the heart, depression of the spirits, and nervous pains in the head, the nature of which he never appears to have understood, but which evidently arose from dyspepsia. These sufferings, he remembers, were not relieved till the latter years of his life, before he had committed any excess; and so far from being the consequence of intemperance, as they are generally considered to have been, the exhaustion they produced was probably the cause which drove him in his

moments of hypochondria, to the excitement of the bottle for a temporary palliation of his symptoms.

No one but a dyspeptic man, who is acquainted with the moral martyrdom of the disease, can understand the degree of exhaustion to which the mind is reduced, and the incapacity of doing anything, in every organ of the body which drives the sufferer to the use of stimulants of one kind or another. Whether wine, alcohol, ammonia, or the black drop, it is still the want of a remedy, and not the pleasure of the indulgence which sends the hypochondriac to that stimulant for relief.

In one of his letters to Dr. Moore, he mentions being comforted by some lingering complaints originating in the stomach, and his constitutional melancholy being increased to such a degree, that for three months he was in a state of mind scarcely to be envied by the hopeless wretches who had received the final mittimus. From the period of his first committing "the sin of rhyme," which was a little previous to his sixteenth year, to the age of three-and-twenty, the excitement of the tender passion, which he appears to have felt not unfrequently in the fits of his hypochondria, seem to have had the effect of soothing the dejection, which in later life he employed other means to alleviate.

His biographer has noticed, as a curious fact, that his melancholy was occasioned in the presence of women. "In his youth," we are told by his brother Gilbert, "he was constantly the victim of some fair enslaver; but in the period of his first committing 'the sin of rhyme,' virtue and modesty, from which he never deviated till his twenty-third year. He was only anxious to be in a situation to marry: nor do I recollect," he says, "till towards the era of his commencing author, when his growing celebrity occasioned his being often in company, to have seen him in the least susceptible to any allusion to drinking. No sooner, however, was he led into intemperance than his disorder became aggravated, and his dejection, from being a casual occurrence, became continual."

His gaiety," says Currie, "of many of Burns' writings, and the lively and even cheerful colouring with which he has portrayed his own character, may lead some persons to suppose that the melancholy which hung over him toward the end of his days was not an original part of his constitution. It is not to be doubted, indeed, that he was at times in the habit of indulging in the progress of his life; but independent of his own and his brother's testimony, evidence is to be found among his papers that he was subject very early to those depressions of mind which are, perhaps, not wholly separable from the sensibility of genius, but which in him arose to an extraordinary degree."

At the age of twenty-two he writes to his father, "that the weakness of his nerves has so debilitated his mind, that he dare not review past events, nor look forward into futurity, for the least anxiety or perturbation in his head produced most unhappy effects on his whole frame."

In 1787 David Stewart occasionally saw him in Ayrshire, "and notwithstanding," says the professor, "the various reports I heard during the preceding winter of Burns' predilection for convivial and not very select society, and his constant indulgence in his habit of soliloquy from all of him that ever fell under my own observation: he told me indeed himself, that the weakness of his stomach was such as to deprive him entirely of any merit in his temperance. I was, however, somewhat alarmed about the effects of his now sedentary and luxurious life, when he confessed to me, the first night he spent in my house, after his winter's campaign in town, that he had been disturbed, when in bed, by a palpitation of the heart, which he said was a complaint to which he had of late become subject."

His winter campaign in town had been injurious indeed, and his want of support at the close of the period he was daily encountering, as to be desirous of fleeing from the scene of temptation.

Having settled with his publisher, Burns found himself master of nearly five hundred pounds, two hundred of which he immediately lent to his brother, who had taken up the support of the aged mother, and the remainder of his money he purchased the farm of Ellisland, on which he determined to settle himself for life. His first act was to legalise his union with the object of his early attachment, which union then imperatively called for a public declaration of marriage. The usual legal tickle of the law was dispensed with, however, was soon manifested in his new career; and he had hardly entered upon the peaceful enjoyment of country life before he pined after the distinction of a maiden author's brief reign in literary society. The state of his feelings

may be gathered at the time from his common-place book. "This is now the third day that I have been in this country. Lord! what a man! What a bustling little bundle of passions, appetites, ideas and fancies!—and what a capricious kind of existence he has here! I am such a coward in life—so tired in the service, that I would have given my time to Miss Adam's."

"Gladly lay my mother's lap at ease."

"His application to the cares and labours of his farm," (says Currie,) was interrupted by several visits to his family in Ayrshire, and as the distance was too great for a single day's journey, he sometimes fell into company, and forgot the resolutions he had formed, and it was a little time temptation assailed him nearer home, and it was not long before he began to visit his farm with dislike and despondence."

He now applied to his friends to procure him some appointment; by the interest of one of them he procured the post of an exciseman, or gauger, in the district in which he lived. It was an unfortunate employment for a man like Burns, and one which threw all the temptations in his path, which a judicious friend might have wished him removed from as far as possible. It must have been a sorry exhibition to have seen the poor poet, his mind probably communing with the skies, scampering over the country in pursuit of some paltry appointment, and then travelling from house to house to alms-house to grant permit for the weaker drudger of his office: such business is rarely transcended without refreshment, and sometimes the refreshment of man and horse is the only business attended to.

It would have been difficult to have devised a worse occupation for the poor poet, or to have found a man less fitted for its duties than Burns.

After occupying his farm for nearly three years and a half, he found it necessary to resign it, and depend on the miserable stipend of his office—about fifty pounds a year, and which ultimately rose to seventy.

Currie, however, though he was addicted to excess in social parties, he had abstained from the

"In the Edinburgh Review some time since, we marked the following striking sentences in relation to Burns:—'And this was he for whom the world found no fitter business than quarrelling with smugglers and vintners, computing excise dues upon tallow, and gauging alebrels! In such toils that mighty spirit sorrowfully laboured; and in about twenty years may have, and were another great one is given us now by the same writer, after summing up Burns' attainments, says, 'He had as much scholarship, we imagine, as Shakespeare, and far better models to form his ear to harmony, and train his fancy to graceful invention.'"

Burns is undoubtedly entitled to the rank of a great and original genius. He has in all his compositions great force of conception; and great spirit and animation in its expression. He has taken a large range through the region of fancy, and naturalised himself in almost all her climates: He has great humor, great pathos, and a consummate illustration of the poet. He has a great originality, and a great variety of things he says has spirit and originality; and every thing that he says well is characterised by a charming facility, which gives a grace even to occasional rudeness, and communicates to the reader a delightful sympathy with the spontaneous emotions and associations of the poet. He found himself *originally* in the deepest obscurity, without help, without instruction, without model, or with models only of the meanest sort. An educated man stands, as it were, in the midst of a boundless arsenal and magazine, filled with all the weapons and engines that man has done or is to devise from the earliest time; and he works, accordingly, with a strength borrowed from all past ages. How different is his state who stands on the outside of that storehouse, and feels that its gates must be stormed, or remain for ever shut against him! His means are the commonest and rudest; the mere want of time is the measure of his strength. A dwarf believed a steam-engine may remove mountains; but no dwarf will heave them down with the pickaxe; and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms.—Though a Titan, the ill-starred Burns was given the power of guiding his own life, and he was enabled to do so, and his mind was not given, and the world has rarely witnessed a sadder scene than this noble, generous, and great soul wasting itself away in hopeless struggle with base engagements, which coiled closer and closer around him, till only Death opened him an outlet."—Ed.

habitual use of strong liquors, and his constitution had not suffered any permanent injury from the irregularities of his conduct. But in Duffries, temptations to the use of spirits beset him from his infancy, and his irregularities grew by degrees into habits." In his own words, "he had dived into a pultry excise-man, and slunk out the rest of his insignificant existence in the meanest of pursuits, and among the lowest of mankind."

From his period poverty, and its attendant ills, were seldom from his door; the irritability of his temper increased, and as is generally the case, the irregularity of his conduct. He became more reckless and inveterate in his disorders than ever. "He knew his own failings," says Currier, "he predicted their consequences; the melancholy foreboding was never absent from his mind, yet this passion carried him down the stream of error, and swept him over the precipice he saw directly in his course."

"The fatal defect in his character," adds his biographer, "lay in the comparative weakness of his volition—that superior faculty of the mind, which governs the conduct according to the dictates of the understanding, and alone entitles us to be denominated rational."

"The occupations of a poet," he continues, "are not calculated to strengthen the governing powers of the mind, and thus to give the intellect the necessary perpetual control, since it gives birth to the vehemence of passion, as well as the higher powers of imagination. Unfortunately, the favourite occupations of genius are calculated to increase all its peculiarities, to nourish costly pride which distains the littleness of prudence, and the restrictions of order, and, by indulgence, to increase that sensibility which, in the present form of our existence, is scarcely compatible with peace and happiness, even when accompanied with the choicest gifts of fortune."

"His own will, all that has ever been said on the subject of 'the poetic temperament,' and no apology, we trust, is needed for the length of the quotation."

The rapid progress of his disorder, both bodily and mental, is exhibited in the desponding tenor of his letters, from the period of his relinquishing his agricultural pursuits. "My mind," he writes, "is becoming morbidly sensibility, aggravated his hypochondria. Idleness became preferable to a distasteful occupation; and idleness, as usual, was followed by miseries which rendered existence intolerable without excitement. There is no habit gains so imperceptibly on the hypochondria as idleness. I have been a long time attending to the stimulating draughts for a momentary relief, but the remedy must be increased in proportion to the frequency of its repetition; and in proportion as the spirits are exalted by any stimulant the stomach is debilitated: in short, of time I have a writability of the latter organ, extending to the expression, the senses become tremulously alive (in the *excessum* may be used) to external impressions; in a word, the sensations are diseased, and the result is morbid sensibility. Burns' biographer has described the progress of this disorder in language which is not only feeble, prone to exaggeration, and untrue, but strength of the body decays, the volition is impaired, in proportion as the sensations are soothed and gratified, the sensibility increases; and morbid sensibility is the parent of indolence, because, while it impairs the regulating power of the mind, it exaggerates all the obstacles to exertion. This symptom, or synonyme of indolence, of morbid sensibility, as being the temperance of general talents, and not of poetry exclusively, as some would have it, he deprecates the indulgence in indolence, which men of genius are generally prone to, as the immediate occasion of the inefficiency of all their efforts." The undisciplined wanderer of imagination, says, "may indeed at times irradiate the gloom which inactivity produces; but such visions, though bright, are transient, and serve to cast the realities of life into deeper shade." Those who would trace the horrors of hypochondria, this synonyme, or synonyme of indolence, aggravated by indolence and inactivity, have only to peruse the letters of Burns; he will find them in the usual incongruous mixture of mirth and melancholy which generally prevails in the conversation and correspondence of dyspeptic men.

"The miserably wretched, described by Cicero, *ipse sum cum edens hontium vestigia ritans*." And perhaps in the next

"His bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,

And all the day an unaccompanied spirit

Lifts him above the ground with cheerful thoughts."

Hypochondria is the malady in which extreme pas-

sions meet. The most ludicrous lines Cowper ever wrote, to use his own words, were written in the saddest mood; and but for that saddest mood, had never perhaps been written. Sensibility does not come widely by no means incompatible with the deepest gloom. In one of his letters, Burns thus speaks of his dejection: "I have been for some time pining under secret wretchedness; the pang of disappointment, the sting of pride, and some wandering stabs of remorse, settle on my vitals like volcanic heat, my attention is not calmly fixed by the claims of society, or the vagaries of the muse. Even in the hour of social mirth my gaiety is the madness of an intoxicated criminal under the hands of the executioner." In another letter he speaks of "his constitution being blasted *ab origine* with a deep incurable taint of melancholy which poisoned his existence."

To Mr. Cunningham he writes, "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased? canst thou speak peace and rest to a soul lost on a sea of troubles, without one friendly star to guide her course, and dreading that the next surge may overwhelm her? Canst thou point to a frame trembling all about the tortures of suspense, the stability and hardihood of the rock that braves the blast? If thou canst not do the least of these, why wouldst thou disturb me in my miseries with thy enquiries after me?" And to the same correspondent, "I have been reflecting on the death of Burns, and his sufferings in a sadder strain. 'Alas! my friend, the voice of the bard will soon be heard among you no more!—You would not know me if you saw me—pale, emaciated, and so feeble as occasionally to need help from my chair—My spirits fled! fled!—But can no more on the subject of his miseries be alluding to the probability of his reduction in his salary, in consequence of his illness, to five and thirty pounds. He entreats his friend to move the commissioners of excise to grant the full salary." "If they do not," he continues, "I must lay my account with an exit truly *en poete*. If I die not of disease, I must die of hunger."

It is needless to extract more. It has been truly said, "there is not among all the martyrlogies that ever were penned so useful a narrative as the lives of the poets." Burns, we are told by his biographer, though by nature of an athletic form, had in his constitution the seeds of the morbid diseases that belonged to the temperament of genius. He was liable, from very early period of life, to that interruption in the process of digestion which arises from deep and anxious thought, and which is sometimes the effect, sometimes the cause, of depression of spirits. Connected with this disorder there were morbid tendencies that sometimes ache affecting more especially the temples and eye-balls, and frequently accompanied by violent and irregular movements of the heart. Endowed by nature with great sensibility of nerves, Burns was in corporeal, as well as in mental system, liable to inordinate impressions—to fever of body as well as of mind. This predisposition to disease, which strict temperance and diet, regular exercise and sound sleep, might have subdued, habits of a very different nature strengthened and inflamed."

In this brief observation is concentrated all the knowledge that is to be gathered from books on the subject of the literary disposition, and the poet's life is accordingly called. There is not a word of it which demands of the most serious attention from every individual who is employed in literary pursuits; he may gather from it that excess in wine is not the only intemperance; but that excessive application to studious habits is another and a more dangerous intemperance, no less injurious to the constitution than the former.

Burns wrestled with his disorder in want and wretchedness till October 1795; about which time he was seized with his last illness—a rheumatic fever. The fever, it appears, was the effect of cold caught in returning from a walk in the rain, and intoxicated. His appetite for some time became debilitated, and he was seized with the first attack of his illness, his hands and feet trembled on any exertion or emotion. His pulse became weaker and more rapid, and pain in the larger joints, and hands, and feet, deprived him of the enjoyment of refreshing sleep. Too much dejected in his spirits, and too much distressed in his situation, he lost all hope of recovery, he was ever musing on the approaching dissolution of his family, and his spirits sunk into a uniform gloom. In June he was recommended to go into the country, "and impatience of medical advice," says his biographer, "as well as every species of control, he determined for himself to try the efficacy of the sea." Burns, however, distinctly says in two of his letters, this extraordinary remedy for rheumatism was pre-

scribed by his physician: "The medical men," he wrote to Mr. Cunningham, "tell me that my last and only chance is bathing and country quarters, and riding."

For the efficacy of the sea, I am indebted to Burns, who was mistaken in the matter, for no medical man of common sense could think that a patient sinking under rheumatism, and shattered in constitution, was a fit subject for so violent a remedy as the cold bath. No medical man can consider, without shuddering, the mischief it must have produced in the case of Burns, had his tongue been parched, and his mind sunk into delirium, when not roused by conversation. On the 23 and 34 day the fever increased, and his strength diminished. On the 10th the sufferings of this great but ill-fated genius were terminated, and a life was ended in which virtue and passion had been at perpetual variance.

Thus perished Burns in his thirty-seventh year. Let those who are without follies cast the first stone at his infirmities, and thank their God they are not like the other poor children of genius, frail in health, feeble in mind, and in all his matters improvident, and unfortunate in most things."

CHAPTER XXII.

COOPER.

A few centuries ago, the clergy were entrusted with the care of the health of the community, either because the healing art was held in such respect, that it was derogatory to its dignity to suffer laymen to perform the high duties of so noble a profession, or because the lucrative nature of a medical monopoly was as well understood by the church as the fact, that as it grew, it grew in these enlightened times. The faculty, however, flourishing in the cloister, and the learned monk and the skilful leech were one and the same person. A great deal of good, and no doubt a certain quantity of evil resulted from the constitution of the clergy, and the state of the mind, it is sufficient to remember that the clergy acquired a two-fold claim to the gratitude, and also to the generosity, of the public; of the evil, we need only reflect on the extent of the influence conjoined—of the priest and the physician—to tremble at the power as well as at the remoteness of the cause. We need not, however, whether this evil may not have been counterbalanced, in some degree, by the advantage of the superior opportunities afforded the medical divine, of distinguishing the nature of moral maladies combined with physical, or confounded with them; and of discovering the source of those anomalies in both, which puzzle the separate consideration of the doctor and the divine. Plato, indeed, says that "all the diseases of the body proceed from the soul;" if such were the case, physic should prefer the service of theology to the ministry of nature. But the quaintest of all, the oldest, and the most venerable of churchmen, dissent from the opinion of the philosopher. "Sarcen," he says, "if the body brought an action against the soul, the soul would certainly be cast and convicted, that, by her supine negligence, had caused such inconvenience, having authority over the body." Be this as it may, Time, the oldest, and the most venerable of deities, has remodelled the constitution of physic; the divine has ceased to be a doctor; and Taste, no less innovatory than Time, has divested the former of his cowl, and the latter of his wig; but science, it is to be hoped, has gained by the division of its labour, as well as by the change of its costume.

We had however, almost forgotten the point to which we meant our observations to apply.

Cowper's malady being connected with certain delusions on the subject of religion, the attention of serious people has been much directed to his history, and the result has been, that most of the biographical details of his memoirs of him, have been written by clergymen. Hayley's "Life" is an exception, and a recent one by Taylor, which, in a religious point of view, is unexceptionable. But its fault, like that of all the others of its class, is, that it is not the work of a Christian, and that the morality that morality can apply to it, the specific malady which occasioned or influenced his hallucinations is left unno-

* Strikingly speaking, perhaps, no British man has so deeply affected the feelings of his countrymen, as many men, as this solitary and altogether private individual, with means apparently the humblest.—Ed.

tiéd; and the mystery of his religious despondency is still involved in the same obscurity in which they found it. They have looked upon his gloom as a supernatural visitation, and not a human infirmity, which was explicable on any known principle of medical science. One of them has even hinted at the impecy of referring his religious gloom to any physical peculiarity. The consequence is, that Cowper's fate has not even the advantage of furnishing a salutary example of melancholy, exasperated into mania, partly by the concurrence of unpropitious circumstances, but still more by the indulgence of those of them who are called the "enthusiasts in piety" who destroy all the freshness of religion by immuring themselves in the infected atmosphere of their own enthusiasm."

The object the following observations is to point out the peculiar character of his malady, and to show how far his mental aberrations were caused or encouraged by religious enthusiasm. It will be necessary to take a brief view of his unhappy career, and to give a short transcript of those passages in his history which are wound up with the most interesting and striking features of his case. It behoves us to be in a condition to be able to pronounce an opinion on the nature of his disorder; and for this purpose we need only refer to the summary character of the phenomena of mania. Our enquiry extends not beyond the general knowledge of the subject that is to be found in the common definitions of the disorder. In a medical point of view we have little to do with it; our object is to determine the character of Cowper, and not the history of a disease.

Insanity, according to Locke, is a preternatural fervour of the imagination, not altogether destructive of the reasoning powers, but producing wrongly combined ideas, and making right deductions from wrong data: while idiocy can neither distinguish, compare, or abstract, general ideas. And "herein lies the difference between idiots and madmen—that madmen put wrong ideas together, and so make wrong propositions; while idiots make very few or no propositions, and reason scarce at all."

"Mental aberration," says Dr. Conolly, "is the impairment of one or more of the faculties of the mind, accompanied with, or inducing, a defect in the comparative faculty."

Dr. Battie's notion is more to the purpose. "Insanity," he says, "consists in the rising up in the mind of images not distinguishable by the patient from impressions on the senses." Or in the few and expressive words of Hiebert, of "Ideas rendered as vivid as actual impressions."

Cullen's idea of mania is, that its leading character is a false judgment of the relations of things, producing disproportionate emotions.

Dr. Pritchard's opinion is applicable to a wider range of mental derangements. The confounding the results of memory and imagination, and mistaking the reveries of the latter for the reflections of the former; these he considers the distinguishing feature of madness.

Dr. Hawkesworth calls lunacy a condition of the mind in which ideas are conceived, that material objects do not excite; and those which are excited, do not produce corresponding impressions on the senses.

In ancient times, insanity was looked upon as a sort of transmigration of the feelings and phantasies of evil spirits into the bodies of human beings; as in the case of those demoniacs in the scripture, who wandered about naked, and roamed amongst sepulchres, making hideous noises.

The Greeks held the same opinion of its origin. Zenophon uses the word demon for frenzy; and Aristophanes calls madness kakodaimonian.

But the two definitions of this malady, which may be found to apply to the case of Cowper, are those of Locke and Mead. The former, after noticing the characteristics of general insanity, says: "A man who is very sober, and of a right way of thinking in all other things, may in one particular be as frantic as any other in Bedlam, if either by any sudden or very strong impression, or long fixing the fancy upon one sort of thoughts, incoherent ideas become cemented together, and he is said to be afflicted with the Mead's madness as a particular malady of the imagination, which arises from intense and incessant application of the mind to any one object."

Such are the authorities we have thought it necessary to adduce; because a general notion of the character of mania is requisite to enable us to come to a just conclusion on the subject before us, and because it is the collective information of all we have quoted, rather than the particular opinions of any one of them, that is like-

ly to lead us to a correct knowledge of the nature of Cowper's affliction.

But there is one thing to be considered in every inquiry into the insanity of an individual, which limits that inquiry to a very short and simple investigation of two obvious matters;—namely, what degree of eccentricity constitutes madness, and what amount of madness incapacitates the sufferer for the performance of the duties of his station, or for the management of his affairs?

CHAPTER XXIII.

COVERED CONTINUED.

We now proceed to the sad history of Cowper's mental affliction, with those sentiments of pain and even reluctance which all must feel who approach this subject, but disclaiming those feelings of false delicacy and morbid sensibility which are commonly paraded before similar inquiries.

Cowper was the son of a clergyman, of a family of some distinction; his early education appears to have been strictly religious, but it does not appear that his peculiar gentleness of disposition was duly observed and considerably treated by his father. In his sixth year he was deprived of an excellent mother, and left to the guidance of his father, who was then in the difficult task of bringing up a youth of great delicacy of constitution, and extraordinary sensibility. Nevertheless, at the tender age of six years, this timid boy was taken from home, and placed at a public school, where he became the victim, real or imaginary, of juvenile persecution. He speaks in his letters of the tyranny of one boy in particular, as having been the terror of his existence; so much so, that he never had sufficient courage to go to school, and thus all the time he was at school, such an impression did the savage treatment of this boy make upon him.

"The whole of his early life," says Stebbing, "appears to have been misdirected, by a most culpably erroneous judgment in those who had the superintendence of his education. Cowper, from his earliest youth, was a prey to ill health, and gave signs, it is said, in infancy, of that nervous sensibility which, as his years increased, gradually assumed the character of morbid melancholy."

After remaining two years at this school, he was removed from it in consequence of an inflammation in his eyes, which he remained subject to the whole of his life at intervals. This, combined with other circumstances, rendered his mind very feeble, and his complexion, and lightness of his hair—render it probable that there was either a scorbutic or serofulous taint in his constitution, which his peculiar delicacy of habit might not have allowed to develop itself externally. But, which, neglected or overlooked, might have produced a more decided and permanent disease of the brain itself. Hayley corroborates this opinion when speaking of the suddenness of the attacks of his malady. "It tends," he says, "to confirm an opinion that his mental disorder rose from a scorbutic habit, when his perspiration was so much less than in the more researchable cases of the kind, and a full cure was not his fortune."

Cowper was now sent to Westminster, where he remained till his sixteenth year; all that time his timid and inoffensive spirit totally unfitting him for the hardships of a public school. On leaving Westminster he resorted to a solicitor. It would have been impossible to have chosen a more judicious and successful patron than the learned Mr. Bland, who, by the aid of the influence of the law. At the expiration of his term he made his entry in the Temple, to qualify himself for the lucrative place of clerk to the house of lords—which post the interest of his friends had procured for him. During his early residence in the Temple, he associated with Churchill, Colman, and other persons of note, who had had the same education, and who were accessible in his intercourse with them. But the mode of life, his friend, Mr. Newton, told both him and the public at a later period, in a preface to the first edition of his poems, written at the request of Cowper, "was living without God in the world," albeit his conduct at

At this time appears to have been neither prongate nor depraved. It was in the Temple, however, he was seized with the first attack of his disorder: "with such a dejection of spirits," he himself says, "as none but those who have felt the same can have the least conception of. Day and night I was upon the rack, lying down in horror, and rising up in despair. I presently lost all relish for those studies to which I had before been closely attached. The classics had no longer any

charm for me; I had need of something more salutary than amusement, but I had no one to direct me where to find it." A change of scene was now recommended

to him; he sordidly proceeded to Southampton, where he spent several months; and here it was that the first shadow of insanity obscured his mind, and that the fervour of his enthusiasm on a single subject assumed the settled character of monomania. This is not the place to enter into a detailed history of his life; it is enough to know that monomania is a partial aberration of intellect, a delusion on a particular point, which has been dealt with on such intensity that the mind magnifies its importance, till its ultimate aspect becomes distorted. The malady may continue for life without intermission, or it may be limited to certain intervals. "The variable atmosphere of the mind" may be affected by alterations in the general health of the individual, and the whole course of the disease is compatible with the exercise of a sound judgment in every other matter but that particular one, which has been over-rated in importance, magnified in form, and distorted in direction.

This brings us to two important questions. Did Cowper labour under monomania, or did he not? And was religious enthusiasm the point on which his reason was disordered? All other questions that have been mooted, concerning the mystery of his melancholy, are comprised in these two. And it is only to their solution that we can look for a satisfactory explanation of his extraordinary gloom.

With regard to the first question, it may be borne in mind that all his biographers admit their inability to account for his dejection, and that all of them reject the supposition that religious enthusiasm had any thing to do with its production. How far their opinion of its inexplicability is a just and necessary conclusion, remains to be shown; at this stage of the subject any judgment would be premature. From facts alone can any opinion be formed, and those which are of most importance in the life of this afflicted man, the reader will now find laid before him.

He had spent some time at Southampton, apparently little improved by the change, when in one of his paroxysms of melancholy, on a particular occasion, he imagined his indifference to the duties of religion was signally, yet mercifully, rebuked by the Almighty, in an almost miraculous manner.

"We were about a mile from the town, (as he himself describes it): the morning was clear and calm, the sun shone brightly on the sea, and the country on the borders of it was the most beautiful I had ever seen. We sat down upon an eminence, at that arm of the sea which runs between Southampton and the New Forest. Here it was, as if another sun had been created that instant in the heavens, on purpose to dispel sorrow and vexation of spirit. I felt the weight of my misery taken off, my heart became light and joyful in a moment; I felt that I was in the arms of my Father, and alone I must needs believe the Almighty fat, and nothing less could have filled me with such inexpressible delight, not by a gradual dawning of peace, but as it were with a flash of his life-giving countenance."

This strong impression, which obviously derives its coloring from the enthusiasm of a poetical imagination, excited by the beauty of splendid scenery and sudden sunshine, was unquestionably such a one as many individuals of devotional feelings might have experienced under similar circumstances; but the powerful hold it took on Cowper's imagination was such, as to confound the revelation of mercy with the terrors of inexorable justice; to make a transitory emotion of religious joy the harbinger of a future of relentless misery; and the reaction of enthusiasm, a feeling of unspeakable wretchedness succeeded the delightful emotion he had just described.

"Satan," he says, "and his own wicked heart, quickly persuaded him that he was indebted for his deliverance to nothing but a change of scene, and the amusing varieties of the place: and by this means had turned the blessing into a poison."

CHAPTER XXIV.

COWPER, CONTINUED.

From this time his mind became distracted with religious doubts, and ultimately with remorse. He believed that he had committed "the unpardonable sin," and incurred the dreadful penalty of eternal reprobation, for neglecting to improve to his advantage the communion of his sinful spirit with the Almighty at

Southampton. In every future paroxysm of his disorder throughout his whole existence, the terrible notion, that, by his conduct on this occasion, he had forfeited every claim to the promised blessings of the gospel, became the constant, undeviating theme of his madness; but strange it is that his religious periods should be assigned to and considered necessary to give these first symptoms of fervid enthusiasm the pure and unimpassioned character of religion, and to ascribe the emotions of the enthusiast to the manifestations of the spirit of truth and wisdom. The fact is, that Cowper's mind was early imbued with devotional feelings, and at his paroxysms he was seized with the same feelings some years previously to it, they might have been latent in his bosom, and the forms of religion have been unattended to at that season, when its duties too often are neglected. But Cowper was the least likely man in the world, so far as we can judge from the manifestations of his nature, to have wanted the great principle of humanity recurring to those habits of morality and religion, which had been instilled into his early mind. Those who encouraged his first delusion, were greatly answerable for its melancholy consequences; but it was Cowper's misfortune to have ever been under the guidance of injudicious persons, of friends exclusively serious; of people, on the whole, albeit the best and most amiable of mankind, the worst fitted to enliven the dejection, or to remove the delusion, of the melancholy poet.

In speaking of the period we are alluding to, the Rev. Mr. May writes, "It is interesting in the correspondence of Cowper that should induce us to believe that either enthusiasm or melancholy had been the consequence of his deep and fervent piety." "Every thing," he continues, "that we know of the life of this amiable man, tends to convince us, that no abstract opinions of any kind could reasonably be assigned to him, and for his gloom, either at the period of which we are speaking, or at any other. His melancholy, indeed, might strongly influence his religious belief, might embitter the waters of life, even as they were poured out fresh into his cup. It is like the lightning of God, which strikes the eye, and imagine the dark shadow of his earthly life was thrown far as he could see over the abyss of futurity, but it could do no more; religion never clogs the veins, nor distempers the intellect; and when its revelations are made a subject of unnatural fear, it is when the sun and stars are framed in dark signs, as the scriptures with declarations of destruction."

Now this, if it means any thing, means that a state of previous excitement was necessary to the development of that disorder, which, if it did not combine the characters of enthusiasm and madness, certainly contained the seeds of both. It is very probable, therefore, that the Rev. Mr. May is right in his opinion, the opinion that is meant to be established by the reverend author, and all his followers, is that Cowper's malady was neither caused nor aggravated by religious enthusiasm. But facts speak for themselves, and we appeal to them from partial views, if not from prejudiced opinions. The account of his own feelings proves them to have been those of an enthusiast. "So long," he says, "as I am pleased with an employment, I am capable of unwearied application, because my feelings are all of the intense kind; I never receive less pleasure from any other kind of life. I am delighted in the pursuit of it. The consequence of this temperament is that my attachment to my occupation seldom outlives the novelty of it. That nerve of my imagination that feels the touch of any particular amusement, twangs under the energy of the pursuit, and so soon becomes exhausted, that it soon becomes sensible of weariness and fatigue."

Cowper, after the death of his father, having but little fortune to inherit, found it necessary to augment his income by procuring a public appointment; accordingly the office of reading clerk in the house of lords, a place of considerable emolument, was conferred upon him. Sooner, however, was he fairly installed in it, than he became overpowered with terror at the necessity of making a public appearance at the bar of the house. The cause of his terror appears to have been totally inadequate to the dread produced upon him; he describes the agony of his apprehension in such extravagant terms as render his conduct inexplicable on any other supposition but that of insanity. He threw up his appointment, and accepted the inferior one of clerk of the journals; but he had scarcely entered on the duties of his office when it occurred to him that he had submitted to a public examination, respecting his qualifications for the office, and all his former horrors and groundless apprehensions returned. The continual misery at length, he says, "brought on a nervous fever; quiet forsook me by day, and peace by night; when a finger raised against me seemed more than I could bear."

"To his disordered perception," says one of his biographers, "there appeared no possibility to escape from the horrors of his situation but by an escape from life itself. Death, which he had always shuddered at before, he began ardently to wish for now; he could see nothing before him but difficulties and dangers; and he now meditated on the fatal expedient urged on him by the 'insane intellect.' A circumstance occurred at this time which evidently shows that he was labouring under insanity. His attention was called one day to a satirical letter in the newspaper, which he immediately imagined himself to be the subject of, and he was so much affected by it, that he doubted not, however, but that the writer had darkly alluded to his weariness of life, his intention to end it, and had, in fact, only written the article in question, to hasten the execution of the deed he meditated. Taylor says, 'That before the dreadful day approached he was so strongly affected, he had made several attempts at the escape above alluded to; most mercifully for himself and for others, they were only attempts.'"

His disorder now presented so decided a character, that his friends were obliged to acquiesce in the propriety of his immediately relinquishing his situation. He was, at this period, visited by his brother, who employed every means to soothe and comfort him, but he had no success; he found him overwhelmed with despair, and tenaciously maintaining, in spite of all remonstrances to the contrary, that he had been guilty of the unpardonable sin, in not having been more diligent in his religious duties at Southampton. If this is not mania, religious monomania, we know not what it is. It does not appear that any medical advice was had recourse to, but a learned divine was sent to him, who was to reason "his veins to health," and with an argument new set a pulse beating.

Dr. Madan, who was told of the conference with him, in which he urged on him the necessity of a lively faith; but Cowper could only reply in these brief and melancholy words,—"most earnestly do I wish it would please God to bestow it on me." This and subsequent interviews with him, in which he was various religious projects were discussed, rather exasperated upon him, appears to have been attended with still more melancholy consequences to the invalid. In the words of Taylor, "about this time he seemed to feel a stronger alienation from God than ever. He was now again the subject of religious ideas, and he was so much terrified by the thought of the pains of hell, and the pains of hell to get hold of his ears rang with the sound of the torments that seemed to await him; his terrified imagination presented to him many horrible visions, and led him to conceive that he heard many dreadful sounds; his heart seemed at times to be torn by the flames of hell, and he saw the avenger of blood seemed to pursue him, and he saw no city of refuge into which he could flee: every morning he expected the hour would open and swallow him up."

It is with no feeling of irreverence or distrust in the efficacy of religious means in moral infirmities, that we give the utility of the discussions that were forced on the attention of the dejected Cowper, at the very moment he was standing on the brink of madness, and that we doubt if the cares of the physician of the body might not have been better adapted to the sick man's state.

It is not to be supposed that the disorder which troubled his mind, by friendly religious conversation, it was found necessary to remove him to St. Albans; and this removal implies that he was placed in a private lunatic asylum, under the care of the celebrated Dr. Cottle. This was in 1763, and two years afterwards we find him so much improved in health and spirits, as to be able to remove to the town of Huntingdon, where he became acquainted with the family of a clergyman, his intimacy with whom led to one of the most singular friendships on record, the most lasting, and of the purest nature. The attachment of Mr. Newton to Mr. Unwin, as they were called, was a friendship of the most intimate and unparalleled; their domestic union, though not sanctioned by the common forms of life, was supported with perfect innocence." Of such a friendship it may be indeed said, "*L'amour n'est rien de si tendre, ni l'amitié de si doux.*"

CHAPTER XXV.

COWPER CONTINUED.

In a letter about this time he describes himself as perfectly recovered, and that his affliction has taught him a road to happiness which, without it, he should never have known. "How naturally," he says, "does affliction make us Christians! But it gives me some concern, though at the same time it increases my gratitude, to reflect that I am in the Kingdom of Heaven, and that I am a stumbling block to others, than to advance their faith."

On the evening of his arrival at Huntingdon he walked into the country, and finding his feelings powerfully affected by a sudden impulse of devotion, he knelt under a bank and prayed for a considerable time. The result was, a second impression of a miraculous manifestation of the power of God, like the former at Southampton. A load of wretchedness was immediately removed from his mind, and on arising he looked upon himself as standing redeemed and regenerated in the presence of his Maker. Dr. Johnson, in speaking of the insanity of poor Smart, said to Boswell, "Madness often discovers itself by unnecessary fears, and the fear of the power of God over the world; my poor friend Smart showed his by falling on his knees in the street and saying his prayers." The mystery of Smart's aberration is traced by Johnson to its proper source, and called by its plain name.

Cowper was now received into the house of the Rev. Mr. Unwin, an amiable and pious family, but living in complete seclusion from the world, and mixing entirely with persons of a serious cast; a state of society, it must be allowed, ill calculated to improve the dejected spirits of one in Cowper's condition, or to lead attention exclusively devoted to a single subject, to a more general acquaintance with the pleasures of the human mind. But unfortunately his new friends completely debarred him from all intercourse with men of letters, and from all concerns except those too strictly of a spiritual nature. Surely the solitude of such society must have greatly increased his melancholy, and rendered it more obstinate one particular train of ideas,—"the reading," as Locke says, "of but one kind of books, the falling into the hearing of but one set of opinions, and constantly conversing on but one sort of subjects." This surely was a state of things which must have eventually tended to have concentrated the cloud of misery that had hitherto been hovering over his mental horizon.

He had hardly been two years with these good people, for such they really were, when Mr. Unwin was unfortunately killed by a fall from his horse, and Cowper was deprived of an estimable friend. The widow retired to a small village at Olney, and Cowper became a permanent inmate of the house. About this time he became intimate with Mr. Newton, the curate of the village, which had no little influence on his future life. With great worth and goodness of disposition, there was still a spirit of austere piety in this gentleman, and even of fanaticism, which failed not to gain a powerful ascendancy over Cowper's debilitated mind. We accordingly find him deferring to the opinion of this gentleman in all matters, even those of a literary kind; and on his becoming an author, of committing to him the singular task of writing the preface to his poems. In that preface, the public are informed, that the poet had "been long living without God in the world, till in a memorable hour the wisdom which is from above visited his heart."

The inference that is drawn from this change in his moral condition is, that an amendment in his physical one had been signified, and complete, and that health and temperance had succeeded infirmity and misery; and nothing could be more erroneous than this reasoning. His subsequent wretchedness was greater than it ever had been, "owing to some cause," says Taylor, "for which we are unable to account." Cowper's correspondence, however, shows much to the contrary. After his settlement at Olney than it had been formerly. Probably it might be attributed to his intimacy with Mr. Newton, for we are told they were seldom seven waking hours apart from each other.

Shortly after the death of his brother, in 1769, notwithstanding he appears to have borne the loss with considerable fortitude, he became again depressed, and Mr. Newton thought that the composition of a book of hymns was the best means he could adopt to divert his dejected thoughts. "Mr. Newton," says Taylor, "had felt the want of a volume of evangelical hymns, on experimental subjects, suited for public and private worship; he mentioned the subject to Cowper, and pressed him to undertake it. Cowper did so; but he had only composed sixty-eight of these hymns, when he was seized by an alarming indisposition—a renewed attack of his former malady."

The pleasure which we derive from the perusal of the first sketch of the hymns, and the exquisite poetry that Cowper ever penned is to be found in some of these hymns) must be qualified with regret that so unseasonable a time should have been chosen for their composition, that he should have been occupied with so serious an employment, while he was yet suffering from the first shock of the loss of his brother. One may be thought that literary employment of a lighter kind would

have been just then better adapted for him; but Mr. Newton, neither in this, nor indeed in any other matter connected with his friend's health, appears to have acted a judicious part.

His second paroxysm of monomania occurred in 1773, in a somewhat very nearly resembled those under which he laboured at the time of his removal from London. After enduring unmitigated misery for the space of five years, his sufferings became gradually alleviated, and his reason was at length restored. During all his illness Mrs. Uwin's watchfulness and kindness as a mother, and for fourteen months his friend, Mr. Newton, kept him at the vicarage, and bestowed on him indefatigable attention. In this case, as in his former illness, his biographers endeavour to prove his mania was not of a religious character. "Various causes have been assigned," says his biographer, "by the kind and judicious writer for the melancholy aberration of mind to which Cowper was now, and at other seasons of his life, subject; but none are so irreconcilable to every thing like just, pure, and legitimate reasoning, as the attempt to ascribe it to religion." "His visions," he continues, "so far from being visionary or enthusiastic, on the contrary were perfectly scriptural and evangelical!" To this there is a plain and simple answer: if his views were not visionary or enthusiastic, their tendency unquestionably would help to support rather than depress his mind; but how comes it, if he has taken such a just view of religion, that his opinion on a particular religious point was so utterly wrong, and that he believed himself doomed to eternal reprobation for an imaginary insult to religion? This, in common parlance, is religious madness; the term is undoubtedly a bad one, for rational views of religion can never produce insane ideas; but erroneous notions of its tenets, and exaggerated ideas of its penalties, may produce insanity, and does so every day, as the reports of our lunatic asylum but too evidently prove. A living poet, whose advocacy of any opinion he espouses is entitled to respect, even when the energy with which it is uttered carries him beyond the bounds of sober judgment, has likewise spurned at the idea of Cowper's malady being occasioned by religious enthusiasm, because the error on which he stumbled was in direct contradiction to his creed. The argument is plausible, but the inference is erroneous; for even granting that his error in this direction was his only error, it is no proof of the assertion, that religious enthusiasm did not exist.

There is a very common species of monomania which mercantile men are especially subject to—an inordinate apprehension of abject poverty without a cause. The victim of this kind of delusion may be a man of strong mind and all other merits, excepting those which concern his circumstances; he may be possessed of considerable wealth, and it may be invested in securities which would short of a national bankruptcy can endanger; yet may that man pine away in secret melancholy, under the impression that his property is in danger, jeopardy, the event of commercial woe which may terminate in the vista of the poor-house; yet the error on which he stumbles is in direct contradiction to his commercial creed, and to his former opinions.

His medical attendant need say plainly enough that excessive anxiety about a multiplicity of matters concerning his business, and his mind, may be the extent of perverting his judgment on a single point of paramount importance. To one of the milder forms of a dyspeptic malady, Abernethy has given the term of the "city disease." *Ceterus paribus*, the term of religious mania, objectionable though it may, is applied to the religious malady. But to return to the observation of the living poet we have alluded to. We find his following remarks no less inconclusive than the first, and his reasoning more characteristic of the nature of impassioned poetry, than of philosophical enquiry. "In spite," he continues, "of the self-evident impossibility of his being so affected, yet such a delusion he was in, though a mind previously diseased might as readily fall into that as any other; in spite of chronology, his first aberration having taken place before he had tasted the good word of God; in spite of geography, that calamity having befallen him in the interior of his country, and his acquaintance with persons holding the reprobat doctrine of election and sovereign grace; and in spite of facts utterly undeniable, that the only effectual ameliorations which he experienced under his first or subsequent attacks of depression, arose from the blessed truths of the gospel.

"In spite of all these unanswerable confutations, of the ignorant and malignant falsehoods, the enemies of

Christian truth persevere in repeating that too much religion made poor Cowper mad. If they be sincere, they are themselves under the strongest delusion, and it will be well if it prove not on their part a wilful one. It will be well if they have not reached that last perversion of human reason, that of falsehood of their own invention."

These are "words, mere words,"—strong words indeed, but not convincing ones. The invective is pointed, though not poetical, and some of the epithets are forcible, but not so familiar to ears polite. Ignorance and malignant falsehoods are enemies of Christian truth; were once very good expressions to settle a difference of opinion, to confound an opponent, and stigmatise his character; but in these degenerate times dispassionate argument is made to do the violent business of abuse in literary discussions, and it is customary to encounter a literary antagonist without encountering a personal infidelity at the onset of the engagement, or of using our pens as we would tonahawks, for the purpose of scalping the victim who has the temerity to differ from us in the complexion of his thoughts.

But there are assertions in the preceding observation to which the author has given the air of facts, and in the manner he has done so, there is an earnestness which is very likely to impose on many, and to render that which is plausible persuasive and convincing. Without a shadow of evidence to support his assertions, the author has boldly asserted, "that it is a self-evident impossibility that religious enthusiasm could have affected Cowper's mind with any morbid hallucinations." The most eloquent of all modern orators has said, "Truth is to be sought only by slow and painful progress; but error is in its nature flippant and contemptible; hence withers the sceptical under over proofs and arguments, and perches upon assertion, which it calls conclusion."

Had Cowper's mind been sane, no rational views of religion could unquestionably have produced the hallucinations; but when his mind was clouded with hypochondria, as in early life before it had taken any definite form, it was liable to being hurried into any morbid view into monomania, and to change the wandering reverie of the former into the settled gloom of the latter, but the exclusive application of enthusiasm to a single subject.

But then chronology and geography are triumphantly appealed to, in order to invalidate this supposition; the former is carried to such a length, that it is obviously to his having devoted himself to religious meditation. The aberration here alluded to was that which occasioned his removal to the asylum at St. Alban's; but here the author falls into the prevalent error of dating a disease from the period of having recourse to medical assistance. He has lost sight of the aberration which long before that period he laboured under the temple, when the terrors of a possible contingency, a public appearance in the house of lords, completely overwhelmed his reason, and caused him to relinquish an opinion which he had long held, and which he hoped. So much for the appeal to chronology! Let us see if the geographical argument is better grounded. Cowper's calamity "having befallen him in London, where he had no acquaintance with persons holding the reprobated doctrines of election and sovereign grace," it is inferred that he was not affected by this doctrine, and that the influence favour which haunted him at intervals even to the end of his life, was taken up in London when he was supposed to be little, if at all religiously disposed. We have elsewhere said that Cowper was brought up in the very hot-bed of piety, and that early religious impressions are with difficulty ever to be eradicated from the mind in after life, however little influence they may appear to have upon the conduct in the season of youthful levity. But the calamity, instead of befalling him in London, befell him in Southampton at the period (as he deemed) of his miraculous conversion; but while conversion was undoubtedly complete, and the impression of the mission of "the unpardonable sin." Here then is geographical argument at fault: both time and place disprove the assertions they were called on to corroborate, and the simple fact remains irrefragable, that *Cowper was a man of a pious and religious mind, who was not degenerated into lunacy, monomania, and that religious enthusiasm was the source of his delusions.*

And in taking leave of this painful subject, we close it with a very sensible observation of Mr. Hayley: "So wonderfully and fearfully are we made, that man perhaps in all conditions ought to pray that he may never be led into any error, and that he may be able to resist so much, since human misery is often seen to arise equally from

an utter neglect of religious duties, and from a wild extravagance of devotion."

CHAPTER XXVI.

COWPER CONTINUED.

During five years Cowper's dreadful depression continued without any abatement. During this period he was paid unremitting attention by Mrs. Uwin: but her kindness to him was, at length, repaid by a gradual improvement in his health.

Mr. Newton, at this time, was removed from the neighbourhood of Olney; before his departure, however, he triumphed over Cowper's extreme reluctance to see strangers, and succeeded in installing the Rev. Mr. Bull, a dissenting clergyman, in the acquaintance of his friend. It is to be regretted, the first use this gentleman made of his influence over the mind of the dejected invalid, was to prevail upon him to translate a collection of spiritual songs from the religious poetry of Madame De Guyon. "If devotional excitement," says his biographer, "had been the cause of Cowper's malady, no recommendation could have been more injudicious."

Most injudicious it undoubtedly was. The French authors in question was a complete enthusiast. Cowper himself speaks of the necessity he was under of guarding in his translation against the danger of errors, "not fearing," he says, "to represent her as dealing familiarly with God, but foolishly, irreverently, and without due attention to his majesty, of which she is somewhat guilty."

He was fortunately induced, however, to employ his leisure in original compositions, and the result was the production of his three great poems.

From the time of his fierce attack in 1773 to his fifteenth year, his malady had the character of a mild melancholy, with occasional paroxysms of a graver nature. At the age of fifty he became an author; but no person, it is observed, ever appeared before the public in that character which has been the lot of many a poet, "in the splendour and glory," he says in one of his letters, "that may be acquired by poetical feats of any kind, God knows, that if I could lay me down in my grave, with hope at my side, or sit with this companion in a dungeon for the residue of my days, I would cheerfully waive them all."

His domestic life, however, was not so gloomy as he abode in his neighbourhood, and Cowper became delighted with her society; his dejection was banished in her company, and his health and spirits evidently improved. Lady Austin was precisely the companion he so much needed, her vivacity, affability, kindness, and taste, and the qualities which were best calculated to revive the spirits and soothe the morbid sensibility of the dejected bard.

During his short intercourse with this lady, his mind was in its healthiest state, we are told by Hayley; and her sprightly and captivating conversation was often the means of rousing him from fits of melancholy. She was accustomed to play on the harpsichord, to distract his gloomy reveries, and to engage him in the composition of songs, suited to the airs she was in the habit of playing to him. On one occasion, when she found him downcast, she endeavoured to enliven him by reciting the ludicrous story of "Johnny Gilpin," which she had heard in childhood; and next morning he informed her that convulsions of laughter, brought on by the recollection of her story, had kept him awake during the greater part of the night, and that he had composed a poem on the subject.

At another time she solicited him to write a poem in blank verse, which he consented to undertake, if she would furnish him with a subject. "You can write upon any thing," said the lady; "why not write upon this sofa?" The command was obeyed, and the world is indebted to Lady Austin for Cowper's production of "The Task," the most pleasing perhaps of his poems. The translation of "Homer" was likewise undertaken at her suggestion, and partly at Mrs. Uwin's. Thus was he rescued from his misery for a time, by literary occupation, and the mischievous influence of his malady mitigated by the society of an amiable and accomplished woman.

Had he found such a companion at an earlier period, how different might have been his fate! and had he enjoyed the advantage of such an acquaintance for a longer period, how much wretchedness might he not have avoided! But the accounts of his malady, as far as they of his situation at this period afford a refreshing contrast to the details of his condition, both in the earlier and later periods of his existence. In the society of a few friends he now divided his time between the pleasures of conversation and the gentle exercise of his pen. His mind thus gradually assumed a more cheerful cast."

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 6, NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA—At \$5 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

How far Cowper's heart was engaged in the intimacy with Lady Austin is evident in his letters to his friends he speaks of her in very guarded terms; but still at times in terms of more than ordinary warmth. That the lady was not indifferent to his merits and amiability is more than probable, and that the tender interest she took in his welfare would have warmed into a stronger affection, and led to permanent union, there is no reason to suspect, had not the feelings and the interests of a third person been opposed to a consummation, that was most devoutly to be wished by every other friend of Cowper.

When taken a house, adjoining the Unwins, with the intention of making it a permanent abode; but unpleasant circumstances arose which ultimately led to her removal from Olney, and to a final separation from Cowper, after an unintermitted intercourse of two years.

The part that Mrs. Unwin took in this affair is differently represented; that she was the cause of the separation there seems to be little doubt, but whether her interference was very blameable is questionable. In common fairness it must be admitted, that the relation in which Cowper stood to this lady, (strictly decorous as their intimacy might have been), the feelings of Mrs. Unwin were concerned in the business, and had a right to be consulted. That they were consulted by her friend is proved by the result.

Albeit, it is allowed by his biographer, that "he could not entertain the idea of parting with Lady Austin with extreme dissipation, but that immediately on perceiving that separation became necessary for the maintenance of his own peace, and to ensure the tranquillity of his faithful and long-tried friend, he wisely and firmly, (the wisdom is very doubtful), took the necessary steps, though at the cost of much mental anguish."

His anguish, however, seems to have been of a very transient nature. In a few days after the separation he writes to one of his friends—"We have lost, as you say, a lively and sensible neighbour in Lady Austin; but we have been so long accustomed to a state of retirement within one degree of solitude, and being naturally lovers of still life, we can relapse into our former dulness without feeling any change. To my mind, indeed, the third individual is unnecessary, while I can have the faithful companion I have had these twenty years."

This is certainly a frigid piece of philosophical penmanship. It exhibits a cool mode of parting with a kind friend, and somewhat of a selfish way of consoling one's self for the loss of an intimate acquaintance, which we can hardly contemplate with pleasure. But nothing throws a stronger light on the morbid state of Cowper's feelings than does this letter. The fact is, his sensibility was acute, but his individual sufferings were too great to enable him to employ it far from home. Had he the mobility of ten poets, his own great misery was more than sufficient to occupy it all. "I fear was in the right," "infirmary" truly "forgets all office," the sick man's obdurations are swallowed up in the sense of his own bodily afflictions, and pain protracted leads as insensibly to selfish feelings, as does old age. Cowper's friends, however, one would think, could have been affected by the loss of a bosom friend, or the death of a dear relative; yet the death of his father, we are told, preyed less on his spirits than any one could have imagined. We find him at the bedside of his brother, performing the last duties of a loving relative, his chief interest in the character of a minister of religion, than of a man occupied by the feelings of fraternal solicitude. And even when the spirit of "his own Mary" is quivering on her lips, we hear him wrapped up in his own wretchedness, inquiring if "she" still is ill, and anxious to see her, but without touching upon one visit to the death-chamber, and never more uttering the name of his old companion.

His silence on this occasion, we are well aware, might have proceeded from the intensity of his sorrow; but it is from the general tenor of his feelings on other similar occasions, the inference is drawn, that Cowper's sensibility was rarely free from morbidness.

But even had he never laboured under hypochondria, there was a sort of catholicity in his benevolence which embraced mankind with innumerable tendrils, but there was no one branch of affection capable of clinging to a single object, of pressing it to the heart's core, and pos-

sessed of sufficient strength, even "in the grasp of death, to hold it fast."

CHAPTER XXVII.

COWPER CONTINUED.

It should be remembered by those who read the history of the errors of other men of genius by the light of Cowper's virtues, that if he had few vices he had likewise few strong passions; or if he had the merit of subduing such passions, that ascension and almost solitude suffered few temptations to cross his path. But it is, nevertheless, questionable whether the qualifications for a monastic institution are essential to his merits or advantageous requirements for society in any Christian country. Hayley, indeed, says that "Nature had given Cowper a warm temperament, but a disappointment of the heart, arising from the cruelty of fortune, had thrown a cloud on his juvenile spirit; thwarted in life, the natural vigour of his temperament turned impetuously into the kindred channel of devotion, and had he been successful in early life, it is probable he might have enjoyed a more uniform and happy tenor of health, but that the smothered flames of passion, uniting with the vapours of constitutional melancholy in the vigour of religious duty, produced altogether that irregularity in the performance of the bodily and mental functions which gave such extraordinary vicissitudes of splendour and of darkness to his moral career, and made Cowper at times an idol of the purest devotion, and at times an object of general pity."

No sooner, however, was he deprived of the society of Lady Austin, than his spirits began to fail, and the loss of her cheerful conversation was followed by a return of his former dejection. He writes to Mr. Newton at this period: "My heart resembles not the heart of a Christian, mourning, and yet rejoicing; wreathed with thorns, yet wreathed about with roses: I have the thorn without the rose. My brier is a wintry one; the flowers are withered, but the thorn remains. My days are spent in vanity, and it is impossible for me to spend them otherwise." "I should rejoice to be the old year, and gone; if I had not every reason to expect a new one similar to it; but even the new year is already old in my account. I am not as yet able to boast by anticipation an acquaintance with the events of it yet unborn, but rest assured, that be they what they may, not one of them comes the messenger of good to me. If even death itself should be of the number, he is no friend of mine; for loaded as my life is with despair, I have no such comfort as would result from a probability of better things to come, were life once ended."

The considerer of this letter puts the character of his mania in a clearer point of view than any other of his epistles. All the peculiarities of monomania are plainly exhibited. On one particular point his reason is clouded, his perceptions distorted, his inferences erroneous. On every other subject he thinks, talks, and acts, sanely and judiciously. He is not a morbidly sensitive man, but morbidly and collectively. All the "method of madness" is in his language; in the words of Locke, he "argues rightly on a wrong principle," and endeavours to convince the clergyman to whom he writes, that the misery of his hypochondria is a mystery of divine ordination, which is physically incurable. It is greatly to be suspected that the mode in which this insane idea was comported by his correspondent, and by most of his religious friends, tended to fix the impression on his mind, and to produce the effect which they desired to avoid.

Of Cowper's letters in general, we may safely assert, that we have rarely met with any similar collection, of superior interest or beauty. Though the incidents which they relate be of no public magnitude or moment, and the language of greater dignity and profundity profound or original, yet there is something in the sweetness and facility of the diction, and more perhaps in the glimpses they afford of a pure and benevolent mind, that diffuses a charm over the whole collection, and communicates an interest that cannot always be commanded by the possession of greater dignity and profundity. Taylor's life of Cowper, recently published, may be referred to with profit by all who admire the writings, and respect the character of Cowper. A good American edition of this work has been issued.—Ed.

"You will tell me," says poor Cowper, "that the cold glow of winter will be succeeded by a cheerful spring, and endeavour to encourage me to hope for a spiritual change resembling it, but it will be too late labour. Nature revives again, but a soul once slain lives no more. The hedge that has been apparently dead is not so; it will burst into leaf and blossom at the approach of spring, and such time is appointed for the stake that stands in it. It is as dead as it seems, and will prove itself no dissembler. The latter end of next month will complete a period of eleven years, in which I have spoken no other language. It is a long time for a man, whose eyes were once opened, to spend in darkness; longer enough to make despair an interesting habit, and such it is in me. My friends, I know, suspect that I shall yet enjoy health again. They think it necessary for the existence of divine truth, that he who once had possession of it should never finally lose it. I admit the solidity of this reasoning in every case but my own; and why not in my own? For causes, which to them it appears madness to allege, but which rest upon my mind with a weight of irremovable conviction. If I am recoverable, why am I thus?—why crippled and made useless in the church just at the time of life, when my judgment and experience being mended, I might be more useful and serviceable than ever. I have, of service, till, according to the course of years, there is not enough life left in me to make amends for the years I have lost—till there is no reasonable hope left that the fruit can ever pay the expense of the fallow? I forbear to enquire how long I shall be permitted to live, but I give no account of his matters—an answer that would serve my purpose as well as theirs who use it. There is a mystery in my destruction, and in time it will be explained."

Such was Cowper's melancholy frame of mind at this period; and yet immediately after he received the letter we have just quoted, we find Mr. Newton soliciting him to favour the editor of the Theological Magazine with occasional essays, and rather reproaching him for not entering upon such subjects as may be inferred from the reply. "I converse," says poor Cowper, "as you say, upon other subjects, on pain, despair, and grief; but I never do so, but in my own mind. I may as well say I am a man of very little conversation upon any subject. From that of despair I abstain as much as possible, for the sake of my company; but I will venture to say it is never out of my mind one minute in the whole day. I do not mean to say that I am never cheerful; I am often so;—always indeed when my nights have been undisturbed for a season. You will easily perceive that a mind thus occupied is but indifferently qualified for the consideration of theological matters. The most useful and the most delightful topics of that kind are to me forbidden fruits. I tremble as I approach them. It has happened to me sometimes that I have found myself imperceptibly drawn in, and made a party to such discourse. The consequence has been dissatisfaction and self-reproach." It is difficult to conceive a more injudicious request than that which was made to Cowper to write theological essays, who was sinking under the weight of religious despondency, was certainly not the way to alleviate his morbid enthusiasm.

In 1785 his prospects were enlivened by the expectation of a visit from his amiable relative, Lady Hesketh. From the moment Cowper heard of the intention of this lady to visit Olney, the delight he anticipated from the interview expressed itself over and over in his letters, in the most joyful terms. "I shall see you again," he writes to her, "I shall hear your voice. We shall take walks together. I will show you my prospects—the 'hovel, the alcove, the Ouse, and its banks; every thing that I have described.'" He tells her about the reception he is making for her in his green-house. "I line it," he continues, "with nets, and spread the floor with mats, and there you shall sit, with a bed of magnoliae at your side, and a hedge of honeysuckles, roses, and jasmine, and I will make you a nest of myrtle for your very dearest. We shall talk of robbery till you and now I have nothing to do but to wish for June—June, my cousin, never was so wished for since June was made. I shall have a thousand things to hear, and a thousand things to tell, and they will all rush into my

mind together, till it will be so crowded with things important to be said, that for some time I shall say nothing. But no matter, sooner or later they will all come out. Confidently, and most comfortably, do I hope that, before the fifteenth of June shall present itself, we shall have seen each other. Is it not so? And will it not be one of the most extraordinary events of my extraordinary life? Joy of heart, from whatever cause it may arise, is the best of all nervous medicines; and I should not wonder if such a turn given to my spirits should have even a lasting effect of the most advantageous kind upon them. You must not imagine, neither, that I am now well, in any respect, except in my nervous affections; occasionally I am, and have been these many years, much liable to dejection, but at intervals, and sometimes for an interval of weeks, no creature would suspect it. *When I am in the best health*, my tide of animal sprightliness flows with great equality, so that I am never, at any time, troubled in proportion as I am sometimes depressed. My depression has a cause, and if that cause were to cease, I should be as cheerful, thenceforth, and perhaps for ever, as any man need be."

Who could imagine it was the same Cowper penned this last letter, and the one that preceded it, and the preceding gloomy epistle to Mr. Newton? But Cowper seems to have suited his spirits to his correspondents, not only on this but on most other occasions; and no greater proof is requisite to show what a powerful influence the habits, feelings, and dispositions of those with whom he was connected, exerted upon his mind, and very little doubt can be entertained that the society of such persons as Lady Hesketh, and Lady Austin, and his later friend, Mr. Hayley, might have prevented half the evils which his sequestered way of life, in the solitude of Olney, was the means of bringing on him.

After a separation of some years, Mr. Cowper had the pleasure of beholding Lady Hesketh, and all the delight he anticipated from the renewal of their acquaintance was realised. "My dear cousin's arrival," he writes to one of his correspondents, "as it could not fail to have made us happier than we ever were at Olney. Her great time spent with us her company, is a cordial that I shall feel the effect of, not only while she is here, but while I live."

Lady Hesketh had not long been at Olney before she became dissatisfied with the poet's residence; she thought it a situation altogether unfit for a person so subject to depression, and Cowper himself had often entertained the same opinions regarding it. He speaks of it as a place built for the purposes of incarceration, and that it had served that purpose through a long long period; that they had been prisoners there, but a jail was not at hand, and the bolts and bars were about to be loosed.

Lady Hesketh had taken a cottage at Weston, in a pleasant situation, and he expresses his delight at the prospect of removing to it. "Here," he says, "we have no neighbourhood—there we shall have much agreeable society. Here we have the air, and the smell of the fumes of marsh miasmas—there we shall breathe an untainted atmosphere. Here we are confined from September to March—there we shall be on the very verge of pleasure-grounds. Both Mrs. Unwin's constitution and mine have already suffered materially by such close confinement. But it is high time, unless we intend to retreat into the grave, that we should seek out a more wholesome residence. We are both, I believe, indebted for our respective maladies to an atmosphere encumbered with raw vapours, and we have, perhaps, suffered worse for sitting so close, and sometimes for several successive months, over a cellar filled with water. We have lived at Olney till mouldering walls and a tottering house warned us to depart; we have accordingly profited by the hint, and taken up our abode at Weston."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

COWPER CONTINUED.

In this wretched house at Olney, and unwholesome situation, was poor Cowper incarcerated, as he justly terms it, for nearly twenty years. What a situation for the abode of a hypochondriac! a gloomy house, and indeed, is it the spirits of the equine poet sunk under the depressing influence of both; never were the infirmities of a mind like Cowper's fastened upon him all through life, by so many circumstances unfavourable to his well-being. No sooner had Lady Hesketh convinced him of the necessity of changing his abode, than his

injunctive friends endeavoured to dissuade him from removing. Mr. Newton, among the rest, his biographer informs us, on being apprised of his intended removal from Olney, expressed apprehensions that it would introduce him to company uncongenial to his taste, if not detrimental to his piety. And poor Cowper had the humiliating necessity of writing a letter to one of his gentlemen, in reply to his objections, that his correspondents and companions were only his near relatives, from whom he was unlikely to catch contamination.

"Your letter," he says, "to Mrs. Unwin, concerning our removal, and the offence taken at it in my neighbourhood, has both a great deal of comfort, if any of our serious neighbours have been astonished, they have been so without the slightest occasion. Poor people are never well employed when they are occupied in judging one another; but when they undertake to scan the motives of those who pursue a laudable course, little above them, they are utterly out of their province and their depth. They often see us get into Lady Hesketh's carriage, and rather uncharitably suppose that it always carries us into a scene of dissipation, which in fact it never does."

"The humiliating task of replying to such trivial accusations as those of Mr. Newton on this occasion, must have been irksome and annoying, even to so amiable a man as Cowper; but the futile charge, and the simple, though dignified, reply to it, are ample illustrations of the difference between a paroxysm of a noble mind."

In the evening of 1787, Cowper was visited with another severe paroxysm of his mental disorder, for more than six months suspended his translation of Homer, on which he had been for some time deeply occupied, and precluded the conversation of those with whom he was habitually associated. In his letters to his cousin he describes the first symptoms of his attack. "I have had a little nervous fever lately, that has somewhat abridged my sleep; and though I find myself better than I have been since it seized me, yet I feel my head lightish, and not in the best order for writing."

But he soon seemed shut up in his letters to his cousin he describes the first symptoms of his attack. "I have had a little nervous fever lately, that has somewhat abridged my sleep; and though I find myself better than I have been since it seized me, yet I feel my head lightish, and not in the best order for writing."

It is well worthy of observation, that in this and every other similar attack of his dreadful depression, head-ache, and the grief spoken of as the premonitory symptoms of his disorder, were not the only evils to which he was subjected. His mind was in a state of extreme depletion, or any other effective means, were ever resorted to, to obviate or prevent his sufferings, which were evidently the effects of determination of blood to the head, or probably the chronic effects of that determination—of confusion and pressure on the brain—the not unlikely source of all his miserable feelings. On one of these occasional attacks, the composition of theological essays are recommended to him; on another, the translation of spiritual songs; on another, the production of a volume of original hymns; but at any of these periods the serene and cheerful mind of the judicious and humane physician, might have proved of more advantage.

He had scarcely recovered from his late illness, before the Rev. Mr. Bull insisted the example of Mr. Newton, and importuned the unfortunate bard to compose a set of hymns for public altar occasions. "Ask possessors," replied poor Cowper, "and they shall be perfect to please, but ask not hymns from a man suffering with despair as I do. I would not sing the Lord's song, were it to save my life, banished as I am, not to a strange land, but to a remoteness from his presence, in comparison to which, the distance from our cot to the city is not so great, in vicinity and cohesion. I dare not, either in prose or verse, allow myself either to express a frame of mind, which I am conscious does not belong to me."

Lady Hesketh remained at Weston the greater part of two years, contributing greatly to revive the drooping spirits of Cowper, and to encourage him in the vast undertaking of Homer's translation. At the approach of January, 1790, he appears to have relapsed into his dejection: he had a superstitious terror of this month, and he never could get over the idea that some dreadful calamity would visit his family. On the whole, however, during the time he was occupied at Weston, Homer he adverts less frequently in his letters to his gloomy feelings than he had formerly done. He speaks to one of his correspondents, of his sufferings, only as singularities which might surprise him if he knew them.

"I must say, however," he adds, "in justice to myself, that they would not flower in your eyes as you would, though perhaps they might tempt you to question the soundness of my upper story."

In the beginning of 1791, he had another attack of what he calls his nervous fever, a disorder which he dreaded above all others, because it was invariably followed by a melancholy, perfectly insupportable. Some time after the publication of his Homer, a literary correspondence with Mr. Hayley led to a personal acquaintance with that gentleman. He was then in his sixty-first year, and Hayley says he appeared to feel none of the infirmities of advanced age, but that he was as vigorous both in mind and body. And speaking of the affectionate veneration and kindness of Mrs. Unwin for the poet, it was hardly possible, he says, to survey human nature in a more touching and a more satisfactory point of view.

In January, 1794, in that gloomy month which he always spoke of with such terror, his bed and forbidding walls at last realised. A severe attack of his malady than any he had yet experienced overwhelmed his spirits, and almost wholly paralysed his mental powers. His despair became permanent, and continued unmitigated through the remainder of all his life, but he was now more desolate than his situation. Mrs. Unwin had been reduced to a state of second childhood by a paralytic affection, and poor Cowper shunned the sight of every other person except the individual who was incapable of rendering him any assistance. For some time he had refused food of every kind, except a small quantity of the best piece of toasted bread, dipped generally in water, sometimes mixed with a little wine; at length, however, he was induced to sit down to his ordinary meals, but he persisted in refusing to take even the medicines that were indispensably required, and he finally urged his cousin to send the famous Dr. Wilson to Weston, to attend to Lady Hesketh on the subject of his malady, and at the instance of Lord Thurlow this eminent physician was induced to visit the invalid at Weston, but no amelioration ensued: his condition at the time was beyond the reach of art. He continued in the same state of mind, and in the same manner, in 1795, when change of scene and air was recommended, both for him and Mrs. Unwin, and they were accordingly conducted by his kind relative, Mr. Johnson, to a village on the Norfolk coast, and from this place they were removed to his own residence, and subsequently to a cottage within a few miles of Swanton, where these little changes were somewhat beneficial to Cowper, though his dejection continued unabated. He suffered Mr. Johnson to read to him several works of an amusing tendency, but nothing could induce him to resume his pen, not even for any revision of his favourite Homer. But a stratagem tried by Mr. Johnson, and which has since been changed, and volume of Wakefield's new edition of Pope's translation on a table in a room through which Cowper had to pass, and the plan was not without success. He discovered, the next day, that Cowper had not only found those passages which there were a comparison between Pope's translation and his own, but had corrected several of his lines at the suggestion of the critic. From this time Cowper regularly engaged in a revival of his own version, and for some weeks produced almost sixty new lines a day. His friends began to entertain hopes of his recovery, and he was able to move out, for in a few weeks he relapsed into his former misery.

CHAPTER XXIX.

COWPER CONTINUED.

In the following December, his old and faithful companion, Mrs. Unwin, was taken from him. This most amiable and pious woman died, in the seventy-second year of her age, and was buried in Dereham Church, where a marble tablet was raised to the memory of Mary who had moved away from Cowper. The day before she expired, he was in a comatose state, and he was so weak and thought he appeared to the attendants so absorbed in his own wretchedness as to take hardly any notice of her condition, it was evident he was aware of her approaching dissolution; for the next morning, when the servant came to remove her from his chamber, he said to her, in a plaintive tone, "Sally, is there life above stairs?" He saw the dying woman for the last time about an hour before she expired. "In the dusk of the evening," says Hayley, "he attended Mr. Johnson to survey the corpse, and after looking at it for a few moments, he started suddenly, and said, 'I have not seen the corpse in my lifetime of passionate sorrow. He spoke of her no more.'"

From the anguish he would have felt on this melancholy occasion, he was so far preserved, continues Hayley, by the marvellous state of his own disturbed health,

they may be designated, and however diligently collected and recorded, are not likely to receive any general immunity from public charity, perhaps at least for half a century to come.

CHAPTER XXXI.
BYRON CONTINUED.

The biographer of a man like Byron is often little aware of the difficulty of the task he undertakes. It is one of the common eccentricities of genius to mystify its character for the capricious pleasure of bewildering the observation of those who are most familiar with its privacy. "It cannot be denied," says Gail, "that there was an innate predilection in the mind of Lord Byron to mystify everything about himself." If such was the case, how difficult was it for those who imagined themselves in his confidence to form a just opinion of his character, and how likely was the superficial observer to estimate his sentiments by his mode of conversing on any subject; that he was conscious of being so, a literary man of celebrity engages without any restraint or affectation of singularity, even with his intimate acquaintances, he is fearful of endangering his confidence and diminishing the respect of his private circle. If Johnson had not been in the habit of perplexing Boswell by the paradoxical questions he would have suffered more severely from the veneration of the latter might have declined in a ratio with the facility of comprehending the oracles of his idol.

Burns, long before interdependence disordered his sensibility, was accustomed to astonish his correspondents at the length of his letters, and to bewilder them by imaginary errors and by magnifying common cares into overwhelming troubles.

Pope, we are told by Johnson, in the prime of life courted notoriety, by playing the fictitious part of a misanthrope before it became him; and even Swift was constrained to tell him that he had suffered or acted conspicuously in the world, he became weary of it.

"The melancholy Cowley" had a similar propensity for visionary persecutions, and imaginary anxieties. "No man," says his biographer, "need squander his life in voluntary dreams or fictitious occurrences; the man that sits down to suppose himself persecuted by treason or perfidy, and beats his mind to an elaborate purgation of his character from crimes which he never within the possibility of committing, differs only in the infrequency of his folly, from him who praises beauty which he never saw, and complains of jealousy which he never felt."

Byron, in his early eagerness for notoriety, affected singularity so strongly, that by dint of deceiving others he actually became the dupe of his own delusions. Day after day he alludes in his journal to the recurrence of a dream, whose horrors would seem to be the fitting companions of the terrors of a murderer. "I awoke from my slumber," he writes, "and heard myself say—'Such a dream—but she did not overtake me! I wish the dead would rest for ever. Ugh! how my blood chilled—I do not like this dream! I hate its foregone conclusion!'"

In another page—"No dreams last night of the dead or the living. So I am 'torn as the marble founded on the rock, and the rock itself is moved.'" Such a dream!

Elsewhere, speaking of the "Bride of Abydos," he says, "It was written in four days to distract my dreams from * * *"; were it not thus it had never been composed; and had I not done something at the time, I must have gone mad by taking my own brain—better died!"

In another place he writes, "Myself, the cause of his presence. Had it not been for Murray it would never have been published, though the circumstances which are the groundwork of it—heigh ho!"

Alluding to his state of mind at this period, he says, "My ostensible temper is entirely improved, but I must shudder, and must to my latest hour, at the consequences of my moods combined. One event—but no matter; there are others not much better to think of also—to them I give the preference. But I hate dwelling upon incidents; my temper is now under management, rarely loud, and when loud, never deadly."

Even at seventeen the rage for fictitious misery was upon him:

"Oh memory, torture me more,
Oh memory, torment thy slave no more,

BYRON CONTINUED.

"Oh memory, torture me no more
The present's all o'ercastr;
My hopes of future bliss are o'er
In mercy veil the past."

"Is the mildest," says D'Iraceli, "a moral man? Is he malignant who publishes satires? Is he a libertine who composes loose poems? And is he, whose imagination delights in terrors and in blood, the very monster he paints?" A reference to the dissimilar character of the painter and the poet is here made. "The painter," says La Fontaine, "he tells us," wrote tales fertile in intrigue. Yet has not left a single amount on record. Many of Smollet's descriptions were not only prurient but indelicate, yet his character was immaculate. Cowley loved to boast of the variety of his life, and of the many adventures which he had undergone. Living poet has left Catullus in the shade, and yet proved the most constant of husbands; and yet, on the other hand, behold "Seneca, at the slaughter of seven millions, writing on moderate despatches. Salust declining against the licentiousness of his age, and Tacitus, recommending the virtues of his ancestors yet ineapable, says Plutarch, of imitating them. Since Thomas More preaching toleration, yet in practice a fierce persecutor. Young constantly condemning perjury, and yet all his life pining after it, the most conscious of the contradictions of his nature." The poet, who is so true to tragic and comic muse, we have but to glance at Rowe, stalking solemnly in sock and buskin, and yet according to Spence, laughing all day long, and doing nothing else but laugh. And Moliere, the first of comedians, setting the theatre in a roar, yet, according to the same authority, "was so much of a hypocrite, that he never threw a little light on the dissimilar character of the author as he presents himself before us in his literary robe, and the private individual in the every-day dress of common life. And they may also serve to show the fictitious nature of the poet."

Such are the lines of a boy at seventeen.
In Stendhal's account of Byron in the "Foreign Life

said to Atticus "that a true poet never thought any other better than himself. Ovid and Horace afford specimens of this sort of self-complacency, *'ezegi monumentum ari perennius'*. *Janque opus exegi quod nec Jovis tra.*" But we cannot trace this in the poet of the future, for the influence of this beautiful sin of vain-glory, among the best and most amiable of our bards there probably exists but one splendid and solitary exception to the rule,—a man of genius without passions, and consequently without virtues, without fervid enthusiasm, the calm and even current of his life for half a century had hardly an impediment to its tranquillity. But this was not the lot of Byron—the child of passion—born in bitterness,

"And nurtured in convulsion,

all the elements of domestic discord were let loose upon his youth—a home without a tie to bind his affections to its hearth—a mother disqualified by the frenzied violence of her temper, for the offices of a parent; and if he would escape from the recollection of that violence, no father's fondness could fall upon him, and no vision consoled with his memory to make its contemplation a pleasure to his child, for he

"Had spoiled his goodly lands to gild his waste,
Nor calm domestic peace had ever deigned to taste."

It is difficult to conceive more unfavourable circumstances for the development of a mind like Byron's; the only wonder is, that any of the noble qualities of his nature escaped perversion. These circumstances are alluded to with exquisite pathos in Childe Harold,

"I have thought,

Too long and darkly, till my brain became
In its own eddy boiling, and overwrought,
Girdling guilt of phantoms and flame,
And thus untaught in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poisoned."

Many, however, imagined that Byron's melancholy was purely fictitious, and that the poet put on the vesture and garb of woe, as poor Maturin, after the battle of Waterloo, would one day put his arm in a sling, and another day wrap a silk handkerchief round his knee, and parade the town, to excite the sympathy of the passengers. But it was not the "windy suspiration of forced breath, nor the dejected 'haviour of his visage,' that constituted his gloom. His misanthropy, at all events, was only in his pen, but his melancholy was in his heart.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BYRON CONTINUED.

The intensity of Byron's hostility to a fellow-creature, on any occasion, could never have entitled him to the love of our great moralist—he was a bad hater! So genuine was his gloom, that Burton himself might have lived in its anatomy, for it was the very epitome of melancholy. The first time Moore saw him, he was struck with the spiritual paleness of his features, and the habitual melancholy of their expression. To ordinary observers there is nothing more inexplicable than the mirth of melancholy, the good people of Aberdeen have heard that De Quincey was a very good fellow, because in the bitterness of his heart he could not choose but laugh at the follies of his time; but Hippocrates told them that they were fools, for the man was neither mad nor mirthful. Goethe's "capricious temper," to use his own words, was ever crossing between the extremes of sadness and petulance; "Byron's capricious humour was ever alternating between the extremes of excitement and exhaustion.

"Though I feel tolerably miserable," he says, in his journal, "yet am I subject to a kind of hysterical meridian, which I can never account for nor control; and yet I am not relieved by it, but an indifferent person would think me in excellent spirits."

On one occasion, we hear of his asking Lady Byron, with an attempt at light-heartedness, if he was not after all a very good-humoured man, and of the dancer to his spirits in the shape of a girl. "Byron, you are the most melancholy man I ever knew."

Wilkie has taken subjects less ludicrously pathetic for his pictures, than the melancholy poet attempting to be jocular, and enquiring of his wife, if he is not mirthful; but the lady with a rural countenance, in the serious act of expressing her dissent.

In one of his letters to Moore, he says, he feels as Curran said he felt before his death, a mountain of lead

upon his heart; and when Moore rallies him for his dejection, and tells him he could not have written the "Vision of Judgment" under the depression of much melancholy, "There," replied Byron, "you are mistaken; a man's heart is not a distaff faculty, and so, and has no more to do with the every-day individual than the inspiration of the Pythones, when removed from her tripod."

Byron was in the right; the author and the man are seldom one and the same being in the complexion of their humours, and the vapours of the bard and the vagaries of the muse have very little in common. What more dissimilar identities is it possible to imagine than Don Quixote wandering over Spain in quest of ridiculous adventures, and Cervantes pinning in a dungeon; or John Gilpin performing antics on his disreputable expedition to Edinborough, and Cowper wrapped up in his own miseries at Olney? What can be more contradictory in the nature of the same individual than Sterne, in the words of Byron, whining over a dead ass and neglecting to relieve a living mother; or Prior addressing the most romantic sonnet to his Ulysses, and the most sentimental passion for a bar-maid; or Swift, breaking the heart of Vanessa, by his cold-hearted behaviour, while he was filling the world with the praises of her wit and beauty; or Petrarch, abandoning his family, while dilating his hopes of glory, and parading the streets, in the felicity of his countenance, having the honours of paternity twice conferred upon him, and each time the distinction the reward of a different attachment; or Zimmerman, inculcating lessons of beautiful benevolence, while his tyranny was driving his son into madness, and leaving his daughter an outcast from his home; or "his harshness," says Goethe, "towards his children was the effect of hypochondria, a sort of madness or moral assassination, to which he himself fell a victim after sacrificing this offering. But, he it remembered," continues Goethe, "that the man, who appeared to have so vigorous a constitution, and so invincible a determination, a part of his life; that this skillful physician, who had saved so many lives, was himself afflicted with an incurable disorder."

Would that every biographer, in a similar spirit, scrupulously abstained from generalising, and avoided the errors before they were entangled into the ailments which may have clouded reason, or weakened the powers of volition! We need not have recourse to the stars, like the amiable Melancthon, for the origin of melancholy; we are infinitely more likely to find it in the stomach; but wherever it be, the dictate of life, its various and its obvious symptoms, we are told by Goethe, is "always the effect of physical and moral causes combined; and while the former claims the attention of the physician, the latter demands the attention of the moralist." To investigate the phenomena of both is the province of the medical philosopher; and if the object of his enquiry be to preserve the character of genius from the obloquy which ignorance and uncharitableness too frequently cast upon it, however imperfectly he execute the task, the motive which led him to it should at least disarm enemies, and procure him commendation.

The question of Byron's hypochondria no one can dispute, who has perused his journals. Its various Protean forms are there set forth in language which affection could not forge, nor fiction mimic. "What can be the reason," he says in his journal, "I awake every morning depressed, and weary, and almost sufficed with life? Five years ago, I had the same kind of hypochondria, but accompanied with so violent a thirst, that I have drank as many as fifteen bottles of soda-water in a night, after going to bed." This unaccountable dejection without a cause, and this waking up low spirits, he frequently alludes to, and expresses an apprehension of insuring in his own words, of "dying like Swift, at the top first."

In one of his letters from Italy, after speaking of a slight intermission, he again recurs to his melancholy.

"What I find worst, and cannot get rid of, is the growing depression of spirits, which I cannot sufficiently cause. I ride, I am not intemperate in eating or drinking, my general health is as usual, except a slight ague, which rather does good than not. It must be constitutional, for I know nothing more than usual to depress me in this regard."

In truth, with some truth, he attributes his hypochondria to an hereditary taint. His mother was its victim in its most furious form, her father "was strongly suspected of suicide" and another very near relative, of the same branch, swallowed poison, but was saved by the timely application of arsenic. Byron was the son of his maternal grandfather than any of his father's family. In fact, all the symptoms of hypochondria, the effect of

some cerebral disorder, were his; and the restlessness of disposition, which renders every change a momentary relief, the aversion from the world which drives the sufferer into solitude, and yet makes solitude insupportable without the excitement of some occupation, or such employment of the imagination as may divert the individual's attention from his own sad thoughts; without such employment, Byron was the most miserable of men. It was for this relief that one of his poems was produced in a single night, and to one of these paroxysms of melancholy the public are indebted for one of the most humorous of his productions. "I must write," he says in his journal, "to empty my mind, or I shall go mad."

CHAPTER XXXV.

BYRON CONTINUED.

There is no question that Byron's disorder was grievously aggravated by ill-regulated habits; on the subject of regimen he held most ridiculous opinions; he believed the rigid abstinence of an anchorite to be compatible with the most profuse expenditure of nervous energy, and that the exhaustion of the mind was only to be balanced by a corresponding depression of the corporeal powers, so as to preserve a wholesome equilibrium. In very early life, by carrying this absurd opinion into practice, he had rendered his digestive organs, that without the strongest stimulus, are the source of the most potent retention of food except of the very simplest kind, and in the smallest quantity. In a word, dyspepsia was induced, and the original, and probably hereditary disease which was latent in his constitution, was developed. We have seen how this was less than the real personal appearance that Byron was so rigidly abstemious, than most people imagine. In early youth it might have been vainly inspired him with such a dread of obesity, but in his maturer years it was the sufferings from indigestion that followed every occasional excess which drove him to abstinence. But the greatest mortification in his regimen, he was extreme in all things: the reason he gave Lady Blessington for the austerity of his diet was, "that when the body is fat the mind becomes fat also." In his early letters he dwells with great complacency on his rigid regimen, and his loving friends, so much as his anxiety for his personal appearance might have been, by his abstinence, it is highly probable it was the suffering in his head whenever his habit became plethoric that drove him to the other extreme of an insufficient diet. In 1807, he boasts of having reduced himself to a constitution of the most delicate kind, and in twenty-seven pounds. In 1808, he lost two stone more, and on another occasion he writes exultingly to Drury that he has reduced himself from fourteen stone seven pounds to ten stone and a half. Poor Lord Byron was little aware that by these violent measures he was sapient constitution, and slowly and surely undermining his strength and spirits. At the time, so far from suffering any inconvenience, he describes his agreeable sensations, and seems to have furnished himself with the idea of augmenting his happiness. But like Hezekiah, he held "for felicity he had no grief." After noticing in his journal, his wish for a week to eat any biscuits, he writes, "I wish to God," he says, "I had not dined now, it kills me with heaviness, and yet it was but a pint of Buccellas and fish. O my head! how it aches! the horrors of indigestion!" And elsewhere, "This morning, being 18th, I was so ill, that I was obliged to lose the last part of his journal, after a fit of indigestion, he says, "I've no more charity than a vinegar crout; would that I were an ostrich, and died on fire-irons!" And the melancholy diary finishes with these words—"O fool! I shall go mad!"

When, in 1816, his system of diet was regulated by an abstinence almost incredible: "A thin slice of bread," says Moore, "with tea, was his breakfast; a light vegetable dinner, with a bottle or two of Seltzer-water, tinged with *vin de grave*, and in the evening a cup of tea, without milk or sugar, formed the whole of his sustenance; three panada loaves, he appeared by chewing tobacco, and smoking cigars."

In 1819, he complains of being in a state of great exhaustion, attended by such debility of stomach that nothing remained upon it. When Shelley visited him in Rome, he was in a state of health so impaired, that he was living; "but he had almost destroyed himself in Venice," continues Shelley, "and such was his state of debility that he was unable to digest any food."

Even in his last journey to Greece he carried the same habit of carrying himself into practice; his diet at Missolonghi was sparing, and he ate "the extreme of a few bars" of bread, fish, and olives, was the daily allowance

for his table. Such a regimen might have suited the feeble of La Trappe, but it was illadapted to the board of one who had assumed the casque and not the cow, and who had the toil and peril of an opening campaign to provide strength and spirits for. It is unnecessary to add, that the physical debility occasioned by this mode of living, from time to time produced equally pernicious. Byron, like him, was obliged to have recourse to stimulants which afforded a temporary excitement, and, by reaction, in their turn augmented the sufferings they were taken to assuage. Ardent spirits, wine, and laudanum, were had recourse to, often in excess, and as often laid aside for an opposite mode of living equally pernicious. Byron, like Johnson, could practise abstinence, but not temperance. He describes the effects of these stimulants on his spirits in one of his letters. "Wine," he says, "exhilarates me to that degree, that it makes me savage, and suspicious, and quarrelsome; it gives me a singular ardour, but I can take much of it without any effect at all. The thing that gives me the highest spirits, it seems absurd but true, is a dose of salts." It was early in life that he appears to have become addicted to the use of opium. In 1821, after speaking of exhilarating spirits and strong liquors, he says, "I am no longer able to resist the impulse to do. At a later period, informing his friend of some slight indisposition, he tells him he has again lowered his diet, and taken to Epsom salts.

It would be useless to produce further proofs of the injurious influence of the ill-regulated habits of Lord Byron, by his injudicious regimen and ill-regulated habits; and when we find him, in the course of his travels, frequently attacked by local fevers and at various intervals suffering from their recurrence, we may fairly conclude that his constitution had been predisposed to the reception of its miasmas by his habitual regimen. In those countries where intermittents most prevail, low living is thought to be most unfavourable to health, and there can be very little question but that Byron's constitution was shattered by the effects of those attacks of malaria, which he ascribed with his usual egotism to the climate, and like most of the curses he attributes to the absence of physicians, he says his life was saved in this instance by his Albanian followers frightening away the doctors.

On another occasion he had a similar fever at Patras, and the assistance of his doctors, he says, he protested against both the assassins when he was seized with the disorder. On his second visit to Greece he was attacked by a similar local fever, and when he swam across the Hellespont he contracted an ague from which he appears to have suffered during the summer of 1817. The symptoms of this recurrence, a fever in Venice, he has ascribed some years before in the marshes of Elba. In 1819, he writes from Venice, "I have been ill these eight days with a tertian fever caught in a thunder-storm. Yesterday I had the fourth attack; it is the fever of the place and the season." The Countess Guiccioli says she was ill about the whole time; he fancied his mother-in-law haunted his bed-side; yet in his ravings he composed some excellent verses which he subsequently burnt. In 1821, he had another intermittent fever when setting off for Pisa, and he describes it as coming in the form of a cold, or three days, but not upon intimate terms with him; he finishes by saying, "I have an intermittent generally every two years," and when the climate is favourable, as it is here, he speaks of his ague as doing him positive good. His last illness was the suite of another fever, of remittent character, which he caught early the day previous to his arrival at Missolonghi. On the vessel coming to an anchor among some little islands on the coast, he bathed in the open sea, on a cold night in January, and continued in the water for a considerable time, although the storm had hardly subsided in which the vessel had been nearly wrecked. He afterwards became ill, and, from the circumstance, Fletcher says, "I am fully persuaded it injured my lord's health; he certainly was not taken ill at the time, but in the course of two or three days he complained of pains in his bones, which continued more or less to the time of his death." And let us take this opportunity of doing justice to the good sense and good feeling that is to be found in every observation of this faithful servant. Fletcher's fidelity to his master survived his loss, while that of his historians has been fatal to his memory.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BYRON CONTINUED.

In the foregoing account there are fevers commonly recorded to have shattered the vigour of half a dozen countries; and Byron's constitution, indifferent at the

best, and debilitated by an ill-judged regimen, was so enervated by these various intermittents, as to have rendered the treatment of any serious disorder that might befall him, perplexing, in the extreme, to a young physician, and even difficult enough to the best experienced; this must be allowed in justice, as well as in charity, to the most ardent of Lord Byron's admirers in his last illness.

Whenever death is the termination of disease, the world is too apt to call the nature of the medical treatment into question, and in many cases, to judge the inevitable issue of life and death as a matter between man and man, with little reference to an overruling agent. When one mode of treatment has been unsuccessful, we are too ready to conclude that another would have been better, and, reasoning from antecedent facts, nothing is easier than to say, the result has been unfortunate, but another course might have produced a different effect. God is the only judge of this, and the judgment of man is always partial, and oftentimes presumptuous. It is with a full conviction of this truth, with an eager desire to avoid the assumption of arrogant pretension, and the suspicion of professional animosity, that we venture to speak on the subject of Byron's last illness, and of the manner in which he was treated. There are circumstances in which we are obliged to his friends, to venture an enquiry into its nature and treat a matter of more than personal interest, or of idle curiosity. It is not a simple question of skill or inability, of a disease mistaken or understood, but one of climate and constitution, and the modifying influence of both over disease.

The medical attendants of Byron were young practitioners; they had little experience in the treatment of the disorders of the Levant, and they had little, if any, previous acquaintance with the constitution and peculiarities of their patient. The best informed European physician who commences practice in the East, finds his knowledge at first when he trusts to the same foundation, in the climate, which he has seen in the former, in similar diseases. He will find those which he was accustomed to consider inflammatory in the one, characterised in the other by symptoms of irritability, or of general disturbance of the nervous system, and he will find that the indications for the inefficiency of antiphlogistic measures. If a general observation holds good in that science, in which all general rules are seldom, if ever, applicable, the assertion may be hazarded, that nine tenths of the maladies of hot climates are to be remedied without the lancet. The nervous energy of the system, which is diminished by the disease, is shattered constitution with still more difficult repair. The ignorance of this fact may have subjected Byron to injudicious treatment, for that his disorder was maltreated there appears much reason to apprehend.

From the effects of the bathing on "the cold night in January," he appears never to have recovered. By Fletcher's account, he was subsequently "one day well, another day ailing, though still able to go abroad." His symptoms were those of a fibrile remittent and rheumatic character for some weeks, till at length, harassed in mind by the various troubles, tormented by the turbulence of the Suliot barbarians, and rendered more unwieldy in all his endeavours to serve Greece by the rapacious chiefs, and the jealous Franks who were about him, his irritability increased, and concurred, as Moore has well expressed it, "with whatever predisposing tendency he was already in his disposition, to form a convulsive fit which was the forerunner of his death." The fit he alludes to was that epileptic seizure which he has elsewhere noticed, and which, after depriving him of sense and speech, and violently convulsing his whole system, left him in a state of such convulsive weakness, that his strength never again rallied. The very nature of the fit he was found to be better, still pale and weak; he complained of a sensation of weight in his head; leeches were applied to his temples, but a much larger quantity of blood was abstracted than his physicians had anticipated. His efforts to rally, and his sufferings were completely baffled. We are told that blood continued to flow so copiously, that from exhaustion he fainted; and it appears to have been on this very day, in the midst of his sufferings, that his life was threatened by French soldiers. Colonel Stanhope has well described the scene. "Soon after his death, he lay on his back, faint with over-bleeding, he was lying on his sick bed, with his whole nervous system completely shaken; the mutinous Suliot, their splendid attire covered with dirt, broke into his apartment, brandishing their costly arms, and, with their wild and noisy songs, and their bayonets, electrified by this sudden act, seemed to recover from

his sickness, and the more the Suliot, raged, the more his calm courage triumphed. The scene was truly sublime."

The excessive bleeding above noticed, under all the circumstances of the case, was unquestionably fatal to Lord Byron; the death-blow was given to his shattered constitution, and the little strength that he had left to combat with the slow insidious maledy which had been lurking in his frame for many days, was totally and irretrievably destroyed.

Captain Parry was the only person about him who seems to have been aware of the nature of his attack, and understood the treatment that ought to have been adopted. "His lordship," he says, "had not eaten any thing but cheese, fish, vegetables, and bread, for several days. His disease was epileptic, and arose from debility and bad diet." The language of this rough soldier is that of a man of common sense; he understood the constitution of Byron probably better than any of his attendants; and when Byron still spoke to him of the necessity of low living, he said to him, "You must not live too low, my lord; in this swampy place some stimulus is necessary; but your physicians should know best." "I am ordered," he continues, "there was some difference between his constitution and those of the persons whom Dr. Bruno was accustomed to treat;" (and with less courtesy than might have been desired, he adds,) "had he turned his doctors out of doors, and returned to the habits of an English gentleman as to his diet, he would probably have recovered." With the latter part of this opinion we entirely agree.

Alluding to his state of health in the middle of March, Moore observes, "from the period of his attack in February he had been from time to time indisposed, and more than once had complained of vertigo, which made him feel as if intoxicated. He was, more frequently affected with nervous sensations, with shiverings and tremors, which were apparently the effects of excessive debility; and proceeding upon this notion," continues Moore, "he abstained almost wholly from animal food, and ate little else but bread and vegetables."

The grievous error of attributing to a plethoric state of the constitution such symptoms as have been just described, no one acquainted with the simplest principles of medicine could possibly have fallen into; but of these errors, Byron, with all his various knowledge, was lamentably ignorant.

Plutarch has well advised all literary men to study the science of health. It is one of the anomalies in modern education, that total ignorance on so important a subject as the preservation of health, or the prevention of disease, should be compatible with a reputation for general erudition; it is strange, indeed, that while they are soaring above the clouds in quest of the knowledge of the heavens, or seeking in the lower strata of the earth an elucidation of the mystery of its formation, that the wonders of the human economy should attract no portion of its attention, and that while the elements of every art are acquired in our colleges, not even a superficial knowledge of the first principles of medicine is a necessary part of a gentleman's education. Students may come from Cambridge and Oxford with all "the blushing blush of youth," and yet be ignorant of the elements of health; they may come forth "decked with the spoils of every art," the wreath of every muse," champions of theology, prodigies of erudition, masters of the wisdom of former times, and yet be actually ignorant of the theory of the circulation of the blood. "They may have wasted the best years of youth, and the first of life's blessings, the acquisition of unspoken tongues, and yet not know how to obviate the evil effects of studious habits on their health, to check disease,

"Prevent the danger, or prescribe the cure."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BYRON CONTINUED.

We are now arrived at the last illness of Lord Byron. Its immediate cause appears to have been long known to rain on the 19th of April. It is well to bear in mind that the night bath we have elsewhere alluded to was on the 4th of January; the 15th of February he was seized with the epileptic fit, and on the 9th of April commenced the illness which terminated in his death.

Immediately after his return home on the 9th, he was seized with shivering; he complained of fever and much head-ache. Dr. Bruno proposed bleeding; to this he objected, and Parry seconded his remonstrance. "I was confident," says Parry, "from the mode in which he had lately lived, and had been lately tormented, that to

not, until it was too late to do any thing, any suspicion of the true nature of his disease, we are fully satisfied.* No less fully satisfied are we that the writer of this article was ignorant of the true nature of the disease of Byron, as he presumes his physicians to have been, and that bleeding at any period of the disorder would not only have been ineffectual, but injurious. The indication, we take it, from the commencement of the disorder, was the abolition of calmness, the irritability arising from a local remittent fever, slowly developed, and indistinctly marked in all its symptoms. Mild aperients, antimonial sudorifics, the occasional exhibition of camphor and ammonia, and even more direct stimulants than the diffusible, when the exhaustion was extreme; the use of anodynes when the nervous symptoms were increased, and even of opiates when irritability was such as to produce insomniolence, and that kind of cerebral excitement which resembles *delirium tremens*.

This is the treatment in similar disorders of the Levant we have been successfully adopted, and which we believe was far better adapted to the case before us than the opposite plan that was practised. At this distance of time, from the event to which it refers, were the question mooted with the unworthy motive of calling professional ability into question, for the purpose of cavilling with its claims, any successful efforts to remedy the disorder, observations would merit any obloquy that might befall them. But, they have been written with other views, and we trust, at least, that the younger part of our professional brethren, who visit climes dissimilar to their own, may profit by the experience which others may have reached by the road of error, and may be instrumental to the preservation of lives of perhaps greater value to the world than their own.*

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The celebrated John Bell has said in one of his works, that the sight of an unskillful operation was more servicable to the spectators than that of the

* The following passage from Miss Berry's admirable work, entitled "Social Life in England and France from the restoration of Charles the Second, to the French Revolution," contains the opinion of a lady of great attainments, and of high estimation on the character of Lord Byron's female portraits:

"If Joanna Baillie, in her exquisitely portrayed characters of excellence and of virtuous feeling, sometimes betrays an unwillingness to step into the dominion of duty, and to encounter the expenses of a virtuous life, such passages, Lord Byron, by choice, and perhaps by his own preference for eastern subjects, has also given a sameness to many of his heroes, and reduced all his heroines to one model. They are all fond females, clinging to a protector, without the smallest discrimination, or opinion, or even curiosity, as to the character or situation of the man to whom they are attached; and this with a boldness of sexual passion, which not all the author's delicate and admirable descriptions of their personal beauty can at all conceal. He never calls on the associations, sentiments, and feelings founded on individual character, or on degrees of excellence, and comparative merit. He equally neglects the combats between duty and love, in minds capable of appreciating the one, and of exalting the other from desire to passion; to say nothing of parental affection, and the yet more sublime, because more perfectly disinterested, sacrifice of friendship. He confines himself to paint women as the mere females of the human species, who, except that they share with man, 'that paragon of animals,' superior personal beauty, are described as little distinguished from the females of any other animal, and are the same sort of mild and furious passions to those of the other sex; are treated with little more ceremony while together; and are left as easily, in quest of prey or revenge."

Who but must regret to find Lord Byron's name thus frequently mentioned in the tale of the adventures of subjects that would have opened an inexhaustible field to her various powers? for who can doubt the variety of those powers, when reading the exquisite and exalted descriptive poetry scattered over all his works—always associating the scene he describes with the most invigorating scenery of the human mind?

We shall have occasion hereafter to refer to this work of Miss B.'s, which has not been published in America, but is very popular in England. The modesty of the author has concealed her name, but as Mrs. Jameson refers to it in her last work, "The Beauties of Charles the Second," it can be no secret at home.—*Ed.*

most successful and expert one, inasmuch as those who witnessed the defects of the operator had the opportunity afforded them of profiting by his errors. The principle of the observation applies to the followers of literary pursuits; there is more evil to be avoided by an acquaintance with the infirmities of genius, than by the observation of the manifold advantages of the best regulated habits, and happily constituted temperaments. Nevertheless, the history of a well-ordered mind, like that of Scott, is not without its lessons, and, perhaps, by the encouragement of the example it offers for imitation, exhibits the advantage and the reward of mental management, of moderated enthusiasm, and of the government of imagination, as powerfully as the example of the failures of the great geniuses of the world tend to persuade their followers to avoid their errors. In our notice of Scott, it will be unnecessary to enter into such minute, or biographical details, as the nature of our enquiry into the infirmities of Cowper and Byron led us into. In these instances the sufferings and the faults of the individuals were wound up with all the circumstances of their lives; but in the case of Sir Walter Scott, his career had the tranquillity of a summer stream, pursuing the even tenor of its way in one undeviating course. It was Sir Walter's good fortune to be born in that country, whose genius, in the language of the poet, "has been nurtured in the bosom of a medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty, and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth: cool and ardent—adventurous and persevering—which wings its eye like a hawk, and the blaze of its intellect like a sun that never winks, and a wing that never tires." It was his still temper, and from his earliest years to "have known the luscious sweets of plenty, to have slept with full content about his bed, and never waked but to a joyful morning;" to have had no difficulties to struggle with in his early career, no privations; endure extraordinary adventures to encounter, and few disappointments; to have a great portion of his life, to sear his feelings, to irritate his temper, or to sear his affections. The rare combination of splendid genius and sober judgment, whether the occasion or the consequence of his fortunate position, he has never had cause to regret. His education influenced not a little by the favourable circumstances which attended his career for so long a period; but one thing is certain—the result of his temperament, however constituted, or by whatever circumstances confirmed, was the diffusion of an exuberant benevolence towards mankind, and the exercise of a good humoured philanthropy to every composition that issued from his pen. This was the great charm, not only of his writings, but of his conversation—the spell by which the mighty magician of romance worked on the feelings and enchantment, and bound up the faculties in wonder and enchantment.

The peculiarities of temperament, in no small degree, depend upon the health of the individual; irritability of temper, and placidity of disposition, much often than people imagine, are questions of bodily ailments, and of the constitution; personal and good humours are but too frequently matters that are relative to physical peculiarities, and timidity and resolution are qualities which are determined to a great extent by the condition of the nervous system. This doctrine, like that of phrenology, has been impugned, not because it is legitimate enough, but because it is liable to be dangerous. We, however, believe it to be otherwise; and in asserting it, we war but with the malignity which "tracks the errors of genius to the tomb," not with the morality which visits the depravity of the heart. The legitimate consequences you can peruse the biography of Scott, and excuse it, that the instability of his temper was the consequence of bodily infirmities, which rendered his life "a long disease." Who can doubt, but that the moroseness of Johnson's humour, was the result of a "ferocious hypochondria," and that Byron's morose and morbid eccentricities were largely influenced by an hereditary disease, aggravated by alternate extremes of irregular and abstemious habits? And who indeed can doubt but that Scott's happy temperament was mainly indebted for its felicity to long continued health?

If alluding people were to argue from such a doctrine, that the conduct of their tempers, and the government of their passions, (being at certain intervals under the dominion of disease,) had wholly ceased to be under the control of reason—if they imagined that as invalids they were privileged to be as irritable as Pope, as morose as Johnson, as wayward as Byron, as intemperate

as Burns, or as melancholy as Cowper, not only without reproach, but with impunity; then indeed there would be danger in the doctrine, and truth itself would be justly its promulgator. But the objection is an idle one, for neither peevishness, nor moroseness, nor morbid sensibility, nor melancholy, can be indulged in with impunity; each carries with it its own punishment, and its votary (if such it could have) would soon become its victim. But even if his health suffered not from the subject, he would be exposed to punishment, simply would be he, how little acquainted with the history of genius or the calamities of its children, if he expected that the world would privilege his peevishness, make allowance for his petulance, or pity his illness. For what would he be expected to expect its charity; what consideration do the errors or eccentricities of genius ever meet with from it?

Scott and Goethe are two of the most remarkable instances in modern times of genius so divested of its ordinary errors, that the admiration it called forth was scarcely mingled with a sound of literary hostilities. In both, the poetic temperament was seen to greater advantage than we have been accustomed to behold it. It disqualified them for no duties, public or private; it unfitted them not for the tender offices of friendship or affection, and the world for once enjoyed the rare exhibition of a man whose genius was not at the expense of good fathers, and good citizens. Their works were imbued with a spirit of philosophical philanthropy, which the public taste was luckily in the vein to appreciate; and if their competitors joined in their applause, it was because they had no injuries to complain of at the hands of his labours, but only to respond to their criticisms, no injustice from their strictures, no ungenerous treatment from the pride of their exalted stations. In each instance a happy temperament enabled his possessor to preserve that station which his genius had attained, and in each a temperate management of that temperament, which he compensated with the management of health, and vigour. It required, indeed, no ordinary stock of health to enable an author to resist the wear and tear of mind and body, which the incessant application to literary pursuits is productive of; but in both, vigour, both of mind and body, to render an individual capable of the immense amount of literary labour which Scott had the courage to encounter, and the persevering industry to get through without seclusion from the world, and apparently without fatigue. By what happy means was he enabled to accomplish so much? Was it by the possession of a peculiar strength of labours? Was the midnight oil expended in their performance? Were the hours of composition stolen from his slumbers, and the freshness of the morning devoted to the reparation of exhausted strength? Was the "pale and melancholy cast of thought" spread over his features? Was his mind, by the exertions he dried up for a season after his imagination had poured forth a living flood of truth or fiction? Did the enthusiasm of the poet prevail over the sober sentiments of the man? or were they so exalted by the chivalrous exploits he depicted, that the excitement of his feelings was followed by lassitude and depression? In short, was the enthusiasm of his page so faithful a transcript of the ardour of his breast, that in giving breath to the sweet music of romance, the sound of every striking passage was so much in unison with the tone of deeply cherished thoughts, that the excitement of every remembered note extended to the heart? In short, we believe that no such fervid emanations were called forth by "the ideal presence" of the scenery, or the heroes he called into existence. That he contemplated them with pleasure, and even with pride, is very probable; but that the excitement of his feelings, at the moment of composition, or subsequently to it, disturbed the serenity of his feelings, we greatly doubt.

Scott's enthusiasm was in his fancy, not in his feelings; his benevolence was heart-born, and his imagination was subservient to its impulses, both of which were under the dominion of a sober judgment. His nervous energies, we apprehend, were seldom called on to answer the sudden demand of any inordinate or irregular affection—a demand, often repeated, which, more than any amount of literary labour, exhausts the spirits, and makes the mind incapable of exertion. His nervous means by which he was enabled to accomplish so much in so wonderfully short a period were simply these: he rose early, he lived temperately, he retired to rest at reasonable hours; the forenoon was devoted to his studies, and those studies debared neither recreation nor exercise; he entered on proper pursuits at

proper times, and the result of the well-regulated employment of less than the fourth part of the four-and-twenty hours, was that he was enabled to perform a multiplicity of labours which we can hardly imagine the incessant employment of a whole life sufficient for the execution of. His time for composition was usually in the morning, from seven till twelve or one o'clock. The ordinary amount of a day's production was fifteen or sixteen pages, and for many years the number of his publications was from three to eight volumes a year. But, what extraordinary fertility of imagination was necessary for the series of compositions that issued from his pen with such astonishing rapidity!

CHAPTER XL.

SIR WALTER SCOTT CONTINUED.

These volumes carried with them the internal evidence of the healthy feelings of the author, and they were evidently the productions of a man who was at peace with himself, "in love with his nativity," and in charity with all mankind. They smelt not of the midnight lamp, but of the rosy morning air, whose freshness was diffused as often over the feelings as the features of the writer; nor did they exhibit the least trace of morbid sensibility overclouded either, and whether we conversed with him in person or communed with him in print, our hearts acknowledged,

"A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
We never spent an hour's talk withal;
For aged years played truant at his tales,
And younger ringings were quite ravished,
So sweet and voluble was his discourse."

But there was nothing we repeat it, of the feverish fervour of enthusiasm, or the feelings of Scott, and no traces of that passion in his countenance. There was indeed as little of the celestial inspiration of the bard in the ruddy aspect of the author as can be well imagined; and but little in his regard to give the observer an idea of

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven."

There might be evidences indeed of deep and even painful thinking in the lines of his prominent forehead and overhanging brows; but there was more of the cheerful confidence of the philosopher than of the expression of his countenance, than of the "poet of imagination alone" aspect.

Scott's sensibility, fortunately for his felicity, was not of that intense description that its tranquillity was staked on the hazard of his literary success, or that the labour of composition was coupled with the anxieties of authorship, the ardour of enthusiasm, or the ecstasies of successful genius. In this respect Scott had the decided advantage over the majority of the *genus irritabile* of authors, whether the works of prose or poetry. After the composition of his celebrated ode on his translation of Homer, without shedding any tears. Metastasio was found weeping over his Olympe. Alfieri speaks of a whole act in one of his plays written under a paroxysm of enthusiasm, weeping while he wrote it. Dryden was seized with violent fits of rage after the composition of his celebrated ode to Rousseau, in conceiving the first idea of his Essay on the Arts, felt the disturbance of his nervous system approaching to delirium. Buffon could not enter on a work which absorbed his faculties, without feeling his head burn, and his features becoming flushed. Beattie, after the completion of his *Scottish Ballads*, never had the courage to look into the book when it was printed, so great was the horror of his undertaking. Goldoni says he never recovered from the exhaustion of his spirits after the production of sixteen comedies in one year. Southey, by over-excitement disordered his brain, and laboured for six months from a nervous vigil. These and many other instances have been enumerated by D'Israeli in his admirable book. Scott, however, was luckily exempt from the excitement of such morbid feelings, and from the delusions which are the consequences of them. It is but a step, it is said, which separates the fervour of the enthusiast from the frenzy of insanity, and not unfrequently are the children of genius found tottering on the verge of that calamity. Tasso held a conversation with a spirit gliding on a sunbeam, and we are told by Thuanus, he was frequently seized with fits of distraction, which did not prevent him writing excellent verses. Malbranche

heard the voice of God distinctly within him. Lord Herd informed us, that early about the publication of his book, and in a kneeling posture calmly awaited the reply. Pascal often started from his chair at the appearance of a fiery glow opening by his side. Luther conversed with demons, and on one occasion threw an inkstand at the devil's head, an action which his German commentators greatly applaud, because it showed nothing the devil hates so much as ink. Descartes, after long seclusion, was followed by an invisible person calling on him to pursue the search of truth. Swedenburgh not only walked over Paradise, but has given a description of the fashion of the houses; but the glorious ecstasies of Benjamin Franklin, says D'Israeli, outstripped the visions of all his predecessors, for he was accustomed to behold a resplendent light hovering over his own shadow.

In short, that literary boundary of which we have spoken, which separates enthusiasm from insanity, is like the narrow bridge of Al Sirat, which leads the followers of Mahomet from earth to heaven, but by so narrow a path, that the passenger is in momentary danger of falling into the dismal gulf of hell, which yawns beneath him. But Scott was in little peril of any such purgatory of enthusiasm; if he ever advanced towards the boundary, he was with him a steady step and an air of self-possession, which showed he was prepared for the dangers he approached.

But independently of the well-regulated habits by which he was enabled to accomplish so vast a number of his performances, nature appears to have endowed his constitution with a robustness, proportioned to the vigour of his mind, which was capable of overcoming mental labour without fatigue, which would have been not only wearisome but overwhelming to another. There is something in the vigour of the higher order of genius, which contributes not only to lively exertion, but to a robustness of constitution, which one can hardly imagine the powers of one capable of accomplishing.

"Those," says Tissot, "who would undertake the defence of long-continued studies, which I am far from wishing to over-rate the importance of, in pointing out the dangers to which literary men expose themselves by excessive application, may cite many instances of studious men who have attained old age, in the full enjoyment of health, bodily and mental. I am not ignorant of the history of such persons. I have known many, and I have known that the general rule is not the same good fortune to befall them, as it is to the men, however happily constituted, strong enough to support with impunity such excessive toil; and if they did support it, who knows what sufferings they may not have endured, and if they might have added to their length of days, if they attached themselves to another sort of life." It is true, we may say that the greater portion of those great men that the human race acknowledge for its masters, had arrived to an advanced age: Homer, Democritus, Parmenides, Pythagoras, Hippocrates, Plato, Plutarch, Bacon, Galileo, Aristotle, Locke, Leibnitz, Newton, all lived to be old men;—but from this must we infer that excessive mental application is not injurious? Let us beware of drawing so false a conclusion. We may only presume that there are men born for those sorts of excesses, and perhaps that a happy disposition of the fibres which are the organs of the mind, may give them a natural longevity. *Mens sana in corpore sano.* Besides, so much more by the strength of their genius, than by the assiduity of their labour, that literary men make to themselves an immortal name. Moments of delightful leisure, distractions which celebrity necessarily brings with it, and the desire of the high station to which the world obliges them to take—these are a great measure tend to repair the evil which literary employment occasions."

Tissot proceeds to eulogise the well-regulated habits of the great masters of Oriental literature, who had just died, and has the advantage of the nature of Waverley, he could not have used language more suitable, or more characteristic of the subject of his notice.

"Every body remembers at this moment," he continues, "and our countryman, whose name him, that great man who for more than fifty years has been the glory and the delight of this city and its academics; who had cultivated the sciences from his earliest youth even to his last days; who was profoundly versed in all those studies which were more immediately the business of his vocation, and of which the domain is so extensive;

there was no subject on which he was not instructed; so much knowledge implied immense labour, yet his health was not injured by it; we have seen him enter on his eighteenth lustum, without having lost a particle of his genius, or of the vivacity of his senses; and will this example be adduced as an objection to my argument? It cannot be, for the recollection of the details of his life that are given here, fulfil the purposes of presenting him as a model for the emulation of all men of genius. He knew how to be a scholar without ceasing to be a man; he knew how to acquire the profoundest knowledge, and the most various attainments, without sacrificing his duties to erudition, in performing those of a citizen, a father, a friend, of maintaining society, and a professor of learning, as if he had been only a simple citizen, a domestic being, and a man of the world. When wearied by his mental labours it was his custom to repair his strength and spirits by exercising his body in the cultivation of his grounds, and he supported both by that gaiety of heart, that plenty of numbers, which is killed in the study, and which is only maintained by communing with our fellow-men for our mutual advantage."

CHAPTER XLI.

SIR WALTER SCOTT CONTINUED.

The health of Scott derived no little advantage from such exercise and intercourse as Tissot speaks of. We are told by him, that he was in the habit of going to walk out frequently among his plantations, with a small hatchet and hand saw, with which he lopped off superfluous boughs, or removed an entire tree when it was marring the growth of others. He loved also to ride over the country, on a field stout gallopway, and the steepest hill did not trouble him, nor the deepest water hurt him. His passion for sports furnished him likewise with a recreation, which was no less conducive to his well-being; his taste for such pastime is, indeed, a singularity which is not often to be met with in men of studious habits. Even at intervals, when the noblest pleasure that can be chased, and it is unfortunate that they pursue. There are so few instances on record, of literary men indulging in the pleasures of the field, that it seems almost incongruous to speak in the same breath of a scholar and a sportsman. But Scott was an exception; when his literary work was wearied "with babbling of green fields," he betook himself to them with a right good appetite, for the wholesome recreation they afforded. With his "veteran favourite," Maida, "the fleetest of highland deer-hounds," it was his delight to go forth, and to make the pleasures of the course the object or the excuse for many a delightful ramble over the romantic hills of his native country. Perhaps it was the frequency of such rambles which induced the Ettrick Shepherd to believe that "he had a little of the old outlaw blood in him, and if he had been able would have been a desperate poacher and a bold thief." But what is the poaching propensities of the author of Waverley? Thomas Lauder of his neighbourhood suffered from them; he only hunted deer, but we are not informed by the worthy Shepherd that he ever stole them.

The fact is, that exercise was essential to his health, and in combination with it, he drew the charm of a many and wholesome recreation to what might be considered a duty to his constitution. If there be an antidote to the toil of composition it is exercise; and if there be a preventive of the ills which literary flesh is heir to, it is exercise. So long as the pleasures of the field, and but most sadly are they overlooked by authors in general. An hour or two in the afternoon devoted to a few calls on their friends is deemed sufficient for the reparation of nervous energy, exhausted by the unintermitting labour of six or seven hours; they feel they are unequal to fatigue, and they are unequal to it, when the tired mind, the vitiated powers, and therefore the employment of the locomotive organs is wholly neglected. If the night is devoted to mental application, the morning makes amends for the hours which have been stolen from the natural period of repose, and the day is spent in the same manner, the noonday sun presides over their slumbers, and unfortunately matters much more than they imagine; they devote their nervous energies to the greatest of all labours at a period when all nature is deprived of the vivifying principle, which animates every object in the animal and vegetable kingdom. "The sun," says the poet, "when he is up, he gives us light, but when he is down, he gives us darkness," when every thing that has life around them is receiving a new and more lively sentiment of existence, from the influence of those beams whose electrical phenomena are more analogous to those of life,

than say that they are acquainted with. If the employment of the pen of each person is dignified by the name of an elegant pursuit, which is supposed to soften the manners, and to refine the taste of the votaries of science, they deem it better to become its martyrs, than to share with the illiterate or the vulgar the blessing of rude health.

If the spirits at length become wearied by incessant application, if even during their meals the nervous energy is summoned to the brain from every other organ, especially from those where its influence is most requisite for the due performance of the process of digestion; if the appetite begins to fail, the temper to be excited, the sensibility to be morbidly increased, and that the labour of the closet, in the words of Rousseau, "les rends difficile, affaiblit leur temperament, et que l'ame garde difficilement son vigueur, quand le corps a perdu la sienne; que l'esprit se laisse aller à l'indolence, que le sang se dénature, que le courage, perd sa puissance, incapable de résister à l'épreuve la peine et aux passions;" nothing is to be added to the demonstration of the dangers that surround their health and happiness. Yet are these premonitory symptoms of disease, of morbid irritability of the organs of digestion, of hypochondria, and all its horrors, wholly neglected and overlooked. If they have only strength enough to pursue the avocation which insidiously undermines their constitution, they dream not that disease is a possible consequence so long as both body and mind are in the vigour of the intellect. The morbid hypochondria, the severest attacks of dyspepsia, are seldom accompanied by physical sufferings. But if they are reminded by the dejection of their spirits, or the diminution of bodily strength, of the injury their health has sustained, and is daily sustaining, from the over-exercising of one organ, and the total inactivity of every other, then indeed they have recourse to the physician, or rather to the faculty, for they commonly travel through every sign in the zodiac of privileged empiricism, from the balance, the sign in which the daily allowance of food is measured, to the sign of the inverted triangle, the sign of the water-gruel system, where the advantages of thin potations are magnified, and extolled "to the very echo that doth applaud again." If they go still further, and knock at the door of Ursa Major, they will probably find the Great Bear of the profession hugging his own tail, and in the midst of many unwholesome gambols, extending his great paw over an ample volume, and dismissing his visitors with a good-natured growl—the customary intimation to go about their business, and read his book. And accordingly, they go at the first growl and read his book; and at the second growl and read his book; and at the third growl and read his book, and night, and black draughts every morning, till some new star in the medical constellation out-twinkles the old bear, and it becomes the fashion to consult the latest discovered luminary.

But, in sober seriousness, the use of powerful remedies in disorders of the stomach, is seldom followed by a more than temporary relief: eventually their effects are injurious; how can they be otherwise, when injudiciously employed, or the principle mistaken on which they are recommended, or that principle too general in its application to medical practice, the principle of "constitution?" "*Etiam diu etiam admodum, sed non sibi, sed civitati.*" says Plautus, but not so the fashionable diet, etic doctor; there is but one mode of treatment for the innumerable and dissimilar symptoms of a disease; no matter whether the patient is young or old, male or female, of a sanguine or a saturnine temperament, of a vigorous or a debilitated constitution—no matter where the seat of the disorder be, the head, the stomach, or the liver, he is doomed to go through the same undeviating routine either of blue pill and black draught, of carbonate of iron, or of mercury, and of the remedies, like the torture of Procrustes, are not fitted to the sufferer, the sufferer is fitted to the remedies—that is to say, the feeble powers of his constitution are habituated to them. But verily and truly, we believe that more injury is done by medical dyspeptic patients, than would arise to the constitution from its total non-employment. The celebrated Hufeland carries this notion to a far greater extent, and applies it to the whole range of chronic maladies, without impugning the character of that profession of which he is one of the brightest ornaments in Germany.

CHAPTER XLII.

SIR WILLIAM SCOTT CONTINUED.

The fault in a great measure lies in the victim of the malady we are speaking of—the literary malady;

they are generally heedless enough of present health, but anxious in the extreme about prospective and imaginary ills. Forthcoming evils are continually casting their shadows before them, and every feeling of malaise is magnified by fear into a symptom of some serious disorder. The consequence is, on trivial occasions, the physician is having recourse to anemization, and even injurious medicines; either, volatile anemizing spirituous tinctures, carminatives, and ultimately laudanum,—are the remedies which "nervous people" constantly have recourse to; but again and again do we repeat it, there is no antidote but exercise for the disorders of the nervous system, and the remedy is simple. By these only may the effects of excessive study be obviated and new vigour infused into the constitution, so as to enable it to sustain for any length of time the daily toil of mental labour. Sydenham has given a very imposing and somewhat scholastic account of his regimen, which appears certain not to have been remarkably abstemious; but to its regularity the good effects are due which Sydenham ascribes to it. "In the morning when I arise, I drink a dish or two of tea, and then ride in my coach till noon; when I return I immediately refresh myself with any sort of meat, of each digest, that I desire, (for modesty is not necessary above all things.) I drink somewhat more than a quarter of a pint of Canary wine immediately before dinner every day, to promote my digestion, and to drive the gont from my bowels. When I have dined, I betake myself to my exercise again, and when business will permit, I ride into the country for good air. A draught of small beer is to me instead of a supper, and I take another draught when I am in bed, and about to compose myself to sleep."

"There is a wisdom," says Bacon, "in regimen, beyond that of man's own wisdom; and the secret of what he finds good, and what he finds hurtful, is the best medicine to preserve health. Celsus could never have spoken it as a physician had not been a wise man, when he gives it as one of the great precepts of health, that a man do vary and interchange contraries, but not extremes; that he moderate his diet, that he use fasting and full eating, but rather full eating; watching and sleep, but rather sleep; sitting and exercise, but rather exercise; so shall nature be cherished, and yet taught mysteries."

"Beyond the general rules of low moderate diet," says Hufeland, "which every practitioner must be acquainted with, the physician must be conversant with the patient, and ascertain it as well, if not better, than the doctor."

Every man, indeed, of common sense is the best judge of his own digestion, and every thing that agrees with it he may safely conclude is good for him; he has no need of diet books to regulate his mode of living. To make general rules for the diet of individuals, to legislate for the stomach, and for each legislator to lay down particular rules and ordinances at variance with his neighbours, for one to issue his fiat against farinaceous food in every instance, and another to preach up a medical crusade against all vegetable substances: for a third to obtain counsel of his own experience is the best philosophy; and a fourth to sing poems (not perhaps quite so poetical as "O fons Blandinus," in praise of water; this is, indeed, to suppose that one set of rules is applicable to every form of a disease, or that the same organ at all times is in the same condition, and similarly affected at different times, and under different circumstances, by the same agents.

In a word, a popular diet-book, based on such a presumption, is the mere impertinence of physic. We may conclude with old Burton, that in what regards our regimen, "our own experience is the best philosophy; so great is the variety of palates, humours, and temperaments, that every man should observe, and be a law unto himself. Tibertus, we are told by Tacitus, did laugh at all those who, after thirty years of age, asked counsel of others concerning matters of diet."

At forty, says an adage, a man is either a fool or a physician; but at any age the individual is likely to be some a valetudinarian for life, who lives by medicine, and not by regimen.

We have been carried away from our subject, but our observations are, perhaps, altogether irrelevant to it, and not wholly unnecessary to our readers. The unbroken vigour of Scott's constitution throughout the greater portion of a life of literary labour, was unquestionably owing to the regularity and temperance of his habits, and to wholesome exercise. But without that exercise, even the most perfect *modus morandi* would not have secured the advantages of which we have not been sufficient for the

preservation of his health, or the reparation of the vigour that was exhausted in his study.

The common error of the studious was not his, of devoting day after day, or night after night to some literary pursuit, and of wearing out the body in the constant service of the indefatigable mind: "of compelling (as Flaccus observes) that which is mortal to do as much as that which is immortal; that which is earthly, as that which is ethereal." Scott's regular recreations, on the contrary, put the body in a state to obey the suggestions of the stronger and the nobler part. Not an hour did he occupy himself in planting or embellishing his grounds, not a moment did he devote to the pleasures of the chase, nor set apart a portion of his leisure time for any amiable in the country, that he did not return from the "*deambulatio per amana loca*," with recruited spirits, for the encounter of new toil, and invigorated powers that had shaken off the temporary senectitude of study.

In many points the habits of Milton resembled those of Scott; he was no less temperate, no less sober-minded; but unfortunately the acrimony of party strife sometimes steeped his pen in bitterness approaching to malevolence. The sufferings, however, of a painful malady, might have had not a little to do with the asperity of his politics. The labour, moreover of composition, as might be expected from the nature of his studies, and the nature of his frequently deprived him of repose. "He would often-times," says Richardson, "lie awake whole nights together, but not a verse could he make; at other times he would dictate perhaps forty lines in a breath, and then recede to his bed, and in the morning would be found in opinion that his poetic vein never flowed happily, but from the vernal to the autumnal equinox, and that the coldness of this climate was unfavourable to the flights of his imagination. Till his infirmities confined him to his house, he was in the daily habit of taking exercise in his garden; but in the winter of his gouty pains, being unable to leave his room, he used to swing in a chair, and sometimes play on an organ; and even this mode of exercise most people will deem preferable to that of Lord Monboddo, who for the sake of his health was accustomed to rise every morning at three o'clock, and then walk about his room, dressed in his habiliments, and open the window open, for the purpose of enjoying what he called his air bath. But Johnson's idea of exercise was certainly a more agreeable one than either Milton's or Monboddo's; that of Boswell with becoming gravity, "that if he had not been a poet, he would have been a country, he would spend his life in driving bric-a-brac in a post-chaise with a pretty woman." But, much as we admire the doctor's taste, we rather believe that Scott's mode of taking exercise was the more salubrious of the two.

Those "*labores hilitare venandi*," (as Camden terms the field sports of Staffordshire, which Scott took delight in, were more likely to produce the effect which Celsus has so strongly pointed out the beneficial results of the promotion of pleasurable excitement by the general diffusion of the animal spirits, as it were, over the whole frame; the use of exercise, till the whole body tingles with the glow of incipient action, "*ut ignis accendat rubrum, sed non ad sudorem*." This is indeed the grand point that is to be observed in taking exercise—to take as much as the individual is capable of bearing without fatigue.

It is a folly to think that the necessity for bodily activity may be superseded by means of medicine, of regimen, or habits, in other respects the best regulated in the world. Exercise is, indeed, indispensable to health; and without health ask the sick man where his happiness, and he may tell you, at least, where it is not, when he points to his bed.

But how is exercise to be taken by those who dwell in the busy haunts of the literary world—who are confined to their closets by their pursuits the greater part of the day, or without necessity indulge their literary indolence in the immurement of their study, with the fine feelings of veneration for its imprisonment which King James gave such scholastic words to his library, visited the library of Sir Thomas Bodley: "If I were doomed to be a prisoner, and the choice were given me of my prison, this Library should be my dungeon; I would desire to be chained by no other bonds than the chains of these books, these pages, and to have no other companions in my captivity than these volumes." How then are the studious to escape from their fascinating pursuits, to devote even an hour to bodily exercise? The first law of nature is said to be self-preservation—the first law of life is motion—its most essential principle is activity, "*non est in actibus*," says the Arab poet, El Wardi, "for water becomes putrid by

stagnation, and the moon, by changing, becomes bright and perfect."

CHAPTER XLIII.

SIR WALTER SCOTT CONTINUED.

The same idea, but somewhat amplified, is found in "the Anatomy of Melancholy," in an argument for the necessity of exercise: "The heavens themselves run continually round the world; the sun, the moon, the stars, travel to the east and to the west; the moon is ever changing in its course; the stars and the planets have their constant motions; the air we breathe is continually agitated by the wind, and the waters never cease to eb and flow; doubtless, the human mind is in the same operation, to teach us that we should ever be in action." The ancients had so much faith in the good effects of exercise, that many of their disorders were treated solely by medical gymnastics. Germanicus was cured of an atrophy by riding, Cicerio of a grievous infirmity by travelling. The Roman physicians sent their consumptive patients to Alexandria, and the Greeks shipped their nervous ones to Auticquia—nominally for change of air, but really for the advantages of exercise and recreation. The father of physic was the first who introduced medical gymnastics into practice; he described various sorts of these exercises, but those on which he placed most dependence were friction of the whole frame—somewhat similar to the process of shampooing, and a swinging motion of the hands and arms. The advantages of both modes of promoting the insensible perspiration of the skin, and the fewer physical infirmities so connected with them, no indulgence to be demanded for the one, and no charitable feelings to be appealed to for the other, there is still a moral in the secret of his happiness to be found in the record of his virtues, his moderated passions, and well regulated his habits, which has the strong persuasion of an admirable example to recommend it in lieu of the awful lesson of a life of error, and of suffering for the enforcement of a warning.

The period, however, arrived when fortune began to smile, and his smiles, and the long unclouded horizon of Sir Walter became darkened by adversity. He had unfortunately connected himself with the house of Constable, and the failure of that house was the means of involving his affairs in what might have been considered irretrievable ruin. His disastrous circumstance is plainly and succinctly described in the notice that is prefixed to the Abbotsford subscription, but with, perhaps, a pardonable leaning to the imprudence which led to the calamity.

"The crisis which took place in commercial affairs generally, and which particularly affected the personal fortune of Sir Walter, involved Sir Walter Scott in losses alike unexpected and unprepared for, to the amount of 120,000*l*. Ruinous as this demand must have been, it is yet obvious, that after surrendering, to its payment, the whole of his property, he might have saved himself and his family the fruitless and frequent exertions, and realised from his later works not less than 70,000*l*. The whole of this sum, with whatever more a lengthened life might have enabled him to obtain, he with manly and conscientious feeling appropriated to the benefit of his creditors. In this generous and disinterested conduct, he has followed, originally, though legally his own, he laboured with a degree of assiduity, and an intenseness of anxiety, which shortened his existence by overstrained intellectual exertion."

It is only to be wondered at, how a sober-minded man (Sir Scott unquestionably was) could have been so incautious as to have entangled his fortune in the speculations of his publishers; but in all probability, the mania of building, embellishing, planting, and collecting objects of antiquity, (which led to an expense exceeding fifty thousand*l*), and the cause of his other losses, by compelling him to have recourse to other plausible means of increasing his income than those of literary emoluments, immense as his were.

In the five years that succeeded the bankruptcy of Constable, from 1806 to 1811, he produced no other work, but he made up the profits of which, and of the new edition of his novels, which amount to the surprising number of seventy-four volumes, were devoted to the liquidation of his debt, and by his indefatigable literary labours, (almost exclusively) he was enabled to pay off fifty thousand pounds of his debt. In the estimation of his creditors, for twenty-two thousand pounds. Further payments out of his personal property still further reduced that debt, so that the whole does not now exceed twenty thousand pounds. From the period of his embarrassments it was evident Sir Walter was well suited for the public than for his creditors. He was unfortunately more for either than for his friends. From the publication of his last novel in 1826, every succeeding work was a fainter emanation of his extraordinary genius, and perhaps the last of his productions was the feeble "Glen of the Living Glades."

"The numerous labours," says the author of the admirable sketch of his life in the Penny Magazine, "which these numerous and voluminous works necessarily required, was too much, however, even for the most ready intellect and robust frame." The present writer, who has seen Sir Walter in the last year of his life, struck by the change which a comparatively short period had produced in his personal appearance. A few years previously he looked a hale and active man in mid-

dle life—now at the age of sixty, he appeared at least ten or twelve years older. When told of the death of a gentleman of his acquaintance, by paralysis, a few days previously, he appeared struck struck, and made a remark which seemed to indicate some secret apprehension in his own mind, of the fatal malady that was then lurking in his own over-wrought mind." At length the springs of life, so long over-taxed, began to give way. During the ensuing winter, (1831), symptoms of gradual paralysis were discernible, it seems of which his father also died, but at an advanced age, began to be manifested. His lameness became more distressing, and his utterance began to be obviously affected. Yet even in this afflicting and ominous condition he contrived to work with admirable diligence, and to the summer of 1831, he was gradually yielding his medical attendants strictly forbade manual exertion, yet he could not be restrained from composition. In the autumn, a visit to Italy was recommended; he was with difficulty prevailed on to leave Scotland, but at length he yielded to the entreaties of his friends, and sailed in the following October. His health seemed improved by the voyage, but after visiting Naples and Rome, at both of which cities he was received with almost regal honours, his desire to return to his native land became irrepressible, and he was hurried homeward with rapidity, which in his state of health was highly injurious, and hastened on the catastrophe which perhaps no degree of skill or caution could have long delayed. He experienced a further severe attack (a second paralytic seizure) in passing down the Rhine, and reached London in nearly the last stage of his disease, and in great prostration. Medical aid could only, it was found, for a short period protract dissolution; and to gratify his most ardent dying wish, he was conveyed by the steam packet to Leith, and once more reached his favourite house at Abbotsford—but in a pitiable condition that he no longer recognised his hearty and cheerful friend. After lingering in this deplorable state still, in the progress of this melancholy malady—this living death—mortification had been some time proceeding in different parts of the mortal frame—he expired without a struggle, on the 21st of September, 1832, at the age of sixty-two years.

We have a few observations to make on the nature of the malady which terminated the existence of this great and good man, without entering into any medical disquisition on the subject, but simply for the purpose of directing the attention of the general reader to a malady which has of late years become more so than persons of any other avocation.

How many instances are recorded in the obituary of genius of the fatal visitation of this humiliating disease! How many awful examples of its power and its tyranny, not only over life but over all the ennobling attributes of humanity! The angel of death hovers not over the head of a man in so terrible a form; the blow is struck, and he who was but yesterday the master-spirit of his age, "the foremost man of all the world" is to-day the object of its pity, the living emblem of life and death, a melancholy spectacle of the light intellect fading into folly—of vitality and death,—or at least, the semblance of each in the corresponding members of the same body. Who can contemplate the fearful phenomena of power and immobility, of animation and the extinction of its attributes in the same form, and the sudden subversion of the same mind, and the sudden fall of a lofty throne, and eventually brought down, "quite, quite down," to the level of the lowest capacity, without feeling the pride of reason confounded at the sight, and the softer feelings of nature utterly overpowered?

It is indeed a sad sight, and it is one which the friends of the martyrs to literary glory too frequently have to witness. Copernicus, Petrarch, Linnaeus, Lord Clarendon, Rousseau, Marmontel, Richardson, Steele, Phillips, Harvey, Reid, Johnson, Porson, Dr. Vossler, and Scott, are a few of the many eminent names of which we have but too many instances of mental application, by paralysis or apoplexy. Are the generality of literary men sufficiently acquainted with the nature of this disorder to be able to discern its premonitory symptoms, and to obviate or diminish those paralytic attacks which it so often brings on? Are they not; or are they acquainted with its characteristics, the frequency of such attacks, unattended as they are by immediate dissolution, causes them to under-rate the importance of familiar facts, to extenuate the peril of an evil of too common occurrence, but which it is very possible to avoid, though it may be so to remove the effects of, if once they have occurred.

Those maladies which arise from a disturbance of the nervous functions of the brain, have not only a common

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Those maladies which arise from a disturbance of the nervous functions of the brain, have not only a common

character, but in a great measure an intimate connection. Apoplexy and palsy, epilepsy and hysteria, hypochondria and mania, though they stand not in the relation of cause or effect, are at least modifications of causes, arising from the morbid condition of the nervous system, and are generally connected with functional disorder in the digestive organs. The three distinguishing characters of epilepsy, apoplexy, and palsy, are convulsion, coma, and loss of voluntary motion.

All of these disorders are referred by medical writers to one common source, namely, pressure on the delicate substance of the brain, arising either from a fulness of the vessels of the head, or a rupture of them; but at all events, to a plethoric state of the brain, either chronic or acute and accidental. But we are strongly inclined to believe that this doctrine with respect to palsy, in the great majority of cases in which paralysis is the consequence of excessive mental application, is not only erroneous, but the treatment which is founded on it worse than ineffectual—even highly injurious.

The paralytic seizure in the cases we allude to, supervenes on the exhaustion of mind and body, and its quest is over the ruins of a broken-down constitution; and so far from originating in a plethoric condition of the circulating system, its origin, we believe, and every day's experience confirms the conviction, is an imperfect supply of food to the brain, and an irregular action of it. Under such circumstances, general blood-letting, which is certainly by an objectionable remedy—under all circumstances we fear that it is resorted to, at least on the onset, without discrimination, and without advantage. No matter whether the patient is of a sanguineous or a saturnine temperament, a violent and profuse bleedings, followed by blood-letting, even to the abstraction of pounds of this vital fluid, is fearlessly recommended to be adopted in cases wherein the principle of vitality is already fast extinguished.

There may be, indeed, few cases of paralysis in which the mode of treatment has the power of preventing the recurrence of an attack eventually fatal. But we have seen many instances in which its recurrence has been prevented for a period of many years, and the patient, in the interval between the first and second seizure, left in the enjoyment of tolerable health, where the very opposite mode of treatment has been adopted, viz. diffusible stimulants, and aromatic tonics, and aperients, had been exhibited from the commencement, combined with the strictest regularity of regimen without abstinence, for even generous living is compatible with the regular and healthy action of the brain.

From Mr. Savory, formerly of Bond-street, we remember to have heard an account, eight or nine years ago, of a friend of his, a baronet, well-known in the gay world, having been seized with paralysis, and finding himself, on his return from a convivial party, suddenly deprived of speech, and the power of moving one side of his body. Either from feelings of desperation, or an impulse of mental aberration, the gentleman had a bottle of port wine brought to his bed-side, and having finished it, he turned with great composure on his side and went to sleep. That gentleman is now living, his intellect wholly unimpaired, his speech restored, and his general health as good as it ever was; and he still daily discusses his bottle or two of port wine with unfeigned pleasure.

Few, we imagine, would have the folly, or the recklessness of life which this gentleman exhibited, to think, that a bumper of brandy would be sufficient to restore him; we would not recommend them: our only wonder is, that in this instance it was not fatal. But nevertheless, how can we reconcile the impunity with which this powerful stimulant was taken at such a moment, with the notion of any injury arising from a plethoric condition of the cerebral vessels?

Dr. Powell, in an elaborate paper in the College Transactions, has brought forward a mass of evidence, to prove that paralytic affections, both partial and general, do frequently originate in a peculiar condition of the nerves alone; that they are independent of any morbid affection of the blood-vessels of the head, and that they are produced either by sympathy with irritability of the stomach, or the sudden impression of cold on the surface of the body. If this hypothesis be correct, which we are not prepared to believe—namely, that there is great reason to believe that the morbid condition of the nerves is not a disorder of the vitality of the system, but the principle of an inflammatory or plethoric state of the latter system is obvious, and the necessity of considering it as a disturbance of the nervous system, occasioned by the depression of its energies, and followed by an impetuous and morbid action of the system, is equally obvious; it is no less evident; and these observations will not be without advantage if one medical man is

induced to pause, before he has recourse to the lancet, in the treatment of a malady which is incidental to the exhausted vigour of a shattered constitution.

Palsy and apoplexy are so closely connected, that they stand in the relation of cause and effect, and it is difficult to say which is the precursor and which the consequence. Palsy, however, is generally looked upon as a minor degree of apoplexy, and its attacks, says Dr. Gregory, in his most admirable work on the practice of physic, is commonly preceded for several days, or even weeks, by a series of symptoms, which are the forerunners of apoplexy, such as giddiness, drowsiness, numbness, dimness of sight, failure of the powers of mind, forgetfulness, and indistinctness of articulation.

But the facts which have perplexed physicians for ages remain the same condition as they were left by Hippocrates twenty-one centuries ago. The reason why the power of sensation should remain perfect while that of voluntary motion is wholly lost is still a mystery; why the loss of that motion should be on the right-hand side of the body, while the injury in the brain, either from a rupture of the vessels, or from the pressure of a tumor, on the left of the body when the pressure is on the right, we know not; we surmise, it may arise from the discussion of the nervous fibres, but we are unable to trace it. Why the senses should be hardly affected, while the mental faculties are invariably impaired, we are unable to tell. The ordinary appearances of the latter are powerful and resolute, becomes weak and timid. The post mortem examination of those who have died of paralysis, has thrown no additional light on our knowledge of its nature. When paralysis quickly terminates in apoplexy, the ordinary appearances of the latter disorder are met with, the rupture of a vessel and serous or sanguineous extravasation; but in palsy of long standing the morbid appearance in the brain may be a discoloration of the striated portion, and a corresponding softness of its substance, serous effusions in the ventricles: but in a vast number of cases no preternatural appearance whatever is to be observed, except a flaccidity of the substance of the brain.

This was the appearance which the brain of Sir Walter Scott presented on the post mortem examination: the whole left side of the medullary substance was found soft and flaccid; a small quantity of water was found distributed over the surface of the same side. In all probability his excessive application went on slowly producing this mischief in the brain during the last five or six years of his existence, when he was driven by his country's embarras to any kind of labour, which was too much for the strength of any human being.

CHAPTER XLV.

CONCLUSION.

With the last of the preceding notices we conclude these pages. In glancing at such parts of the biography of Pope, Johnson, Burns, Cowper, Byron, and Scott, as seemed to be connected with the history of their health, we endeavored to point out its influence on the mind of each, and to show how far the power of disease had controlled the conduct, or chequered the career, of most of them.

The object we had in view was to rescue the character of men of genius from the unmerited severity which it has encountered for so long a time, and to show also from the unmitigated censure which is bestowed upon its imperfections by the enmity of invidious ignorance.

How far we may have succeeded in the attempt, will be determined by the fate of this little work; but whatever that may be, the least praise we can claim, is to deem more than worthy of the ability displayed in these pages to do justice to such a subject than we do. And we are well aware, that we have barely touched on many an important topic connected with that subject, which in able hands might have afforded sufficient matter for its ample illustration.

But, however briefly and imperfectly our task has been accomplished, we have at least the consolation of feeling that no other but a laudable motive induced us to undertake it, and we have the greatest of all literary authorities for the opinion that great enterprises are laudable, even when they are above the strength that undertakes them.

Had we known of any other English work of a similar tendency, the present one would probably have never seen the light. Tasso's admirable treatise, "Avis aux Gens de Lettres," has it not, we have no doubt, been desired on the subject of the health of studious people. But of all who have written on the subject of the

literary character, Currie, to our mind, in his brief life of Burns, has evinced the best knowledge of his subject. After Currie, and only not before him, because the light of medical philosophy was wanting to the "Anatomy of Melancholy." Burton deserves to rank as the next to these, the author of the "Curiosities of Literature" would probably have ranked, had the advantages, which both the others derived from their professions, been his; had he the same opportunity of tracing the analogies of mental and physical infirmities—or of speculating like Burton daily and hourly on the effects of the latter, and of the influence of the literary malady in his own person, on the chief mental faculties. Our opinion, however, of the excellence of these authors, is to be gathered in the preceding pages from the frequent reference we have made to their works, and which, if we have failed in any instance to have acknowledged, we have done so from inadvertency.

But there is one motive we have had in view, which we did not think it necessary to parade before the reader at the outset of his perusal of these pages—namely, the opportunity which a literary subject of general interest afforded, of introducing here and there some medical observations, of sufficient importance to every literary person to deserve attention, though unfortunately of too little interest, in the form of a dry disquisition on a medical topic at any length, to engage it.

It was, as we said, our object to convey information of a medical kind, on many subjects connected with the infirmities of genius, without seeming so to do, or at least without wearying the attention of the general reader with details on any subject of a professional character. This we trust we have accomplished, and in making the lives of the illustrious men to whom we have made choice of the vehicle of opinions respecting the health of literary men, and its influence on their happiness: we humbly hope the delicacy of that subject has not been forgotten, and that in endeavouring to vindicate the literary character, there is nothing to be found in "The Infirmities of Genius" which the moralist at large may have to censure.

THE END.

EXTRACTS

FROM

JAMES MONTGOMERY'S LECTURES ON POETRY.

Poetry is the eldest, the rarest, and the most excellent of the fine arts. It was the first form of language; and the culture of it has been the first object of human prose in history, before music in melody, before painting in description, and before sculpture in imagery. Anterior to the discovery of letters, it was employed to communicate the lessons of wisdom, to celebrate the achievements of valor, and to promulgate the sanctions of law. Music was intended to accompany, and painting and sculpture to illustrate it.

The art of constructing easy, elegant, and even spirited verse, may be acquired by any mind of moderate capacity, and enriched with liberal knowledge; and those who cultivate this talent may occasionally hit upon some happy theme, and suggest some happy thought; it existed before prose in history, before music in melody, before painting in description, and before sculpture in imagery. Anterior to the discovery of letters, it was employed to communicate the lessons of wisdom, to celebrate the achievements of valor, and to promulgate the sanctions of law. Music was intended to accompany, and painting and sculpture to illustrate it.

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"The hand that made me is divine."

Poetry transcends music in the passion, pathos, and meaning of its movements; for its harmonies are even united with distinct feelings and emotions of the rational class; its associations are not so clear and easily comprehensible; whereas music, when it is not allied to language, or does not appeal to memory, is simply a sensual and vague, though an innocent and highly exhilarating delight, conveying no direct improvement to the heart, and leaving little permanent impression upon the mind.

Sculpture is the noblest, but the most limited of the manual fine arts; it produces the fewest, but the greatest effect; it approaches nearest to nature, and yet can present little beside modes of her living forms, and these principally in repose.

Selections

FROM

FRAGMENTS OF VOYAGES AND TRAVELS,

SECOND AND THIRD SERIES.

BY CAPTAIN BASIL HALL.

INTRODUCTION.

Captain Hall, since his work of *Travels in America*, has been, we dare say, very little more of a favourite with our readers than with ourselves; but his prejudices apart, he is a very pleasant writer, as will be seen from the following chapters selected from the second and third series of his *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, the latter of which has just been issued from the British press. Too much stress is probably laid upon the name an author has acquired, when selecting a book to read. A writer sometimes woefully mistakes his own powers, while his next effort on a subject where he is at home may be entirely successful. Such is the case in the present instance; the captain got among the breakers, if we may so speak, when he wrote upon our social institutions; but fairly at sea, he is in his element, and exceedingly lively and entertaining.

The first series of his "Fragments" has been published some time in this country; those sketches were rather addressed to the youthful mind; the present two series are better in every respect, and are now for the first time printed here. The scenes in India, on ship board, and in company with Sir Walter Scott, are characterised by intelligence, and extensive information. It is scarcely necessary to remark that the chapters omitted relate to matters respecting which no interest is felt by our countrymen—discussing the relative duties of the various officers of the British navy, and other dry details, which the volumes would be better without for the general reader. In his descriptions of *incidents* the captain is surely very happy though not laconic; his pictures are almost tangible, and few will rise from their perusal without the acknowledgment of their being better informed, and in better humour with an author whom they have had previous cause to think of but slightly. Captain Hall has furnished many texts for criticism—he has not yet atoned for his wholesale aspersions, but we hope his previous malversations may not deter any one from the gratification to be derived from the following exciting details.

The London New Monthly Magazine thus characterises the second series:

"With Captain Hall's well known political opinions we have no desire to meddle in reviewing one of the most agreeable and instructive books it has ever been our fortune to peruse. Few have a more enviable tact at communicating knowledge. He has not alone skimmed the surface of things, but he has entered deeply into their nature, although it would at first appear that he satisfies himself, and seeks to satisfy others by detailing only such circumstances as are amusing and possess interest. He is thus a very profitable acquaintance, from whose long experience and eventful life rational enjoyment and useful information may be derived. There is perhaps no writer who tells an anecdote more pleasantly, or with more graphic power."

CHAPTER I.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S ENBARcation AT PORTSMOUTH IN THE AUTUMN OF 1831.

Of all the voyages and travels I ever made in my life, the most interesting by far was a trip to Portsmouth, when I had the honour of attending Sir Walter Scott, to assist him in his embarkation for Italy. The circumstances were quite accidental which led to my being em-

ployed in so delightful a manner, as rendering even the slightest services to an author who has led the whole world under such deep obligations.

The extraordinary interest which the public feel in every thing relating to this wonderful man induces me to believe that a simple narrative of the mere fact connected with his embarkation may to many prove acceptable. In due season, it is to be hoped, his accomplished son-in-law will favour the world with a complete life of Sir Walter Scott, and it is impossible to suppose that any person can enjoy such ample means of studying his character, and making himself acquainted with his unedited writings, as Mr. Lockhart, we may reasonably expect a work of the highest description of literary and philosophical interest, from opportunities so favourable in the hands of a writer of taste, genius, and cultivated talents.

In the summer of 1831, it became but too well known to the public that Sir Walter Scott had suffered greatly from more than one severe attack of illness; and towards the autumn of that year it was generally understood that his medical attendants in the north strongly recommended his going abroad. There occurred much difficulty, however, in arranging this matter. In the first place, Sir Walter himself, it appears, felt extremely unwilling to move from home. Perhaps he knew quite as well as the doctors, that he was long to live, and it is certain that he experienced a strong wish not to breathe the air away from his beloved Abbotsford—which, like one of his romantic novels, might be called the creation of his own hand. In the next place, the state of his bodily health rendered a long journey by land inexpedient, especially over the rough roads of France and Italy; and still further to add to the difficulty, great doubts arose if any of the ordinary sea conveyances would be likely to prove more suitable. The most favourable resource, and one which seemed obvious to every person but the Great Captain himself, was a passage in a ship of war; but as the Government refused to make any arrangement to defray the cost of such a voyage, his friends in Scotland were reduced to an exceedingly awkward dilemma. The physicians, however, continued positively to declare, that Sir Walter must, by some means or other, be removed from Abbotsford, if he felt the smallest chance of recovery. So long as he remained at home, it was clear to all eyes, and to every one else, that his incessant literary exertions were only augmenting the alarming danger under which he was suffering.

One of his most intimate friends, Mr. Robert Cadell, the author of this sketch, wrote to consult me confidentially on the occasion, entreating to be considered in what way a passage in a ship of war going to the Mediterranean might be obtained. Owing to some accident, it was late in the day before this letter was delivered to me; but, although it was long past office hours, I thought it would be wrong to stand upon etiquette when the health of such a man was at stake. As the shortest way, therefore, of settling this pressing matter, I walked straight to the Admiralty, where I was told that the first lord, Sir James Graham, had gone to his room to dress for dinner, and could not be seen. Nevertheless I took the liberty of writing him a short note, stating that I had just received a communication from a friend of Sir Walter Scott's, the contents of which I felt extremely desirous of communicating to him without delay, from a belief that his assistance on this occasion might essentially contribute to preserve one of the most valuable lives in the country.

As I anticipated, Sir James received me instantly; and even before I had time to read half through the letter from Scotland, he assured me, that whatever was considered likely to promote Sir Walter Scott's recovery, I should undoubtedly be granted by government. In my mind I was not at all surprised at this answer, as I felt that, as a ship was shortly to sail from for Malta a passage in her might be considered certain.

"How the details are to be arranged," added Sir James, "is of no great consequence. Leave all that to me. I am personally well acquainted with Captain Pigot of the *Barham*, which is the frigate going to the Mediterranean, and therefore, at all events, I can manage it as a private favour, should any unexpected official difficulties occur. In the meantime, as it seems to be important that Sir Walter should leave as much leisure to prepare as possible, and as the ship is actually under the press orders, I beg you will write to him at once; and I will make an effort to save to-night's post. Say to Sir Walter that his passage shall be arranged in the manner most agreeable to his wishes, and that he may set out on his journey without any delay, and I can make it convenient to his family that all things shall be got in readiness for him."

I wrote a letter to Sir Walter accordingly, which, by help of a swift cat, I succeeded in getting into the General Post-office at half-past seven. This was on the 13th of September.

Next day, it appears to have occurred to Sir James Graham, that although Captain Pigot, or any other officer in the Navy, would, of course, have been delighted to give Sir Walter Scott a passage in his ship, it might not be altogether agreeable to Sir Walter himself to lie under such extensive personal obligations to a perfect stranger. At least, I infer, from the following note to me, that such were Sir James Graham's reflections.

(Private.) "Admiralty, Sept. 15, 1831.

"DEAR SIR,—I have received the commands of his majesty to order a free passage in the *Barham* to Malta for Sir Walter Scott and his daughter; and I have had the greatest pleasure in communicating to his majesty the sincere terms in which his majesty was pleased to convey his consent on this occasion.

"I have been greatly indebted to an opportunity of evincing my respect for Sir Walter on this occasion; and I thank you for giving me the information which has enabled me to prove the sincerity of these feelings.

Very faithfully yours,

J. R. G. GRAHAM.

(Signed) "CAPTAIN BASIL HALL."

If it afforded so much pleasure to the first lord of the admiralty and others, who were merely the channels of communication through which the royal favour circulated from the throne to the most distinguished of its subjects, we may conceive the satisfaction with which our kind-hearted monarch himself exercised his power. And, probably, there never was an act of condescension more universally or more justly applauded throughout the country.

Had a similar fate befallen Shakspeare, and had his health in his latter years required the renovating aid of a sea voyage, with what gratitude would not all posterity have looked upon the circumstance! One of our "good Queen Bess," had she, like our present gracious sovereign, anticipated the wishes of her subjects and their descendants, by placing a ship of war at the great poet's command! That the Author of *Waverley* will be viewed by our posterity in no small degree as we now view Shakspeare, there can be little doubt; and, probably, there will be handed down to future times no circumstance better calculated to afford lasting gratification, than the generous conduct of his majesty upon this occasion. Well might the following lines of Lord Byron, forming part of his beautiful sonnet to George IV. be addressed to his successor:

"Dismiss thy guard, and trust thee to such traits!

For who would save a hand except to bless?"

Were it not easy, Sir, and is not sweet,

To make thyself beloved?"

Who can forget the sensation produced at the time, by the delicacy and good taste with which the interests and convenience of a private individual were thus gracefully converted into a public concern? Every one, indeed, appeared really to feel as if a personal favour had been done to himself, and certainly no more genuine popularity than was accorded to William IV. for this well-timed attention to the wishes of the country.

Sir Walter, from the first, had been very averse to any application being made from him to government, so that he was much relieved by understanding that the whole affair was the spontaneous and hearty act of the highest authorities, the instant it was suggested to them that his health might be benefited by the proposed change of air. At bottom, it is probable that this diffidence on his part arose more from a feeling of reluctance to be troubled up from his house and home, his dearly beloved black dog library, his musty papers, and his cherished plantations, in which he took infinitely more delight than in all the society and scenery of the rest of the world besides. If, indeed, he would have consented to desert from over-work, he might have found each and every one ready to agree for a time to pass his days in rambling about the rising woods of Abbotsford, every tree of which was planted by himself; it would have been the most cruel thing imaginable to have sought to move him from home. But, in the favour of his manly anxiety to fulfil his pecuniary and conscientious engagements, and his magnanimity which did not directly contribute to the accomplishment of that noble end.

At last, the eager desire to work himself out of debt seemed to have become a sort of fascination which he could not resist. One day, Dr. Abercrombie of Edin-

burgh, (than whom none can more ably 'minister to the mind diseased,') urged upon him the necessity of greater consideration in his next answer.

"Sir Walter," said the kind physician, "you must not write so constantly; really, sir, you must not work."

"I tell you what it is, doctor," said the Author of Waverley,—"Molly, when she puts the kettle on, might just as well say, 'Kettle, kettle, don't boil!'"

What the result might have proved had no change of residence taken place, it is perhaps idle now to consider. It is sufficient to know, that the reiterated and earnest recommendations of the ablest medical men in the country were fully acted upon; and that Sir Walter, with much to do, but, I suspect, no great hopes of amendment, set out from Abbotsford, and, after an easy journey, reached London.

As his coming to some degree the proximate cause of his being to town, I instantly waited on him, and offered my services to accompany the party to Portsmouth on the vessel in the embarkation. A free passage, indeed, had been ordered; and I knew Captain Pigot of the *Barham* to be, of all the officers of the navy, one of the very best suited to do the honours to such a guest; yet experience had shown me, that on such occasions there are many little odds and ends relating to the outfit of passengers which cannot be fully understood by a perfect stranger to ship matters, but which minute details was scarcely fair to expect the captain to attend to at the busiest of all busy moments, when preparing his ship for

sea. Sir Walter at first declined my offer, saying that he had already given me and all his other friends a great deal too much trouble. It was impossible to make him understand that what might have been considered indifferent or even troublesome in any other case, must become a high honour as well as a pleasure in his. Nor could I think he would even do so, were he not so good at his services, had it not been for an accidental difficulty that arose in London, for the solution of which he called me in. Some friend who, with the best intentions, no doubt, must have been totally ignorant of the state of feeling in the navy, had, it appears, suggested to Sir Walter the propriety of naming the captain of the ship some present at the end of the voyage.

"Now," said he, in some perplexity, "is this right? Is it used in such cases? and if so, what am I to give? It looks odd, I confess," he added, "but I wish to do all that is proper."

I of course informed him that such a thing was not only unusual and improper, but that the effect would inevitably be what he wished to avoid, and that he could so far from gratifying his host, would inevitably offend him. He looked mystified puzzled, and at last said,

"But may I not give the captain a copy of the Waverley Novels, for instance, with an autograph inscription?"

I assured him he might do this with great propriety and safety, but repeated my advice to him to keep clear of all such presents as a pipe of Madeira, or a hoghead of sherry, which had been suggested to him. This communication appeared to relieve him so much, that, thinking I might again be useful to him, I took advantage of the opportunity to repeat my offer to accompany him to Portsmouth, adding, that I thought he ought to take me at my word, were it only to give convoy back again to those ladies of his family who did not accompany him. He at length accordingly agreed to, and on Sunday morning, the 23d of October 1831, the party left town, in as rainy, windy, and melancholy a day as ever was seen.

No particular adventures occurred on the way, except that at one of the stages, Guildford, I think, where a short halt was made, a blind horse, when turning suddenly into the stable-yard, pushed right against Sir Walter, threw him violently to the ground, and had well-nigh killed him on the spot! What a fate would have been had the author of Waverley—perhaps the foremost man of the world—been trodden to death by a decayed post-horse! And yet, as I shall say that, upon the whole, even such a catastrophe might not have proved a blessed exemption from much subsequent suffering and sorrow, at which the nations wept?

The mysterious influences of disease strike at the mind not less surely, though often more slowly, than they do the body. Of this I felt the fullest proof, when I was myself probably aware, for when he related that he was to next morning, though his account was touched with his wonted humour, I saw, or almost fancied I saw, in his tone and manner, a trace of regret that he had escaped a swifter destruction than that which, I

verily believe, he even then fully knew was darkly overtaking him.

I, to have all things ready for Sir Walter's reception, I hastened forward to Portsmouth in the *Rocket*, coach, and having found the principal inn, the George, quite full, engaged rooms for him at the Fountain. Mr. Nance, the landlord, and the other worthy folks there, who had little expected such an honour, were so enchanted, that they prevailed on one who had no room in any of their rooms, in order the better to accommodate Sir Walter's party.

Next morning, Captain Pigot waited on him, as he said, to receive orders, and to beg him to consider that every officer and boy in the *Barham*, was solicitors, above all things, to render his passage agreeable. Sir Walter was much pleased with the frankness of these offers, but declared he knew nothing at all about a ship, and must trust to those of his friends who did. Upon which Captain Pigot asked the ladies if they would like to go aboard, and be privileged to give such accommodations. But as the weather was rather rough, this was declined, and I undertook the first visit on their account.

I found that on each side of the ship a most commodious set of cabins had been put up by order of the Admiralty. Though these apartments had been very handsomely furnished by Captain Pigot, and were nearly ready for the party, he begged me again and again to look over every thing, and point out what was still wanted, stating that he would reckon it the greatest favour if I would consider him completely at Sir Walter's service. As he was however he was exceedingly young, I requested I would take every opportunity of discovering Sir Walter's wishes, and put them in train, without consulting him.

"This," said he, "will answer the same end, and perhaps it will be more agreeable to my illustrious guests. I do not care to oblige you, but I will do you moderate and kind-hearted officer," by finding out either from himself or from the ladies of his family, any thing and every thing that will add to his comfort on the voyage, and let me know it or if I be not in the way, apply to the ladies, who will at once impart implicitly to your suggestions. By the way, cannot you see any thing now," said he, "to remark upon? Is there nothing in these arrangements which Sir Walter might find inconvenient?"

As Captain Pigot seemed so desirous that I should remain on board to add to and alter, I cast off eyes about to discover defects where every thing seemed perfect. At last I said, "It strikes me that these little gratings which form the steps of your quarter-deck ladder will bother Sir Walter, who is so dependent upon his stick, the end of which goes into one of these holes, he may tumble down head foremost on the main deck."

Captain Pigot merely turned to the first lieutenant and said "Mr. Walker, will you attend to that?" But before I left the ship, and indeed almost before I could have supposed the plans planned, I found the gratings gone, and the holes substituted in their stead.

It was the same with every thing else, and a sort of magical equality appeared to belong to the execution of Sir Walter's slightest wish, or supposition of a wish.

Many people may not be aware that there are certain things which are usual for passengers to provide themselves with, even though ordered to do so by the officers of war; such as beds, sheeting, and various other minor articles of furniture. These, with the captain's permission, I took care to send on board without troubling Sir Walter. When all was completed, Captain Pigot proposed to take a final survey of the accommodations, in order to discover whether by possibility any thing had been omitted which seemed calculated to be useful or agreeable to them on their passage. The orders of the admiralty, however, had been so precise, that not a dock-yard people had worked so well; and the captain and officers of the ship had so far, as they could, complied with all the details; that not the smallest omission could be spied out. We had only therefore to corroborate the captain's report to Sir Walter, that all was ready for him to embark whenever the wind should shift.

While these things were going on afloat, every person on board seemed to vie with his neighbour in doing his utmost to the illustrious stranger. The lieutenant-governor, Sir Colin Campbell, and the other local authorities, called upon him almost as if he had been a royal personage, to place at his disposal all the means in their power to render his stay at Portsmouth agreeable. The post-admiral, Sir Thomas Foley, waited on him to pay the admiral's yacht, the *Sylph*, and the flag-ship's barge, were at his orders, should he or his family wish to sail about. The commissioner, also, Sir Michael Seymour, offered his

services, and begged to know if there was any thing in the dock-yard which he wished to see.

"I am so weak myself," said Sir Walter, "that I cannot hope to visit your establishments, but I believe some of my family are anxious to see an anchor made."

Nothing more passed, but next day a message was received to say that a large anchor was to be forged, if the ladies would name the hour.

The last of the familiarity happened to be at Portsmouth, on a tour of inspection, and they too waited on Sir Walter to learn if any thing further could be done to meet his wishes. An idea at that time prevailed that an armament was about to be fitted out against Holland, or, at all events, it was supposed the ships at Spithead and Plymouth might be called upon to make a demonstration on the Downs. When this news came, I remember thinking that I had detected a lurking sort of hope on Sir Walter's part, that the frigate prepared for his reception would be one of those ordered away, and that he might thus have an excuse for not leaving the country. To the measure of removing him from home indeed, as far as it could go, he never gave his hearty concurrence, though he submitted to the positive dictation of his physicians, and the earnest entreaties of his friends. This glimpse of hope of an interruption to his banishment, as I heard him afterwards call it, was only one, was demolished by a semi-official notification from the high authorities charged with the regulation of such affairs, who happened to be still present, that the *Barham* should not be diverted from her original destination except in the last extremity, for while there could be found another available ship in England, Sir Walter Scott might reckon on nothing interfering with his plans.

I observed a very slight shrug of the shoulders, and a transient expression of provocation in his countenance, as this flattering message was delivered to him; but it instantly passed off, and he expressed himself in the highest degree flattered by such attention. It was amusing and instructive to recollect, that from the hour of this communication to the moment of his sailing, his spirits appeared to recover their wonted elasticity. The evil so he had viewed the necessity of leaving home—now he now he had made up his mind to meet it; though I am persuaded he had not the slightest hope of deriving any benefit from the voyage. I one day heard him mention how curious it was that two of our greatest novelists had gone abroad only to die—Fielding and Smollett. And the same evening he asked me to step over to Mr. Harrison's, to see a copy of the *Fielding's Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*. "That little book," said he, "the last he wrote, is one of the most entertaining and witty of all Fielding's productions, though written during a period of great pain and sickness." Indeed," he continued, "I hardly know any amusing book of travels than Fielding has contrived to compose out of a subject apparently so scanty and threadbare as a voyage down the Thames, through the Downs to St. Helen's Roads, and then across the Bay of Biscay."

One day, speaking of the knights of Malta, he begged me to send for a history of that island; and as the waiter was going off to the bookseller's some one called out, "Tell Mr. Harrison to send over also any amusing works he has at hand."

"I will send you a cure," said another, "they will send you a pile of the Waverley Novels."

"Ay!" cried out the author himself, "that would be sending coils to Newcastle indeed!"

Nothing could be more good-natured than the manner in which he allowed himself to be made the lion. The Portsmouth Society, a friendly, feeling, naturally desirous to enrol such a name on their list of members, wrote to request that honour. By some accident, however, the deputation charged with this communication arrived at the Fountain Inn when Sir Walter was in the middle of a dinner.

"Shall I ask that you will receive them by and by, sir?" I asked, "or to-morrow morning?"

"Oh no," said he, "they may feel disappointed—or perhaps they may have a meeting to-night—show them in, I pray."

In due time came accordingly; and as the opportunity was too good to be omitted of getting a sight of the portly Scot, the deputation of philosophers was by no means a small one. He talked, however, to each of these gentlemen, appeared to take the greatest interest in the history of their town and its curiosities; and having drank glass of wine with each, and shaken hands with each, he dismissed them, enchanted with their urbanity and good-nature.

One day, when the ladies were setting out to return

he probability of his visiting the pyramids of Egypt, and perhaps Athens and Constantinople. At such moments,

And while he was sitting down, a stranger might have imagined there was nothing the matter with him; but when he rose, or attempted to rise, his weakness became distressingly manifest. One evening, after he had been sitting some time with his eyes closed, he expressed a wish to retire; but although he was assisted, and did all I could to assist him, it was not till the third attempt that he gained his feet. While endeavouring to rise, he muttered, "This weakness increases on me, confound it!" And after a pause, he added, "It is rather hard, that just at the moment—at the very first moment of my whole life, that I could call myself free to do as I please, or do what I think proper, should be knocked up with this style, and prevented from even going the street, were the greatest curiosity in the world placed there."

Next morning, however, the 28th of October, when I was sitting in the drawing-room, about half-past six or seven o'clock, in he stepped stoutly enough; and waving his stick, he called to me to give him my arm, as the morning was fine, that he might take a walk on the ramparts. On reaching the platform, he turned round and said,

"Now show me the exact spot where Jack the painter was hanged,"

I pointed out the locality, now occupied by a post or pilot-beacon on the inner part of Blackhouse Point, on which I remembered having seen Jack's bones hanging in chains more than nine-and-twenty years before, when I first went to sea as a wee middy. He seemed so familiar with all Jack the painter's exploits, and especially his setting fire to the dock-yard, that I asked if he had been reading about him lately. "Not for these last thirty or forty years, certainly," he answered.

As we strolled along the ramparts, he looked often towards Spithead, and at last he stopped, and desired me to show him where the celebrated Royal William used to lie during the war.

"Where did the Royal George go down?" he next asked.

I pointed out to him the buoy; upon which, as if taxing his memory, he murmured, in a voice scarcely audible, a line or so of Cowper's verses on that melancholy catastrophe:—

"His fingers held the pen, his sword"—
 "No!" said he correcting himself, "that won't do"—
 "His sword was in its sheath—
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down
 With twice four hundred men."

He was in great glee during the whole of this walk, and told some five or six of his best stories, and all in his very best manner. Most of these, indeed, I had heard before: but their dress was new, and their points were

as sharp as ever. One, however, he told about himself, which I had not heard till then, though I think it has since been published in one of the volumes of the new edition of the Waverley novels. At the age of two years

seems, he was placed under the charge of a nursery-maid, and sent to his grand-uncle's in the country, for the benefit of his health, he being then in a very feeble and sickly state. "My ailments, however," he went on to relate, "were nearly being brought to a speedy conclusion, for my nurse, whose head appears to have been turned by some low craze or another, resolved to put me to death. In this view, she carried me to the moors, and having laid me on the heather, pulled out her scissors, and made the necessary preparations for cutting my throat."

"I believe," replied he, "that the infant smiled in her face, and she could not go on."

"Would not this moment in the history of the author of *Waverley* form a good subject for a picture?" said some one to whom I related the story. Which question, by the way, reminds me that Sir Walter, most good

naturally, allowed me one morning to make a set of camera lucida sketches of him standing, as he said, "with all his imperfections on his feet." My brother, Mr. James Hall, a young artist in London, having conceived the novel and bold idea of representing Sir Walter exactly as he appeared in company, without any of the contrivances by which other painters have studiously concealed the defect of his right foot, he begged me to secure some careful jottings with the camera for this purpose. I told Sir Walter the reason why I wished to

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM

WALDIE, No. 6, NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—AT \$5 for 92 numbers, payable in advance.

sketch him, leg and all; at which he laughed repeatedly, and said his young friend's idea was not a bad one. While I was putting the apparatus in order, he said to himself, "I wonder what sort of a defect it was that old *Zeep* had!" I asked if his lameness had ever given him any inconvenience as a boy?—No, not at all, he replied; "I used to climb up and down all the most difficult parts of the Castle Rock of Edinburgh with any boy at the school."

Upon another occasion I heard him say, "An illness, when I was not above two years old, brought on this disagreeable lameness of mine," touching his foot with his stick as he spoke; "and I remember quite well, that there was an idea that I might be cured by having my whole body wrapped up in a raw sheep's skin. The unpleasant sensation caused by the contact of the raw skin with the animal's back and applied to my body, I shall never forget. I don't fancy it did me much good."

Immediately after breakfast, on the morning of the 29th of October, Captain Pigot landed from the *Barham*, to mention to Sir Walter Scott, that although the wind was not, strictly speaking, fair—inasmuch as it was a dead calm, yet that he thought the opportunity should be taken to embark. Sir Walter was all compliance, and appeared, indeed, rejoiced to get away. "We have been kept here as prisoners at large during the last week, and I long to get into what you call blue water, Captain Pigot," he said, "and I have no compunctions to the commissioner, and say I shall feel obliged to him to send the barge which he offered, to take us on board."

But while he spoke, Mr. Gayton, the flag-lieutenant, came in with Admiral Sir Thomas Foley's compliments, to say, that on his hearing that the *Barham* was ready, and that Captain Pigot had gone to announce that it was time to embark, the signal had been made to the *Britannia* to send her barge, to convey Sir Walter Scott and his family to Spithead.

He himself was soon ready; but the rest of the party, who had had to pack, and other dispositions to make, necessarily took longer time. Meanwhile, the author of *Waverley* was in the drawing-room in the light of spirits. I ever remember to have seen him—chatting with every one who came in about his voyage, the beauty of the day, and the kindness of the king, the admiralty, the admiral, the captain of his ship, and, in short, he exclaimed, laughing, "It is really quite ridiculous the fuss you are all making about our going. Ever and anon, as any one came into the room to pick up things, he was sure to fire off some good-humoured scold about the sin of tardiness, and the proverbial length of time it took to get ladies under weigh, with their endless bonnets and band-boxes. No one of us ever took notice of such trifles. But there ran through all his observations such an air of humour and drolery, mixed occasionally with a slight dash of caustic sarcasm, in the funny style of his own dear Antiquary, that the resemblance was at times complete. I never remember to have seen Sir Walter more cheerful, and even animated, than he was on the morning of his embarkation; and in fact, there appeared so little trace of illness, that the hopes of his ultimate and full recovery seemed, for the hour, to rest on surer foundations than ever."

At a little after eleven in the forenoon he stepped into the *Sally Port*, and was rowed off to Spithead on a most beautiful morning. The surface of the sea appeared to have tranquillised itself for the occasion—for I scarcely ever before saw Spithead, even in summer, so smooth or so completely without swell. The whole scene of the immense anchorage lay as polished in appearance as the speculum of a telescope, while the only ripple visible in any direction was that which glanced far off to the right and left from the oars, and from the barge's cutter, as she glided, with a faint hissing noise, faster than I remember to have known a boat rowed before. For the men, who were well swayed by the honour done them, gave way together in such style, that the oars bent like bows, while Sir Walter pointed to the beauties of the Isle of Wight, looked long at Haslar Hospital, asked minutely about the pilotage round the different shoals of the Solent, and made us explain the distinction between the anchorages of St. Helen's, Spithead, and the Mother Bank. Nothing escaped him, and it was

really quite satisfactory to see our venerable friend, at the hour of parting, apparently so light-hearted and contented.

On reaching the *Barham*, we found, that although an accommodation ladder had been fitted, the officers, with the ready consideration of men of business, had slung an arm-chair for Sir Walter might have the option of walking or being hoisted in. He preferred the chair as being less fatiguing; and as we adjusted the apparatus, I observed that a new and stouter rope than usual had been rove for the occasion. This precaution may have been accidental, but it was quite in keeping with the incessant and eager desire manifested by every person on board to do honour to their illustrious guest.

After he had looked over the cabins intended for his accommodation, with which he expressed himself very much pleased, he came again on deck, and sat abaft the mizen-mast in conversation with his family till it was time to leave, as a breeze had sprung up, and the ship was getting under way.

I shall not soon forget the great man's last look, while he held his friends successively by the hand, as he sat on the deck of the frigate, and wished us good-bye one after another, in a tone which showed that he at least knew all hope was over!

During the week, when I was in attendance upon Sir Walter Scott at Portsmouth, I had frequent opportunities of speaking to him about his different novels, a subject upon which I was glad to find he had no objection to converse. I mentioned to him one day, that I considered myself very fortunate in having become the possessor of his original manuscript of the *Antiquary*. His observations were remarkable, "I am glad that, for it is one of my I like best myself, and if you will let me have for a few minutes, I shall be glad to write a word or two upon it to that effect."

I told him it was in town, but that I should write off for it express, and hoped to receive it in time. Meanwhile, I asked him one or two questions about the *Antiquary*, and begged to know if it had cost much trouble in the composition.

"None whatever," was his reply; "I wrote it 'en route calano' from beginning to end."

I asked him if he had ever actually witnessed or known of any scene resembling that of the baronet and his daughter going round the headland, and nearly being swept away by the tide coming in?

"O no!" he said, rather impatiently, "I thought, as if the whole were obviously imaginary."

I next asked him if ever he had been present at such a scene as that in the hut of the fisherman, whose son is represented as lying dead in his coffin?

"No," he replied; "not exactly as there described, not exactly in all respects. I have, however, been in contact with similar occasions."

"Is *Rob Tall*, sir, the parish clerk, a real name; for, I observe at page 101, the first volume of the *MS*, that this person's name was originally written *Rob Dozend*?"

"No," he said, "it is not a real name. *Tall* is a common name in that part of the country—Dundee."

He laughed when he repeated the word *Dozend*, but said he could not recollect why he had changed it to *Tall*. I did not like to tease him with further questions. By the mail early next morning I received the precious *MS*, and having taken my station in the drawing-room, an hour before the usual time of Sir Walter's appearance, in order to secure the fulfilment of his promise, I waited in impatience till he came in. I was delighted to see him looking hearty and cheerful, as if he had passed a good night; and as soon as he had taken his station at the writing-desk, I placed the autograph manuscript of the *Antiquary* before him, and reminded him of his offer to state in it the reasons of his preference of that novel.

He at once took his pen, and, in the course of some weeks, wrote in great, wrote two pages. When he had finished, I said,

"You would add great value to this writing, Sir Walter, if you would be so kind as to put your name to it." He instantly wrote his signature.

"The date also," I added, "would give it still further value."

"True," he replied; "I had forgotten that!" And, resuming his pen, he wrote, "Forasmuch, 27th October, 1831."

The following is a copy, word for word, of this very curious document, which possesses a high degree of interest, not only from its being the very last thing he wrote on the shores of England, but from its containing a pleasing glimpse of that excellent, but too frequently linked with bewitching playfulfulness of humour, which, in the opinion of many people, distinguishes the *Antiquary* above all his other works.

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN HALL,

"As my head seems determinately inflexible, I cannot employ my spare time better than in making a remark upon this novel, which, as you are kind enough to set an ideal value upon [it], will perhaps be enhanced in that respect, by receiving any trifling explanations and particulars, (and by your learning) that among the numerous creatures of my imagination, the author has had a particular partiality for the *Antiquary*. It is one of the very best of the works of fiction which contains a portrait from life, and it is the likeness of a friend of my infancy, boyhood, and youth—a fact detected at the time by the acuteness of Mr. James Chalmers, solicitor at law in London. This gentleman, remarkable for the integrity of his conduct in business, and the modesty of his charges, had been an old friend and correspondent of my father's, in his more early and busy days; and he continued to take an interest in literary matters to the end of a life prolonged beyond the ordinary limits. He took, accordingly, some trouble to discover the author; and when he had discovered the *Antiquary*, told my friend, William Erskine, that he was now perfectly satisfied that Walter Scott, of whom personally he knew really nothing, was the author of these mysterious works of fiction; for that the character of Jonathan Oldbuck of Monkbarrow, was drawn from the late George Constable of Wallace Esq. of Dundee, a friend of my father's, who had thrice with my father every week, and used to speak of my sayings and doings as [those of] a clever boy. I was extremely surprised at this detection, for I thought I had taken the utmost care to destroy every trace of personal resemblance. I had no reason to suspect that any one in London could have recollected my friend, who had been long dead, and [who had] lived in strict retirement during the last years of his life. I took an opportunity to enquire after the general recollection which survived of my old friend, on an occasion when I chanced to be 'over the water,' as we say. His house was in ruins, his property freed for some commercial [purpose], and I found him described less as a humourist—which was his real character—than as a misnor and a misanthrope, qualities which merely tinged his character. I owed him much for his [services], and he would have been gratified to remember particularly, when a resident for some time at Prestonsparn with my aunt, Miss Janet Scott—one of those excellent persons who devote their ease and leisure to the care of some sick relative—George Constable came to fix his residence [in the neighbourhood]—I have always thought from some such source kindness for my aunt, who, though not in the van of youth, had been a most beautiful woman. At least, we three walked together every day in the world, and the *Antiquary* was my familiar companion. He taught me to read and understand Shakespeare. He explained the style of the letters of Prestonsparn, of which he had witnessed the horrors from a safe distance. Many other books he read to us, and showed a great deal of dramatic humour. I have mentioned [this] in the recent, or author's edition [of the *Waverley Novels*], but less particularly than I would wish you to know."

"The sort of preference which I gave, and still give, this work, is from its connection with the early scenes of my life.—And here am I seeking health at the expense of travel, just as was the case with me in my tenth year. Well! I don't think the first of my kindred, who have been and is bound to remember with gratitude those who have been willing to assist him in his voyage, whether in youth or age, amongst whom I must include old George Constable and yourself—"

"WALTER SCOTT."

"Portsmouth, 27th October, 1831."

CHAPTER II.

EXCURSION TO CANDELEY LAKE IN CEYLON.

The fervid activity of our excellent admiral, Sir Samuel Hood, in whose flag-ship I served as lieutenant from 1812 to 1815 on the Indian station, furnished abundant materials for journal-writing, and was only known to me for profit by them. There was few observable boyish hilarity about this great officer which made it equally delightful to serve officially under him, and to enjoy his friendly companionship; in either case, we always felt certain of making the most of our opportunities.

Scarcely, had we returned from alligator hunt, near Trincomalee, when Sir Samuel applied himself to the collector of the district, who was chief civilian of the place, and begged to know what he would recommend us to visit.

"Do you care about antiquities?" said the collector. "Of course," replied the admiral, "provided they be genuine and worth seeing. What have you got to show us in that way? I thought this part of the country had been wild jungle from all time, and that the English were only now bringing it into cultivation."

"On the contrary," observed our intelligent friend, "there are manifest traces, not very far off, of a dense and wealthy population. At all events, the inhabitants appear to have understood some of the arts of life, for we find a huge pile of burnt bricks, and a few fragments; so large, indeed, that there still exists, in one corner of it, a sheet of water extensive enough to deserve the name of a lake."

"We let us go and see it," exclaimed the admiral. "Can we ride?" Order the horses; who minds the heat of the sun? For, like almost all new comers, Sir Samuel cared nothing for exposure, and laughed at the precautions of more experienced residents. It was this habitual indifference which, I believe, two years after the period I am now speaking of, cost him his life. When travelling in the interior of India, near Seringapatam, he reached a station, where, fresh set of palanquin-bearers were to have met him, but where, owing to some accident, they had not been posted. "It matters not," cried the energetic chief, "let us walk." And sure enough he set off, to perform on foot a stage which even now it would be reckoned too fatiguing for a man to undertake; for the sun had risen nearly to the meridian, and there was hardly a breath of wind. Possibly no mischief might have ensued from this fatal march, had not the admiral been previously residing for some days in Tipoo Sultan's palace, and in the neighbourhood of a most unhealthy spot in Mysore; and it appears to be a curious circumstance connected with the malaria of that noxious district, that its effects frequently lie dormant till some time after the traveller has quitted the region in which he breathed it. Sir Samuel Hood did not escape; but he felt no inconvenience till after he descended the Ghats and entered the Carnate. At Madras, the jungle fever, of which the fatal seeds had been sown at Seringapatam, and quickened into growth by subsequent exposure, attacked our noble friend, and in a few days carried him off.

The collector of Trincomalee soon satisfied the admiral that an expedition to Candelay Lake, as the ancient tank of the natives was called, could not be undertaken quite so speedily. Boats and horses indeed were all ready, and tents could easily be procured; but it was likewise necessary to employ a party, to pack up our clothes, and to send forward a set of native pioneers to clear the way through brushwood otherwise impenetrable. The admiral was in such ecstasies at the prospect of an adventure which was to cost some trouble, that he allowed nobody rest, every thing had been put in train. Early in the morning, the admiral, who was accordingly set out in several of the flag-ship's boats, accompanied by a mosquito fleet of native canoes to pilot and assist us. Lady Hood, whom no difficulties could daunt, accompanied Sir Samuel; the captain of his ship, and his flag-lieutenant, the collector as pilot, and, one or two others, made up the party; and our excursion, though nearly destitute of adventures vulgarly so called, proved one of the most interesting possible.

The early part of our course lay over the smooth and beautiful harbour of Trincomalee, after which we passed through a series of canals, which were called, after the lake of Tanblegam, a connecting bay or arm of the sea, though far out of sight of the main ocean. We soon lost ourselves amid innumerable little islands clad thickly in the richest masses of tropical foliage down to the water's edge, and at almost all places, the water was so hot, that it was not a stone or the least bit of ground could

be seen, these fiery islets appeared actually to float on the surface. This kind of scenery was not altogether new to many of our party, who had been in the West Indies and at Bermuda; but it belonged to that class which the eye of a traveller never becomes tired of. The scene which followed, however, proved new enough to all eyes. The water here was not deep, but the aquatic forest of mangroves for nearly a mile, along a narrow lane cut through the wood expressly for us, the day before by the natives. These fantastical trees, which grow actually in the water, often recall to the imagination those of the sea-coast of countries inland, where the aquatic forest, when the boats are perched on the top of piles. We saw with astonishment clusters of oysters and other shell-fish clinging to the trunk and branches, as well as to the roots of these trees, which proves that the early voyagers were not such inventors of facts as folks suppose them, nor far wrong in reporting that they had seen fish growing, like fruit, on trees!

Shortly before entering the water wilderness, we encountered a party of native pearl-divers; and the admiral, who was at all times most provokingly sceptical as to reported wonderful exploits, pulled out his watch, and insisted on timing the best diver amongst them, to see how long he could remain under water. In no case did the poor fellow make out a minute complete; upon which the admiral held up his watch exultingly in his triumph, and laughing to scorn the assurances that at other parts of the coast, divers could stay for half an hour, or even five minutes at the bottom. "Show me them! show me them!" cried he, "and then, but not till then—begging your pardon—I shall believe it."

This challenge, I am sorry to say, was never answered. The method used by these divers is to place between their feet a basket loaded with one or two heavy lumps of coral, the weight of which carries them rapidly to the bottom. The oysters being then substituted for the stones, the diver disengages his feet, and shoots up to the surface again, either bringing the full basket with him, or leaving it to rise and drop by a line. Sir Samuel thought it was imagined more wild and Arabian-night-like than the mangrove avenue through which we rowed, or rather paddled, for the strait was so narrow that there was no room for the ours when pushed out to their full length. The sailors, therefore, were ordered to row, and to dip their oars by a line into the trees, to draw the boats along. The foliage, as we were supposed here perennial heat and moisture occur in abundance, spread overhead in such extraordinary luxuriance, that a few of the sun's rays could penetrate the thick network of leaves and branches forming the roof of our fairy passage. Not a single bird could be seen, either seated or on the wing; nor was even a chirp distinguishable above the dreamy hum of millions of mosquitoes floating about in a calm so profound, that it seemed as if the surface of the water had never been disturbed since the creation. The air, though cool, felt so heavy and choky, that by the time we had scrambled to the end of this strange tunnel or watery lane, we could scarcely breathe, and were rejoiced to enter the open air again,—although, when we came out, the sun "flamed in the forehead of the morning sky," and beat fiercely upon our faces, which were scorched by our own every blade of grass had been scorched away.

The village of Tanblegam, to which we soon came, is inhabited by a colony of Hindoo emigrants from the coast of Malabar. It is a little place, of which the most striking feature is a fine fan of palm trees, and the leaves of the plantain, standing under prodigiously high cocoa-nuts, are so very diminutive, that the whole looks more like a child's toybox village than the residence of grown people. The principal edifice, which we failed not to visit forthwith, is a pagoda built of stone, exactly like the one at Tanjore, and of the same style. In taking such a liberty, we entered the pagoda unceremoniously, and one of our artists set to work sketching the bronze image which the natives worship as a deity. This strange figure is in pretty good keeping with the rest of the establishment, being not quite three inches in height. But the Hindoo deity, who presided over the assembly, soon ordered the admiral and his party, who then turned towards a little tank or pool of water, beautifully spangled over with the leaves and flowers of the waterily, or lotus, so celebrated in Persian poetry. In the middle of the tank, a few elegant figures, who had just assembled themselves, and appeared to be enjoying the coolness of the water in a style which we envied not a little.

The eastern fashion of bathing differs much from ours. Instead of plunging in and swimming about, one person sits down, while several poor pitchers of water over the

head. We took notice also of one particularly interesting party of young and most beautifully formed damsels, who waded in till the water reached nearly to their breasts. Each of these girls held in her hands a chatty or water-pot, shaped somewhat like an Etruscan vase, the top of which barely showed itself above the level of the pool. Upon a signal being given by one of the party, all the girls ducked out of sight, and at the same time raised their water-jars high in the air. In the next instant, just as their heads began to reappear above the surface, the vessels were simultaneously inclined so that the water was poured over their heads, and then returned by the time the bathers again stood erect, the inverted jars might be quite empty. Nothing could be more graceful than the whole proceedings; and we sat in the shade of the pagoda looking at these nymphs for half an hour in great admiration, and thinking what a fine sight such beautiful figures would have formed for sculpture.

In the mean time a slender pole, forty feet in height, had been erected by a set of native tumblers, who presently exhibited before us various feats of extraordinary agility and strength—some of these are almost curious to be believed by those who are not aware of the flexibility and dexterity of the Hindoos. We were most surprised and amused by the exploits of a lady of forty, which is considered a very old age in that climate, who ran up the pole more like a monkey than a human being, and then, after a short repose, she came down, in a weathercock, whirled herself round to the great astonishment of the European beholders. What tickled us particularly on this occasion was the good lady accompanying her strange movements with a noise so exactly like that of our respected friend Punch, who, when troubled by his faithful wive lady, that we were almost laughing. Our host occasioned a momentary embarrassment to the tumbler, who little guessed, poor old soul, how far off the point of the joke lay. Every tumbler, I am sure, must have remarked, that it is these little things, which draw down the wrath of the gods, excite his feelings when wandering in distant countries, and where he least expects to have his national sympathies awakened.

As the sun had by this time fallen past that particular angle in the sky above which it is considered by the natives to be the residence of the evil spirits, and our respective palanquins, and proceeded on the journey through what seemed to us a very respectable forest, growing on lands which had once been under the plough, but apparently very long ago. To our inexperienced eyes, and to those of our artist, the scene was so new, and so beautiful, that we were almost tempted to leave our respective palanquins, and to wander about the forest, which must have elapsed from the time we had been of wood first supplanted the labours of the husbandman; and but our friend the collector soon explained to us, that if any spot of ground in that rich district were neglected for a very few years, natural trees, as tall as those we now admired so much, would soon shoot up spontaneously and occupy all the soil. We shook our heads at this with the confident scepticism of ignorance, and exchanged glances amongst ourselves at the expense of our official companion; but in the course of an hour we were compelled, by the evidence of our own senses, to believe the collector. We were not, however, long in touching virgin forest of the climate, we beheld a most noble spectacle indeed, in the way of scenery, such as I at least had never seen before, and have but rarely met with since. I do not recollect the names of the principal trees, though they were mentioned to us over and over again; nor did it matter much, for these would not help the description. The grand Banyan, however, with which European eyes have become so correctly familiar through the pencil of Daniell, (which is quite matchless in the representation of the scenery, people, and animals,) was not the only tree which we beheld, even more decidedly than the cocoa-nut and tree had done in the morning, that we were indeed in another world. I may remark, that the cocoa-nut, as far as I know, flourishes only near the shore. It seems, indeed, to delight in holding out its slender and feathery arms to embrace the sea-breeze as it passes. All my recollections, at least, connected with the appearance of this graceful tree, are mingled up with the cheerful sound of the surf breaking along interminable lines of snow-white beaches, formed of coral sand and pebbles torn by the waves, and fringed every where by fringing the fringes of the ever-decliving strand of the sea.

Shortly after we had left the Indian village, the night fell, and while we were threading the gigantic forest by the light of torches, the only thing at all like an adventure promised to occur to us; but it ended in nothing. The party consisted of six palanquins, each attended by

him at the landing place. This cargo of dirt and rubbish on its reaching the ship, was put into a large sack, and carefully stowed away in the admiral's portmanteau reported, and the whole ship's company believed, for the benefit of the inhabitants of the hebecons—an idea not unattainably conceived, for it is precisely with such gravel that fowls, as every one knows, are supplied at sea, as regularly as with food.

Not a word more was said on the subject at Government-house, nor on board the ship, till a couple of days after we had left Colombo, when the admiral ordered the bag of gravel into his cabin, along with a great tub of water and half a dozen wash-dish buckets. The whole stowed on shore was now thoroughly examined, and when only the gravel remained, it was divided into a number of small portions, and laid on plates and dishes on the table of the fore-cabin. As soon as all was arranged, the admiral, who superintended the operation, called out—

"Send for all the young gentlemen in the ship, and let every one take a plateful of gravel before him, to catch what jewels he can."

Before the party had time to assemble, the delighted admiral had himself discovered in his own dirt three or four small garnets, and several small diamonds, of no corundum. By the aid of his young friends, to the astonishment of every one, a collection was soon made, which afterwards not only furnished the promised ring to the governor's lady, but made half a dozen others of great beauty and perfect purity of materials. These precious stones were certainly not of the largest dimensions; but, for all that, the admiral, as he was wont in every thing he attempted, completely established his point.

It was the fashion at Colombo to dine early, say at half-past three or four, in order to command the whole evening for strolling and lounging about the open air. The grand place of resort in those days was a sort of esplanade looking to the south, and called, if I recollect right, the "Galle Face," from being turned towards Point de Galle. The collection of people in the evenings at that time afforded a fine and several excellent spectacles. All ranks and parties, from the governor to the lowest coolie, appeared to be assembled to see the sun go down upon the western waters, at an hour, when the sea breeze having died away, the surface scarcely showed a ripple. The altitudes of the natives, too, are only of the island, but in this part of the island, the western coast, the natives, drove about in their peculiar conveyances, hackeries and bandies, or chose to be carried in palanquins. Later in the night came the governor's parties and balls, where only the Europeans were assembled, and where, contrary to expectation, they yet did not drop the usual most airy apartments. Indeed, it is only in cold countries that one meets with overheat ball-rooms. In India, every door and window being thrown open, a thorough draught sweeps through the house; or, if it be calm, an artificial breeze is produced by the waving of a dozen punkahs overhead, and every thing is kept fresh and agreeable. Instead, therefore, of the ball-rooms in that country being choky and unwholesome, as they almost invariably are in cold climates, they are as airy as if they were erected on the open esplanade.

It is a curious fact, that this admirable contrivance of the punkah, which is merely a large fan suspended to the roof, and extending nearly the whole length of the rooms in India, is not only a purely English invention, but is very modern. It was first devised and introduced by the real officer of the war, but not by the real officer of the Mysore against Tippoo, in 1791-92. The punkah afterwards became general under the Madras and Bombay presidencies, but not for some time; and it was only in 1811 they were introduced by the English into Java, on the conquest of that island. I believe the natives of India have never been able to adopt the contrivance. But in truth the Hindoos are wretchedly behind the Europeans in every article of real luxury, for which all their noisy pomp and tinselly show is but a poor substitute.

The first many other devices which have been fallen upon by the ingenious, wealthy, and luxurious Europeans, to counteract the heat of the climate, are so successful, that, with a very few exceptions, I have hardly ever felt the temperature of India seriously oppressive. It is true that some people decline in hot weather, and such a case, though much more common, is not adopted as a point of honour and conscience not to complain, however high the thermometer rises. I cordially sympathise with these chilly folks, so that my testimony on this matter is not the best. I do now, indeed, that I have very often experienced much real heat, but not when exposed to the sun's rays on duty, either in a

boat, or when keeping watch in a ship on the burning deck, or when lying at anchor. In an episode of the "Avalanche" of 1817, and at the same time, that the climates will make his power felt. But as the evils of such exposure are very great, every discreet commanding officer will take the utmost pains to avoid employing his officers or people unnecessarily during the heat of the day, a period which the hardest are said to find it difficult to support, and the most experienced (paradoxical as it may appear) generally among the least fitted to stand the sun with impunity.

It is very strange, that during the first year, and in some cases the second, most coolers are hardly conscious of any ill effects arising from the sun, and that the sun's direct rays; and accordingly they walk and ride about, go to the marshes for snipe-shooting, bathe in the surf, and commit all sort of folly, not only without inconvenience, but with much real enjoyment; while the other hands, who sometimes labour with peculiarities to the griffins that they are guilty of suicide. The ruddy-cheeked griffin, in his turn, laughs and quizzes the yellow-visaged old Indian, and having trudged off to the swamps, passes the whole morning up to the knees in water, so industriously, after a snipe, that he is brought home at three or four o'clock, and is obliged to lie down. Even if he escapes this sudden fate, he is pretty sure to feel, about a year and a day after his arrival, a severe twinge in his right shoulder, a pain in his side, and all the horrid symptoms of the fatal liver complaint.

"I tell you what it is, young fellows," said a venerable sun-dried officer to some of these gay Johnny Newcomers, "you shoot all day, you walk, and ride about in the sun; you poke along the streets without your palanquins; you play cricket on the esplanade at noon; you swell Hoigland's head with rum, and sausage, till you drive yourselves into the liver complaint, which you die of; and then, forsooth, we have the trouble of writing home to your friends that the climate did not agree with you!"

The fact is simply this: the climate of India will certainly not agree with those who are utterly careless about their health, and who, by a constant exposure to the sun, or who, from peculiar temperament, are predisposed to diseases inclined to great heat; or, lastly, whose duties are of such a nature, that whether they will or not, they must be exposed to the sun, without having the power of escaping the force of resistance frequently. The constant trifling about, I believe, is the great cause of the superior healthiness of seamen in India over fixed residents on shore, though apparently of equal constitutional strength. This idea seems to be confirmed by the fact, that most European troops employed in India are broken and laid up, as soon as they are ever most exposed to the sun, when in active service, and constantly moving from one encampment to another.

But whether on shore or afloat, it seems admitted to be of the greatest importance not to employ soldiers or sailors in the sun more than is absolutely necessary for the public service. It is a most painful thing, therefore, and exceedingly destructive to the health of a ship's crew, who have been for some time in that country, when she falls under the command of an inexperienced officer, who has arrived from Europe, and who, being himself at first almost entirely insensible to the disagreeable effect of the heat, considers the objections which other people make to exposure as mere fancies. Under this impression, he admits of no difference being made between the hours of work, but employs the crew in the boats while sailing through the Straits of Sunda, or moored in Madras Roads, with as much unconcern as if he were navigating the British Channel, or lying snug at Spithead. The officers, and especially the surgeon, renege in vain; poor Jack of course is the first to break, and in a few months he may be, in a few weeks or days, half the ship's company find themselves in the doctor's list. Many die of dysentery, others sink under the liver complaint, and the slightest cold often produce locked jaw; while many more, broken down by the climate, are invalided and sent home, having become useless to the service and to themselves for life! A judicious captain, under exactly similar circumstances, will not, perhaps, lose a man, nor need his crew be broken up and his ship rendered unserviceable, if he will only for ten, fifteen, or thirty days, employ an officer of experience and common sense. If he can help it, will never allow a seaman's head to appear above the hammock-railing, but will discover some employment for the men on the main and lower decks. If the ship be at anchor, he will lay out a line, and warp the ship about, till the sun be seen behind her, and may sweep freely through all parts of the decks, and

render every thing fresh, sweet, and wholesome. No vessels will be sent away from the ship during that fery time, but the crew will be carefully exposed, it will be got over with the utmost expedition. In the event of the men getting wet by a shower of rain, it is always right to make them shift their clothes instantly, and to muster them afterwards to see that their things are dry and clean. These, and a hundred other little precautions, all of which are easily adopted, and ought to be industriously sought after by new comers, and adopted implicitly and at once with scrupulous attention. At all events, the officer who has the means of enforcing these precautions, and yet does not choose to adopt them, has only himself to answer for if any of his crew die in consequence of needless exposure. He may rely upon it, that the fatal effects of a hot climate on the European constitution, unless very carefully watched, are inevitable. When I have seen regiments reduced to mere skeletons, and ships so weakened in their crews that they could scarcely weigh the anchor, I have often thought of Dr. Johnson's graphic description, in his paper on the Falkland Islands, of those unseen evils of war in uncivilized regions, of which so few people in high latitudes take any account: "By which," says he, "the army is silently dispeopled, and armies sluggishly melted away."

Persons living on shore, however, and who possess the means of purchasing the ordinary luxuries of an oriental life, need scarcely ever suffer much inconvenience from the heat. The dress of Europeans, which consists of the lightest and whitest materials, reflects a great part of the heat. The rooms are always large and airy, without carpets, and stuck so full of open doors and windows, that when there comes the slightest breath of wind from the sea it is sure to be felt; but all these are carefully closed up when the air is hot. The sun is excluded by various contrivances, chiefly by a shady verandah, ten or twelve feet wide, which generally runs quite round the house, so that no direct rays can strike into the apartments. And the painful glare of the lower sky, or, which is nearly as distressing to the eyes, the dazzling reflection from bright objects on the ground, is softened by a painting of the most brilliant rattan imported from China. These devices, which scarcely intercept the wind, effectually prevent the admission of more light than is absolutely required. In some parts of India, a large open frame-work is placed in a sloping position against the top of the verandah, and rendered so close that the sun's rays do not reach the house. This frame being covered over thickly, but loosely, with a layer of a peculiar kind of sweet-scented grass, called I think, "cuscus," is kept well drenched with water. The process of evaporation caused by the hot and dried wind passing through the wet matting produces a more considerable degree of cold than any one who has not enjoyed the surpassing luxury of these coolers, or tatties, can form any conception of. I have heard it said, indeed, that the damp cool air which trembles in the pores of the frame-work, is the most delightful thing in the world; but the time, is apt to give colds, stiff necks, and the whole family of rheumatic twinges, to those who are in the habit of catching cold readily. But I will believe none of these stories against the exquisite tatties, under the lee of which I have seen whole families of Europeans sit, and even sleep, for a breeze; for I need not remark, that during a calm they are useless.

Persons long accustomed to watch those periodical changes in the wind, which occur in hot climates with such wonderful regularity every day, can often tell, by some intuitive consciousness, not capable of communication to inexperienced senses, almost the very moment when the long land breeze from the westward will be a member, at Madras, sitting one day in the inner room of a friend's house, who had been my school-fellow a dozen years before—now, alas! nearly twenty years in his grave. I was telling me of his quickness of perception in this matter, and of his great knowledge of what is called a garden-house on the famous Choultry Plain. My friend's quickness of sight beat that of the pig's, (who, every one knows, can see the wind) for he declared he could see the calm, and calling me to the window, he pointed out the wonderful effect of the landscape appeared to have given way, like molten silver, under the heat, and to be moving past more like a troubled stream than the solid ground. The trees and shrubs seen under a variety of refractions, through difficulty, and the sun's rays, and the sea, and the sky, and, though, probably not one leaf of the highest coconut tree, nor a single blade of the lowest grass, stirred

is often as rough as that of any small sea. The waves, it is true, are not so long and high; but they are very awkward to deal with, from their abruptness and the rapidity with which they get up when a breeze sets in.

On those parts of the coast of the United States where the seasons are alternately very fine and very rough, our ingenious friends, the Americans, have contrived a set of pilot boats, which are the delight of every sailor. "This description of vessel, as the name implies, must always be at sea, as it is impossible to tell when her services may be required by ships steering in for the harbour's mouth." According to the Baltimore clipper, the *New York*, the elements in the elements in a style which it requires a long apprenticeship to the difficulties and discomforts of a wintry navigation in a stormy latitude, duty to appreciate. In the fine weather, smooth water, and light winds of summer, these pilot-boats skim over the water with the ease and swiftness of a swallow, apparently just touching the water with their prettily formed hulls, which seem too small to bear the immense load of snow-white canvass swelling above them, and shooting them along as if by magic, when every other vessel is lost in the calm, and when the wind-masted vessels have to beat up against the air to fill their sky-sails and royal studding-sails. They are truly "water witches;" for, while they look so delicate and fragile that one feels at first as if the most moderate breeze must crush them from the face of the ocean, and scatter to the winds all their gay drapery—their sails and do-deck, as a matter of habit and custom, the most furious gales with which the rugged "sea-board" of America is visited in February and March.

I have seen a pilot-boat off New York, in the morning, in a calm, with all her sails set, lying asleep on her side, which she could not do, and she would not do, if we could count the seam of each cloth in the mirror beneath her, and it became difficult to tell which was the reflected image—which the true vessel. And yet, within a few hours, I have observed the same boat, with only her close-reefed foresail set—no one visible on her deck, and the crew running round the mast and rigging to swallow her up. Nevertheless, the beautiful craft rose as buoyantly on the back of the waves as any duck, and, moreover, glanced along their surface, and kept so good a wind, that, ere long, she shot ahead and weathered our ship. Before this day was done, she could have been seen running round the Cape of Good Hope, and, though we had been labouring in the interval, under every sail we could possibly carry without risk of the masts.

The balsas of Peru, the catamarans and masallu boats of the Coromandel coast, and the flying proas of the South Sea Islands, have all been described before, and their respective merits dwelt upon by Cook, Vancouver, Ulla, and others. Each in its way, and on its proper spot, seems to possess qualities which it is difficult to communicate to vessels similarly constructed at a distance. The boats of each country, indeed, may be said to possess a peculiar language, understood only by the natives of the countries to which they belong; and, truly, the manner in which the vessels of some regions behave, under the guidance of their respective masters, seems almost to imply that the boats themselves are gifted with animal intelligence. At a events, their performance is so different from the high and powerful admiration of those whom experience has rendered familiar with the difficulties to be overcome.

Long acquaintance with the local tides, winds, currents, and other circumstances of the pilotage, and the constant pressure of necessity, enable the inhabitants of each particular spot to acquire a knowledge of the peculiarities of their country, and to use their machinery, that to a new comer, however well provided, or however skillful generally, can expect to cope with them. Hence it arises, that boats of a man-of-war are found almost invariably inferior, in some respects, to those of the port at which she touches. In the case of vessels that our boats to any one particular place, would be to render them less serviceable upon the whole. After remaining some time at a place we might succeed in occasionally outailing or outwinding the natives; but what sort of a figure would we make, if we were to sail out at high tide, and then, after ordering away a thousand miles farther from, or nearer to, the equator, where all the circumstances would inevitably be found totally different from what they were at the last port? We should have to change again and again, losing time at each place, and probably being afterwards obliged to return to the place where the natives, long resident on the spot, alone know the art of applying to practice.

It has been somewhere remarked, that when the human frame is compared with that of the inferior animals, it is found that, while in swiftness it is beaten by one, in scent by another, in strength by a third, yet does it contain by far the most admirable and varied powers of endurance, and of resistance to the attacks of the unintellectual animals. Thus man, upon the whole, is far better fitted than any of them for enduring the boundless varieties of climate which distinguish the different quarters of the globe, and for bringing into useful effort those inherent energies, both of body and mind, which he is gifted with, while in the end, he is the reader him the undisputed master of all other living things. So it is (to compare great things with small), in the case of the boats of ships of war which are most ingeniously contrived to be useful in all climates, in all seas, on every coast, and in every wind, and in every season. They are likewise sufficiently well adapted to all seas and all weathers, and can either carry a heavy load or sail quite light. They are so strongly built that they can take the ground without injury, and yet are not so heavy as to be troublesome in handling. While they are strong enough to bear the fring of a cannon, they are strong enough to be used as a platform for water casks or provisions, or to diambark troops, without being inconveniently cumbersome when stowed on the booms, or suspended from the quarters. Like the hardy sailors who man them, they are rough and ready for any service, in any part of the world, at any moment.

It is not likely that we shall ever essentially improve the build or equipment of our boats; but it must always be useful to seafaring men to become acquainted with such practical devices in seamanship as have been found to answer well, especially if they seem capable of being appropriated upon occasions which may be more or less peculiarly adapted to us to imitate varied as that of the navy. It is partly on this account, and partly as a matter of general curiosity, that I think some mention of the canoes of Ceylon, and the balsas of Peru, may interest many persons for whom ordinary technicalities possess no charm. At least the canoes are so singular and neatness about both these contrivances, and a correctness of principle, which we are surprised to find in connection with perfect simplicity, and an absence of that collateral knowledge which we are so apt to fancy belongs only to more advanced stages of civilization and philosophical instruction.

The hull or body of the Ceylonese canoe is formed, like that of Robinson Crusoe's, out of the trunk of a single tree, wrought in its middle part into a perfectly smooth cylinder, but slightly flattened and turned up at both ends, which are made exactly alike. It is hollowed out in the middle, by the use of a gouge, and is made in the form of a cylinder, for considerably more than half of the outside part of the cylinder or barrel is left entire, with only a narrow slit, eight or ten inches wide, above. If such a vessel were placed in the water it would possess very little stability, even when the long and buoyant keel were built into it. By means of a long set of wooden upper works, in the shape of a long trough, extending from end to end; and the top-heaviness of this addition to the hull would instantly overturn the vessel, unless some device were applied to preserve its upright position. This purpose is accomplished by means of an outrigger on one side, consisting of two curved poles, or slender but tough spars, laid across the canoe at right angles to its length, and extending to the distance of twelve, fifteen, or even twenty feet, where they join a small log of buoyant wood, long and straight, and of such a weight as to sink to its own submergence, by its weight at the end of so long a lever, prevents the vessel from turning over by the pressure of the sail; or, should the wind shift suddenly, so as to bring the sail a-back, the buoyancy of the floating log would prevent the canoe from upsetting on that side by retaining the outrigger

So far the ordinary purpose of an outrigger is answered; but there are other ingenious things about these most graceful of all boats, which seem worthy of the at-

tention of professional men. The mast, which is very stout, or lofty, supports a lug-sail of immense size, and is stepped exactly in midships, that is, at the same distance from both ends of the canoe. The yard, also, is slung precisely in the middle; and while the tail of the sail is made fast at one end of the boom, the other end, the corner, or clew, to which the sheet is attached, hauls aft to the other end. Shrouds extend from the mast-head to the gunwale of the canoe; besides which, slender back-stays are carried to the extremity of the out-rigger; and, moreover, by reason of the great spread, give such powerful support to the mast, though the rigging is prodigious sail, that a very slender spar is sufficient. If I am not mistaken, some of these canoes are fitted with two slender masts, between which the sail is triced up, without a yard.

The method of working the sails of these canoes is as follows. They proceed in one direction as far as may be deemed convenient, and then, without going about, or turning completely round as we do, they merely change the stern of the canoe into the head, by shifting the tack of the sail over to leeward, and so converting it into the sheet—while the other clew, being shifted up to leeward, becomes the tack. As soon as these changes have been made, away spins the little fairy bark on her new course, but always keeping the same side, or that on which the out-rigger is placed to leeward. It will be easily perceived that the pressure of the wind has the tendency to lift the weight at the extremity of the out-rigger above the surface of the water. In sailing along, therefore, the log just skims the tops of the waves, but scarcely ever buries itself in them, so that little or no interruption to the velocity of the canoe is caused by the out-rigger. When the breeze freshens so much as to lift the weight higher than the natives like, one, and sometimes two of them, walk out on the horizontal spars, so as to add their weight to that of the out-rigger. In order to enable them to accomplish this purpose in safety, a man is sent to the bows, who has a rope thrown over each of the spars from the mast to the back-stays.

Of all the ingenious native contrivances for turning small means to good account, one of the most curious, and, under certain circumstances, perhaps the most useful, is the *balsa*, or raft of South America, or, as it is called by the natives, the *chiriqui*. It is a contrivance of singular vessels is not only very curious in the eyes of persons who have attended at all to such things as amusements, but is calculated also to furnish some useful hints to professional seamen. The simplest form of the raft, or *balsa*, is constructed of a single tree, cut at the top, and light wood—say from fifty to sixty feet long—arranged side by side, with the longest spar placed in the centre. These logs are firmly held together by cross bars, lashings, and stout planking near the ends. They vary from fifteen to twenty, and even thirty feet in width. I have seen some at Guayaquil of an immense size, formed of logs as large as a frigate's fore-mast. These are intended for conveying goods to Paita, and other places along shore. The *balsa* generally carries only one large sail, which is hoisted to what we call a pair of sheers, formed by two long poles, the tops of which are lashed together. It is obvious, that it would be difficult to set a mast securely to a raft in the manner it is done in a ship. It is truly astonishing to see how fast these singular vessels go through the water; but it is still more curious to observe that, notwithstanding the great spread, and how effectively they may be handled in all respects like any ordinary vessel.

The method by which the balsas are directed in their course is extremely ingenious, and is that to which I would wish to call the attention of sailors, not merely as a matter of curiosity (although on this score, too, it certainly has great interest), but chiefly from its practical utility in seamanship. No officer can tell how soon he may be called upon to place his crew on a raft, should his ship be wrecked; and yet, unless he has been previously made aware of some method of steering it, no purpose may be answered but that of protracting the misery of the people under his charge. We all recollect the horrid scenes which took place on the raft which left the French frigate *Méduse*, on the coast of Africa, in 1816; and yet it is not till we have observed the manner of sailing and weather, that if any one of that ill-fated party had been aware of the principle upon which the South American balsas are steered, they might easily have reached the land in a few hours, and all the lives, so horribly sacrificed, might have been saved.

Another contrivance, which is simple, or more easy of application, than the South American contrivance. Near both ends of the centre spar there is cut a perpendicular slit, about a couple of inches wide by one or two

feet in length. Into each of these holes is a broad plank, called *guaras* by the natives, inserted in such a way that it may be thrust down to the depth of four or five feet. It is then placed in the draught of water. The slits are so cut, that, when the raft is in motion the edges of these planks shall meet the water; or, in mathematical language, their planes are parallel with the length of the spars. It is clear, that if both the *guaras* be thrust quite down, there will be a perfect seal. In this position, then, will offer a broad surface towards the side, and, thus, by acting like the leeboards of a river barge, or the keel of a ship, prevent the *balsa* from drifting sideways or down to leeward. But while these *guaras* serve the purpose of a keel, they also perform the important duty of a rudder, the rationale of which every sailor will understand, upon considering the effect which must follow upon pulling up either the *guara* in the bow or that in the stern. Suppose, when the wind is on the beam, the foremost one drawn up; that end of the raft will instantly have a tendency to lee-ward. In the absence of the lateral support it previously received from its *guara* or keel at the bow; or, in sea language, the *balsa* will immediately "fall off," and in time she will come right before the wind. On the other hand, if the foremost *guara* be kept down, and the stern one raised, the *balsa*'s head, or bow, will gradually come up towards the wind, in consequence of that end retaining its hold of the water by reason of its *guara*, while the stern end, being relieved from its lateral support, drifts to leeward. Thus, by judiciously raising or lowering the *guaras*, the *balsa*, the raft may not only be directed with the greatest facility, but may be tacked or worn, or otherwise directed, with a degree of precision which appears truly wonderful to those who see it for the first time; nor is this contrivance less a subject of admiration after the principles have been studied.

I never shall forget the sensation produced in a ship I commanded, one evening on the coast of Peru, as we steered towards the roadstead of Payta, so celebrated in Anson's voyage, and beheld an immense *balsa* drifting out before the land wind, and sending a such crashing noise before her, as if she were a vessel of war, and the bow of a frigate in chase. As long as she was kept before the wind, we could understand this in some degree; but when she hauled up in order to round the point, and having made a stretch along shore, proceeded to round the point, we could no longer comprehend it. The celebrated Flying Dutchman sailed past us, our wonder could hardly have been excited more.

In Ulloa's interesting voyage to South America, a minute account is given of the *balsa*, which I recommend to the attention of professional men. He winds up in these words:—

"Had this method of steering been sooner known in Europe, it might have alleviated the distress of many a shipwreck, by saving numbers of lives; as in 1730, the *Genoese*, one of his majesty's frigates, being lost on the Viceroy's shipwreck, many a committee committed themselves to the waves without any means of directing their course, they only added some melancholy minutes to their existence."—Ulloa, book iv. chap. 9.

I have lately seen a model of a raft some twenty years ago, expressly in imitation of the South American *balsa*, by the Admiral Don Frederic de Ulloa, and K. C. B. made out of the spare spars with which every ship of war is supplied. He proposes to form each of the *guaras*, or steering boards, of two of the ship's company's mess tables joined together by gratings and planks. But he is not content with these should be limited to *guaras*, and thinks that they might perhaps be usefully distributed along the entire length of the centre spar, so as effectually to prevent leeway or drift. In this manner, Sir Frederic is of opinion that a raft, capable of carrying a cargo of one hundred tons, might be navigated for a considerable distance with ease and security. And it is good to find myself anticipated by an authority deservedly so high with the profession, in this practical illustration of an idea that has appeared to me extremely feasible, from the first moment I saw the Peruvian *balsa*.

It will generally be well worth an officer's attention to remark in what manner the natives of any coast, however rude they may be, contrive to perform difficult tasks. Such things may be very simple and easy for us to execute, when we have all the appliances and the aid of our country. But in the absence of these, and circumstances may often occur to deprive us of many of those means, and thus, virtually, to reduce us to the condition of the natives, it becomes of consequence to ascertain how necessity, the venerable mother of invention, has taught people so situated to do the required work.

For example, it is generally easy for a ship of war to pick up her anchor with her own boats; but it will sometimes be found that a hundred miles south of Mexico, the natives will not be so easily persuaded to do as we may be, and that it may prove of consequence to know how a heavy anchor can be weighed without a boat at all.

We happened, in his majesty's ship *Minden*, to run upon the Colocron shoal, off the mouth of the great river of the same name, about a hundred miles south of Mexico. After laying out a bower anchor, and hauling the ship off, we set about preparing the boats to weigh it in the usual way. But the master-attendant of Porto Novo, who had come off to our assistance with a fleet of canoes and rats, suggested to Sir Samuel Hood, that it might be a good opportunity for the skill of the natives, who were celebrated for their expertness in raising great weights from the bottom. The proposal was one which delighted the admiral, who enjoyed every thing that was new. He posted himself accordingly in his barge near the shore, and the natives were ordered to haul away directly to the black fellows, whom he ordered to be supplied with ropes, spars, and any thing else they required from the ship. The officers and sailors, in imitation of their chief, clustered themselves in wading groups in the reeling, in the chains, and in the boats, to witness the feat. A great number of large bower anchors, weighing nearly four tons, raised off the ground by a set of native fishermen, possessed of no canoe larger than the smallest gk in board.

The master-attendant stood interpreter, and passed his arms and forwards between the ship and the scene of operations—not to direct, but merely to signify what things the natives required for their purpose. They first begged us to have a couple of spare topmasts and top-sail-yards, with a number of smaller spars, such as top-gallant-masts and studding-sail booms. Out of these they made a cylinder of wood, and then a smaller cylindrical raft, between two and three feet in diameter. They next bound the whole closely together by lashings, and filled up all its inequalities with capstan-bars, handspikes, and other small spars, so as to make it a compact, and an uniform cylinder from end to end. Nothing could be so neat, so dextrous, or so simple, as the manner in which these fellows swam about and passed the lashings; in fact, they appeared to be as much at home in the water as our sailors were in the boats or in the rigging.

A stout seven-inch hawser was now sent down by the boat, and the cylinder of wood, or rather raft, was fastened to it, and placed on the fluke of the anchor in the usual way. A couple of round turns were then taken with the hawser at the middle part of the cylindrical raft, after it had been drawn up as tight as possible from the anchor. A number of slow-ropes, I think about sixty or seventy in all, were next passed round the cylinder several times, in the opposite direction to the round turns taken with the hawser.

Upwards of a hundred of the natives now mounted the raft, and, after dividing themselves into pairs, and taking hold of the slow-ropes in their hands, pulled them up as tight as they could. By this effort the hawser, which was fastened to the cylinder, was drawn up, and the cylinder to turn round till its further revolutions were stopped by the increasing tightness of the hawser, which was wound on the cylinder as fast as the slow-ropes were wound off it. When all the ropes had been drawn equally tight, the cylinder of wood, or rather raft, was fastened to the top in an erect posture, with their faces all turned one way, a signal was given by one of the principal natives. At this moment the men, one and all, still grasping their respective slow-ropes firmly in their hands, and holding a joint in their sole feet, pulled them up simultaneously on the rocks, flat on the water. The effect of this sudden movement was to turn the cylinder a full quadrant, or one quarter of a revolution. This, of course, brought a considerable strain on the hawser fixed to the anchor. On a second signal being given, every alternate man detached himself from the hawser, and raised up his slow-ropes, till one half of the number stood once more along the top of the cylinder, while the other half of the party still lay flat on the water, and by their weight prevented the cylinder rolling back again.

When the next signal was given, those natives, who had regained their original position on the top of the cylinder, threw themselves down once more, while those who already lay prostrate gathered in the slack of their slow-ropes with the utmost eagerness as the cylinder revolved another quarter of a turn. It soon became evident that the cylinder of wood, or rather raft, was being carried round the middle part of the cylinder, but in the opposite direction to that of the weighing hawser. This second hawser should be hauled tight at the end of each successive quarter turn gained by the men. If this were

not they could accomplish single-handed what they had undertaken. Accordingly, the slack of the buoy-rope moved as they moved by the launch crew.

I may now mention some circumstances which were made by the natives before the anchor was lifted; but in the end it certainly was raised completely off the ground by their exertions alone. The natives, however, complained of the difficulty being much greater than they had expected, and in fact encountered some casualties in consequence of the great size of our anchor. In fact, when at length they had wound the hawser on the cylinder so far that it carried the full weight, the whole number of the natives lay stretched on the water in a horizontal position, apparently as if they had ever encountered no resistance, and no uniformly distributed amongst them, might prove in great, and the anchor drag again to the bottom by the returning revolutions of the cylinder.

When this was explained to Sir Samuel Hood, he ordered the people in the launch to bowse away at the buoy-rope. This proved a great relief to the natives, and the natives, who, however, declared, that if it were required, they would go on, and bring up the anchor fairly to the water's edge. As the good-natured admiral would not permit this, the huge anchor, cylinder, natives, launch, and all, were drawn into deep water where the ship lay. The natives, however, attended so carefully to the natives, that they had nothing more to do than to continue lying flat and still on the water, till the people on board the ship, by heaving in the cable, should bring the anchor to the bows, and thus relieve them of their burden. The officer of the launch also was instructed not to slack the buoy-rope till the cable had got the full weight of the anchor, and the natives required no farther help.

Nothing could be more distinctly given than these orders, so that I cannot account for the panic which seized some of the natives when close to the ship. Whatever was the cause, its effect was such that many of them let go their slow-ropes, and thus cast a disproportionate share of burden on the others, whose strength, or rather weight, proving unequal to counterpoise the load, the cylinder began to turn back again. This soon brought the whole strain, or nearly the whole strain, on the natives of the launch, who, however, were smartly let go, and must have been drawn under water and swamped. The terrified natives now lost all self-possession, as the mighty anchor shot rapidly to the bottom. The cylinder of course whirled round with prodigious velocity as the weight of the launch was increased, and a catastrophe occurred, that many of the natives, not having presence of mind to let go their slow-ropes, held fast and were of course whisked round and round several times, alternately under water beneath the cylinder and on the top of it, not unlike the spokes of a coach-wheel wanting the rim.

The admiral was in the greatest alarm, lest some of these poor fellows should get entangled with the ropes and be drowned, or be dashed against one another, and beaten to pieces against the cylinder. It was a great relief, therefore, to find that the natives, in the degree hurt, though some, it is true, the natives had been soaked soundly, or, as the Jacks said, who grinned at the whole affair, "keel-hauled in proper style."

In a certain sense, then, this experiment may be said to have failed; but enough was done to show the feasibility of the idea, and to show that the natives had the capacity of doing what our great commander—who was one of the best sailors after ever swam the ocean—I have no doubt might be rendered exceedingly effective on many occasions.

"This is the first place," said Sir Samuel, "you must observe, youngsters, that this device of the natives is neither more nor less than a floating windlass, where the buoyant power of the timber serves the purpose of a support to the axis. The men fixed by the slow-ropes to the cylinder represent the handspikes or bars by which the windlass is turned. The hawser, which was fastened to the cable. But," continued he, "there appears to be no reason why the cylinder should be made equally large along its whole length; and were I to repeat this experiment, I would make the middle part, round which the hawser was to be passed, of a single topmast, while the ends would be of the same cylinder, or of three or four feet in diameter. In this way a great increase of power would evidently be gained by those who worked the slow-ropes. In the next place," said the admiral, "it is clear that either the buoy-rope, or another hawser, should be fastened to the middle part of the cylinder, but in the opposite direction to that of the weighing hawser. This second hawser should be hauled tight at the end of each successive quarter turn gained by the men. If this were

the softer sex, always too prone, he alleged, to yield to wandering impulses!

Be this, also, as it is ordained, I know of my cost, in the shape of many a sunken skin, that even gentlemen bred may contrive to slip in removing from one boat to the other, especially if the breeze be fresh, and there be what mariners call a "bubble of a sea"—a term rendered in most imaginations with squeamishness and instability of stomach and footing. In a little while, however, all the party are tumbled into the water, and the men are seen where they seat themselves on the cross bench, marvelously like so many culprits on a hurdle on their way to execution! Ahead of them roars and boils a furious ridge of terrific breakers, while close at their ears be hind, stamps and swells, or, in the words of the boatman, who takes this method of communicating his wishes to his fellow-boatmen, not in the calm language of an officer intrusted with the lives of so many harmless and helpless individuals, but in the most extravagant variety of screams that ever startled the timorous ear of ignorance. The truth, no length of experience can enable one to reconcile any man, woman, or child, to these most alarming noises, which, if they do not really augment the danger, certainly aggravate the alarm, and add grievously to their feeling of insecurity on the part of the devoted passengers.

I need scarcely say, that the steersman is the absolute master for the time being, as every skipper ought to be, whether he wear a coat and capulet, or be limited in his vestments, as these poor masallah boatmen are, to the very minimum allowance of inexpresables. This not absolutely naked steersman, whom I have before now, standing on his deck, of quarter-deck, just behind the miserable passengers, whose heads reach not quite so high as his knees. His ear rests in a crutch on the top of the stern-post, and not only serves as a rudder, but gives him the power to slew or twist the boat round with consideration. It is necessary for the steersman to wait for a favourable moment to enter the surf, otherwise the chances are that the boat will be upset, in the manner I shall describe presently. People are frequently kept waiting in this way for ten or twenty minutes, at the back of the surf, before they can get into the water.

During all this while the experienced eye of the veteran skipper aback glances backwards and forwards from the open sea, to the surf which is breaking close to him. From time to time he utters a half word to his crew, with that kind of faint interjection which is the only commanding officer indulges when he is in a state of acquiescence on the part of those under him, and is careless whether they answer or not. In general, however, he remains quite silent during this first stage of the passage, as do also the rowers, who either rest the paddles horizontally, or allow their circular arms to float the surface of the water. Meanwhile the boat rolls from side to side, or is heaved smartly upwards as the swell, just on the eve of breaking, lifts her into the air, and then drops her again into the hollow with the most sea-sickening velocity. I should state, that during this woefully unpleasant riding the masallah boat is placed sideways to the line of surf, parallel to the shore, and, of course, exactly in the trough of the sea.

I have often watched with the closest attention to discover what the technical indications by which these experienced boatmen inferred that the best moment was arrived when it was time to enter the surf. But I could never make out enough to be of much professional utility. It was clear, indeed, that the proper instant for making the grand push occurred when one of the highest waves was about to break—for the greater the dash, the greater the fullness of air. But this was filled up with foam, before-hand, that the wave, upon the back of which, they chose to ride in, was of that exact description, I could never discover. On the approach of a swell which he knows will answer his purpose, the steersman, suddenly changing his quiet and almost contemplative air for one of intense anxiety, grasps his paddle with double firmness, and exerting his utmost strength of muscle, forces the boat's stern round, so that her head may point to the shore. At the same time he urges his crew to exert themselves, partly by violent stampings with his feet, partly by loud and vehement exhortations, and partly by a succession of "Yarrr! Yarrr! Yarrr!"

Yarrr! Yarrr!!! Yarrr!!! predominate—indicating to the ears of a stranger the very reverse of self-confidence, and filling the soul of a nervous passenger with infinite alarm.

These fearful noises are loudly re-echoed, in notes of the most ominous import, by all the other men, who strain themselves so vigorously at the oars, that the boat, flying

forwards, almost keeps way with the wave, on the back of which it is the object of the steersman to keep her. As she is swept impetuously towards the bar, a person seated in the boat can distinctly feel the sea under him gradually rising into a sheer wave, and lifting the boat up—and up—and up, in a manner exceedingly startling. At length the ridge, near the summit of which the boat is placed, begins to curl, and its edge just breaks into a line of white fringe along the upper edge of the perpendicular face presented to the shore, towards which it is advancing, with vast rapidity. The grand object of the boatmen now appears to consist in maintaining their position not on the very crown of the wave, but a little further to seaward, down the slope, so as to ride upon its shoulders, as it were. The importance of this precaution becomes apparent when the curling surge, no longer able to maintain its elevation, is dashed furiously forward, and dispersed into an immense sheet of foam, broken by innumerable eddies and whirlpools into a confused sea of irregular waves rushing tumultuously together, and casting the spray high into the air by the impingement against the other. This furious turmoil often whisks the masallah boat round and round, in spite of the despairing efforts of the steersman, and the redoubled exertions of his screaming crew, half of whom lack their oars, while the other half tug away in vain endeavours to keep her head to the right direction.

I have endeavoured to describe the correct and safe method of riding over the surf on the outer bar upon the back of a wave, a feat in all conscience sufficiently ticklish; but we betide the poor masallah boat which shall be a little too far in advance of her proper place, so that, when the wave curls over and breaks, she may be pitched head foremost over the brink of the watery precipice, and strike her nose on the sand-bank. Even then, if there happen, by good luck, to be depth of water over the bar sufficient to float her, she may still escape; but should the surf, to tell bare, be nearly so, as appears so very near, the boat is almost sure to strike, if, instead of keeping on the back or shoulder of the wave, she incautiously precedes it. In that unhappy case, she is instantly tumbled forwards, heels over head, while the crew and passengers are sent sprawling amongst the foam.



Between the sharks and the catamaran men a race then takes place—the one to save, the other to destroy—the very Brahmas and Shivas of the surf! It is right, and it is necessary, that these fiercest enemies should, that during all the time I was in India I never witnessed one.

There is still a second surf to pass, which breaks on the inner bar, about forty or fifty yards nearer to the shore. I forgot, however, exactly the method by which this is encountered. All I recollect is, that the boatmen try to cross it, and to approach so near the beach, that, when the next wave breaks, they shall be so far ahead of it that it may not dash into the boat and swamp her, and yet not so far out as to prevent their profiting by its momentum to drive up the steep face of sand forming the long wished-for shore. The rapidity with which the masallah boat is at last cast on the beach is sometimes quite fearful, and the moment she thumps on the ground, as the wave recedes, most startling. I have frequently seen persons pitched completely off their seats, and more than once have myself been bodily turned over, and with all the party, like a parcel of fish cast out of a basket! In general no such untoward events take place, and the boat at length rests on the sand, with her stern to the sea. But as yet she is by no means far enough up the beach to enable the passengers to get out with comfort or safety. Before the next wave breaks, the bow and sides of the boat have been seized by numbers of the natives on the shore, who greatly assist the impulse when the wave comes, both by keeping her in a straight course, and likewise by preventing her upsetting. These last stages of the passage are sometimes very disagreeable, for even time the surf reaches the boat, it raises her up and lets her fall again, plump on the ground, with a violent jerk.

When at last she is high enough to remain beyond the wash of the surf, you either jump out, or you more frequently descend by means of a ladder, as you would get off the side of a stair-case. But, whatever the mode, you look with astonishment at what you have gone through, and thank heaven you are safe!

The return passage from the shore to a ship, in a masallah boat, is more tedious, but less dangerous than the process of landing. This difference will easily be understood, if the reader will only consider that the boat is carried impetuously forward by the waves, and that all power of retarding her progress on the part of the boatmen ceases after a particular moment. In going from the shore, however, the boat is kept continually under the control of the steersman, who, by the experience of the steersman regulate the affair throughout. He watches, just inside the surf, till a smooth moment occurs, generally after a high sea has broken, and then he endeavours, by great exertions, to avail himself of the moment of comparative tranquillity which follows, to force his way across the bar before another sea rises. He detects, as it is supposed to have it always in his power to do, that another sea is on the rise, which will, in all probability, curl up and break over him before he can row over its crest and slide down its back, his duty is, to order his men to pull as hard as they can, to their utmost speed and strength. This retrograde movement is a tedious one, for the blow, or, at all events, allows the wave to strike her with diminished violence at the safest point, and in water of sufficient depth to prevent the boat taking the ground injuriously, to the risk of her being turned topsy-turvy. I have, in this often been in doubt, whether it is better when they have struck violently on the bar, and have seen their flat and elastic bottoms bulge inwards in the most alarming manner, but I never saw any of the planks break or the seams open so as to admit the water.

It is very interesting to watch the progress of those who have innumerable boats, which live almost entirely on the surf, and who, independently of their chief purpose of attending the masallah boats, are much employed as messengers to the ships in the roads, even in the worst weather. Strange as it may seem, they continue, in all seasons, to carry on their trade quite dry, though in getting to the shore, they may be obliged to wade, and wait for a dozen times. I know of nothing to be compared to their industry and perseverance, except the pertinacity with which an ant carries a grain of corn up a wall, though tumbled down again and again.

I recollect only one instance, as a note for the commanding officer of the flag-ship, which Sir Samuel Hood was very desirous should be sent on board; but as the weather was too tempestuous to allow even a masallah boat to pass the surf, I was obliged to give it to a catamaran-man. The poor fellow drew off his head a small skull-cap made apparently of some kind of skin, or oil-cloth, or bladder, and having deposited his despatches therein, proceeded to execute his task.

We really thought, at first, that our messenger must have been drowned even in crossing the inner bar, for we well nigh lost sight of him in the hissing spray of the waves, which were so high, and so much of an interval, tossing about like a cork in a pot of boiling water. But by far the most difficult part of his task remained after he had reached the comparatively smooth space between the two lines of surf, where we could observe him plunging to and fro, and, in the midst of an opening in the morning, of water raging beneath the feet of the roadstead. In fact, he was watching for a favourable moment, when, after the dash of some high wave, he might hope to make good his transit in safety.

After allowing a great many seas to break before he attempted to cross the outer bar, he at length seized the proper moment, and turning his little bark to seaward, paddled out as fast as he could. Just as the gallant fellow, however, reached the shallowest part of the bar, and we fancied him safely across, a huge wave, which had risen with unusual quickness, elevated its foaming crest to a height far above his curling head, and, with a rush that shook his shoulders. In a moment he cast away his paddle, and leaping on his feet, he stood erect on his catamaran, watching with a bold front the advancing bank of water. He kept his position, quite undaunted, till the steep face of the wave, which was now within a few yards of him, and the leaping head foremost, he pierced the wave in a horizontal direction with the agility and confidence of a dolphin. We had scarcely lost sight of his feet, as he shot through the heart of the wave, when such a dash took place as must have crushed him to pieces had he stuck to his seat. His catamaran, which was now high above his head, was, by a kind of somersault, completely out of the water by its rebounding off the sand bank. On casting our

eyes beyond the surf, we felt much relieved by seeing our shipwrecked friend merrily dancing on the waves at the back of the surf, leaping more than breast-high above the surface, and looking in all directions, first for his paddle, and then for his catamaran. Having recovered his oar, he next swam, as he best could, through the broken surf, to his raft, mounted it like a hero, and once more addressed himself to his task.

By this time, as the current always runs fast along the shore, he had drifted several hundred yards to the northward farther from his point. At the second attempt to paddle, he seemed to have made a small miscalculation, for the sea broke so very nearly over him, before he had time to quit his catamaran and dive into still water, that we thought he must certainly have been drowned. Not a wit, however, did he appear to have suffered, for we soon saw him again swimming to the surface, for the first time, in reaching the back of the surf, without having parted company either with his paddle or with his catamaran. After this it became all plain sailing; he soon paddled off to the Roads, and placed the admiral's letter in the first lieutenant's hands as dry as if it had been borne in a despatch-box across the court-yard of his raft, mounted the careful custody of my worthy friend Mr. Nutland.

I remember, one day, when on board the Minden, receiving a note from the shore by a catamaran lad, whom I told to wait for an answer. Upon this he asked for a rope, with which, as it was given him, he made his little vessel fast, and lay down to sleep in the full blaze of a July sun. One of his arms and one of his feet hung in the water, though a dozen sharks had been seen cruising round the ship. A tacit contract, indeed, appears to exist between the sharks and these people, for never saw I a shark molesting any of them, and they were never injured by one to the other. By the time my answer was written, the sun had dried up the spray on the poor fellow's body, leaving such a coating of salt, that he looked as if he had been dusted with flour. A few fanams—small pieces of money—were his charge, and three or four broken biscuits in addition, sent him away the happiest of mortals.

It has sometimes occurred to me, that professional men, both in the army and in the navy, ought to study all the tactics of these massilish boats, and to make themselves acquainted with the construction of their craft, and the mode of their navigation. It is of infinite importance to the army, for instance, might not fifty or a hundred of these boats have proved, when our troops were landed, through the surf, at the mouth of the Adour in 1814?

It is matter of considerable surprise to every one who has seen how well the chain pier at Brighton stands the worst weather, that no similar work has been devised at Madras. The water is shallow, the surf does not extend very far from the beach, and there seems really no reason why a chain pier should not be erected, which might answer the purpose of the breakers, and save the labour, and for the transit of goods to and from the shore.

Before quitting this subject, I think it may be useful to mention, that by far the best representation of this celebrated surf which I have ever seen, is given in the noble *Annals of the Marine*, published by Mr. W. Barlow, and exhibited last year. I rejoice to learn that this highly characteristic work will again be open to the public, in a more accessible situation than that in which it formerly stood.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SUNSHAYERS.

If by means of any contrivance, a man were to visit the moon, and afterwards, on returning to the earth, to set about giving us an account of his trip, the chances are, if he added to strict truth, that his narrative would prove a mighty dull one. A similar fate, and probably for the same reason, but too often attends those books which profess to be nothing but *W. B. Barlow's* and *matter of fact* to recommend them. It is not that in the East there are no objects of eminent curiosity in themselves, and well worthy of observation and record; but, unfortunately, they are generally not such as we in England are sympathetic with. From wanting this link in the chain, the eye is deprived of that which would alone can render descriptions either amusing or instructive; for we all know, that the nearer we approach

to our own firesides, the more vivid the interest of any narrative becomes.

We read, for example, with the utmost avidity, the account of a riot in Piccadilly, in which a policeman of the C division is killed, while he skip carelessly over the adobe pavement, and the narrative concludes with the details of a battle in Syria between the pacha of Egypt and the grand seigneur, in which five thousand men on each side have left their bones to whiten in the wilderness. The solitary death of the poor constable affects us not only from its proximity, but from all its localities being familiar to us. We can readily imagine ourselves on the identical spot, and can even fancy the angle of the brick-bat which did the mischief coming in contact with our own scoundrel. Those prime ministers to our curiosity, the reporters, have merely to touch in a light, or a shade, the events of a day, and we are made to feel the force of all that passes, stands as palpably before our mind's eye, as if Teniers, or Ostade, or, better still, our own inimitable Wilkie, had drawn the whole affray from the life.

In short, it matters not much whether a crowded incident be great or small—the interest in our eyes will ever be measured by their actual geographical distance, or by that moral approximation in the sentiment belonging to them which at once brings home to our feelings the workings of the most remote relations between man and man. Nothing, indeed, can be so actually awakening our attention, or keeping us permanently alive, as that which engages our familiar sympathies.

Of these truths we have a striking example in the case of Bishop Heber, who, evidently without study, but merely by giving the reins to his own exquisite taste, and learning, describes to us Indian scenery and manners, in a way of which we possess no other example. He wastes none of our thoughts by claiming attention to dry descriptions of fact, but trusting unconsciously, to that artless simplicity both of thought and of expression, which is the singleness of purpose which distinguished this most benevolent of men, and touches those chords only which are in unison with our most habitual and domestic feelings. It will be recollected that the unceasing object of this accomplished writer's labours was to fulfil the solemn injunctions of the apostle,—"Go ye into the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." And as Bishop Heber probably considered that he possessed far greater opportunities for the accomplishment of this glorious end than perhaps any other man has enjoyed since the days of the apostle, so we may well come feel our brightest hopes kindled at the inspiration which he gave, and which, with much exaggeration, we may be said to follow his footsteps with almost as much confidence in his truth as we should do those of an angel sent to administer peace on earth and good will towards men. Every thing which he touches partakes of the brilliant colouring of his own glowing but well-regulated imagination; and, what is still more important and useful, every thing he says is modified into practical application by the business-like sagacity of his most ordinary reflections upon what he describes. At the same time, the heartiest and most devoted admirer of every thing we view with admiration, there never occurs any thing wild or over-enthusiastic, we go along with him cheerfully and unreservedly, and in his company not only without fatigue, but with perpetual and varying delight in the companionship of his happy life, we are taken to the sea coast and unexpected interest in the things from which heretofore we have often turned with indifference or distaste.

It certainly is very fortunate that we possess Bishop Heber's journal, fresh and entire as it was written on the spot; for had the press been corrected by himself, the interest which he placed so much upon the truth, we should hardly have been allowed to pursue the unmediated expression of those sentiments and opinions which appear to have crowded to the surface in the unbounded fulness of his topic. Many of these must have been necessarily chilled by the sober touch of subsequent reflection.

I remember, even on the spot itself, at Madras, being frequently made sensible how exceedingly small the interest of some of the most extraordinary of the native customs appeared, in comparison to that of the commonest of our own. I remember, for instance, the sight of a game at bag; a very moderate flirtation; even a supper cup of tea with an old friend; an evening drive along the Mount road, or a glance at the stars from Mr. Goldingham's observatory, generally proved an overmatch for the most curious ceremonies of the Hindoo people. With the whole *Blue Town* at our feet, and the *Black Town* local enquiry, I never entered it but twice. The first

time I was obliged to conduct a hasty retreat, in consequence of the crowd, heat, and the most villainous consequence of smells that ever offended nostril. On the second occasion, I merely passed through it hastily, and not at all in quest of adventures, but in order to take my gun, or my lantern, with a friend, who resided to the northward of the town.

After riding for some distance, I half repented of my purpose, for it was raging hot, and the first airs of the young sea breeze had scarcely begun to fan the surface of the water along a narrow strip of the sea parallel to the beach. Only three native boats, called *pannars*, and one or two other small coasters, whose shallow draught of water enabled them to approach the shore, could avail themselves of these fitful swirls, which swept from time to time towards the land, and then died away again, for a full hour before the regular sea breeze blew in from the offing. As yet, however, not a single tree was in full motion, and not a bird could be seen; all nature, indeed, seemed to have fallen asleep—not a sound was to be heard except the ceaseless dash of the restless surf.

I rode slowly along, well-nigh suffocated for want of air, scarcely shaded from the direct rays of the sun by my old friends, the cocoa-nuts, and tormented by the dazzling reflection from the coral sand, almost as white as snow, which seemed to burn the horse's feet. So enervated was the soldier, that he could not the least expectation of meeting a single native, and the only party I might reasonably enough have recorded the fact, that at such a season not only every kind of work was discontinued in India, but even their religious ceremonies were intermitted.

Just as I had made this reflection in the generalising spirit which is so very tempting, my ear caught the sight of a set of tom-toms, or native drums, sounding at a distance in the wood; and after advancing a few hundred yards farther, I came to an opening facing the sea, where the natives assembled at least a thousand natives. In the centre of the circle, a native, dressed in a white turban or forty feet long, bearing across its top a long yard of beam, slung nearly in the middle, and stretching both ways to the distance of forty or fifty feet. One end of the yard was held down by several men, so low as nearly to touch the ground, while the other, proportionally high into the air. Near the upper extremity of this yard, underneath a canopy gaudily ornamented with flowers and loose festoons of drapery, I was astonished to observe a human being suspended, as it seemed, by two slender chords. He was not hanging perpendicularly, but at an angle, so that he appeared to be suspended horizontally in the air, as a bird flies, with his arms and legs moving freely about. Round his waste there was slung a bag, or basket, filled with fruits and flowers, which he scattered from time to time amongst the delighted crowd beneath, who rent the forest with shouts of admiration.

On approaching nearer to the ring, I discovered, with no small astonishment and horror, that the native who was swinging about the air, though apparently enjoying his elevation, was actually hung upon hooks passing through his flesh! There was nothing, however, in his appearance or manner, indicating any pain, though he must have been in no small suffering, I should suppose, for no rope or strap passed round him to take off the weight, and the only means of suspension consisted in two bright hooks, inserted in his back. At first I felt unwilling to touch the native, for the natives, who appeared to be enchanted with the ceremony, were all too ready to come on.

The man, who was sailing about in the air at the time of my arrival, having been lowered down and unhooked, another fanatic was summoned. He was not dragged along reluctantly and with fear, but advanced briskly and cheerfully to the platform, in front of which he knelt and prostrated himself flat on his back. A priest then came forward, and with the tip of his finger marked out the spot where the hooks were to be inserted. Another officiating priest began now to touch the victim's back with his hand, and to pinch it violently, while a third exterminously rubbed the back under the skin and cellular membrane, just below the shoulder-blade. As soon as this was effected, the devotee leaped gaily on his feet, and, as he rose, a basin of water, which had previously been dedicated to Shiva, was dashed in his face. He was then made to kneel on the platform, and the pagoda towards a little platform on one side of the altar, and the altar and yard were placed. Numerous drums and shrill-sounding pipes, mixed with the sound of many voices, gave token of his approach.

On mounting the platform, he tore away a number of chaplets and garlands, which he had had hanging round him, and scattered the fragments amongst the eager

crowd. His dress, if such it can be called, besides the linen hauput or slight hand round the waist, consisted of nothing but a very short jacket, covering the shoulders and half of the arm, and a pair of drawers, reaching nearly to the knee, both being made of an open net-work, the meshes of which were an inch wide.

As the natives, so far from objecting to my being present, encouraged me to sit down, I mounted on the scaffold, and stood close by to make sure there was no deception practised. The hooks, which were formed of highly polished steel, might be about the size of a small shark-hook, but without any barb; the thickness being rather less than the little finger. The points of the hooks being extremely sharp, they were inserted without lacerating the parts, and so adroitly, that not a drop of blood flowed from the orifices; in fact, the native, who appeared to suffer no pain, conversed easily with those about him. I may add, as the contrary has often been reported, that there was not the slightest, at least, the slightest appearance of intoxication. To each hook was attached a strong cotton line, which, after certain ceremonies, was tied to the extremity of the yard-arm, drawn to the scaffold by ropes. As soon as the lines had been made fast, the opposite end of the yard was again gradually pulled down by the aid of the flag, and thus the Sunnays was raised fifty or sixty feet over the heads of the admiring multitude, who all shouted as he ascended.

To show his perfect self-possession, he took from the pocket round his waist handfuls of flowers, and, occasionally, a single line, which, with a merry countenance and a cheerful voice, he jerked amidst the crowd. Nothing could exceed the eagerness of the natives to catch these holy relics; and, in order to give all of them an equal chance, the men stationed at the lower end of the yard walked round on the right side of the flag, and the swinger successively over the different parts of the circle. To enable them to make this circuit, the centre of the yard was made to traverse on a double pulley, which allowed it not only to be lowered down at the ends, but to be carried round horizontally. In this way the scaffold descended on the right side of the flag, and a sport, was wheeled round three times, each circuit occupying about two minutes; after which he was lowered down to the platform, and the lines being cast off, he walked back to the pagoda, accompanied, as before, by the same persons who had preceded him. He was then removed from the platform, and he joined the crowd, who accompanied the next man from the pagoda to the platform—exactly as if he had not himself been exposed only the minute before to a trial which, let people say what they like of it, must have been very severe.

The second man, who followed him, was a tall, dark man, which four other men were hooked up in the same manner, and swung round, not one of them exhibiting the slightest symptom of uneasiness. During the whole time, I never detected any thing even like impatience, except once, when one of the men in the air expressed his fancy that the persons who were walking round with the lower end of the yard moved too slowly. He called out to them to quicken their pace, but with nothing angry in his tone, or any tremour in his voice, indicating suffering.

About four years after this time I had another opportunity of witnessing near Calcutta, a number of these swingings, and a great variety of other tortures, to which these Sunnays exposed themselves, either in honour of their gods, or in pursuance of some idle vow.

The effect of such exhibitions as that just described, at Madras, when witnessed for the first time by a stranger from Europe, is that of unmitigated wonder, and of curiosity highly gratified; but when he sees the same things repeated on an extensive scale, together with many hundreds of other examples of voluntary bodily exposure to sword, scourge, and even to fire, the degree of wonder which it inspires in the traveller is very great. It were possible to suppose that many thousands of persons of all ages could be subjected, by the agency of tyrannical force, to these severe sufferings, such a scene would be inconceivably horrible; but when we reflect that the persons who undergo the tortures, press eagerly forward to claim the honour of being first cut to pieces, or pierced with iron, or burned with hot spikes, or swung round in the air by hooks, or, in the extremity of their zeal, leap from scaffolds upon the points of naked swords—the sentiment of indignation is converted into contempt. For it is impossible to feel grieved upon seeing a population so deplorably degraded; and surely there must mingle with this feeling a strong desire to ameliorate the condition of people sunk so low in the scale of human nature.

These reflections naturally give rise to the two important questions—What can do these exhibitions really produce? And in what manner are they to be checked? For we must recollect, that it is not always by official mandates that the habits of a nation can be suddenly changed; and even the East India Company, though exercising infinitely greater authority, both military and civil, over these countries than ever Zeigis, Kian, or Camerine possessed, cannot effectively interfere to change, on the instant, the manners and customs of their Hindoo subjects. They may upset one dynasty and reconstruct another—they may crush armies of hundreds of thousands of disciplined men, and even climb the Himala mountains to dispossess other conquerors of lands which have been won by the sword of brave men. What is of far more importance, and far more difficult of execution—they may extend, and indeed have already extended the empire of law and justice far and wide over their vast possessions, and have given peace, security of person and property, and a wonderful degree of cement, to the millions upon millions of their subjects. But with all this weight of influence, arising not merely from the possession of faithful armies and abundant wealth, but from the still higher source of authority and opinion, they have not rashly attempted to stop many of those mischievous and superstitious proceedings of the natives, until all, or nearly all, the parties concerned are agreed in condemning them.

It becomes therefore the business of a statesman in India to watch his opportunity, and if he has reason to believe that the time has arrived when to step with safety to the well-being of the state, he can interpose the high arm of authority to check abuses, he ought to act promptly and vigorously. The practice of Hindoo infanticide—thanks to the energy and sagacity of the late Colonel Munro, has been long abolished in India. In this way, also, the extensive local experience of the present governor-general, Lord William Bentinck, showed him that in suppressing the abominable practice of Suttees, or widow murder and suicide combined, he should carry with him the sympathies of the intelligent Hindos themselves, and in no manner injure his own political authority. He, therefore, boldly issued a regulation (dated 4th December, 1829), positively forbidding the practice—and declaring its abettors to be murderers. Thus, by a single stroke of the pen, at the right moment, one of the most shocking and deteriorating of all the Hindoo usages has been forever and for ever abolished.

If future authorities shall act with equal discretion, and only take care to time their interference with equal skill, there can be no doubt that very great ameliorations may be safely effected among the natives of India. If, interior to the improvements of the present kind, the humane system already alluded to, be carried forward very gradually, and in that right spirit which seeks only to apply practical remedies to admitted evils, we may hope to see, even in our own day, no small moral change for the better in the vast population of our splendid Eastern empire.

CHAPTER VII.

PALANKEE TRAVELLING—IRRIGATING TANKS IN THE MYSORE COUNTRY.

It was my rare good fortune, while actually serving in my proper calling as a naval officer in India, and without the loss of a single day's time, to make two land journeys across the peninsula of Hindustan, and to visit the interior of that country twice by land, visited by sailors.

"Fair friends make fair winds," says the sea proverb, and so it proved in my case; for my kind patron Sir Samuel Hood, who, in true Nelson style, was always endeavoring to discover what would be most agreeable to his friends, and to bestow it upon them, by way of method of serving me professionally, at the same time putting it in my power to make one of the most delightful trips possible.

About the middle of the year 1813, his majesty's ship Cornwallis, a seventy-four gun ship, built of teak-wood from the coast of Malabar, was launched at Bombay, on the western side of India. The captain who was appointed to this new ship then commanded the Theban, at that time lying in Madras Roads, on the eastern side of the peninsula. But as this frigate required repairs which could be given her only at Bombay, she was ordered round to the eastward. Fortunately for me, the officers appointed to command the Theban happened at this juncture to be cruising in another ship far away to the eastward, amongst the Moluccas or the Philippine Islands; and Sir Samuel Hood offered me the temporary appoint-

ment as acting commander until her proper captain should join.

"You will have to go to Bombay," he said, "to visit the frigate and to bring her back to this side of India; but you may go either by sea, in the ship herself, or you may run over by land across the continent, only taking care that you reach Bombay in good time to relieve the officer in command of the Theban, that he may be free to go on board the Cornwallis."

I, of course, gladly availed myself of the alternative which enabled me to visit so interesting a part of India as the Mysore country, the scene of Hyder Ali's and Tipu Sultan's greatness, and so well known in Europe by the splendid catastrophe of Seringapatam.

The preparations for the journey were very soon made, and I hurried away from Madras as fast as I could, being stimulated into extraordinary despatch, not only by the wish to make the most of my opportunities, but by a latent apprehension that there must be some mistake in this piece of good fortune. At last, indeed, as if it were all a dream, and could scarcely persuade myself that I was really and truly on the eve of making a journey through the interior of India, and that in a week or ten days, I might actually be sleeping in the palace of Tipu Sultan, amidst the ruins of the city which had been the enemy of the British name was found slain under a vast pile of his devoted adherents.

I knew little or nothing of the mode of travelling in the East, and my stock of the language was as yet but small. I studied sedulously to acquire some knowledge of Hindustanee, which, although not the colloquial dialect of all parts of the country I was to pass through, I was told might be used for the purposes of travelling in every village. The cutwal, or head man, one of whose offices it is to assist travellers, can always speak English, and I have heard that he has a jargon, or lingua franca, consisting of Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit, a little sprinkling of Portuguese, and a still smaller dash of English, with here and there a stray word of Malay origin. Unfortunately all languages are not equally difficult to me; and certainly, had I not travelled in the country, I should never have advanced beyond the elementary sentences, "Give me a glass of water;" "Bring the palankeen;" "Go faster;" and so on, together with a moderate stock of those truncated little oaths which every one seems soonest to acquire, and which, in the progress of a journey made quite alone, are the only words which should never be far from the mouth of the least expert of the high road. Hunger, thirst, and fatigue, are famous teachers of foreign dialects, and in all journeys there must occur many accidents, which not only try the temper, but put the traveller on his legs, and he must be prepared to learn much from scrapes; and the emphatic lessons thus drilled into him, fix themselves on his memory, let it be ever so slippery.

The utility of language to a naval officer is so great, and purely as a source of utility and enjoyment to himself, and but of occasional advantage to the public service, that I would fain see it established as an admiralty regulation, that no midshipman should be allowed to pass for lieutenant who, besides French, could not read and speak moderately well either Spanish, Italian, or Hindustanee. The necessity of being able to converse in these languages is likely to be much increased. Such a regulation would cause a famous hillabaloo amongst the rising generation of officers, and many a deep course would be launched at the suggestion of such a measure; but, ere long, the officers of the navy and the public service would feel the advantages of it.

My first thought was to cast about for letters of introduction; but an experienced Indian traveller told me not to mind such things, that they were scarcely ever required, and that my uniform alone would be an ample introduction.

"Take a passport with you," said my friend, "in case of accidents, and your blue coat, merely to show who and what you are, but nothing more; you will find a welcome, and a hearty one too, at every station, civil and military, over the whole country. You cannot possibly go wrong." "But," said I, "if at any time you should be at a loss, you have only to apply to the nearest English station for assistance, and straightway all the resources of the spot will be at your command."

With this comfortable assurance I set off; but I cannot but remember with regret, the joggling along all alone on the high road, in a country where I was unknown to me, and of whose language I knew so very little. After tumbling and tossing about, greatly to the annoyance of the bearers, for about an hour, I fell asleep, but only to dream of tigers and robbers, till at length the palan-

keen was suddenly and violently jerked on one side, and then thrown on the ground. I started up, and, as the bearers gently interposed himself, and recommended me to put some brandy with the cold spring. I had no objection to this modification; but as I longed for a deep potation, I put only a couple of thumbelains into a tumbler, and then filling it with the brim with water, swallowed the cold at one detestable gulp. The season proved by this experiment was so agreeable and new, that I could not well resist the temptation of repeating it; and although the veteran bearer who dipped the water for me a second time, smiled as he filled the glass, I did not care for the recollection of his expression of countenance till some time afterwards. I also told him to fill one of the goglets, and to carry it in his hand, that it might enjoy the benefit of the breeze caused by our rapid advance. By and by I felt an irresistible desire to take another drop of the very weakest brandy and water; and as it proved three times more delicious than the first, he left behind it a treble degree of thirst, I tried it again. I now became impatient, and called to the bearers to go faster.

"Go faster still," I said, rather sharply. Upon this they moved on so quickly that I was nearly jerked out I then desired them to stop; and order more brandy early before the first. I took advantage of the pause to mix one more glass of what seemed very weak grog.

"Go faster!" I roared out—"go faster!" as I emptied the glass. But their utmost speed seemed to me a snail's pace. I was impatient, and, as I felt a little more thirsty, and threats, I leaped out of the palanquin, and rushing forward to enforce my orders, fell flat on my face in the dust! The terrified bearers dropped the palanquin on the road, and, scampering into the forest, left me all alone to crawl back, my head at a least under a tree.

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The sun's rays were beginning to flicker through the lowest brushwood, dripping with dew; and the air felt so cool and elastic, that I begged to have a bath, to clear my noddle. I undressed myself accordingly; and while I sat on the steps in front of the pagoda, allowed my eyes to wander about, and my thoughts to wander over my head. After this, as soon as I was dressed, I called the men together, distributed the remainder of the brandy amongst them, and in spite of my friend's assurance at starting, found I got on a great deal better ever afterwards.

When a journey of more than thirty or forty miles is to be made in India, it is usual to acquaint the palanquin-boys with this intention, that they may make the fitting preparations, in the shape of torches and oil, besides rice and curry stuff, and sundry other matters for themselves. Their cook, also, who makes the thirteen or fourteen men that he carries, takes care to have his pans in order for the march. A person, I think one of the bearers—is also got in readiness with a bamboo across his shoulder, to each end of which he attaches a light travelling trunk, made generally of basket-work covered with green wax-cloth. The night season, for many miles, is so agreeable, that I was not inclined to get up, but by the bearers and travellers. The heat of the day interferes both with the length and speed of the journey; and although the person inside of the palanquin is shaded from the direct rays of the sun, he is sure to be well-nigh suffocated under the heat, or chafed by the bearers' feet. At night, even in the hottest season, there is generally some dew to lay the dust, and the air is of course cooler.

People generally start after an early dinner; and as the night falls, the torch is lighted, and held by one of the bearers, who is the person who carries the palanquin. The torch, at first, may be about four feet long, and nearly as thick as a man's arm; it is made of reeds and strips of cotton, well saturated with oil and grease, and then wound into a firm cylinder. The flame is supplied with oil from a small earthen vessel, which is attached to the torch. Unfortunately for the traveller, it happens to be more convenient for the men that the torch should be held on the windward side of the palanquin than on the lee side, and consequently the smoke of the blow reigns in upon him. During the early part of my journey, I was annoyed by the wretched artifice of commands, rewards, entreaties, and bribes, to reform this matter, but all without effect. "Bap ke دستور," was the only answer I got—"It is father's custom." The truth is, that if the torch be carried by a man to leeward, his

shadow interferes with its light; if he holds it in one hand, and the flame burns him if he holds it in the other. I often made the musalike change sides; but I could hear him chattering and growling sadly until he fancied me asleep, and then round he went again to windward. At length I discovered that it was much the best way to submit with what pains I possessed—which was not much. I found, however, that the musalike, though proved by attempting, in wretched Hindustanee, to explain to persons who did not wish to understand, the propriety of doing that which they believed improper, and felt to be exceedingly inconvenient. In some parts of the country, the musalike is found to be the best, as dried bamboo, occasionally of figs, grows bound up; and at other places they consist of long thick reeds. I could seldom prevail upon the bearers to use a lantern, unless when their stock of figs had been burned out. The light, they said, was not sufficient for the safe guidance of their feet.

The palanquin is about six feet long by two and a half wide, and serves at night-time for a bed, in the day-time for a parlour. In the front part of the interior is fitted a broad shelf, underneath which a drawer pulls out, and over the shelf a net is stretched, such as we see in travelling carriages. In the side part of the interior, on each side, there is generally fixed a shelf for books, a net for fruit or any loose articles, and hooks for hats, caps, towels, and other things. There are two doors, or sliding partitions in each side, fitted with Venetian blinds in the upper panel; and in each end of the palanquin are placed two little windows. Many travellers choose to have a lamp fixed in one corner, with a glass face turned inwards, but trimmed from without, either for reading or for sleeping by—for your Indian must always have a light to see how to shut his eyes, as Pat said. The bottom, or seat, is made of a mat of rattan, like that of a chair, over which is laid a light elastic mattress, made either of horse-hair, or, which is still better, I believe, of the small shavings used in dressing the bamboo and rattan.

Across the palanquin, at the distance of a foot and a half from the end, is hung a flat square cushion, buttoned tightly from the ends, so that it is not possible to rest against it, while his feet are prevented from slipping forwards by a cross-bar, similar in principle to the stretchers in a boat, against which the rowers plant their feet. This bar, which slides up and down in slits cut at the sides of the palanquin, is capable of being shifted round, and raised or lowered, according to the length of the voyager's legs, or to his choice of position. In the space behind the cushion or rest for the back, are stowed away, in the day-time, the sheets, blankets, pillow, and other night-things; and in the net above, two or three changes of clothes, in case of any accident separating the traveller from his heavy baggage. In the drawers may be kept shaving articles, and such nick-knacks as a compass, thermometer, sketch-book. On the shelf behind, a few books—among which, of course, will be found a road-book and a Hindustanee dictionary—jostling with a vase-pot and sugar-bowl. Under the mattress, an infinity of small things may be laid, provided they be flatish. In each corner of this moving house are placed little round sockets for bottles and glasses. Many other odds and ends of comforts and conveniences suggest themselves as the journey advances, and may be mentioned as they occur.

I speak merely of what mine possessed, and it was a very ordinary affair—cheap and strong, and not too heavy. Along the top, on the outside, is laid a wax-cloth cover, which, when not in use, is rolled up; but in rainy weather, or when the night air becomes chill, this cloth is let so loose as to envelop the whole palanquin.

At each end there is fixed a single strong smooth bar, which rests on the bearers' shoulders. The poles, which are sometimes of iron, are secured by a screw, and by the none of the elasticity which gives such an unpleasant motion to a sedan chair, being secured tightly to the corners of the palanquin by iron rods. To one of these poles there is generally suspended a beautifully shaped Indian lantern, behind of a globe of water-glass, which is still further defended from injury by an open tracery of spirit rattan, resembling not a little the work in relief on the buttresses and pinnacles of Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey. This goglet is hung in front, that the dew which exudes from its pores may be evaporated, and, instead of a globe of water-glass, which would move on; and thus, even in the hottest weather, a cool draught of water may always be obtained. Under the pole behind are hung a tea-kettle, coffee-pot, and a curious but useful kind of wash-hand basin, imported from

The palanquin-bearers, who form, I believe, a caste or class by themselves, are a faithful and diligent race of men; and as it is their invariable custom to be hired by a traveller may leave any thing loose in the palanquin with perfect safety. I have heard that it is not quite safe or fair to leave the brandy bottle too much exposed, as poor human nature, under whatever colour of the skin it may be, is so susceptible of temptation. I was not inclined to that wonderful trip. For my part, I do not believe I ever tasted it till I came to travel in India, and then I was as much taken in as the savage king, so cleverly described by Captain Cook, who mistook a bottle of this new-ford beverage for an avatar of one of his gods. A worthy friend of mine at Madras, just as I was starting, thrust his head into my palanquin, and cried out, "Why, man, you have got no brandy! You cannot possibly get on without some support, as we call it."

And running back to the house, he unlocked his private store, and deposited in my palanquin a bottle of brandy, cut off a cogine, so delicious, that, he declared, it would bring a man alive again.

I forgot all about this supply till some days afterwards, during a sultry, choky afternoon in the jungle, when there was hardly a breath of wind aloft of sufficient force to stir the leaves of the trees. I had been sitting down below, where the ground was parched up and risen into a network of crevices by the heat, the still air had reached that suffocating pitch which makes one feel close to death's door. The bearers had stopped at a sparkling stream, and I sat under a tree, from which a small stream of cool water bubbled and splashed over the rocks, and spread its refreshing influence for many yards on either side. Being burnt up with thirst, I leaped out, and in the next minute would have plunged my face into

China, of a cylindrical shape, made of wood highly varnished.

Some people add a brace of pistols to the equipment of their palankeen; but I preferred, if it came to the push, rather to be robbed in peace, than to fight a pitched battle with desperadoes about a trumpany watch, or a handful of pagodas. At the very best, one could only hope to recover one's booty, and then, if the palankeen were taken to death; in return for which, a broken pate, or a slice with a grass-cutter's knife, would remain as lasting evidences of the traveller's progress in the jungle. As for tigers, I was assured that in ninety-nine cases in a hundred they are quite as much afraid of man as man is of them; and I am glad to get off from them; and in truth, their instinct must be but small, or their hunger inordinately great, if they have not learned by this time, that Mr. Homo is much more than a match for Mr. Brute, with all his claws and teeth. Of this fact I saw ample proof in the morning journey, as I shall have occasion presently to relate in describing a great native festival near Seringapatam, where animals really wild, and not such tame creatures as are to be seen in our misnamed "wild beast" shows, were exhibited and baited for our edification, within twenty-four hours after being caught in the forest.

If the journey to be made in the palankeen be a short one, say thirty or forty miles, it may be run over in the night, with only one stop, during which the bearers light a fire and dress their supper. Including this delay, I have made, between eight in the evening and half-past ten in the morning, a journey of fifty miles, from Madras to the seven Pagodas, or Mahabalipuram, the city of the great god Bali. On ordinary occasions, for short distances between house and house, when you are going out to dinner, only a couple of men run under each pole, and at such times the palankeen is carried at the rate of four or five miles an hour. But on journeys, there are generally three men to each pole, which employs six men out of the twelve, while the others run by their side, ready to relieve their companions at intervals. During the whole time they are in progress, they make a noise which is not easy to describe. Sometimes it is that of a long and dull roar, and at other times the whole party join in correct time. Mostly, however, the men in front use one kind of groan or grunt, which is answered by another from those behind. These sounds often approach to a scream, and frequently include words of warning against stones in the way, or of deep water; and I have often been surprised to find that it is difficult to catch them. I remember one exclamation frequently used, "Kurab high!" Occasionally when it is wished to make a great exertion, the leader of the song suddenly calls out some such word as "Sha-bash!" to which every one answers, and away they spring at double speed while the tone of the music, so to call it, is changed from a dull sort of grumbling bass, to an angry and sharp intonation, mixed with something almost insulting or reproachful in its tone.

A stranger, or griffin, as he is called, on first getting into a palankeen at Madras, is naturally much alarmed, and often rather distressed, at these hideous sounds, as he naturally fancies the men must be suffering dreadfully under their load. But when he has been some time, and Johny Newcomes so prodigiously sensitive, or sponey, as actually to get out and walk in the sun, to the particular amusement of the bearers, who, it is alleged, make their yells doubly horrible when they fancy they have caught a griffin. In these cases, however, it feels as little as it is to be carried along on men's shoulders, but is a great waste of sympathy, inasmuch as every man so carrying you is not only a servant at will, but a very well-paid, contented servant, and one of a caste whose greatest anxiety and pleasure is to be so employed. It makes more sense to be contented with your lot, and to come, in time, a gentleman in his way. I never remember to have heard the brave Highlanders, who carry people about in chairs in Edinburgh, Bath, and elsewhere, accused of any extra servility, because they lifted the box containing their employer, instead of driving the horses which dragged the carriage holding the same personages. In short, all these matters turn on usage, and the deuce is in it if the parties most concerned are not the best judges of what, upon the whole, is most to their mind. But the fashion now-a-days is to run compassed down discontented people's throats, and, in the end, to drive the philosophers, or the poets, or the needy knife-grinder's friend in the Antijacquin, to make happy men miserable, in order that they may be reconverted to happiness by some patent general principle—an invaluable process, always best known, it would ap-

pear, to those who are personally ignorant of all the practical details of the subject?

This song, or cry, or groan, or whatever it be, of the palankeen-bearers of India, is different in different parts of the country; while, at some places, as at Bombay, they use none at all, but move along quite quietly. They seem to be much at a loss, as to what to do, when, as in driving a carriage, or riding a horse. Some bearers shake you to pieces, while others glide along so gently, that you are scarcely conscious of any motion. In every part of the country which I have visited, except Cananore and Mangalore, on the coast of Malabar, the direction of the palankeen is in the same direction, that is, parallel to the road, or so that the hind-bearers follow exactly the footsteps of those in front. But at the places alluded to on the western coast, they carry it nearly across the road, so that the hind-bearers are in the rear of the others, the poles making an angle with the direct line of about twenty-five degrees. This crab-kind of fashion of moving sideways, which resembles that of the abominable Omnibuses of Europe, is any thing but agreeable. I well remember the first time I encountered it feeling quite sick, and a little dizzy. I was not at all alarmed about nature, and I had the doors to take a nap, when, after a little time, I thought there was something very odd in the motion, and I set up to consider what it could be. On opening one of the doors, and looking out, I beheld all the objects passing by me at such a strange obliquity of angle, that I began to think I must have been again taking the brandy bottle!

When a long journey is to be made, you must decide upon one of two ways, and either travel through with one set of bearers, which is the slowest method; or you must make arrangements for having relays of bearers at all the way at different stations or halting-places. If one set go all the way, and be good of their kind, they will undertake to carry a moderate-sized traveller about twenty-five miles a-day for a continuance, which is surely great good. Travelling by dawk, as it is called, or when the bearers are paid by the day, is the way of the natives, but, of course, much the most expensive. Before starting, you must write letters to the different collectors of the various districts through which you mean to pass, stating the time you mean to set out, and the route you are to follow. It seems to signify little whether or not you are to pass by the way of the halting-places. It is the universal fashion in India to be obliging and hospitable. The bearers written for will therefore always be found waiting for you at their assigned stations. It sometimes answers equally well, and saves time and trouble, to send on as many sets of bearers as you may wish, to accompany these gentlemen. For, left Madras on my second journey overland, I sent forward one set to the Mount, eight miles distant; another to Sri Paramatara, twenty miles further; a third to Baul Chitty's Choultry, twenty-four miles further, which was about twenty short of Arcot, my first halting-place. I have already mentioned, that each set of bearers consists of thirteen men, when a journey is to be made. The ordinary price of this description of labour, when I was in India, and I don't suppose it has changed materially since, was three fanams (or about six pence) and a farthing for each man, or about nine pence for the whole party, and eight pence per mile. An additional sum is paid for those sets which are sent on past the first stage, and of course something extra is paid to them daily when they are kept waiting.

Fanams, rupias, and pagodas, form the money current at Madras. There are twelve fanams in a rupee, and forty-five in a pagoda. The word rupee (or rupia) means silver, and is applied to that metal generally. What we term fanam, I remember being told was called *pan* by the natives; and, in fact, the European word is a small shift. But where the word pagoda came from, I believe is not known; the coin so called by us is named "moon," or "hoong," by the natives; but the temples which we style pagodas, are called by them "devul." In China, the sacred edifices also receive at our hands the name of pagodas. The English, who have invaded their spot, they are called Joo-houses—evidently from the Portuguese Dios. The word gentoo, like that of pagoda, is also, I believe, entirely of European origin; but though much used by Orme and other writers on India, I do not think it is any word in current use in the country. The English, who have invaded their spot, the name of Gentos applied to the athletic race of palankeen-bearers who belong to a district north of Madras. They are naturally drawn to the presidency, which is the most wealthy spot in the country, just as the gallegos

of the northwest of Spain are drawn to Lisbon, and other large cities of the European peninsula; or like the hardy race of Pats and Donalds of our own country, to the rich foci of London and Edinburgh.

When travelling dawk or post, the same set of men will rattle you along for about twenty miles, without stopping, in five or six hours at most; and then, if all things have been well ordered, the palankeen will be transferred to the new set without its being allowed to touch the ground. You pay your bearers at the end of the stage—and it is amusing enough to trace a characteristic resemblance between the men of Asia and America, and to find that they are equally at a loss to express their ideas in an English postboy, or a French postilion. If you pay them their exact customary due, they make you a profound salam, and are perfectly contented; but if you give them a single fanam over and above their allowance, they instantly snarl at you, as if to be a griffin or an ignominious pariah, and therefore fair game for slinking. So the other begin to beg for more money, or petition for a sheep for supper—their choicest feast—for they are not of the Banyan race, who eat no animal food. They also exhibit such wretched looks of supplication, and make so many signs, about the most ungrateful style possible, if your heart does not, and at last you yield to their much importunity. Here, however, the comparison with the post-boy ceases; for if you give him an expressly extra shilling, or a mug of ale to warm him, he drinks your honour's health, and looks pleased. I never once observed any such thing in the way of payment, to extort of a bribe a smile out of the palankeen-bearers of India. On the contrary, the more you give, the more discontented they look; alternately eyeing the cash and the road travelled over, and then, after glancing sulkily at one another, the most ungrateful style possible, they silently turn about and march off.

There is a current Joe Miller story in the East, of a gentleman who laid and lost a bet, that he would not only satisfy but astonish his bearers, whom he had taken only ten miles. In order to make sure as he supposed, he sent them a very large bag of money, and, in return, gratuity, being more than double their hire. They stood stock still, however—turned the piece of money over in their hands, as if it had been a base coin;—and at length, with that dissatisfied tone and manner with which people so often shipwreck their prospects, by substituting vanity for wisdom, they said, "You have whined out, 'Perhaps master will give us a sheep?'"

I have mentioned that the travelling is generally at night; and, I believe it is so stipulated, when you are moving with only one set of bearers, that they shall be allowed to sleep in the palankeen, and not to get out to attend to the bearers are posted on the road there is no necessity for this limitation; and the secret of agreeable travelling appears to lie chiefly in contriving to reach some military or civil station about the hour of breakfast,iffin, or dinner. I have mentioned before, that I carried no letters of introduction with me, but, I carried entirely to the inhospitability of the authorities scattered over the country, nor was I ever disappointed. I remember, one morning at sunrise, coming in sight of Nundydroog, perhaps the most remarkable of those huge round-backed hills, which form the hills of India is celebrated. It looks like a conifer, about the size of a cedar, and it rises so abruptly from the plain, that it appears double its real altitude. The morning air was cool and clear, and all things about us lay glistening with dew, which had settled on every leaf and every blade of grass, during the hours of serene and twilight evenings, of the month of October before. I think I have never seen any other in the whole year. This applies to almost all parts of the northern hemisphere which I have visited, from the Missouri to the Yellow Sea.

Between the fort of Nundydroog and the rising ground on which I saw the prospect, there intervened a valley some six or eight miles across, the whole bottom of which was marked with a succession of artificial tanks, used for irrigating myriads of rice-fields lying below the level of these huge ponds. But as the best specimens of the picturesque and beautiful, or useful, always stand but a little way off, I again raised the chair, and I urged my fellows to jog on merrily, in hopes of reaching the military station in time for the commandant's breakfast; and, instead of admiring the landscape, I kept feasting my imagination all the way with visions of rich palankeen and hot rolls, and I could not but have enjoyed the distance the aromatic perfumes of the delicious hookahs.

"How shall I attack the commandant?" said I to myself; "for I have no letter to him, neither know I my future friend's name, nor even his rank."

As we entered the suburbs we fell in with a sepoy, of whom I asked whereabouts the commanding officer's house lay? "That is Captain Dowglas's house," he said, pointing to a bungalow near us. So in my bearers trotted without more ado, snorting and groaning with a double dose of yells, as if they had an inkling of my being an unbidden guest, and wished to give timely warning that a stranger was approaching. The owner of the mansion came forward in his white jacket to receive me.

"Sir," said I, to the commandant, "I am an officer of Sir Samuel Hood's ship, travelling towards Mysore, and I have done myself the honour of waiting upon you with my passport."

"Have you breakfasted?" was the characteristic reply, as he unfolded the paper and glanced slightly over it to learn my name. On my saying that I had not, he called out, "Boy: let us have breakfast instantly; put the palankeen into the verandah: we have a good deal to show you here, and there are some pleasant people, whom I shall be glad to introduce to you."

My host, I found, had been seventeen years in India; and it was pleasant to be able to give him, in return for his hospitality, a budget of news from Antrim and Belfast. By and by several of his brother officers, and some of the men in civil service, came dropping in, all as anxious to use the opportunity of my visit to him as if they had known him for years. I thus soon left myself completely at home. A young officer accompanied me next day to the rock; and as I had previously been "reading up" my knowledge myself with the histories of Tyrone, Wills, and Cromwell, I surprised my friend by the interest and accuracy of my remarks on the politics and the military events. What interested me, however, fully as much as the traces of Lord Cornwallis's siege and successful storming of the fort of Nundydroog in 1729, was the view from the top of the rock, and particularly the sight of the sea, and the numerous extraordinary tanks, or artificial ponds, for irrigating the fields for which that part of the peninsula is so remarkable.

The table-lands of Mysore, which stand several thousand feet above the level of the sea, is not strictly a dappan, as the name would seem to imply; neither is it a plateau, as the name would seem to imply. It is an extremely uneven, being moulded into gently sloping ridges, which form between them a succession of long valleys slightly inclined, broad and shallow, and winding in various directions. In some of the larger valleys the natives have thrown embankments, some of them of very recent date, though some are even so recent as the dynasty of Hyder. These walls, or bunds, as they are called, are of great strength, and when of small extent, they generally curve round, so as to offer their convex side to the pressure of the water; but if they be a mile or several miles in length, the embankments assume a waving, snake-like shape, in what part of the length they are of great strength, and in what part of weakness. One valley was pointed out to me, which might be about a mile broad, and forty miles long from end to end; this included between thirty and forty tanks, and a large tract of land, which lay in the intermediate space between the bunds being richly cultivated, while the surrounding country appeared to be condemned to nearly permanent sterility; indeed, I believe that the whole rice crop of Mysore is derived from artificial irrigation.

This vast swoly of water is gained partly by the method of tanks just described, and partly by tapping the Cauvery and other rivers by means of subaqueous dams, across the bed of the stream. The effect of these dams is to direct a portion of the river into lateral trenches stretching far and wide over the country. From these trenches the water is carried by a series of smaller canals, better bearing a traveller describe the manner in which the great river Indus is tapped, or drawn off in this manner to the right and left, for the purposes of agriculture, and the irrigation of the country. The effect of this is to render its channel dry! One is so much accustomed to consider the mighty mass of waters forming a river of any magnitude as something beyond the power of man to divert, that it is not surprising to find that the incredulity on this point. But if the Indus, in its course, is allowed to, resemble the Mississippi and many other streams flowing over extensive alluvial countries, there is no reason to be conceiving such a transfer of the whole of its waters from one bed to another, or from the fields on either side; because rivers which traverse deltas almost invariably flow along the summits of ridges which are higher than the adjacent country. These ridges, it is true, are not always perceptible to the eye; but at most places can scarcely be detected by the eye; but

still the inclination of their sides is abundantly sufficient to admit of water draining away from, instead of flowing towards the river.

The Cauvery after traversing the Mysore country, and forming, by one of its fantastic loops, the celebrated island of Seringapatam, is precipitated, over the edge of the table-land, into the Carnatic, in a series of magnificent falls, which I visited in the course of my journey. It then descends, in a series of rapid cascades, to the sea, where, in the Mafum, it joins the sea near Tranquebar. During the fierce struggles between the French and English in the south of India, the embankments of the river Cauvery were frequently cut, and the whole country, in consequence, was inundated. The French, as I have already mentioned that, as rivers which run along deltas, or along ground nearly level, are liable to flow over their banks during the rainy season, it becomes necessary, in order to prevent the country being inundated, to raise the banks of the river. The French, in the Carnatic (which are called, in Louisiana, levees, in India, bunds), being raised a little higher than the surface of the river at its highest, confine the stream within proper limits. But as the floods of each successive year bring down a fresh quantity of earth, and the soil is raised, and the fear of the mountains, fields, and forests, through which the tributary streams have passed—a certain portion of the largest and heaviest of these materials must subside, and remain at the bottom when the river reaches the sea. The French, therefore, were obliged to diminish. This addition, though it be small in any one year, gradually raises the bed of the river. If this rise were not carefully met by a corresponding annual elevation of the artificial embankment, it is obvious that the waters would gradually rise, and the country be inundated, and submerge the country. The consequence of these alternate struggles between the waters trying to escape and man insisting upon confining them, has been to lift the whole body of the Cauvery, in its passage across the Carnatic, to a level above the surface of the sea. The whole country. The power of deluging the adjacent district was therefore a very obvious though a dreadful weapon in the hands of which every party held possession of the banks during those formidable wars in which the French were so long victorious. The French, however, in the long period of peaceful and secure repose which those regions have enjoyed since the contest has been terminated by the unquestioned supremacy of one party, have appropriated exclusively to the irrigation of the country.

In the upper lands of Mysore, the peasants are dependent chiefly on their tanks for moisture, as the rains are uncertain in quantity, and transient in their effect. The stock of water collected in these numberless and extensive tanks or ponds, many of which well deserve the name of lakes, is capable of being distributed in the precise quantity and at the precise times required. I have often been amused at observing with what scrupulous care the peasants appear to distribute the water let it off from their tanks in sufficient regularity. The dry soil of Mysore, parched and riven by the heat, drinks up the fluid with a grateful kind of relish, a sort of animated enjoyment, at which I was never tired of looking.

In describing things which lie so much out of the ordinary course of observation, one becomes sensible of the poverty of language. Thus the word "tank" suggests to most people the idea of a common cistern attached to a dwelling-house, and filled with rain-water from pipes along the roof. The word "pond," again, recalls images of muddy water, dragged post-horses, rank weeds, and a general stagnation of the elements. The word "lake" suggests warfare against frogs and worrus. To call the tanks of Mysore by the name of lakes would be nearer the mark, for many of them well deserve that appellation. The Moats Talou, for example, or Rich Tank, near Seringapatam, I understand is nearly thirty miles in circumference. I never saw that particular sheet of water; but many of the artificial lakes which I did examine measure from half a mile to three miles in length, and some of their numbers, that I remember counting, are considerably more than a hundred at one view from the top of Nun-dyrog, nor do I believe that the least of these could have been less than two or three miles in circuit.

Dr Buchanan, in his journey through those countries, made by order of Lord Wellesley in 1800, shortly after the capture of Seringapatam, describes minutely the formation of these tanks, or erays, as they are called in the Tamul language. The Saymbrumbacum tank, not far from Madras, he says, is eight miles in length by three in width, and its contents are sufficient to supply with

water the lands of thirty-two villages for eighteen months, supposing the usual rains to fail.

I have mentioned the manner in which a traveller in India may get a breakfast or dinner, bed, board, lodging, and troops of friends, when he happens to be near any military or civil station of the East India Company. But it will sometimes fall out that he cannot exactly trust to his own word, or dinner, and then he must trust to his own wits and the wits of his friends. This is the style of doing things in that fertile and populous country, that he must be a sorry traveller indeed who need ever experience any real difficulty on this score. I remember enjoying many of these campaigning kind of meals almost as much as I did the premeditated luxuries of the great head stations of the interior—those true palaces of entertainment, where we find all that plenty, good taste, a fine climate, and hospitality grown into a habit, can produce.

After a night's run, in a part of the country remote from an English station, and just as the day is beginning to dawn, the weary bearers look out for some village on the road. Instead of entering it, they make for the little grove or tope which marks the position of the pagoda and tank always to be found near a native village. The palankeen is then set down under the most shady tree which is to be found near these cherished nooks. The traveller, if not awake before, is of course roused by the grating sound of the palankeen on the ground. He steps out in his slippers and sleeping trowsers, and speedily plunging into the clear pool, proceeds, after a good swim, to make his toilet, with his shaving apparatus, glass, and basin, ranged on the top of his moveable house.

While he is thus engaged, one of the bearers on the opposite side of the palanquin takes out the blankets, sheets, and pillows, to give them a good shaking, and after the interior has been well swept out, to arrange all things for day travelling, by stowing away the night furniture, lashing up the back cushion, and placing the front one facing the rear. The men are likewise dispatched to the village for milk and eggs, if by good fortune, there be a running stream and they may bring a newly-caught fish. By the time these foragers have returned, a fire has been kindled, the little kettle set a boiling, and the tea made. The eggs are then put on the fish split and grilled on the embers, and the milk heated. Countless slices of toast are now prepared in rapid succession, and the morning air having quickened, the hungry deity is supplied with a variety of dainties himself on the corner of his cloak, spread out for a tablecloth, and feasts away right jorously.

CHAPTER VIII

THE DUSSERA FESTIVAL AT MYSORE

I think I have already mentioned, that little or no intercourse of a domestic nature takes place between the natives of India and the Europeans resident among them. The habits, in fact, of the two races of men are so different, that it is scarcely possible for them to conceive much agreeable or useful intercourse. The missionaries, indeed, by adopting the dress and language of the people, and by conforming to all their customs, have succeeded in domesticating themselves with the natives, and have thereby done much good. But, on the other hand, it is accomplished by such unwonted degradation of the latter, that it is a degradation—and, what is more to the purpose, has always been so considered by the natives. They may be gratified by such an experiment, but nothing more. The European, on the contrary, who is European, must revolt at usages so foreign to his ideas of delicacy; and the influence which he might readily acquire, by other means more consistent with his own notions of propriety, is lost by this sort of condescension. The Abbe du Bois, and other missionaries, have said, and more than enough, of the details of the private life of this singular people; and I can safely refer the curious to such matters to the Rev. W. Ward's book on the history of the Hindoos, mythology, manners, and customs of the Hindoos.

The usages of savage life in the cold regions of the world—for example, of the Esquimaux or the Cherokees—are essentially revolting in every shape, whether in reality or in description. Pretty nearly the same thing may be said of the domestic manners of the Asiatics, which are only less disagreeable to us, I suspect, from their being unaccompanied by the misery and filth which belong peculiarly to cold climates. The Hindoo, who is eternally bathing his person, cleaning his house, and scouring his brass kettles, casts over his shoulders his light and graceful wrapper, as white as snow; while your western savage would consider it a disgrace to

wash his hands. The Esquimaux, after gorging himself with the raw flesh of a seal, draws the monster's skin round him, and goes to sleep in the mud. In this case, as there occurs nothing but what is disgusting, we dismiss the subject as speedily as we can, without a wish to see or hear more of it. In truth, though these savages be human in form and speech, they seem so close to the brute creation, that any sympathy with them is out of the question.

It is so far different with the Orientals, whose civilisation, in some respects, is considerable. Our wonder, indeed, is often excited by the most anomalous mixture of pure barbarisms with refinements of a high order. The institution of castes, and the rigorous ceremonial discipline which it imposes, appear fatal to any improvement in manners, by rigidly defining the course of every action. The utter extravagance, also, and measureless authority of their superstitions, which permeate every thing, and which, in the hands of the priests, are effectual to place a bar against amelioration in that quarter. What time and change of political circumstances may bring about, it is difficult, if not impossible, to say.

The public establishments, and other out-of-door habits of the Hindoos, however, do certainly include some points of transient interest. But they are so entirely without taste or fancy, that the attention of a European becomes fatigued, as soon as his mere curiosity is gratified. The interior of the South of India, on two different occasions, between which an interval of more than a year elapsed. My head-quarters, in both cases, was the British resident's house, or residency, at Mysore, a town about ten miles from Seringapatam. The country of Mysore, after we had conquered it from Tippoo, was divided into six parts, and the original native dynasty of the Hindoos. As a measure of precaution, however, we retained the island of Seringapatam, in the river Caavery, garrisoned it, and kept the British flag flying upon the forts. It was stipulated, also, that a subsidiary force, consisting of several thousand men, partly European and partly native, but all officered by Europeans, should be maintained by the company in the heart of the country. The object of this subsidiary force (so called from a subsidy being paid by the native power to maintain it), was to prevent invasions from abroad, and also to render it unnecessary for the Hindoo government to keep an army in the field. The civil and military officers of the country, the collection of the revenue, the execution of the laws, the appointment to office—in short, every detail of government, was left in the hands of the native rulers. In order to secure compliance with the various stipulations of the treaty—re-establishing the Hindoo dynasty on the throne of Mysore, a British officer was appointed to reside at Seringapatam, to watch what was going on; and, in case of need, to interfere by remonstrance, or, in extreme cases, by force.

This was certainly not independence, nor was it intended to be so. It was essential to our political existence in India, that we should retain a preponderating influence in Mysore, and other countries of the Deccan, and that we should have a sufficient number of measures, which secured our authority, afforded peace, security, and, was hoped, contentment to the great mass of the nation. That some of the chiefs should sigh for more uncontrolled authority, according to the despotic customs of the East, we could not wonder. But such feelings were disregarded; on the contrary, it requires the greatest delicacy of treatment, on our part, to keep them in tolerable good humour. Sir John Malcolm well remarks on this subject, that "while we are supported by the arms of England, and the aid of our allies, we are to our government is indulgent, our power has received the rudest shocks, from an impression that our system of rule is at variance with the permanence of rank, authority, and distinction in any native of India. This is a general error to every class, and its action leaves but a few miserable existences to all who enjoy station and high name. The feeling which their condition excites, exposes those who have left to them any portion of power and independence, to the most violent attacks of envy, malice, and the ambitious. This is a danger to our power which must increase in the ratio of its extent, unless we counteract its operation by a commensurate improvement of our administration."¹—*Central India*, Appendix,

As the British resident, of course, wished to keep on the best terms, personally, with the native ruler near whose court he was stationed, he introduced, on all

occasions of ceremony, such private friends as might chance to be living with him; and the Rajah, on his part, was no less careful to mark, by his reception of such guests, the high consideration in which he held the officer appointed to watch him. Both parties might, at heart, be hating one another like cat and dog; but none of this came to the surface, for your Asiatic, like a Spaniard, knows well how to be courteous under almost every trial of temper.

I had the good fortune to arrive at Mysore during the Dussera feast, a celebrated Hindoo festival in honour of Shiva, and known to the natives by the name of "Nuwwee Ratree," or nine nights—though the word Dussera means "tenth." I lost the first four days, but was not without enough in the last five to satisfy me.

The Rajah, who had been invited to the feast, at a distance of half a mile from the British residence, from which the resident and his suite set out generally about four o'clock in the afternoon. It was not considered etiquette to move till we had been summoned by a message from the Rajah, stating that he was ready to receive us. We were accordingly waiting till he came off we scampered to the door; and while some of us flung ourselves into the palankeens, others mounted their horses, and the whole moved along as fast as the crowd would permit. The bearers set off at a full run, shouting and screaming as usual, and preceded by about fifty drummers, beating a loud and cheerful tune long.

At the head of the procession, a slender, elegant, powerful lungs, sounded a long, slowly curved sort of trumpet, called a colleyer horn, to announce the resident's approach. The blast sent forth by this wild instrument rung far over the plain with a note such as we have often heard rising towards its close into a pitch of shrillness which is almost insupportable to the ear. As we rushed along towards the gate of the fort, the palankeens, to the number of a dozen or twenty, frequently came into smart collision with one another. As the road contracted, there remained only room for a few abreast; but as all seemed equally anxious to get in, the result was a most extraordinary confusion. The possessed weak nerves. Besides our own party and the mediate attendants, there pranced along the resident's body-guard of troops, and many hundreds of native horsemen—all struggling for admission, and casting up clouds of dust as high as the topmost pinnacle of the fort. The air was filled with shouting, screaming, and jostling, apparently trying to show should make most noise, and occasion most disorder.

Within the tent a little more room was found; and the apprehension of being upset and trodden under foot diminished for a time; but the row and risk proved even worse as we entered the quadrangular court of the palace, in the centre of which the ring for wild beast-bating was fixed. On the outside of the ropes such a dense throng of spectators immediately gathered, that the poor Sepoy guards stationed there to keep the crowd off the pass, could with great difficulty obtain an opening barely large enough for two of the party. Into this narrow strait, however, four or five palankens went to make a determined rush together; and on one occasion, such was the momentum of their charge, that both the projecting ends of the shields were toppled down exactly in the fission of the crowd's head-rows. The last palanken of the file of Jack sent for mustard. The palankens were instantly closed upon by the crowd, like the hosts of Pharaoh when the Red Sea collapsed upon them; but in spite of the chance of being squeezed to death, it was impossible for us not to laugh. I can remember to this minute the shout which a merry countryman of mine uttered, as he was being all but the skirl, as he called it, of the cypress howl.

On reaching the inner side of the palace square, we rolled out on the planken: dusted over like millers, at the bottom of the stairs, where the resident was received by the prime minister or *dewan*, Ran Khow by name, and another high officer of state, whose name and station I forget. It appeared to be the practice first to shake a salun to these functionaries, and then to shake hands. I was met by a *darogah* in a turban and a mixed nature of a subsidiary government—half native, half English. As soon as we had all been received, the resident and the *dewan*—unquestionably the two most important men of the country, and the real managers of all public affairs—moved on, while we followed up stairs according to our rank and consequence, such as it was. At the top, we entered a long gallery, or verandah, with a low wall, and a railing of iron and brass, painted a low red, richly carved, and gaudily painted with flowers: to match, which, a brilliant set of cotton

carpets had been spread under foot—so gay, indeed, that one felt it almost a shame to tread upon them.

In the middle of the front row sat his highness the Maha Rajah, Kistna Rajee Odaveer, on a throne of gold, silver, and ivory. This gorgeous seat was shaded by a canopy of similar materials, supported by four polished steel pillars, and festooned round its edge with such strings of such pearls as might have drawn sighs from a dozen grand duchesses. On the top of all sat a bird, composed, as it seemed to our dazzled view, entirely of precious stones, the eyes sparkling to the life, being two diamonds of a brilliancy far surpassing all the rest.

It was most satisfactory that I can well describe, to behold the Rajah thus rigged out in the very garb which youthful imaginations bestow upon all monarchs, but in which, to the mortification of many a youth and many a woman, he was far from being an exception. The first, indeed, in the shop of Messrs. Russell and Bridges, so many jewels are rarely to be seen collected in one place; at least, I never but once beheld such a load of riches on the person of any individual. In the next part of his Hindoo Highness's turban blazed a band of red and blue, and a small, but a very important which hung from the forehead, and which, I remember to have seen on the forehead of that great Ranees, or queen of song, Catalani, valued at ten thousand guineas. From the right side of the Rajah's turban hung a couple of pedestals of gold, from the projecting part of which hung a bunch of pearls, and from the different strings, forming a bunch larger than one hand could grasp. This weight of wealth gave his majesty a slight "list to starboard," but, as one of our party remarked, a man might be content to go with a erick in the wind, and a crown of diamonds on his head, in consideration of the honour and glory of such a life, in consideration of the respect and admiration of his subjects, and of his host, however, was also pretty well weighted below, for over his neck and shoulders he had cast about a dozen chapters of precious stones, some of them reaching to his middle, and others clasping his throat. From each side of his neck hung a pair of large, oval, fully three inches in diameter, carrying a heavy ruby earring along above all the other jewels which loaded his person. To his left arm, from the wrist to the elbow, there appeared to be fitted a broad gold plate, like a piece of armour; but what its purpose might be we knew not. On his right arm, from the elbow to the wrist, there were robes different: one day his tunic consisted of a white robe, with small red spots; another day it was entirely red; and on a third, the whole consisted of gold cloth. But the jewels seemed to be the same on each day, and thence our inference was, that the whole stock of jewels was worn by the Rajah, and that the crown of Mysore was produced on these occasions.

On entering the gallery, we marched up in a row to the foot of the musnud or throne, salaming all the way; and after shaking hands with his highness and salaming again, we backed away stern foremost, exactly as in European courts, to the seats assigned for us in the first row. The space behind us, between our chairs and the wall, was occupied by the sovereign's family and officers. Close to the Rajah, on the right hand, sat the Dewan, the British resident on his left, and then various officers of rank, and a few ladies. Behind them sat attendants of high rank, whose sole business appeared to consist in popping into his highness's mouth, from time to time, the proper portion of betel-nut!

I forgot exactly at what stage of the interview an officer of the household despatched by the Rajah came along the line and cast over our necks a chaplet of white flowers, each person, of course, rising and saluting towards the throne as this high honour was conferred upon him. Next followed an attendant bearing a silver dish, on which were laid some bits of betel-nut, with a few leaves, and the proper proportion of lime to chew with it. This was followed by a tray of aromatic incense, the ceremony — on the principle, I suppose, of Captain Cook, who ate and drank every thing. I have sometimes, by the way, thought, in reading the accounts of our great voyager, that he must have been blessed with the stomach of an ostrich, to whom spite-nails are no harder of digestion than asparagus, as is said and believed on board ship! Close behind the betel-nut bearer came an attendant with a tray of flowers, followed by a lady bearing a tray of highly perfumed oil, one drop of which he bestowed on each bunch of flowers, thus literally “adding a perfume to the violet.”

Last of all came a most important personage, whose office every one could appreciate. The business of this welcome messenger consisted in throwing a pair of the

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 6, NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—At \$5 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

finest cachemere shawls over each of our shoulders! Never shall I forget the effect which this present produced on my mind and feelings. Up to that moment I had been in the habit of thinking as ill as possible of the Rajah of Mysore; and with ready insinuation of party, and all the confidence of recently acquired and partial knowledge, had been unable to state in company, without any measure in the terms, that the government of his highness Sree Krishna was most oppressive. But ever since feeling the delicate pressure of these beautiful shawls, I have been unable to bring myself to say one word against the giver.

The East India Company very judiciously take care that none of their servants shall be exposed to such temptations: for every present whatsoever, given to any officer, civil or military, in their employ, must immediately afterwards be handed over to a person appointed to receive it. An exact equivalent being, as a matter of course, presently returned, in some shape or other, to the treasury of the Rajah, Sultan, or other native authority who gave the present. As I was not without reach of this provoking ordinance, I was allowed to keep my pair of shawls, and might rather the worse for it. I have worn them, as a figure on the necks of some fair friends of mine at home.

Many a time have I witnessed the intense mortification of the wives of East India Company's servants, on their being obliged to relinquish the beautiful presents which they and their husbands had received. I have seen, I remember, once seeing, or thinking that I saw, a tear or two drop and mingle with a handful of pearls which a lady was in the act of returning, according to regulation.

"Why?" said I to her, "what does it matter? What can you wish to give the jewels here? You have no society amongst whom you could desire to wear such valuable ornaments?"

"No," she replied, "that is very true; but my three poor girls at home, whom I have not seen for these three long years, would look so becoming in them!" And then the mother's tears fell fast and in currents as she thought of her children, between whom and her rolled ten thousand miles of sea!

The rajah having ordered the sports to commence, we turned our eyes to the arena below with much curiosity, to see what should first happen. In the very first moment, the mother's tears fell fast and in currents as she thought of her children, between whom and her rolled ten thousand miles of sea!

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On one side of the space within the ring two beautiful leopards stood chained to separate posts. As before, the leopards had been caught in the jungle the day before, nothing could be more sleek and glossy than their coats. Near these noble beasts, as if in contrast, were turned in, quite loose, two jackasses, each of which drew behind him, tied to his tail, a globular empty leather bottle called, I think, a dubbah, about as large as a man could grasp in his arms. Into these machines a handful of gravel or dried pebbles had been inserted, to make a noise as the poor donkeys moved about. On the other side of the arena two painted wooden figures of men were placed in a leaning posture against stakes fastened in the ground.

Opposite to the rajah, at the further side of the ring, a huge cage, composed of strong wooden bars, had been wheeled close to the ropes. A door on that side of the cage which faced us being now drawn up, we discovered a large tiger sitting in the attitude

of the sphinx, apparently all ready for a spring. He looked exceedingly fierce, and no wonder, for the poor wretch had been kept with little or no food ever since his capture in a pitfall in one of the great tree forests of the Malabar Ghauts upwards of two days before. But the animal's tame and docile behaviour, and his sport to folks who had treated him so uncourtiously, for not an inch would he budge even when the netting was drawn up, and a clear course opened for him into the ring. Perhaps he felt alarmed at the dreadful hubbub of so many thousands of people bawling out, drums beating, and horns sounding, rows of elephants tossing up their trunks, and horses snorting and prancing all round. Possibly, too, he might not have felt much tempted by the dainty company of the jackasses with their bottles of peas. At all events, no poking of sticks or thumping on the cage could make him start back or sheet, till his hind-quarters were blown up by a handful of squibs and crackers cast into his den.

The instant the explosion took place the tiger gave a tremendous roar, and sprung forwards with great violence into the circle, where he stopped suddenly, and then glared his eyes round and round with a most suspicious scowl. After surveying the ground for a few seconds, he turned tail, and in a most cowardly fashion, ran back; but observing the door of his den closed, he sverred on one side, and leaped with prodigious violence against the ropes. Had the cords not been left so loose that they might be torn asunder, he would have been tight, I verily believe he might have broken through the meshes, or pulled down some of the posts. Instead of this he merely got entangled with the lines, and losing all his patience, if he ever possessed any, he raged and roared, lashing his tail about in the most furious style, the bare of his back, and then turning round, he shot across the area like a Congreve rocket, and after making an immense cat-like spring, pounced upon one of the mock figures of men, the head of which he twisted off in an instant. During this proceeding he gave utterance to a first, a second, a third, and a fourth, in succession, to make noise, a blood red cry. As soon as he detected the trick, he first lunged the head violently from him, and tore the figure all to pieces with his claws, then made another attempt to break through the enclosure, but with no better success than at first.

On the second attempt, the tiger's paw was affected his escape, by climbing over at the place where his cage stood. Both his fore paws were actually on the roof, and, with no great struggle, he might have gained the top, from whence his leap into the midst of the crowd must have produced a pretty tolerable sensation. I guess that the tiger, after a little more of this kind of play, old, who had perched himself on the cage to see the fun, stood quite firm when all his older companions scattered to the right and left, in terror of the tiger's open jaws close to them. This bold young fellow held in his hand a short stout club, and with this he was continually striking the ropes, but he had his club in his hand, and the animal fell back again into the enclosure, heels over head, with a sort of inverted somerset. While a shout of applause rung over the whole space, an old Mahometan soldier, an officer of the extinct dynasty, remarked to us in a whisper, that this exploit was just the sort of thing which his former master, Hyder Ali, might have been expected to do in his youth.

The baffled tiger now attacked the other figure of a man, and wrenched off his head as he had done that of the other; but finding getting into the cage no easier, he discovered the cheat, he stood perfectly still, with his tail on the ground, his head drooped and turned away from the figure, as if he felt ashamed of having been twice deceived. In this attitude he remained several minutes, with his eyes half closed, slightly moving his head from side to side; after which he deliberately laid himself down. A dozen yelping dogs were now turned in, some of which prudently contented themselves with taking a distant look at the royal beast. Not one of them approached him except an English greyhound, and even he was not allowed to get close, but merely barked and snarled; once or twice he came no close to the tiger's nose that we wondered the monster had not laid his paw upon him, and crushed him at a blow. Meanwhile, the rest of the dogs, in a body, attacked one of the chained-up

leopards—a most unfair contest; but as he had the good fortune to catch one of them on the hip, he gave such evidence of his capacity, that the barkers, leaving the noble game, one and all scampered off in chase of the donkeys. These poor beasts, terrified by the sound of the bottles at their tails, and scorched by the dogs, were soon dragged to the ground, after which a distant action was recommenced against the leopards, with no results, as military men express it.

By this time, probably the rajah, and certainly his company, were greatly well tired of so much nonsense; and his highness, turning to one of the courtiers, desired him to go down to the cage with a bow and arrow which was handed to him. The officer descended accordingly, and having passed round to that side of the ring where the tiger lay, very deliberately shot an arrow at the offending animal. He immediately sprang at the ropes, but upon receiving another arrow in his breast, the poor creature fell back, and stood looking reproachfully at his opponent. This gave the unconcerned courtier time to draw a third arrow from his quiver, and so on, till the stretched beast was literally bristled all over like a porcupine; yet, to our great surprise, he still kept his feet. As the arrows pierced his side, he merely turned round his head, and broke them off with his mouth, leaving the barb far within. We observed one arrow pass clean through his body from side to side, and could not but remark, that the tiger, who had been shot with the goose-quill, a cloth yard long, is wet with the heart's blood of a warrior. As nothing could be more disagreeable than this method of putting so noble an animal to death, some of us sent up a petition to the rajah, that one of the party might be allowed to go down for the purpose of killing the tiger with a gun. This petition was readily granted; and it was curious to observe how instantaneously death followed the passage of a single musket-ball, though eight or ten arrows had already gone through and through him without producing any visible effect.

Persons who have only seen those beasts which are called (ironically, I suppose), wild, though the tamest and most docile of God's creatures, can form but an imperfect idea of the beauty of the skin and the nobleness of the air of those truly wild inhabitants of the tropical forests, thus inhumanly butchered to make an Indian holiday. We had a good opportunity of studying the habits of this tiger at the British residency hard by, where one of the most remarkable specimens of his tribe was kept in the open air. He had been brought as a cub from the jungle a year or two before, and being placed in a cage as large here as the Chauxey English park, in the centre of the stable-yard, had plenty of room to leap about and enjoy the high feeding in which he was indulged. He devoured regularly one sheep per day, with any other extra bits of meat that happened to be disposable. A deep in India a rather smaller—say ten or twelve—was kept at the residency, and he was a great treat for a tiger four feet high. The young hands at the residency used to plague him occasionally, till he became infuriated, and dashed with all his force against the bars, roaring so loud that the horses in the surrounding stables were often terrified in great alarm. It was very difficult even for persons who were fully satisfied of the strength of the cage, to stand near it with unmoved nerves. He would soon have made famous mince-meat of half a dozen of us, could he but have caught the door open for a moment.

But what annoyed us more than our poking him up with sticks, or his snarling with his shies of beef or legs of mutton, was introducing a mouse into his cage. No fine lady ever exhibited more terror at the sight of a spider than this magnificent royal tiger betrayed on seeing a mouse. Our mischievous plan was to tie the mouse to a string, and then to hold it close to the cage, and thrust it close to the tiger's nose. The moment he saw it he leaped to the opposite side, and when the mouse was made to run near him, he jammed himself into a corner, and stood trembling and roaring in such an ecstasy of fear, that we were always obliged to desist from shooting the poor brute. Sometimes we insisted on his passing over the spot where the unconscionable little mouse ran backwards and forwards. For a long time, however, we could not get him to move, till at length, I believe by the help of a squib, we obliged

of the party had never seen it; nor could I prevail on any person to accompany me on the expedition. I set out, accordingly, alone, about sunset, went to bed in my palanquin, and never awoke till the bearers set me down, next morning, on the pavement of a choultry near the spot. As I could see nothing of the statue, however, for an intervening grove of trees, I ran to the corner of the wood, where I suddenly obtained a view of this astonishing work of art, standing up boldly against the sky, and showing itself above a low range of intermediate hills.



I certainly never saw any work of man before or since, which gave me so complete an idea of a giant, as this extraordinary statue. It has sometimes been described as an image of Boody; but I understand that it represents Gomuti Rava, a celebrated saint of the Jain-sect of Hindoos, differing in some important respects from the Brahminical, and also from the Buddhist varieties of oriental superstition.

I possessed no exact means of measuring its height; but the authorities I have consulted on this point vary between sixty-seven feet and seventy feet three inches, which is the height stated by Dr. Buchanan; and, from such estimates as I could make, I am sure it cannot be much less. It is admirably placed for effect, as it stands on the summit of a conical granite hill about two hundred feet high, which serves for a pedestal. The statue still constitutes a part of the solid rock, which originally may have been three hundred feet high, the stone which formed the upper part of the mountain having been carved away, until nothing but the figure remained. The original shape of the hill cannot, indeed, be correctly inferred from any thing we now see, but it probably formed a steep cone, or peak, of which the bold sculptor has taken such magnificent advantage.

I have often, when travelling since in foreign countries, been struck with natural forms and positions, which, by the hands of a man of genius, might easily be turned to account for the construction of some colossal figures, calculated, under certain circumstances, to produce a much greater effect, at incalculably less cost than the ordinary methods of casting or carving can accomplish. I was therefore much rejoiced to hear a great modern sculptor declare, that he had long entertained a project of constructing such a statue in this country. On my showing him the sketches I had made of the gigantic figure in Mysore, and describing it as minutely as I could, he remarked to himself, "I'll beat this big Indian man yet!"

In looking at Buchanan's account of Mysore, for a description of the statue at Sririvabhalagol, I found the following remark: "Sir Arthur Wellesley visited the statue lately;" and on enquiring amongst the officers who had belonged to the army which marched from Seringapatam to the Malabar coast, some time after the fall of Tippee, I learned that the general had actually gone upwards of thirty miles out of his way to see the statue, and then galloped back to regain the troops, whose march was never interrupted.

I had also the curiosity lately to ask the Duke of Wellington himself, whether this account was correct, and what he thought of the statue? He said it was quite true, and added, that he had never seen any thing so

magnificent in his way. It will therefore be interesting enough if Mr. Chantry, with such an example before him as the Indian statue, and such a subject at hand, shall make good his boast of beating the Oriental sculptor.

During my stay at the residency of Mysore, I took many fine views of Seringapatam, for I never felt tired of wandering amongst the fortifications and other spots so celebrated in our Eastern history. I got hold of an intelligent old corporal, a pensioner, who had actually entered the breach as one of the storming party when the place was taken in 1793. I easily induced him to go regularly through the whole siege. Uncle Toby fashion, from the beginning to the end—from the first hostilities, when the ground was broken, to the capture of the city and the discovery of Tippee's body. The trenches and breaching batteries, of which scarcely any traces now exist, had been formed on the right bank of the river, not far below the spot where the river divides itself into two streams, which, after running apart for about three miles, again unite, and thus form a loop, within which stands the island of Seringapatam. On the upper end of this island, which is sharp like a spear-head, is erected the fortress, by no means in a good situation, as I understand from military men, nor well constructed, as I understand from civilians. That, however, signifies little, as it is now dismantled. The breach had been built up; but although fourteen years had elapsed since the siege, the difference in colour of the masonry rendered the spot quite distinct. We could even count numerous shot-marks and ball-shells on the different faces of the bastion adjacent to the breach, which was made in the curtain of the work. The river happened to be so low, that Corporal Trim and I, mounted, at the expense of a pretty good wetting, to follow the exact line of the storming party across the beach of the stream, and over the Kausera Braye wall. We were obliged to make a little circumbend to enter the works, for we carried no scaling ladders with us.

The readers of the history of the campaign, which terminated so gloriously, will remember that a huge ditch was found within the ramparts, and was afterwards, inadvertently left by the troops of Tippee, they might never have been able to cross, and the besiegers have been repulsed. As the waters rose in the river to seventeen feet in depth, within a day or two afterwards, the fort might then have long withstood its assailants, had the moment of attack been deferred.

On these visits to Seringapatam, I slept in one of Tippee Sultan's palaces, called the Dowlat Bag, or garden house. I paid dearly for my torments. Indeed, I believe that I should have paid dearer for the same, had I inadvertently left by the troops of Tippee, they might never have been able to cross, and the besiegers have been repulsed. As the waters rose in the river to seventeen feet in depth, within a day or two afterwards, the fort might then have long withstood its assailants, had the moment of attack been deferred.

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In the same manly taste, though possibly with higher political motives, the custom, which antecedent to our conquest of Mysore had been religiously observed, of reading the Koran after the death of a high chief of Hyder, was continued by the Duke of Wellington; and in fact, it is continued to this hour. During the few days I lived in the palace, I went repeatedly to hear these mullahs offer up their prayers. All the Mussulman principles of the subjugated dynasty were pensioned by the British government, and also most of the principal officers and civilians of Tippee's court. This wise policy included the celebrated old Purneah, the late Sultan's prime minister—the Talleyrand of India—who, though he seemed at different times many different masters, behaved to each and to all with rigid fidelity, and stood by them heartily as long as they kept their respective heads above water.

After remaining about a fortnight, wandering over the Mysore country, I turned my steps to the westward, with the intention of passing the Ghauts and reaching the coast, where I considered it would be difficult to procure a safe conveyance to Bombay. The resident at Mysore advised me to call at the Rajah of Coorg's capital on my way, and furnished me with a letter of introduction to that native prince.

Early in the morning, therefore, of a beautiful day in the latter end of September, I set out from the bare tableland of Mysore, and proceeded towards the hills and thickly wooded regions overhanging the Malabar country. When I awoke in my palanquin, I knew not very distinctly where I had got to, for I had been dreaming all night about the monstrous statue at Sririvabhalagol. I sat up, drew the door gently back, and, looking out, found myself in the midst of one of the most curious and magnificent scenes which my eyes had ever beheld. It seemed as if I were travelling among the clustered columns of some enormous and enclaved Gothic cathedral, compared to which the minster at York, or the cathedral at Winchester, would have seemed mere baby-houses. The ground extended on all sides as smooth, and flat, and clear of underwood, as if the whole had been paved with great stones. From this level surface rose on every hand, and as far as the eye could reach, a forest, immense symmetrical clusters of bamboo, varying in diameter at their base from six feet to twenty or thirty, and even to twice that width, as I ascertained by actual measurement. For about eight or ten feet from the ground, the stems were perfectly cylindrical, and nearly cylindrical, after which they began gradually to swell outwards, each bamboo assuming for itself a graceful curve, and rising to the height, some of sixty, some of eighty, and some even of one hundred feet in the air, the distance between the branches being so great, that, looking gently up, like the tips of the feathers in the Prince of Wales's plume. These gorgeous clusters stood at the distance of fifteen or twenty yards from one another, and being totally free from the interruption of brushwood, could be distinguished at a great distance—more than a mile certainly, in every direction, forming, under the influence of an active imagination, waves and transepts, aisles and choirs, such as none but a Gothic architect ever dared to conceive. Overhead the interlacing curves of the bamboos constituted as complete a groined roof as that of Westminster, or Warrington, or any other grandeur far beyond the bold conception even of those wonderful artists who devised that glorious school of architecture, which, in the opinion of many people, has raised the dark centuries immediately subsequent to the fall of the crusades almost to the level of the days of Pericles.

On counting the separate bamboos in some of the smallest, and also in some of the largest clusters, I found the numbers, to vary from twenty or thirty to upwards of a hundred, and the height generally from sixty to a hundred feet, the stems of the tallest ones sometimes a foot or two thicker than a man's thigh at the ground, where, as I have before said, they are clustered so close as to be almost in contact. They then taper off very gradually to the extreme top, where the branches are so thick and so close, that it is almost impossible to get a foot or half distinguished not only by a slight fist or ring or fillet, but by a set of small branches, eight or ten feet long, striking out at right angles to the main bamboo. These minor shoots are again divided into joints, from which the lower set of branches are thrown out, and are thrown out, and so on for many successions, the last always terminating in a sharp-pointed narrow leaf two or three inches long, and half an inch wide in the middle, not like a large tea-leaf when spread out.

As each bamboo of the hundred or more forming the

cluster sends out shoots from every joint, and as all the joints of these subordinate branches do the same, a compact mass is formed by these innumerable little branches, which cross one another at every possible angle. If a person were to fill a hat full of pins or needles, and shake it about for some minutes, it might give an idea of the intricate complexity of which the plant is constituted. Looking into one of these clustered columns of bamboos. It is only at the top, where the bend takes place, that the foliage has full room to play, or where the tapering arms of this magnificent plant form, or where the meetings and crossings, a complete system of pointed arches.

What surprised me very much, and greatly puzzled me at first, was to observe that, notwithstanding the multitude of lateral shoots from each of the main bamboos, and from all the subordinate branches, not a single trace of displacement, or the slightest obstruction to the growth of any branch, could be detected. Every person must have heard of the astonishing rapidity of the growth of the bamboo. It is said, indeed, that in one season it starts up to its whole length. I do not know if this be true, but am quite certain that if one of the main bamboos were to spring from the ground, it would reach the sides of the hills, and that from its joints there were at the same time to sprout out the lateral branches. I have described, it would be impossible for the main stem to force its way through the obstructions presented by the network, formed by the little branches growing from the joints of the other bamboos in the cluster.

After examining a considerable number of the clusters, however, we can, I think, discover how nature manages this difficult affair. When the bamboo first springs out of the ground, it is about as thick as a man's wrist, but it is armed with a very sharp point, not unlike that of a spearing instrument called a *fid*, which seldom does the use of an spicing reeds. As this point is extremely hard, and the bamboo always highly polished, it readily makes its way through the very thickest masses of the little branches, as one might thrust a sword through a quickest hedge. Thus, the bamboo, whose growth is a continual rapid, starts up, and by means of its smooth sharp end, and perfectly smooth sides, easily makes its way to its extreme length and thickness, without, as I conceive, sending out a single lateral shoot from any of its joints till the utmost extent has been gained. The subordinate branches, which grow from the joints, then begin to start out horizontally. All this being, after the manner of the principal stem, exempted from lateral shoots at their joints till their utmost length has been reached. In consequence of this beautiful arrangement, none of these successive branches, however numerous or delicate, find any difficulty in piercing the confusion.

I saw bamboos in every different stage of this process, and, in particular, I noticed several of the main stems rising to the height of seventy feet and upwards, of a clear yellow colour, and evidently of recent growth; but without a single lateral branch growing from their joints from top to bottom; and this led me to infer that their extreme height had not yet been attained, or was just attained.

On reaching a pretty little town, with the long name of Eurajundering, I was received by an officer of the Rajah of Coorg, whose dominions I had entered. A guard of sepoy, with several elephants, and a most inconvenient attendance of attendants, were sent to meet me, and my disposal by the subdar, as he styled himself. I begged him, as delicately as I could, to stop the tom-toms, and then insinuated something about breakfast. I suspect this functionary had often before been sent to meet my countrymen similarly circumstanced, for I could see the most huge starts upon his face, and heard him utter the muscular action of that kind of smile called a broad grin, as he listened to my demand, and pointed to the cloutry, or caravansary, close at hand. In truth, in spite of the picturesque beauties of the bamboo forest, and the victory of the more magnificent scenery which embellishes the summit ridge or crest of the Ghauts, I had not been able to exclude from my thoughts the chances, pro and con, of a good meal at the end of the stage. Accordingly, I felt my heart leap as I caught sight of a table-cloth, flapping in the breeze in the verandah, above a room, where a good breakfast was served up in a bowl brim full of eggs. The attendant lifted up the covers, and displayed a pyramid of rice shining like a snow wreath in the sun, supported by a curry, the sensory smell of which spread so far as to reach the senses of the guard and bearers who were recruited by the hungry as myself. In the joy of the moment, I presented

them with a whole sheep, of the small mountain breed, for their dinner.

During the rest of this day I travelled, sometimes in the palankeen, and sometimes on the back of one of the elephants sent me by the Rajah of Coorg, for whose elephants I was so much indebted. The road wound about amongst the hills, or along the valleys of the Ghauts, and across numberless small streams, besides the great Cauvery, now shrunk to a rivulet, which we forded repeatedly during this journey. When the sun became unbearably hot, I sought the places where the woods opened, had only to dismount and pop into the palankeen; but when we plunged into the forests, and enjoyed the shade of the teak tree, iron wood, banyan, and tamarind, I again got on the back of my elephant. She was an exceedingly fine animal, in the prime of her life, as I was being about fifty years old, called Bhigilee, or lightning. Your grand kils in India, upon state occasions, place a howdah, or castle, on their elephants, and ride about in triumph, like Darius in Le Bru's pictures of Alexander's battles. But for ordinary travelling, a good fast matting, or rather a pad, answers the purpose; and in this method is the more agreeable of the two on a journey, for there is less motion felt when one is seated close to the elephant's back, than when perched three or four feet higher, and wagged about like the head of a Chinese mandarin over a chimney-piece. Even with a pad, it is not so very easy to keep one's head deep; this would be impossible, were not a piece of cloth, twisted up like a rope, placed before and behind, which may be grasped by the hand, according as the inclination of the road is upwards or downwards.

An elephant is proverbially one of the surest-footed animals in the world; but we cannot during this journey, to some passes so very steep, and so much covered with loose stones, empty water-courses, broken trunks of trees, and all the other debris left by mountain torrents, that I quaked not a little at times as we passed along the edges of precipices. But our trusty Bhigilee, after her first start, was in these occasions; and the mahout, or driver, made me remark, she never took her foot off one stone till she had made sure of a solid foundation for the next step. Sometimes she made this inspection with her trunk, sometimes with her foot; but she never once made a false move, or occasionally she slid down for a yard or two all at once.

At one place, the bough of a tree happened to cross our path, upon which the elephant raised her trunk and wrenched it from the stem in a moment, in order to use it as a fly flap, and so broke were the trunk and myself into the valley. At another turn of the road, where we crossed a running stream, her thirsty ladyship sucked in a hogweed or two, and then, having filled her trunk, and wishing to cool herself, she quipped the contents so dexterously over her sides and back, that we were both exceedingly a suitable correction at the hands of her guide, albeit his age, as he said, was less than that of the elephant by about a dozen years. He told us, that he had scarcely been absent from her a whole day since he was born, and that he was now, as he said, the only person to be left by his mother under the elephant's care.

It was at the close of twilight when I reached Markara, the rajah's capital; and not a little astonished was I to be shown into a large house, built in the taste of the English bungalows of Madras, and also in the taste of the European style. In one of the rooms, which was brilliantly lighted up, I found a table laid with twenty covers; and before I had been there three minutes, a sumptuous dinner was placed on the table, as if it had been brought by magic. A couple of dozen mints, in water roses, and like the ivory attendants of Black Prince, in the fairy tale. I lamented that I had not twenty mouths, to do more justice to my host's hospitality. As it was, however, I did pretty well; for the keen air of the Coorg mountains, and the rough riding of the elephant, had set my appetite so sharply, that I felt rather completely refreshed at a sumptuous dinner, and a bed-room and dressing-room, as for all the world like those of any hotel in Jernyn-street. I rigged myself in my best coat, tucked in my sword, secured on my cocked hat, and rattled away to the bar.

At the bar, I saw the rajah's whim, and as soon discovered, was to have every thing in one department of his palace, as

much as possible, in the English style. In this view, the floor of the room in which he received his European guests was laid with Brussels carpets, and round the walls stood picture-frames, musical instruments, card-tables, writing-desks, clocks of a dozen shapes and sizes, mirrors, and pictures—all English. He seemed enchanted with my amazement at this strange jumble of variety; nothing, however, was ordered aright, and it looked more like one of Mr. Dowliggin's warehouses in London, than a residence of a monarch, whose title was intended to represent. As I entered the durbar, the rajah claimed my admiration of the disposition of his goods in such a way, that it was impossible to contradict him. In one instance, indeed, the sagacity of the native outran his taste; he put in a number of musical instruments, and even childish, betokened a degree of knowledge of character for which, indeed, the Hindoos are peculiarly distinguished. He led me up to a picture of Sir Arthur Wellesley, sent him by the general, at the rajah's request, after the great campaign against Tipoo. "There," said he, "look at that picture; there is the portrait of the greatest man we have ever known in India."

Just as these words were interpreted, I was surprised to hear a band of music strike the tune called, I think, "The Hunting of the Hare," which being interpreted, was, "To his most honourable master, the rajah, a set of Indian figurines, or notch girls, were made to dance before us, and very strange work they made of it! After a short audience, the rajah observed that I must be tired with the day's journey, and allowed me to retire.

Next morning, I got up to the rajah's treasury of the ground, which satisfied me, that although nothing would be more picturesque in the way of mountain scenery, a more absurd spot for a strong-hold could not have been selected in Asia. It would indeed be a famous place to keep a state prisoner in, for the fort stands in a rocky and amphitheatrical position, overlooking, and either commanding it, or the approaches to it, within half cannon shot. I returned to the fort, after standing on the top of one of these knolls for about half an hour, watching the mist as it gradually stole out of the valleys, and became invisible in the higher air, whence it seemed to have descended from the scenes which it recited. At the door of the bangalow, I was met by half a dozen attendants, who saluted to the ground, and led the way to the parlour, where a feast sufficient to have satisfied twenty half-pay officers was laid on the table. I counted eighteen dishes, and I forget how many silver tea-pots, cream-jugs, beeches crockery enough to have equipped an Indian—was the magnificent pleasure of the Rajah of Coorg.

In due season, a message came to me from his highness, which he wished me to go over the new palace, which he was fitting up in the English style, and upon some of the details of which he desired to have my opinion. As things were in actual progress, I took the liberty of suggesting a few changes, with which he was greatly pleased. He had already made some very erroneous arrangements, probably from acting upon imperfect notions of the English style, and in consequence of these incongruities, he felt delighted to have a European's authority for making further alterations.

On returning to the great square in the centre of the building, we found three chairs placed for us on a Turkey carpet spread on the ground in the open air. The mahout took a seat and nurse me, come beside him, after placing his son, a nice little boy nine or ten years of age, on my right hand. This young fellow was gaily dressed, with a huge overspreading turban. A dark circle about the tenth of an inch broad, was painted round each of his eyes, which gave him a strange staring look, like a cheetah's; below, a chin, were placed small black marks, or beauty spots, about twice as large as the head of a dot of a note in music.

The whole area of the court was now begirt with soldiers, each holding as high as his face an immense bill-hook, the knife, the head of which was three feet long, could not be less than three inches wide, and diminishing gradually towards the tip. This formidable instrument, well known in Indian warfare under the name of the Coorg-knife, is often used as a sword, and when handled by men who are not at all used to it, and their antagonists, is said to be a most efficient weapon.

On a signal given by the rajah, a folding door was

thrown open on one side of the court, and in stalked two immense royal tigers, held by several men on each side by long but slight ropes attached to collars round the animals' necks. These beasts appeared very tractable, for they allowed themselves to be led close to us. I confess I did not much like this degree of proximity, and cried out the alarm, and with some professional anxiety. Meanwhile the rajah and his son, and the officers of the household, appeared quite unconcerned, though the tigers passed within a few yards of them, and, as it seemed to me, might easily have broken loose. What degree of training these animals had undergone, I was not sure, but after a little while the rajah, probably to increase the surprise of his guest, directed the men to let go the ropes and to fall back. There we sat, in the midst of the open court, with a couple of full-sized tigers in our company, and nothing on earth to prevent their mauling us all at once. The well-fed and well-bred tigers, however, merely lapped about, rubbed their noses together, and then tumbling on the ground, rolled about like a couple of kittens at play. I could, however, detect the rajah spying at me out of the corner of his eye, and half-smiling at the success of his trick. After a few minutes we recalled the tigers dragged out.

A pair of lionesses and two furious looking bullocks were then introduced, but nothing could be more innocent or more respectful to the rajah and his son. Like Falstaff, indeed, they seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of the true prince. Yet I could not help catching myself several times edging my chair back a little, and looking out for a clear place to escape, as the monsters stalked up and down the court, and once or twice actually touched the edge of our carpet with their feet. On these occasions, that part of the circle of guards which stood about us retired just so far as to bring our chairs on the outside of their ring, and to place themselves between the beasts and us. On clapping their hands and flourishing their knives, the lionesses and other beasts moved a little farther off; after which the guards again dropped to the rear. At this, this seeming to be a poor protection, I had recourse to a more effectual one, and, in order to get rid of the same class of animals which I had seen baited at Mysore, that I could discover nothing which need have prevented the tiger from whipping off the heads of the rajah and the heir-apparent, or, at all events, from mauling them, I claimed the throne of Coorg, could reckon on none of the benefits of instinctive respect.

A troublesome story, too, respecting a touch of insanity in the rajah's family, recurred to my thoughts occasionally. I had heard somewhere of his predecessor's calling for a present piece of his great durbar, and having ordered forth his cabinet-ministers, he had deliberately popped them off, one by one, like sparrows—an honour to which, it is said, they submitted with edifying patience and propriety. I confess I felt rather queerish when he sent one of his family for a double-barrelled gun, a beautiful piece of workmanship bearing the name of Joe Manton on the lock. I admired it of course.

"That piece," said the rajah, "was made here by one of my people."

I ventured respectfully to point to the name of the London maker.

"I cried his highness, 'what's in a name? The man who could make such a piece as this could surely copy a name. Bring the London gun.'"

And, strange to say, when the model from which one of his native gunsmiths had made the piece was placed in my hands, so exact was my imitation, I could scarcely tell which was the original, which the copy. On pulling the trigger of each, however, the difference in the vivacity of the spring made the distinction apparent. I had often heard of their powers of imitation, but had no idea before of its extent.

As we had satiated ourselves with an inspection of these pieces, the rajah gave orders for half a dozen tiger's cubs, about eight months old, and as many puppy-dogs, to be set to play before us on the carpet, while a full-grown royal tiger was at the same time dragged forward and pitted against the dog. The result was, of course, not conceived than this match; and so, perhaps, the poor brutes thought, for fight they would not, although both of them were well thumped and forced against each other by the attendants. At length a brilliant struggle ensued.

"Ye them together!" exclaimed his majesty; and accordingly the rope which was fastened to the tiger's collar was hitched to the belly-band of the bear.

Neither party liked this. The tiger roared and the bear growled, while the rajah and his son laughed and clapped their hands in ecstasy at their own good joke. Of course the guards and courtiers joined in the mirth, and the whole quadrangle rung with mixed shouts of the soldiers, the growl of the bear, and the roar of the tiger. Of all the parties in this singular contest, the tiger appeared to be the most discomposd. His eyes flashed fire, and his tail waved from flank to flank in the most ominous style. I thought at one time that this was to turn out no laughing matter; for, if the angry animal, when at length he lost all patience, were taken a direction towards the right, he would demolish the masonry of Wader, or at least make a vacancy for an officer in his Britannic Majesty's Navy. Fortunately he chose exactly the opposite course, and running furiously across the court, made a flying leap right into one of the low windows of what the rajah called his English drawing-room. The glass and frame-work of the window was of course dashed to pieces in a moment, and the pianos, pictures and book-cases, must soon have shared the same fate, had not the tigers progress been checked by the weight of the wretched bear, which hung outside the window, and off he moved very sulkily to his den. Meanwhile the tiger was dragged out of the house by main force, and sent to the rear.

As soon as order was restored, five elephants made their appearance, none of them standing less than thirteen feet high. At the bidding of the rajah, these grand fellows knelt down, great as they were, rolled over on their sides, lifted their keepers in their trunks, and whirled them high in the air. In short, they went through all manner of gambols.

"Now," said the rajah, "let us have an elephant dance." I forgot to mention before, that on one side of the court a group of pretty dancing girls had been exhibiting all the time of the show, without attracting much notice. These ladies being ordered forwards, one of them was stationed before each of the elephants as a screen, in order to catch hold of the ropes fastened to the animals' necks, seated themselves cross-legged on the ground, in front and within reach of the animals' forefeet. The music now struck up, the girls began to dance and sing, while the keepers, by touching the elephants' feet gently with little sticks, made them hobble likewise. As the unwieldy monsters jogged from side to side, they beat time with the ends of their trunks on the bare heads of their keepers, shook their monstrous ears, and stared at the girls. Never was any thing more grotesque! The effect, indeed, was so ludicrous, that even I, who had long been a witness to the scene, could not resist laughing to cry at being set to dance a jig with elephants to the tune of "Drops of Brandy," or some such exotic air—villanously played by Hindoo pipers—a glorious concourse of absurdities! The day was pretty well advanced before these sports were over, and the gate post and the whole of the elephants' heads, and ram-horns, and an endless variety of antics by human tumblers.

At last the rajah broke up this queer durbar, or levee, ordered out the palankeens, wished me a safe descent of the Ghats, and, as I thought, was about to dismiss me rather unceremoniously; but the courtiers, who were of the higher order, to accompany me as far as the outer gate of the fort, on the hill, a distance of at least a mile from the palace. A double row of soldiers lined the road the whole way; and these being joined by many hundreds of labourers from the adjacent villages, the gate post and the whole of the elephants' heads, and ram-horns, and an endless variety of antics by human tumblers.

The dress of these bold mountaineers is simple, and

not inelegant. On their heads they wind a long white cloth into a broad flat turban, and round their bodies wrap a loose white frock, reaching two inches above the knee. This robe or tunic is tied round the waist with a shawl of more or less richness according to the wealth of the parties.

In the evening I found my way back to Errajanderpet, and strolled into the woods in quest of adventures. What should I meet but a Roman Catholic priest,—all shaven and shorn, speaking a strange mixture of Portuguese, Spanish, and Hindustanee! As I possessed a slight smattering of each of these languages, we got on pretty well. The worthy missionary's thoughts, indeed, were more than half his life away from Portugal, he still took a lively interest in those distant scenes, which, as he said, he never hoped to visit again. He had heard, he told me, of the penitular war, but he knew none of the details. The worthy missionary's thoughts, indeed, were much more earnestly engaged in the study of peace and charity than in those of war and conquest. He showed me his native school, where a number of boys were taught to read, and, with an air of exultation, assured me he could reckon upon there being at least nine hundred scholars in the whole of the country, of which the population is said to be fifty thousand.

Next morning I descended the celebrated Poodichem Pass in the great Malabar Ghats—a gorgeous specimen of rugged but well-wooded mountain scenery. At the bottom of the pass I found bearers who carried me to Erriconn, and onwards to Cananore, a very interesting trip along the coast.

After various common-place adventures and worrying delays, I reached Tellicherry, and lastly Mangalore, where I considered myself most fortunate in catching an English ship just sailing for Bombay, loaded with the finest provisions, and the best of the produce of the land-winds at night, and the sea breezes in the day, we reached our port within a few hours of the time to which Sir Samuel Hood had limited my excursion.

CHAPTER X.

VISIT TO THE SULTAN OF PONTIANA, IN BORNEO—SIR SAMUEL HOOD.

In the summer of 1814, Sir Samuel Hood made a voyage, in his majesty's ship *Minden*, to the eastern parts of Sumatra, and the island of Borneo, on the north end of the island of Sumatra, where we held some very amusing intercourse with the king of that district, whose capital the admiral visited. From thence we steered over to Pulo Penang, or Prince of Wales's Island, and thence down the Straits of Malacca, entering the China Sea by the beautiful Straits of Singapore. The admiral's chief object was to visit Java; but as there lay three routes before him to choose between, viz. the Straits of Gaspar, the Straits of Banca, and the Caranata passage, he preferred taking the last and widest, although also led him to the western shore of the immense island of Borneo. On reaching the equator, he steered for the mouth of the great river Laya, which passes the town of Pontiana. The weather being very favourable, the ship was anchored, and the barge got ready for an expedition.

At four in the morning on receiving the joyful information that I was to be officer of the boat, I lost no time in getting together every thing likely to be useful—a sextant, artificial horizon, spy-glass, chart, compass, and Nautical Almanac, besides a Malay dictionary; for Sir Samuel, in his military armour, had already commenced the study of that language, saying, and saying truly, that before our cruise amongst the eastern islands was over, he should cut us all out in speaking Malay. This boast he afterwards made good; for before he completed his travels in Java, he could maintain a conversation with the natives, and, with the assistance of the interpreter, merely by the help of a vocabulary, which he made for himself and carried in his pocket. He actually travelled over more than twelve hundred miles of ground on that island, during the last quarter of which, at the eastern end, I had the good fortune to accompany him. I had the opportunity of observing about seven hundred miles of the interior of that noxious of our insular possessions in the East.

It is truly grievous to think how unwittingly we allowed that magnificent possession to slip through our fingers, in 1814, at the grand settlement of affairs. But the great object of the expedition was to assist the king of the island of Borneo, who was then engaged in a great fighting war, played with kingdoms, the vast gigantic country like Java failed to excite its due share of notice, and was totally lost sight of in the haze which obscured

every thing at a distance from the scene of excitement. We had some difficulty in finding our way in the barge for the mouth of the river of Pontiana lay so completely hid amongst low cane brakes, mangroves, and other aquatic trees and shrubs, which grow thickly along the western shores of Borneo, that until we came quite close, no light was perceptible. The first boat we made proved wrong, and lost us three or four miles; and it was not till nearly noon that we reached the rush of fresh and troubled water, which indicated the true entrance. The admiral desired greatly to observe the sun's meridian altitude, saying, he had a childish sort of anxiety to take a bearing exactly on the Equatorial line. His excellency, however, though he could command many things, could not command this; for although our fellows gave way lustily, so as to stem the current running out, and we had a full half foot to spare, we could not effect landing in good time. On reaching what had seemed the shore, no footing could be found any where. Even the little boat which we carried with us in tow of the barge, though she threaded the mangrove stems and roots, and went in much farther than the barge, could not reach any thing like a landing. As the tide was running so fast, and in a receding place, we put off, and rowed as briskly as we could to a small island about half a mile from this treacherous shore; but this, too, proved a cheat, for what we took to be solid ground consisted merely of a mass of green reeds, growing in the mud, and with a slippery mass of mud just keeping above the water.

As the sailors, by this time, were pretty well exhausted with rowing so long in the hot sun, they hailed with great joy the sea-breeze which just then set in. They soon stepped the masts, hoisted the sails, and laid the oars.

"Now go to dinner, men," said the considerate chief, "this rattling breeze will carry us up far, and you will pull all the better for a good bellyful."

Just as this judicious order was given, and while we were thus laughing at the misadventure, which reminded us of Sinbad's mistaking the whale for a solid rock, our eyes were attracted by the sight of another island, much smaller than the first. It seemed, indeed, like a little grove or tuft of palm-like foliage, rising out of the water somewhat in the fashion of our Prince of Wales's feather. We went on, and in a few minutes came to a tree before, and every one tried to guess what it might be; but all were puzzled. At length, a diminutive moving black speck showed itself at the root, or centre, from which these fairy-like branches radiated.

"That is a rock with a hat on it," cried one of the sailors. "Pooh!" said Sir Samuel, "there are no rocks hereabouts; the soil for such a league is alluvial."

"It skims along like a wisp," exclaimed a third, "it is surely alive!"

"Let us call it to whatever it be," said the admiral, waving his hand to the coxswain to sheer the barge further from the side of the river.

As we drew near, we discovered our phenomenon to consist of a fishing canoe, gliding along merrily before the sea-breeze, with no other sails than half a dozen branches of the coco-nut tree placed in the bow, and supported by like the Malay and even seen to be held together by a slender bar of bamboo, and supported by small strips of bark to the stern, in which sat a naked Malay.

The admiral proved a true prophet, for the deceitful sea-breeze presently lulled, and cost us a very hard tug to accomplish our purpose against the stream. The town of Pontiana stands on a low point of land formed by the confluence of two mighty rivers, names to us unknown. This particular spot is always held sacred in India, and is known under the Hindoo name of Sungan. I suspect, however, that the Malays and even the Chinese, who inhabit the coasts of most of the Indian Islands, acknowledge no superstitious predilections for one spot more than another, and consider such things as mere prejudices unworthy of the followers of Mahomet, the great military prophet. Probably the Sungan point has some advantage to be derived from its locality. It is generally appropriated by the strongest party in every country. At all events, it has the advantage of communicating directly with both the rivers, by whose junction the Sungan, or solid angle, is formed. In the instance of Pontiana, that the Malays and Chinese have been, though it was formerly a Dutch settlement, while the Chinese were left to occupy the corners opposite to the Sungan, on the right and left banks, respectively, of the river formed by the junction of the two streams. Thus the two considerable cities had been building one another, and each displaying on the river a multitude of boats and

barges, canoes and proas, in crowds which would not have disgraced the show at London Bridge, and, of course, indicating considerable wealth and activity.

We came upon this grand view quite abruptly, and having no expectation of encountering any thing so magnificent, we were, when we saw it, much surprised. The Chinese junk, which appeared in the stream, each of them rising out of the water nearly as high as the poop of a line-of-battle ship. Along the shore, on both sides, lay a fleet of eight or ten sail of junks, some of them very large, and all bearing enormous white flags, in the centre of which appeared the red dragons and other monsters familiar to the eyes of all fanciers of old China junks.

This was the first time that many of us had seen genuine or unmixed specimens of Chinese or Malay towns on a great scale, and our admiration was great accordingly. In strict language, it cannot be said that these Chinese are at home in Borneo; but in point of fact, they certainly are so. The truth is, that China Proper is so much over-crowded, that its surplus population must find vent somewhere and somehow; and, in spite of the several laws forbidding people to leave the celestial realm, they emigrate in vast numbers. In this respect the enactments of England against the export of guineas bear a close resemblance in their efficiency to those of China against the exportation of human beings. Be this as it may, it has so happened, that all the islands which are the seats of the Chinese, as the Philippines, the Moluccas, and the Isles of Sundaland, possess large colonies of Chinese on their coasts.

I remember hearing, when I was in Batavia, that the Chinese population of that city alone amounted to thirty millions. It is not, therefore, persons who have got much to the subject on the spot, as there is good reason to believe, that in process of time the Chinese will occupy exclusively the whole of the eastern islands. They are the most industrious of human beings, and are physically strong and energetic; they also possess a cheerful and patient disposition, and are not at all careless about danger and difficulty. Nor are the Chinese entangled with any of the ritual superstitions of their Borneo neighbours, and in that respect are even more free-souled than the Malays, their only rivals on the coasts of the Oriental archipelago—although I suspect that the same and patient disposition which makes them so careless about danger and difficulty, may also render the Malays free at present a fringe of population round most of the islands in those seas, whatever may be the description of the inhabitants in the interior. This we certainly had to be the case long four or five hundred miles of the coast, and the patient disposition which makes them so different and indigenous never appears. The Malays see the masters by sea, and, like a certain nation "throned in the West," are said to lord it in tolerably imperious style. On the other hand, the Chinese, who are the worst possible sailors, but who are agriculturists by nature and by necessity, and as such, are gradually outnumbering the Malays along shore; and in time, I have little doubt, they will become the chief proprietors of the soil. They may then build forts at the mouths of the rivers, and bully the good folks of the interior. Thus, ages hence, Pontiana may become a second Antwerp, and the protocols in the negotiations of the world may multiply all eastern men's thoughts from Timor to Formosa.

In the mean time, as there existed no dispute about the navigation of the River Lava, we rowed up very peacefully towards the great city of Pontiana. On our way, the admiral, who was accompanied by the Chinese admiral, who had been studying Marsden's dictionary all the way, stood up in the barge, made the men lie on their ears, and to their great astonishment, and probably to that of the native, called out, in the Malay tongue,

"Which is the way to the sultan's house?" To Sir Samuel's question, the man whom he addressed understood him, and after offering to show us the landing-place, paddled off a head of us. Our fellows gave way as hard as they could, but the Malay kept the lead; and as we shot past the Chinese towns, one on each bank, the natives crowded to the beach, as much astonished to see the white men with their long tails, and oddly shaped boats, as we could be with their long tails and wild-looking junks, or with the creases which every Malay carries by his side. This fierce-looking weapon is not, in form, unlike the waving sword of the knight of the Middle Ages. Michael, though it is not above a foot and a half in length,

The sultan's cousin received the admiral and his party at the gate of the palace, and led him by the hand along a causeway of flag stones to the residence of the monarch. Directly in the middle of the gateway, which was only ten feet wide and about as many in height, there stood

a 24 pounder gun. On the top of the arch there was built a small square room, from holes in which peeped out the muzzles of five or six field-pieces, the whole affair resembling very much that part of a child's box of toys which represents the stronghold or castle. Within the walls surrounding the palace, we counted innumerable large guns scattered all over the place, and the object than to be seen—as if the mere look of a cannon were expected to do the work of a fight! The same number of mock barrels of gunpowder, similarly disposed, would have answered the purpose equally well, or perhaps better, for there appeared no way in which the guns could be fired, without doing more injury to the besieged than to the besiegers.

On we went, till we were met by the sultan himself, at the inner side of the quadrangle. He courteously conducted the admiral to a large room or hall of audience, and having begged his guest to sit down at a small table, took a chair by his side, and began a conversation as if they had been long acquainted. Of course, in spite of the admiral's proficiency, this could not be accomplished without an interpreter; and the services of a very clever Malay boy, whom we had brought with us from the ship, were brought into requisition. The

we first received, might have been about fifty feet square, bleak, unfurnished, and comfortable, with an uncovered mud floor. It was so feebly lighted by a few dimly burning oil by Venetian blinds, that we could only discover the roof and the floor, and the walls shone over the stones, which, after all, were not very far from the way. We had next to make rather a difficult transit along a precarious kind of bridge, formed of a single plank laid across an ominous-looking pool or puddle of mud, which divided these two branches of the palace from the rest.

All at once we were ushered into a splendid room, seventy or eighty feet square, brilliantly lighted and not ill furnished, but strongly contrasted with the darkness and dirtiness of the suite we had passed through. This magnificent way of keeping, it may be mentioned, is quite in Oriental taste, and is a very common mode of proceeding on occasions; but they never learn how to be uniformly decent. The Asiatics, and even some other nations which might be named nearer home, can seldom afford to be taken by surprise. Indeed, I am not sure that even the Malays would be allowed to, in which the people are at all hours ready to receive strangers, and have no occasion to make a fuss, or to change any thing when a rap comes to the door.

In the centre of this gorgeous room, on a part of the floor raised to about a foot and a half above the level of the rest, and laid with a rich Turkey carpet, stood a long table, at the top of which the sultan placed the throne, and then made the signal for tea. First entered an attendant, bearing a large tray, on which were ranged several dozens of exceedingly small cups. This he placed on the carpet, and then squatted himself down cross-legged, and began to hand round, very solemnly, but with a cheerful tea-pot, and he likewise popped himself down, and in conjunction of some minutes the cups were brought round, containing weak black tea, exquisite in flavour, but marvellously small in quantity. There appeared no milk, but plenty of sugar candy. Some sweet sherbet was next handed round, very elegantly, but so deliciously cool, that we appealed frequently to the vase or huge jar from which it was poured, to the great delight of the sultan, who assured us that this was the genuine sherbet described by the Persian poets. It was mixed, he told us, by a certain slave, who had made more than one pilgrimage to Mecca.

At the upper end of the apartment, in a deep recess, partly hid from our view by a rich festoon of shawl drapery, we could just discover the sultan's bed, flanked by large mirrors, beyond which, in an adjacent chamber, we could just see the sultan's right hand, and his favourite wife. But all this department of the establishment was thrown into such deep shade, that we could see none of the ladies, nor any of his highness's progeny, except one little boy, whom he introduced to us at supper. He appeared to be about five or six years old, very like his father, and with a very rich and magnificent dress of gold. At first the little fellow looked somewhat startled, but he soon recovered his dignity, and sat on our knees, without much apprehension of being swallowed up

Both the upper corners of the room were screened off

by white curtains, eight or ten feet high, so as to form smaller chambers. One of these served the purpose of a pantry, or subsidiary kitchen, at least we observed the dishes issuing from it, and thought we could distinguish the well-known sound of the cook's angry reproaches—a sharp hiss, like that of a mother cursing her child, and the same in every climate. The other corner we soon made out to be a sort of temporary nook, from which the ladies of the palace and the young sultans and sultanas might spy the strangers. This we ascertained from seeing sundry pretty faces thrust out occasionally between the curtains, and by the sound of many an ill-suppressed giggle amongst the peeping damsels.

A half-cooked squall from some rebellious uchy, or a sound thrack on the pate of an over-curious baby, betrayed the nursery in terms not to be mistaken. Indeed, we were not without our share of the sound of the nursery, whose very appearance, in any company in the world, or under any circumstances, must have claimed no small share of admiration. The characteristic prominence of the Hood nose, so well known for a glorious half century in the navy, with the tall and gallant bearing of our amiable chief, to say nothing of the Nelson-like circumstance of his right arm having been shorn away in battle, and I may add, the peculiar sweetness of his voice and the benignant expression of his countenance, which, while they won all hearts to him, showed a mind entirely at ease with every thing. Every thing, in short, so great and amiable, conspired to render Sir Samuel Hood one of the most interesting officers of his time.

The sultan appeared to enter into his guest's character at once, and neither overladen him with attentions, nor failed to treat him as a person to whom much respect was due. I heard Sir Samuel say afterwards, that he was particularly struck with the sultan's good breeding, in not offering to assist him in cutting his meat. The sultan merely remarked, that few people were so expert as his guest even with both hands: adding, neatly and with ease, that he had seen the sultan's hand would have gained for him more cheaply purchased than people supposed. While the admiral was hunting for some reply to this novel compliment, his host remarked, that in Borneo it was considered fashionable to eat with the left hand.

As the tea, which soon followed the tea, consisted of about a dozen dishes of curry, all different from one another, and a whole poultry yard of grilled and boiled chickens, many different sorts of salt fish, with great basins of rice at intervals, jars of pickles, piles of sliced pineapple, water-cakes, and a variety of other delicacies, with by guests of cool sherbet, from which ever and anon, they replenished our glasses; besides whom, a number of young Malay girls waited at a distance from the table, and ran about nimbly with the plates and dishes.

All persons who approached the sultan fell on their knees, and having joined their hands in the act of supplication, lowered their foreheads till they actually touched the ground. The sultan held out his hand, which the people eagerly embraced in theirs, and pressed to their lips. What they had to say was then spoken, and the sultan, with a few words, dismissed them. This ceremonial took place only in the outer room or hall of audience, for no one, except the strangers and one or two of the principal officers of state, was permitted to approach nearer than twenty or thirty feet of the sultan. The party of the English, and the sultan, a group of about twenty persons, probably the nobles of the court, sat cross-legged on the ground in a semicircle facing the sultan, and in profound silence during the whole supper, no part of which appeared to fall to their share.

After supper the cloth was removed, and a beautiful scarlet covering, of the texture of a shawl, substituted in its place. This might, perhaps, give us a hint for after dinner. Instead of dull mahogany, or dazzling ivory, why might we not spread over the table a cloth couleur de rose for the benefit of the complexion of the company?

The sultan now produced a letter which he had received from Lord Minto, when governor-general, thanking his highness for the friendly disposition he had always manifested towards the English people trading to the great city of Pondicherry, and in particular for expressing his obligations for the manner in which Mr. Palmer, a wealthy merchant of Calcutta, had been received by the sultan, when his ship was wrecked on the west coast of Borneo.

Mr. Palmer, said the sultan, "lived for six weeks with me, and returning to Calcutta, sent me these beautiful mirrors and chandeliers. But" added he,

pointing again to the governor-general's letter, "much as I value embellishments so splendid, I esteem far more this little signature, and these few words from Lord Minto. Still, I cannot share his highness, "my wishes in this respect have never been fully satisfied. I have long been in the possession of a specimen of Sir Samuel Hood's writing; and I thought I never ventured to hope that I should have had an opportunity of seeing his signature written with his own hand, I have always felt how essentially that circumstance would add to its value in my estimation."

I was wonderful how well the shrewd little Malay interpreter expressed all this rigmarole to the admiral, who cheerfully agreed to the proposal, and desired me to send for his writing case. As I rose, the admiral whispered to me, "I wish you would contrive, at the same time, to see what the boat's crew are about. Try, also, if you can get them something to eat, for the fellows must be hungry enough by this time—but mind they don't get too much today."

I found the crew seated on the mud floor of a large room close to the beach, and open on all sides, like a tent without walls. The Johnnies are in such a high spirit, that I feared they had already trespassed too deeply on the toddy pot; but I was glad to find that their satisfaction arose from a safer source, in the shape of a glorious hot supper, which Jack was tucking in, to the delight and astonishment of the natives, who had been ordered by the admiral to supply the crew with some of the provisions as they chose to eat. The cook had no security of it that evening!

I soon returned to the palace, and the admiral, having viewed several lines for his host's album, expressed his surprise at the sultan's high opinion of his conduct, and having conducted his honoured guest to the outer door, he left him in charge of half a score of the principal officers of the palace, amongst whom were several of the sultan's near relatives. This guard of honour accompanied Sir Samuel to his bed-room, and it cost him some deal of trouble to get some of the officers out from his company—their intention evidently being to bestow their tediousness upon his excellency all night.

Scarcely was this party dismissed, when to our great surprise, the sultan himself came to the door of the house in which the admiral and his suite were lodged, and Sir Samuel feared that he might possibly have given offence to some of the worthy connections of the sultan by dismissing them too abruptly, and that the sultan had called for "an explanation." The honest Asiatic had no such superstitious fancies in his head. On the contrary, the object of his visit was to press upon the admiral his acceptance two large and beautiful diamonds. The poor admiral was now reduced to a great dilemma. He could not, he thought, with any official propriety, accept the present; and yet he felt very unwilling to hurt the generous sultan's feelings, especially as his highness had paddled at midnight through the mud of his own approach to make the offer. The sultan saw at a glance what a mistake he had made, and instantly withdrew, laughing, however, and saying that such was the custom of his nation. I think the admiral was sorry afterwards to have given the sultan the opportunity of making a respondent value, or that he had not accepted the diamonds, and afterwards sent something still more precious to the sultan.

Very early in the morning, long before there was the first peep of dawn, the admiral rose up all out of bed, ordered the boat to be manned, and declared his intention of dropping down the river which it was yet cool, so as to reach the ship before the fierce heat of the sun had set in. I suspect, also, that he wished to escape the sultrier and other dissolutions, of which he had seen so many signs in the night. But this in this particular reckoned without his host, for scarcely had we gained the distance of two or three hundred yards from the shore, when the heavy guns of the batteries began to fire a royal salute. The night was uncommonly dark and still, and the successive flashes and reports of the cannon were followed by a long series of echoes from the edges of the damp forests lining the banks of the three different branches or forks of the river. The admiral, who had the finest perception possible for all that was picturesque or beautiful, was exceedingly struck with the scene, and he was not alone, for the admiral's staff and men lay their ears on the bank while the admiral drifted quickly down the river, he stood up in the stern-chairs in order to enjoy the scene more completely. At each of the first dozen discharges we were near enough to be illuminated by the flash, and a smile of delight could be seen on the admiral's face. It is not improbable that his mind once more caught his ear. It is not improbable that

they recalled to his memory the glorious night action of the Nile, which it is not too much to say, I amongst all the distinguished warriors whom Nelson had guided round him, there was not one on whom his great chief more firmly relied in battle, or to whom, personally, he was more attached in private life.

As the trial went on, shortly afterwards, which was a trial of no great importance, the admiral suggested to our thoughts another important scene. Sir Samuel Hood's, which, although it be familiarly known in the navy, may not be so fresh in the recollection of persons on shore. A question arose in the best as to whether or not the land-wind was blowing. Some said there was a breeze up the river, while others maintained that the wind blew down towards the sea. The admiral let us go on speculating and arguing for some time, and then said, "You are both wrong; there is not a breath of air either up or down the river. At all events what I wish you to strike me a light." This was done accordingly.

After-thwart, held the naked candle high over his head, while the men ceased rowing.

"There, you see," exclaimed he, "the flame stands quite upright, which proves, that if there be any breeze at all, it blows from the river towards the sea."

As he yet spoke, the flame bent from the land, and in the next instant was puffing out by a slight gust from the forest.

"Ah! that's something like!" exclaimed the commander-in-chief's adding, in another tone, as he resumed his seat, "I have not seen the time when a flaw of wind not greater than has just blown out this candle has rendered good service to his majesty."

We knew what was meant, and so will every naval man; but others may be interested by being told, that early in the year 1794, when Captain Hood commanded his majesty's ship *Junco*, he had very nearly lost his ship in a most extraordinary manner. The port of Toulon, though in possession of the English at the time of his departure on a short trip to Malta, had been evacuated by the British, and the French had taken possession of it in the night, no suspicion of so important an event of affairs arose in the mind of any one. With his wonted decision, therefore, into the port he dashed; for, although the *Junco* carried no pilot, Capt. Hood's knowledge of every port he had once visited rendered him comparatively untroubled by the darkness, and he was not long in sighting midshipmen were stationed with glasses to look out for the fleet; but no ships were seen—for the best of all reasons—none were there!

One vessel, only, a small brig, could be detected, and the captain, supposing the French had run into the inner harbour during the recent easterly gale, ordered the ship up likewise. The batteries all kept quiet, and though the brig hailed the frigate as she passed in a language so indistinct that no one could make it out, not the least suspicion was directed there.

Captain Hood, in his official letter to Lord Hood, (see *Naval Chronicle* for 1807, vol. xvii. p. 11), says, "I supposed they wanted to know what ship it was, and I told them it was an English frigate called the *Junco*." The brig, however, was not quite so courteous in return; for they replied, "vous n'avez rien de bon à nous offrir." In answer to the captain's repeated enquiry, both in English and French, as to the brig's name, and the position of the British admiral's fleet. As the *Junco* pressed under the stern of this treacherous little craft, a voice called out, "L'ennemi!" which naturally induced Captain Hood to put his helm down, and to steer towards the shore, as if he were about to land. Nothing could have been more adroitly managed by the Frenchman, for before the frigate came head to wind, she stuck fast upon the shoal, to which the words "L'ennemi! l'ennemi!" had no doubt been intended to direct her.

A boat was soon ordered to proceed from the brig to the town. As there was but little wind, and the water perfectly smooth, the *Junco's* sails were clewed up and handed; but before the men were all off the yards, a gust of wind came sweeping down the harbour, and drove her off the shoal, so suddenly as to give her great sternway. The anchor was speedily let go, but when she tended, the after-part of her keel took the ground and the rudder could not be moved. The launch and cutter being instantly hoisted out, the usual preparations were made to get the ship off, to save the ship off.

At this critical moment a boat came to the aid. The people appeared anxious to get out of her, and two of them, apparently officers, came up the side. They said it was the regulation of the port, as well as the commanding officer's orders, that ships should go further into the harbour, and that the port should be cleared of vessels, and despatch, relating this transaction, Captain Hood says,

"I kept asking them where Lord Hood's ship lay?" and those who remember Sir Samuel's impatient manner when any one to whom he addressed himself trifled with his questions, will easily imagine how he must have perplexed and overawed the two Frenchmen, who really knew not what to do next. In the mean time, one of the mids, who happened to be thrusting his head forward after the investigating manner of this enterprising class of officers, said apart to the captain,

"Why, sir, they wear national cockades!" "Yes, certainly," said the captain, "but I don't see them." "By the moonlight clearly distinguished the three colours."

"Perceiving they were suspected," continues Sir Samuel in his narrative, "and on my questioning them again about Lord Hood, one of them replied, *Soyez tranquille, les Anglais ont de braves gens, nous les traitons bien*; l'amiral Anglais est sortie il y a quelques tems."

Sir Samuel well says that it may be more easily conceived than words can express what he felt at that moment. In one instant, the situation of the poor Juna, which was almost desperate, became known throughout the ship. The officers naturally crowded round their captain to learn the worst, while the Frenchmen, bowing to the right and left, grinned and apologised for the disagreeable necessity of making them all prisoners! The two Frenchmen, singularly enough, were in the history of the navy, and altogether wonderful considering the formidable nature of the trap into which the frigate had fallen, will be best told in the words of the accomplished officer himself, to whose presence of mind, courage, and professional ability, the success of the ship is entirely due.

The personal regard in which the captain was held by every officer, man, and boy on board, and the thorough confidence which they possessed in his talents, enabled him to undertake a service which an officer held in less esteem might have found it very difficult to carry out. It used, indeed, to be said, that the captain, that day, and for a while, there was but one heart and one mind.

After describing the deportment of the French officers, he goes on to say, in his despatch, that "a flaw of wind coming down the harbour, Lieutenant Webley" should have said, "I believe, sir, we shall be able to fetch it if we get her under sail." "I immediately perceived," he said, "we had a chance of saving the ship; at least if we did not, we ought not to lose her without some contention. I therefore ordered every person to their respective stations, and the Frenchmen to be sent below. The latter were to leave some time to do as they pleased, in which I directed some of the marines to take the half-pikes and force them below, which was soon done. I believe in an instant such a change in people was never seen—every officer and man was at his duty; and I do believe, within the minutes every sail in the ship was set, and the yards braced away for casting. The steady and active assistance of Lieutenant Turner and all the officers prevented any confusion from arising in our critical situation; and as soon as the cable was taut, I ordered it to be cut, and had the good fortune to see the ship start from the shore. The head sails were filled; a favourable fall of wind coming at the same time gave her good way, and we had every prospect of getting out if the forts did not disable us. To prevent our being retarded by the boats, I ordered them to be cut adrift, as also the French boat. The moment the brig saw us began to lose sail, and she was obliged to stop, and getting her guns ready, and we also saw lights in all the batteries. When we had shot far enough for the brig's guns to bear on us, which was more than three ships' lengths, she began to fire; also a fort a little on the star-board bow, and soon after all of them, on both sides, as they could bring their guns to bear on us, so the sails were well trimmed, I beat to quarters to get our guns ready, but not with an intention of firing till we were sure of getting out. When abreast of the centre of Cape S. Peter, I saw I afraid we should have been obliged to make a stand, but as we were near the shore, and were ready to go about, she came to anchor, and we were enabled to take the cape. As we passed very close along that shore, the batteries kept up as brisk a fire as the wetness of the weather would admit. When I could afford to keep the ship a little off the wind, I ordered some guns to be fired at the different places. We then opened our breast of sail, and quieted them a little. We then stopped firing till we

* Now Captain Webley Parry, C. B., long afterwards the friend and follower of Sir Samuel Hood, who, as may be supposed, never forget any of the men who stood by him at that most trying hour of his professional existence.

could keep her away, with the wind abate the beam, when, for a few minutes, we kept up a very lively fire on the last battery we had to pass, which I believe must otherwise have done us great damage. At half-past twelve, being out of reach of their shot, the firing ceased." "The officers, went on as if the ship had been working out of Plymouth canal, and on Sunday. One little incident, however, which caused much amusement in the ship, will help to show the degree of regard in which Sir Samuel was held by those immediately about him; and to disprove the proverb of no man being a hero to his late de chumbers."

Dennis McCarty, an old and faithful servant of Captain Hood, who was quartered at one of the main-deck guns in the cabin, stood firm enough till the batteries opened on the Juna. No sooner had the firing commenced, and the shot came whizzing over and through all parts of the ship, than Dennis, to the great amazement and scandal of his companions, dropped the side tackle-awl, and fairly ran off from his gun. Nothing in the world, however, could be further from poor Pat's mind than fear—except fear for his master, behind whom he soon followed. He had not gone far, when he perceived that Captain Hood moved there Dennis followed, like his shadow. The poor fellow appeared totally unconscious of any personal danger to himself, though the captain was necessarily in the hottest of the fire. At length Sir Samuel, turning suddenly round, encountered the Irish man full tilt.

"Ho! Master Dennis," exclaimed the captain, "what brings you here? and why do you keep running about after me? Go down to your gun, man!"

"Oh, by the powers! your honour," replied Dennis, "I thought it likely you might be hurt, so I wished to be near you, to give you some help."

There was no resisting this; the captain laughed in the midst of the battle; and poor Dennis was allowed to take his own way, having no care for himself.

It would be quite impossible, within any moderate compass, to do justice to the conduct of the brave men Sir Samuel Hood rendered to his country, both before and after the time allowed to; nor can it be necessary to do so, for they are still so fresh in the recollection of the navy that they are often quoted as examples in every part of our duty. His forte appears to have been in valuing his country's great command, and the magnitude of service which was best to be done, and decision of purpose in carrying it into execution. At the moment of great doubt and difficulty, and when scarcely any one else could see through the confusion, he appears invariably to have taken those plain practical views which the calmest subsequent reflection proved to have been the most expedient.

One of the most important, and also the most amusing instances of the effect of his resolute and characteristic presence of mind and boldness of manner, occurred in the month of November, when Nelson, after the capture of the fortifications of Santa Cruz, in Tenerife. The enterprise failed; Nelson was wounded and carried on board in the only boat not captured or destroyed, while the remaining officers and men were necessarily left without any means of defence or escape. Sir Thomas Troubridge and Captain Mordaunt, who were on board the vessel at the time, at the head of only a handful of seamen and marines carrying merely a few pikes, but surrounded by several thousands of well-armed Spaniards. As the boats had been all demolished in the surf, or knocked to pieces by the fire of the batteries, retreat became impossible, and death or destruction was the only alternative awaited them the moment daybreak showed their small numbers and wretched plight. In this dilemma Captain Hood went forward alone to the Spanish governor, and was sent by the commanding officer of the British ship, to demand their parole, and to state, that if they had been disappointed in their expectation of finding treasure in the town, they were disposed to return peacefully to their ships, if boats were provided them for that purpose, but that should any means be taken to molest or retard them, they would then set fire to the town in the name of the King, and would then use the point of the bayonet. With the utmost deliberation, and without betraying the smallest haste or anxiety, he then pulled out his watch, and said, "I am directed to give you ten minutes to consider of this offer."—See the *Naval Chronicle*, volume xlv, page 19.

Don Antonio, the governor, looked amazed at the cool-

ness of this proposal from persons whom he conceived—and with good reason—to be his prisoners. He proposed to hold a council of war immediately, and let the British commander know their determination in the course of an hour; but Captain Hood saw the impression which his argument had produced, and again holding up his watch, declared he could not spare his excellency a single second; and as the fatal minute approached, he turned round and prepared to rejoin his shipmates. The governor, alarmed at the possible consequences of driving men so commanded into extremities, acceded to the proposal, and Captain Hood, and agreed to provide the defeated party with boats.

Next morning, accordingly, the Spaniard, having once pledged himself to certain terms, kept good faith, and not only allowed them all to return to their ships, but, previously to the embarkation of the invaders, he considerably furnished each of the sailors with rum, brandy and a biscuit, filled their boats with fruit and other refreshments, and gave orders that such of the British as had been wounded should be received into the Spanish hospital!

It is by such deeds of true nobleness that the asperity of actual war is softened, and that kindly feelings of the place of that bitterness which only excites to angry retaliation, without at all advancing the great objects for which opposing nations are contending.

It has been often thought that much of this kindness on the part of the Spaniards was due to the fact that a large part of the service, may have been done chiefly by volunteers, and that the personal address of Sir Samuel Hood, whose appearance and manner were at all times unspeakably winning, and whose various qualities were backed by solid judgment, professional knowledge, and the most generous candour, he became almost irresistible, even on occasions when most other men might have seen little hope of success. It is not, then, surprising that a mind like Nelson's should attach itself cordially to that of Sir Samuel Hood, and that the latter should be so ready to do his services should rivet more closely and firmly the alliance of such kindred spirits.

There entered into the character of Sir Samuel Hood some peculiarities which, although I have never seen them, I am disposed to believe well to deserve the attention of professional men. When it is said that the thorough interest, it must not be thought that he was indifferent to his own share of credit which belonged to meritorious service; for he conceived his own reputation, and that of the profession, as identical with that of the country, and in the proper sense of the word, he was anxious to preserve his reputation in fame and rank, so this obligation did not prevent him from being very generous in dealing upon his mind. But whenever the accession of credit became merely individual or personal to himself, and did not seem in his eyes calculated likewise to augment the honour of the service as well as his own, he not only felt careless about it, but actually staved off the honour and glory, which other men might have eagerly counted.

Of this a remarkable instance was afforded at the battle of the Nile. Previous to entering into that great action, Nelson, as every one recollects, hailed Captain Hood's ship, and consulted him as to the best method of attack.

"What think you," said the admiral, "of engaging the enemy to-night?"

"I don't know the soundings," was the answer, "but, with your permission, I will lead in and try."

The answer, well as it was, is generally known; but I believe it is not so generally known that Nelson, in the first draft of the despatch which Nelson wrote, he gave to Captain Hood the merit of confirming him in his determination of attacking the French fleet that night. On showing this letter, however, to Hood himself, he entreated that it might be altered, and that the merit of the attack might be given to the cause, and that the admiral, who had received exactly the same advice from any other captain in the fleet whom he might have consulted. The paragraph was therefore omitted in the despatch. But on many occasions this omission is certainly to be regretted; for it essentially detracts from the merit of Nelson himself, instead of diminishing it, that he not only gave the advice, but concurred in opinion, but how to acknowledge and reward the services of men of Sir Samuel Hood's stamp.

I have this anecdote of the change in the despatch from one of his nearest connections, and one of the dearest friends of his life, who was particularly anxious that the alteration in the despatch not be told at the time; but as the story crept out somehow, it seems very material that the facts should be well authenticated. When the circumstance was mentioned to Sir Samuel Hood many years afterwards, by the friend from whom

of Moomba-devy, or the goddess of Moomba, from an idol to which a temple is still dedicated on the island. Others, less fanciful in their etymology, say that the Portuguese gave it the name of Bon Bahia, on account of the excellence of its port. That nation held possession of Bombay from the year 1530 to 1661, when it was ceded to the crown of Portugal in full sovereignty to Charles II.

It was not long before we came in sight of several headlands, which are so well described by that great hydrographer, my excellent friend Captain James Horsburgh, that we knew not what to expect, when we were sailing between the Motherbank and Spithhead. When the next day broke, and the sun rose upon us over the flat-topped Ghauts, or mountains of the Maharrata country, I remember feeling almost at a loss whether I had been sleeping and dreaming during the night, or whether the gay reality with its boundless vista of mountains, was still before my eyes. The imagination and the reason were both more or less heated by the simple facts of having actually seen the shores of India, having heard the language of the East from the mouths of its natives, and beheld the forms and figures, and that dusky complexion which induced its fierce and fair-complexioned conquerors of old to style their new possession Hindoo-estan, or land of 'black men.' All these circumstances, though trivial, it is true, in themselves, were well calculated to give reality to pictures which, for many a long year past, I had looked at with interest in the *Arabian Nights*, drawn partly from the Arabian Nights and Persian Tales, and partly, if not chiefly, from those brilliant clusters of Oriental images which crowd and adorn the pages of Scripture.

Besides the more picturesque feelings excited by such recollections, I had incidentally acquired others somewhat more substantial perhaps, and practically useful, from being thrown a good deal into the society of officers who had served in various parts of India, and called my attention to the histories and to the political arrangements of our possessions in the East. With what fiction they were filled with the knowledge of the nature and of combustible materials, ready to be acted upon at once by any thing and every thing that should meet the eye on landing.

Captain Cook asserts somewhere, when speaking of the delights of voyaging through, that such a survey of the world and its component parts came into his mind, and he can safely venture to boast, that, as far as this goes, I may claim a corner of my great brother-officer's mantle. At all events, in sailing over the Indian seas, or travelling in those countries by land, I not only never cease thinking that the world and its component parts are one thing which did not so much excite in interest what I had looked for, that the grand perplexity became, how to record what felt, or in any adequate terms to describe even the simplest facts, which struck the eye at every turn in that "wide realm of diversity."

Of all places in the noble range of countries so happily called the Eastern world, from the pitch of the Cape to the islands of Japan, from Bengal to Batavia, nearly every hole and corner of which I have visited in the course of my peregrinations, there are few which can compare with Bombay. If, indeed, I were confined to the neighbourhood of the Arabian Sea, and Poonah, you will have examined good specimens of most things that are curious or interesting in the East."

For this remarkable distinction, quite peculiar, as far as I know, to that one spot on the earth's surface, this presidency is indebted to a variety of interesting circumstances.

Bombay, as perhaps many of our countrymen have heard before, is an island, and by no means a large one, being only between six and seven miles long by one or two broad. It is not, however, by geographical dimensions that the wealth of towns, any more than the power and wealth of nations is determined. The harbor of Bombay, ever the noblest of harbors, and the support it is easy of access and egress; affords excellent anchoring ground; is spacious beyond the utmost probable demands of commerce; and, owing to the great rise and fall of the tides, is admirably adapted for docks of every description. The climate is healthy; the soil, fertile, being diversified by ridges and valleys, hills, furnishes an endless choice of attractions for forts, towns, bazars, and villages, not to say bungalows or villas, and all sorts of country-houses, and some very splendid retreats from the bustle of business. The roads

which intersect this charming island were beautifully Macadamised, as I well remember, long before that grand improvement was heard of in England; and as the soil of the island is made up of that rich kind of mould resulting from decomposed basalt or lava, the whole surface affords a good sample of the perennial verdure which nature has bestowed upon the island, and the new corner, while its interest seldom, if ever, fails to rise still higher upon a more prolonged and intimate acquaintance.

Such are among the eminent physical advantages enjoyed by Bombay; but even these, had they been many times greater, would not have been the only things compared to those of a moral, or rather of a political nature, which conspired in 1812 to render it one of the most important spots in that quarter of the globe. At the time I speak of, it was almost the only possession exclusively British within several hundred miles in any direction.

The enormous territory of the Maharrata by close to Bombay on the east; and I mention this one district because the name is more or less familiar to English ears, chiefly, perhaps, from its having been the scene of the battle of Wellington's earliest campaign in India. To an army of 10,000 men, the British force was wound up by the well-known battle of Assaye, not the least hard fought of his hundred fields. Assaye is about twice as far from Bombay as Waterloo from London. To any one familiar with modern Indian history, the name of Assaye, was one of the most celebrated and most ever stated, and its result, as I am signed, will be well remembered. Then who is there that has not heard of the caves of Elephanta, those singular temples of the old Hindoos, excavated on the side of a hill on an island in the very harbour, and within one hour's row from several of the most important parts of the city.

These, and many other circumstances, some military, some historical, give a very peculiar degree of liveliness to the interest we feel in that spot; and I certainly have as yet seen few places on the globe which fasten themselves with more tenacity on the memory. I allude to the British within several hundred miles in any direction, with which the natives of the countries surrounding Bombay have no concern. To them it possesses, or did then possess, exclusively, an interest of a different and far more important character. At that time it was almost the only spot in that range of country where persons of British origin could exercise their worship with all the most useful display and enjoy their wealth to the utmost limits of their taste for ostentatious parade, or to the slightest chance of arbitrary interference. In addition to this, every man of the exercise of his worship was not merely tolerated, but allowed to exercise it with the most ample and equal freedom. Every native of Asia, or of any other country in the world, so long as he infringed none of the established laws of the presidency, was allowed equal privileges; and as the advantages of such a position, in the present age, are generally the result of these words, were enjoyed under none of the native governments adjacent, but, on the contrary, were almost entirely unknown in them all, Bombay became the natural place of resort for the wealthy from all parts of India lying on that side of the peninsula, and indeed from all parts of the world, who wished to have their property secured, and their persons protected, and to have held in the most peculiarly to Eastern manners, which we may not witness at Bombay in as genuine and apparently unsophisticated a condition as on the spot to which it properly belongs. In twenty minutes walk through the bazaar of Bombay, you will find a more complete representation of every language that I have heard in any other part of the world, uttered not in corners and by chance, as it were, but in a tone and manner which implied that the speakers felt quite at home. In the same short space of time I have counted several dozens of temples, pagodas, and shrines, and have beheld the most magnificent and the most numerous of the most magnificent of the Hindoos, with equal earnestness bowing their heads to Baul in the shape of a well-oiled black stone, covered with chaplets of flowers and patches of rice; while in the street the most magnificent ceremonies of the Hindoos, and the most magnificent of the Hindoos, in the midst of all a Portuguese procession bearing an immense cross, and other Roman catholic emblems as large as life.

I have no language conceived to give expression to the feelings produced by this first contemplation of so strange a spectacle. I was startled, amused, deeply interested, and sometimes not a little shocked. The novelty of the scene was scarcely diminished by a further inspection; which may appear a contradiction in terms, but is not so in reality. The multitude of ideas caused by the first view of such an astonishing crowd of new and curious objects, obscures and confuses the observation, in a certain sense, and it is not so far from distinguishing one part from another. In like manner, I remember being almost stupefied with astonishment, when Sir John Herschel first showed me one of the great nebulae or clusters of stars in his telescope at Slough. When, afterwards, the philosopher added to the novelty of his own observations, and ventured to separate and distinguish the different orders of nebulae and double stars, or pointed the instrument to the planet which his illustrious father discovered, and made me understand, or tried to make me understand, the revolutions of its satellites, felt the confusion by which I was at first distressed, and gradually subsiding, while the fresh interest of the spectacle, strictly speaking, was greatly increased. And so I found it in India, especially at that most curious of places, Bombay, where the more I saw of the natives, the more they seemed to excite my curiosity. It would be absurd to pretend that all this pedantic kind of reasoning process took place at the moment, for, in truth, I was too much enchanted to speculate much on the causes of the enjoyment. I shall never forget, however, the pleasure with which I heard a native, with the same feeling, say, "I have heard of the rain called Assaye." The word, in strictness, is not the Indian name for this seed, though it is used generally in the peninsula of Hindustan, and forms one of the ingredients of curry-powder. Til is the native word for the seed from which oil and Assaye is expressed. I never felt so much immediately that the sound seemed to "open, scasm?" of the Arabian Nights; and the whole of the surrounding scene being in strict character with that of the tale, I felt as if I had been touched with some magic wand, and transported into the highest heaven of Fiction, instead of being in the midst of things so real, and in wonder and delight, I could fix my eye on nothing I had ever seen before. The dresses, in endless variety of flowing robes and twisted turbans, flitted like a vision before me. The Hindoos, of innumerable castes, were there, each distinguished from the other by marks drawn on the forehead, and the women, in their gorgeous and richly ornamented dresses, mingled with numerous Arab horse-dealers, caravans, or Malays from the Straits of Malacca, chatting familiarly with those good-natured, merry fellows, the long-tailed Malays, whose most ungracious Tartar dress and features contrasted so strangely with the more tastefully arranged drapery and gorgeous turbans of the Mahometans and Hindoos.

Some of these groups were fully as much distinguished by their sandals and slippers as by their head-gear; and the attention was attracted by the sound of the strings, and made by the peculiarity of the features and complexion. It really signified little what the eye was turned, for it could rest on nothing, animate or inanimate, which was not strange and full of interest. Most of the trees which shaded us, and especially a tall variety of the coco-nut tree, which is a tree of the tropics, were seen before. It is called by botanists *Borassus flabelliformis*, or *Tara Palm*; *Tara* or *Tair* being the native word for the toddy which is yielded by these trees. It grows, in respect to its stem, like the coco-nut, with a glorious sort of projecting arms at the top. But these branches, unlike those of the coco-nut, do not send out little leaves along their whole length like the ostrich feather, which the coco-nut leaf resembles very much in form. They are smooth and naked to the end, on which is opened out, rather fantastically a huge circular fan, and, in disposition, like those of a real ostrich feather, each ray, each rib, or division being sharply pointed.

But the chief object of attraction and I may well say of admiration, in this gay scene, was the appearance of the women, who are not only not concealed, but go about freely, and, generally speaking, occupy themselves out of doors, and are not attending to any thing but their own trade, but a good deal of dexterity. Of course, this does not include the highest classes, who are kept quite secluded. The females appear to be the great water-carriers; and the pots or chatties, as they are called, which are invariably borne on the head, are of the most elegant forms and materials. Indeed, when standing by the side of a Hindoo tank, or reservoir, as I have often done for hours together, I have been reminded of those beautiful Etruscan vases, the discovery of which has given so new a character to modern forms. This practice of carrying

all loads on the head is necessarily accompanied by an erect carriage of body, and accordingly the most graceful of dancers, even the matchless Boggitti herself, might have

"Snatched a grace beyond the reach of art."

from observing the most ordinary Hindoo girl on her return from the tank, with her hand sometimes just touching the vessel poised on her head, and sometimes not, so true is the balance, and so certain the bearer's step. This dress, however, is not a chimney of gold or strip of cloth, many yards in length. This narrow web is wound round the body and limbs with so much propriety, that while the most scrupulous delicacy could find nothing to censure on the score of deficiency in covering, it is arranged with such intricate and judicious taste that even the eye of a sculptor could hardly wish to see its folds removed. The figure of the Hindoos, both male and female, is small and delicate; and, although their features are not always handsome, there is something about their expression which strikes every stranger as singularly pleasing, perhaps from its being indicative of that patience, docility, and contentment, which are certainly their chief characteristics. We see at least, in every part of our Eastern empire, that with a little care, coupled with a full understanding of their habits and customs, and aided by a thorough disinterestedness and genuine public spirit on the part of their rulers, the above-mentioned qualities of the Hindoos may be turned to the highest account in all the arts of war, and many of the arts of peace.

Perhaps not the least curious sight in the bazaar of Bombay are the ornaments worn by the women and children, by which, with the most lavish profusion, and the most ill-directed taste, they succeed in disfiguring themselves as much as possible. And this might lead us almost to suspect that their taste in the other parts, and the gracefulness of their carriage, is the result, not of choice, but of habit. The principal custom of carrying their water-vessels on the head requires an erectness of gait during the performance of that duty, which may become the easiest and most natural at other times. And probably some circumstance is incident to the climate, or, in like manner, direct the fashion in adjusting the dress.

Most of the women wear nose-rings of great dimensions. I have seen many which hung below the chin; and certainly to us this seems a strange ornament. I forget whether or not the Hindoo women cover their eyes with rings of gold, but, in fact, the principal fashion seems to consist in loading the wrists and ankles with armlets and bangles, as they are called, of gold and silver. The virgin gold generally used for this purpose, is almost always rich and grateful to the eye. But I imagine our art can make a silver ornament look any thing but vulgar. Just as we sometimes see persons in Europe crowd ring upon ring on their fingers till all beauty is lost in the heap, and all taste sacrificed for the mere sake of ostentatious display; so, in India, I have observed women whose legs were covered with circles of gold, and whose arms, from the instep nearly to the knee, and their arms similarly hooped and chained to the elbow. The jingle made by these ornaments striking against one another gives ample warning of a woman's approach; a circumstance which has probably led to the notion that this custom of attaching as it were circles of gold to the limbs of the female may have been an institution of jealousy devised by the husbands of those warm latitudes to aid their researches after their gadding spouses. I cannot say how this theory squares with history; but I have never heard any hypothesis equally good account for the still more ridiculous, not to say cruel, custom of covering the legs and arms of their poor little children with these rings. I have seen a girl three years old so loaded with them that she could not walk or hold out her arms; and I once counted no fewer than twenty heavy gold chains on a child's legs. It was such a mass of rings on its limbs and arms, that the little thing looked more like an amiable old picture-book than a human being. Such is the passion of some Hindoo parents for this practice, that I have been assured they often convert their whole worldly substance into this useless form of the precious metals, and thus transform their children into statues of misery. Small happiness is it for these innocent sufferers; however; who, as the head police-magistrate intimated, are not unfrequently murdered for the sake of the property they carry about with them?

It is then, reader, that when a traveller is first thrown into such a scene as I have here alluded to, although his enjoyment certainly is very great, there often

comes across him a feeling of hopelessness, when he admits to himself his total inability to record one hundredth, one millionth part, I may say, of the splendid original. Every thing is totally new to him; even the commonest implements of husbandry, the pots and pans, the baskets and barrels, the carts and carriages, and all that comes to his eyes, and far beyond the reach of his pen; while things which stand higher in the scale come still less within its range. Then what is he to do with the sounds he hears, or the motion he perceives? And strange it may seem, but true, that the interest is at times actually increased by circumstances which are in themselves so annoying. I will remember submitting even to the intense heat and glare with great patience, and almost relish, in consideration of their being strictly in accordance with a scene I had so ardently desired to witness. The formidable smell of assailed, which reigns in every Indian market, I nearly learned to bear without a qualm, for the same reason. Other annoyances I cared very little about; and had it not been for the well-cursed mosquitoes, I should not hesitate to declare, that, as far as travelling human nature is capable of happiness, it was perfectly happy when cruising about the bazaars of Bombay.

Full well am I aware that much of all this will appear to many excellent persons who have been in the East, or who may visit it after me, as sufficiently fanciful and exaggerated; and there are many who will pass through the very scenes which I am describing, and yet will never have no more anxious wish than to get safely out of it before they are splashed with mud from the feet of the wild-looking, blue-skinned buffaloes, or have their toes hidden upon by blocks with great bumps between their shoulders. It is impossible to expect general sympathy for such things; and accordingly my English friends at Bombay used often to laugh heartily when I returned from these Arabian Night sort of excursions, with my head brim full of turbaned Turks, Hindoo pagans, and all the kinds of oriental associations about the Indus, the Ganges, or Brahmin and Vishnu, or with speculations on the customs, languages, and manners, of the extraordinary collection of people I had been rambling amongst.

But there is one set of images and delightful illustrations which come to my eye at every turn in India, which I have never seen any person so inensible as to take notice of, with unaffected interest. I allude to those numerous every-day customs of the East so often mentioned incidentally in the Scriptures, and with which our minds have become familiar from earliest infancy. We so naturally associate the most innumerable of these customs and usages, that we are easily drawn to link the two indissolubly together. And before visiting Eastern countries, we almost fancy that because the events related in the Bible, and the characters who acted in them, have passed away and become matter of history, so also, must the customs have disappeared. We are apt to see, in the Bible, the man and woman, or between our Saviour and the human beings whom it was the object of his mission to impress with his doctrine. We are apt to be startled, therefore, when we find ourselves actually surrounded by scenes almost identical with those we read of in the Bible. Be it so, it may be said, I never see a Hindoo female sitting by a well, or a man kneeling with his arm thrown wearily over the unfilled water-pot, without thinking of the beautiful story of the woman of Samaria, the association being perhaps helped by the recollection of a well-known Italian picture, in which the figure of a woman is represented quite in the same style, such as I was now beholding it for the first time.

"Two women shall be grinding at the mill, the one shall be taken, the other left," conveys scarcely any meaning to European readers. But in India, where we see constantly two women kneeling and grinding the corn on the ground, turning by one handle the upper of two small stones, we are at once struck with the force of the illustration used to explain the uncertainty which should prevail at the destruction of the city. It is difficult, on the first view, to become so engaged, to conceive a situation in which it would be less necessary to leave the one without interfering with the other; and this point was admirably enforced by reference to a custom with which every listener to those countries must have been quite familiar. The industry of commentators on the Bible has been so far from obscuring the true explanation of this, and many other passages, that they have been so pregnant with meaning when duly investigated. Nevertheless, I aver that a whole quart of commentaries on the above verse could not have impressed my mind with that part of the conviction which flashed upon me when I first saw two women actually "grinding at the

mill," all unconsciously, poor fools, of the cause of my admiration, and as yet ignorant, alas! of the sublime lessons, to enforce and explain which their humble task was referred to.

On the morning after my arrival at Bombay, I got up with the first blush of dawn, and hastily drawing on my clothes, proceeded to look out for my adventures. I had not gone far before I saw a native sleeping on a mat spread in the little verandah extending along the front of his house, which was made of basket-work plastered over with mud. He was wrapped up in a long web of white cloth, which was called, I think, his cummerbund, or waist-cloth. As soon as the first rays of the sun peeped into his rude sleeping chamber, he arose, took up his bed, and went into his house." I saw immediately an explanation of this expression which, with slight variations, occurs frequently in the Bible, in connection with several of the most striking and impressive of Christ's miracles, particularly with that of the man sick of the palsy. My honest friend the Hindoo got on his feet, cast the long folds of his wrapper over his shoulder, stooped down, and having rolled up his mat, which was all the bed he required, he walked into the house with it, and then proceeded to the nearest tank to perform his morning ablutions.

I remember mentioning this, amongst many other illustrations of the incidents recorded in Scripture to a worthy old Scottish lady, when I expected it to produce the first blushing and satisfactory effort which it had wrought on me. I must however, to confess to me, for so far from raising myself in her estimation, on the score of correct observation, I sunk, I fear irrecoverably, in her good graces, by presuming, as she alleged, to interfere with the wonder of the miracle, the essence of which consisted in her, I discovered to contain not in the recovery of "the man who was made whole," but in his being able to shoulder a four-post bed, and carry it off without inconvenience!

CHAPTER XIII.

A FAMINE IN THE LAND.

So many new and interesting objects were placed before me, on first landing in India, that I scarcely endeavored to think of endeavouring to describe them, and accordingly, the memorandums which I find amongst my papers, are very few, and very uninteresting topics. And although there can be no doubt that a superabundance of matter is a better source of composition than a scantiness of materials, yet we may even in these respects have too much of a good thing, and be cast, at length, into despair, from the total hopelessness of being able to do the thing of the kind we wish to attempt. After a time, when the novelty begins to wear off, we may expect to find leisure to study each circumstance carefully, and to record it with distinctness. How vain this hope is, every traveller, I am pretty sure, will admit. For he who cannot move the mind to the most striking points of difference between the customs of distant countries, which, from first engaging his attention, it would have been so important to seize and preserve, have either faded away, never to be recalled, or, which is more probable, their place has been supplied by others still more pleasing. It is certain, also, that many of those prominent differences between the customs of distant countries, which, from first striking the observer, especially a stranger, who generally comes suddenly upon them, might constitute their chief interest in description, soon lose that bewitching sort of angular sharpness due, perhaps, to novelty alone, and the mind cannot be forced back to its original state, the better descriptions may always be more or less feeble and confused, like objects seen through an ill-adjusted telescope. If it be the traveller's wish, therefore, as it certainly appears to be his duty, to preserve, for the benefit of his friends, the more prominent differences between the customs of the country and those he has been accustomed to in his native land, he must contrive to visit at a distance, and set down, as well as he can, in order, or out of order, as many as possible of those prominent differences which actually strike him.

As far as I can recollect, the first rational thing I did at Bombay, even before I was introduced to the intoxication of this glorious draught of novelty, was to engage a moonshiner, or teacher of Hindoostanee, that I might take lessons in the colloquial dialect of India. This language is said to be a jargon, or lingua franca, a mixture composed of many others. The greater part I believe, is Persian, Arabic, and Turkish. I have, I am sure, a few words of Portuguese, and here and there a faint dash of English. I remember, for example, hearing the English military words of command given to the native troops of an independent sovereign in the interior

of the country, where the language in all other respects was Asiatic.

"Should grain be present—First?"

These practical ideas to the minds of the native soldiers; but neither they nor the officers had the slightest idea of their actual meaning.

I considered myself as very fortunate in having arrived in India just as a severe famine was beginning to make itself felt in the great cities of the north-western part of Hindoostan. It may not be generally known, that most of the rice crops of India, though not all of them, are dependent upon the actual quantity of rain which falls in the wet season for their very existence; so that when the rains prove scanty, which is sometimes the case, the consequence is not merely a scarcity, but an absolute famine. In some regions of India, where mighty rivers, such as the Indus and Cauvery, are entirely sucked up in the process of artificial irrigation, that is to say, are drawn off at the sides by what are called, I think, "canals," this frightful evil may be averted. But, even in these cases, the most swollen rivers can supply but a comparatively narrow strip of verdure along their banks, when compared to the thousands of thickly peopled leagues of territory which must be left arid and hopeless when the windows of heaven remain unopened for a season.

I am not sufficiently acquainted with the details of those terrible scourges, the Asiatic famines, by which whole tribes are sometimes swept away, to be able to describe correctly, from personal observation, their immediate causes and consequences. I can only answer for what I saw, and for what I heard, that the famine of what was passing in the interior. I have already mentioned that Bombay, being almost the only perfectly secure spot in that quarter of India, had drawn to it in the course of years many of the native inhabitants, together with much of the wealth of the adjacent countries, and that the possession of these riches, being the cause of prehensions of the jealousy or cupidity of the government, lived in happiness, and spent their fortunes freely. The natural consequences followed this extensive demand for the luxuries, as well as the necessities of life; traders of all descriptions flocked to the rendezvous of the wealth of the north, to the golden shore, which only grew the faster and the richer for being well gathered in. Each year brought fresh and more wealthy settlers, and every sea-breeze wafted into the crowded and beautiful harbour of Bombay, ships of every port from China to Persia. The resident population of the city, and the influx of the transient, increased in this prosperity, till, at the period I speak of (1812), it was rather more than a hundred and sixty thousand, though its numbers occasionally swelled to more than two hundred thousand at periods of public excitement, or high commercial enterprise. But what strikes the imagination as curious, or at least instructive, is the fact that the produce of the whole island would not feed its ordinary inhabitants for more than a week; and yet there is not a spot, I will venture to say, on the earth's surface, where the means of subsistence are cheaper, or in greater variety, and more profuse.

The explanation is almost too simple to require statement; but the consequences which followed the occurrence of the terrible famine in Guzerat, and other districts at no great distance, in 1812 and 13, are not quite so obvious, though highly valuable. The produce of the soil of the best lands is small compared to the demand, it follows that Bombay must import all its grain, and, as a matter of course, the corn-dealers form a most important set of men. These persons draw their supplies of rice, in ordinary times, chiefly from the Malabar coast, which lies between them and Ceylon, and very far to the southward; while they import most of their wheat, maize, and some other grain, from the high grounds of the Mahratta states, lying directly to the eastward. The interest of these great corn-merchants induces them to keep at all times a considerable stock of grain on hand, enough to feed the population of the city for a period of more than a year. I have also some obscure recollection of the government requiring them to retain a certain quantity. Be the cause what it may, there was actually stored in the granaries of Bombay, in the autumn of 1812, rice enough to have kept the population alive for a year, and wheat for half that period. This position of things gave rise to one of the most tangibly interesting questions of political economy which I ever remember to have heard discussed.

The south-west monsoon, which blows from May to September, is the season in which the rains fall in India; and in the late in August, and no rain had fallen, nor was there much hope that, if it fell so late, it would be

in time to save the rice-crop; so that, independently of the reported destruction caused by a flight of locusts in the north of India, experienced observers began to predict a famine in Cutch and Guzerat. There is perhaps no barometer, in these cases, so certain in its indications as that of hunger, and, accordingly, it was soon discovered that the ferries between the mainland and the island of Bombay were crowded with half-famished natives, streaming in converging lines from all parts of the country towards this little island, which, I have already mentioned, was not in itself capable of raising, in the whole year, one fiftieth part of the food required by its own inhabitants.

The resident native population of Bombay, at that time, may be thus stated in round numbers:

Hindooes	103,786
Mussulmans	27,811
Parsees (worshippers of fire)	13,156
Jews	781
Native Christians	14,454

Permanent native residents 159,988

Add to these the European residents,

And the European officers and troops	1,700
Native troops (officers by British)	3,000

And we have for the average fixed population of the island 164,688

And the migratory or floating portion of the natives, who come and go according to seasons and other circumstances 53,012

The additional number of total strangers driven into the island by the great famine of 1812 and 1813 appears to have been about 20,000

Making a grand total of 236,700

The area of Bombay island is about 181 square miles, being between 1 and 5 miles long by 2 or 3 in breadth; so that taking the ordinary, or average population, there are about 9000 residents for every square mile; while in times of pestilence and famine in the adjacent states, it reaches nearly to 13,000 for each square mile. The houses may be reckoned at an average of five, six, or seven, frequent instances of fifty, sixty, and even a hundred persons, sleeping under one roof. I remember hearing of upwards of 300 persons being stowed away within the narrow limits of one building!

The effects of the famine which was desolating the neighbouring districts soon made themselves visible at Bombay, by a very curious and painful sort of reflected, or rather what the opticians would call transmitted, light. We were living on that island in the midst of peace and plenty, while the territories north of us had become a prey to absolute want and the fiercest tumults, accompanied by bloodshed in every variety of shape. As each day broke, the shades and sounds of our happy spot, lined with crowds of wretched, half-starved objects, who had with difficulty made their escape from the accumulated horrors of their own desolated homes. The whole of the eastern, or land side of Bombay, was strewed over with dead and dying natives; never saw misery on such a scale, and never, either before or since, except in others, in some of the wretched villages of Spain, when the French dragons had taught the poor inhabitants, at the edge of the sabre, to understand what the evils of war really are when brought close to their own altars and firesides.

The most striking, and, perhaps, I may add, most affecting circumstance connected with this glimpse we had of the famine, was the avowed patience, or what, in other words, we should have called Christian resignation, of the unfortunate sufferers. I mixed among the natives constantly, and saw them exposed to every shade of distress, but never heard a complaint, nor saw a gesture of impatience. And what was still more extraordinary, immense groups of people, who were driven by hunger, and would round the fire on which the rice provided for them had been cooked, and there wait, with perfect composure, while the several measures were measured out and distributed to them; a process that often lasted more than an hour, during which their food lay within two or three feet of them, and quite within their period of this famine, that in several of the squares and other open spaces in the town, immense piles of rice were

left exposed, night and day, for weeks together, without any guards, yet not a single bag was ever cut open.

I ought to have mentioned, that subscriptions to a considerable amount were made for the support of the starving multitude. And what was particularly interesting, the wealthy natives, the Banyans and Parsees, in particular, opened a subscription among themselves, and purchased many thousands of bags of rice for the sufferers, some weeks, or, at all events, a good many days, before the English residents came forward. This, however, was partly accidental, and partly caused by the natives having received the acquaintance with the distressing nature and the extent of the distress. The two parties soon combined their exertions, and the native and English committees mutually assisted each other in this work of charity. Huge boilers were provided, under a picturesque tree, or grove, of coco-nut trees, about half a mile from the fort; and as a Hindoo, in general, will not eat a morsel of food, even to save his life, if it has been dressed by a person of a different caste, care was taken to provide cooks whose foreheads were marked with the proper streak of red or yellow paint, as the case might require. I myself repeatedly saw natives actually expiring of hunger, and refused to be comforted in them, because a doubt existed as to the hands through which it had passed.

Exceptions did occur sometimes to the strictness of this rule, as I shall have occasion to state in describing the horrors of the countries where not merely scarcity and extensive illness prevailed, but where famine and pestilence swept away whole tribes. In those wretched districts immense masses of people were reduced to absolute starvation, and every thing like laws or customs, old prejudices or old manners, appears to have been disregarded. Under such dreadful circumstances, the vehemence of hunger, and the excitement of despair, drove bodies of men into the commission of enormities, which, in ordinary times, they would rather have died than have perpetrated singly.

I remember a story which made a great stir at Bombay; and though involving something ludicrous, along with much that is dreadful, it is too essentially characteristic to be omitted.

Eleven natives, belonging to one of the strictest of all the castes of Hindoos, were travelling from Cutch, through Guzerat to Bombay. They had been on the road for three or four days, and were now flying to the south, in hopes of reaching territories not yet desolated. By the time they passed through the village of Bhownagar, the majority of the party were almost dead with hunger, sickness, and fatigue. On the outskirts of the town, the exhausted band encountered the irresistible cravings of hunger, and reduced to the last stage of existence, they slaughtered the animal, and eagerly devoured the raw flesh. This proceeding will convey nothing very extraordinary or flagitious to European ears; but when it is recollected that over the whole of India, at the same time, and in every part, it was conceived that killing and eating one of that species was an offence of the blackest die. To taste beef in any shape, or under any circumstances, is likewise an unspeakable abomination in the eyes of the Hindoos; so that the guilt of these famishing wretches was considered of a more atrocious nature.

No punishment short of death, it seems, could expiate such complicated enormity. Had they murdered one or two of their own party to assuage their hunger whilst, possibly no particular notice would have been taken of the circumstance, considering the dreadful state to which they were reduced. But the deadly offence of killing a cow, an animal all but worshipped, was not to be forgiven! The Thakore, or chief of the village, therefore, immediately directed the whole of these eleven human beings to be executed on the spot!

All this might, perhaps, have passed off quietly, had not a serious question of local authority arisen between this orthodox native ruler and the British powers. As chief of an adjoining province, the Thakore was what is called (at the expense of a slight diplomatic contradiction in terms) an independent tributary; and he was, as such, a landlord in his own right. It was thought by some that he might in that capacity have been held amenable to their jurisdiction. Bhownagar, it appears, was situated within the British sovereignty, and the chief was certainly guilty of an offence punishable by his laws. As the government, however, was not yet distinctly marked the line of his allegiance as a landlord, no notice could be taken of this arbitrary act beyond a strong remonstrance on the subject, with an explicit warning against its repetition within the British territories. A regulation

Although the funeral piles of the poor Hindoos possess

but striking circumstance, which, without dissipating these dreamy kind of fancies, brought forcibly to my mind the extent of the calamity by which that part of India was then so dreadfully scourged. In ordinary times, when the average number of deaths at Bombay is seldom so great as twenty-a-day, the current supply of fire-wood in the bazaar is sufficient for all the funeral piles of the natives. But when the terrible famine of 1812 extended its ravages over Marwar, Cutch, and Guzerat, and other states lying to the northward, and the prospect of halfstarved Hindoos, imploring aid to the presidency, many of them only to die, the demand for fire-wood was so great, that it became a profitable speculation to import fuel from a distance in this express view. There might always be seen, accordingly, a long line of cooking vessels, at a few hundred yards from the beach of Back Bay, and the distant fires, which were never ceased to blaze night or day. These boats were loaded half-mast high with faggots and billets of timber, cut to the proper length and well dried for the occasion.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS.

What we saw of the remote effects of the great famine which desolated the northwestern parts of India, we had good reason to fear scarce any idea of the dreadfulness of the mischief which might befall the country. For whatever may happen elsewhere, plenty and prosperity of every kind hold their permanent headquarters at the British presidencies, as Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, the three seats of government, are called. All about them we certainly witnessed distress enough to give a painful and painful picture of the sufferings of the suffering we beheld must have formed only a petty episode in the great tragedy. So little, indeed, were the effects of the famine considered of engrossing importance at Bombay, that the ordinary amusements and occupations of the natives, as well as those of strangers, went on as usual, and the festivities of the great fair, which were in the neighbouring states. Crowds of dying wretches, who poured into the island daily from the province of Kattiwar and elsewhere, were soon lost sight of in the rich and benevolent population of Bombay. I really believe, that if your numbers had been ten times greater, the vast resource of the wonderful life, which hardly occupies the breadth of a pin's head on the map of India, would still have outstripped the occasion.

But in Guzerat itself, the unhappy region of the actual famine, the case appears to have been very different. There the persons who were about the presidency, and a large majority of the population, in a country destitute of the means of procuring subsistence, and not, as at Bombay, a small minority in a district abounding with resources. It may well be supposed, also, that the scenes which occurred in those devoted countries of period but had not arrived at the point of utter desolation, which interest which engaged our attention so deeply at a distance.

I remember, upon one occasion, expressing in rather strong terms the excitement, and almost the gratification I had experienced on witnessing some occurrence connected with a party of more than half-a-dozen locusts, which had just arrived at the point of march, during which their numbers had been reduced from several hundreds to a few dozens. A gentleman, who had been living in the countries from whence these people were recently driven out by sheer famine, shook his head, and remarked, that if I had only seen one of the locusts, which he had been compelled to witness for weeks and months together, I would do every thing I could to drive their recollection from my mind, instead of courting fresh sights as a source of picturesque curiosity.

From this gentleman and others I learned various particulars of the famine, which certainly altered the character of the interest I had felt at first in the events passing under our own eyes at Bombay. We are apt, perhaps, to hear of such things without receiving much of the instruction which assuredly they are intended to convey; and I am tempted to repeat, that if we merely peruse the reports and the accounts of the famine, and plenty, we necessarily gain a very imperfect conception of the blessings we enjoy. If there could only be described, however, in adequate terms, a few of the miseries actually witnessed by travellers in different parts of the world, arising from the effects of the famine, under very circumstances which the home-croakers amongst us consider as evil, and so recklessly wish removed, not a few persons might be reconciled "rather to bear those ills they have, than fly to others that they know not of." This, however, is perhaps a vain attempt; since it may be observed, that the authority of an eye-witness of dis-

tant scenes of misery, whether they spring from misgovernment, from the accidents of the climate, or from any other cause, seldom goes for more than the mere passing interest of his story, while ninety-nine in every fifteen years' residence in the east, he had only seen locusts three times; once on the wing, and twice dressed in a curry. For my part, I never saw them at all, except in a museum; but I have conversed with persons who have seen them in all their mischievous glory. Their flights are described as resembling a heavy snow-storm, only black, and sending forth a rustling noise from millions of billions of wings, and sweeping along like a deluge in the air for three times twenty-four hours together.

Captain Beaufort, whose interesting and delightful book on Caranania every reader of travels is familiar with, told me that, when he lay at Suynra, in 1811, he had an opportunity of forming a rude estimate of the magnitude of a flight of locusts which was drifting past from south to north. The consul had occasion to send a messenger in a due easterly direction to the Bashaw of Souda, and he was in a course at right angles to the flight of locusts. This person rode forty miles before he got clear of the moving column of these ravenous animals. It was inferred, from observations made with a pocket telescope, that the height of the column could not be less than three hundred yards, and the rate at which it passed not slower than seven miles an hour. This continued for three days and nights, apparently without intermission! As these insects succeeded one another at an average distance of not more than three feet, and were about one foot apart above one another, it was calculated that in a course of twenty-four hours, a enormous swarm must have exceeded 168,608,563,200,000.

The mind, however, is strained to no purpose in trying to conceive such vast sums; it is like trying to judge of the distance of the fixed stars or the velocity of the sun's rays. When we are told that light moves over a space of 192,000 miles in a second, we are not dissuaded: but if we learn that in the same interval it would pass round the earth eight times, we have something to rest upon not altogether beyond the reach of our thoughts.

By the same way, in order to assist the imagination, Captain Beaufort determined, that the locusts he saw, formed into a heap, would have exceeded in magnitude more than a thousand and thirty times the largest pyramid of Egypt; or, if they had been placed on the ground close together in a band of a mile and an eighth in width, it would have encircled the globe ^{thrice}.

My acquaintance with Cocker having become a little rusty, I found myself at a loss to state the above huge sum in words; but, in order to avoid mistakes, I wrote to one of the most distinguished astronomers and computers of this country, to beg he would enlighten my ignorance on this subject, as follows:

"There is some difference between the French and English in their notation of millions.

"We class our numbers into periods of three, ascending in the order of thousands, millions, billions, trillions, &c. Thus, your 15 figures would be classed as follows:

168, 608,563,200,000.

"The French class their numbers by periods of three, ascending in the order of hundreds, thousands, millions, billions, &c. So that the same 15 figures would be classed by them:

168, 608, 563, 200, 000."

As we have been dabbled with billions and millions, I may take occasion to mention, that the prodigious sum above written is only about a fourth part as great as that which the calculations of light have been found to penetrate in one second of time; viz. 600,000,000,000,000.

There is some reason for supposing it not impossible that this was merely the tail of the flight, the desolating effect of whose march, in countries lying much further to the eastward than the Holy Land, I am now about to describe.

Myriads of these destructive insects appeared in the plains of Caranania, every reader of travels is familiar with, told me that, when he lay at Suynra, in 1811, he had an opportunity of forming a rude estimate of the magnitude of a flight of locusts which was drifting past from south to north. The consul had occasion to send a messenger in a due easterly direction to the Bashaw of Souda, and he was in a course at right angles to the flight of locusts. This person rode forty miles before he got clear of the moving column of these ravenous animals. It was inferred, from observations made with a pocket telescope, that the height of the column could not be less than three hundred yards, and the rate at which it passed not slower than seven miles an hour. This continued for three days and nights, apparently without intermission! As these insects succeeded one another at an average distance of not more than three feet, and were about one foot apart above one another, it was calculated that in a course of twenty-four hours, a enormous swarm must have exceeded 168,608,563,200,000.

eastern provinces of Bengal about the beginning of 1810, from whence they took a northwesterly course across what is properly called Hindustan, including the upper provinces of India, but not the peninsula geographically so termed. In 1811, the locusts first attacked the great district of Marwar, and then coasted along the coast of the western deserts of India. It so chanced that the annual fall of rain either failed entirely, or was so scanty in that year, that the locusts found it easy work to strip the country of every blade of vegetation. As soon as the locusts had passed, the country presented the appearance of a desert. In 1812, the locusts first attacked the northwestern district of Guzerat, named Puttan, and from thence scoured the province of Kattiwar. On one occasion only they made their way as far south as the city of Baroach, on the right or northern bank of the river Nerbudda, a mighty stream which empties itself into the gulf of Cambay, a degree and a half south of the equator, and about three degrees of latitude, or sixty leagues north of Bombay. Beyond this point the locusts were not known to extend in a southerly direction; and by the commencement of the monsoon of 1812 this dreadful plague vanished from the face of that wretched country; but whence it came, or where it proceeded to, is not known; though, as I have hinted above, it may possibly have been no more than a detachment from this very flight which Capt. Beaufort saw at Suynra.

The destruction in Guzerat effected by these insects almost amounted to a total annihilation of the whole of the western part of the province was covered, to every appearance, with a rich cultivation, though, when the crops were examined, the grain was found to be gone, and merely the stalks left, as if these had been unworthy of notice. The rains came, but the rain already alluded to in Marwar, and the drought co-operating with these abominable locusts, drove the unfortunate inhabitants of that country, in a huge living wave, tumultuously into the Guzerat territory. At first the condition of the wretched outcast Marwarees was rather pitiable, as they were not able to procure any food, and were obliged to turn to the mountains for relief; for in 1812 Guzerat also experienced a failure of rain, which well nigh demolished the crops in those districts which the locusts had not visited. The demands upon the resources of the country were thus doubled, when the means of supply were reduced to one half, and the people, who were already in want, and in many places there was literally no crop at all.

A very graphic account of this famine is given by Captain Carnae, in the Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay, vol. i. article xix.; to which I must refer for all the interesting particulars. He observes, that the result in strong and simple language. The enhanced price of grain added to the apprehensions of the inhabitants, which impelled them to store their individual resources in times of such danger; and the villanies practised by the higher classes, to derive pecuniary advantage from the pressing wants of the people, soon reduced the half-famished emigrants to the greatest privations. The endurance of hunger was supported, however, by the Marwarie people with unaccountable pertinacity, which in some degree blunted the natural feelings of sympathy in their lot. Whether the ready assistance rendered by the Marwarie people to the distressed Guzerats, had induced them to imagine, that under no circumstances would the hand of charity be withdrawn; or whether it was from the innate indolence of their character, or the infatuation which often accompanies the extremes of misfortune, they rejected all offers of assistance by labour, it is notorious, that when the benevolent tendered employment to these people, it was uniformly declined, even with the certainty of death being the consequence of the refusal.

The account which all writers agree in giving of the sufferings of the Marwarie people, is so horrible, that it is difficult to repeat. Multitudes of the Marwar people, who, after suffering severely from famine in their own country, had wandered into Guzerat, were seen crowded, like cattle, in droves, beyond the suburbs of all the great towns, or by the road-sides, the dead and the dying to be seen in every direction. In some places, the people, in one mass, perishing of hunger, and almost all of them suffering under acute diseases, brought on by fatigue and want. Of these the confluent small-pox was the most general, and committed incalculable ravages, not only amongst the Marwarie people, but amongst the natives of those territories they were urged by the pressure of despair.

There was one little picture in the narrative of this dreadful scene which always strikes me as being peculiarly touching; I mean the unavailing struggles of the inhabitants to escape from the exhausted jaws of their starving mothers! As a pendant to this, Captain

* For some further details respecting this extraordinary flight of locusts, see an excellent little work called "Bortha's Visit to her Uncle in England," published by Herschel's Treatise on Light.

Carnac describes another afflicting, but, upon the whole, less painful incident, which he likewise witnessed in person. A poor woman lay stretched by the side of a heartless group of her countrymen of the Marwar land, who would not spare her one drop of water, though she was herself dying, and her dead infant reposed upon her breast.

The hourly recurrence of such accumulated miseries familiarised the minds of these poor people, as well as the natives in general, to every extremity of suffering which human nature could bear. "In a short time," says Captain Carnac, those emanations of individual feelings among themselves, which distinguished the first commencement of their sufferings, gradually abated, and the utmost indifference universally predominated." We are naturally disposed to feel more for the children than for the grown-up persons on these occasions; but in one of the dreadful groups of suffering related by Captain Carnac, we hardly know which to sympathise most with—the parent or the infant. "I saw a child," he tells us, "not quite dead, torn away by a pack of dogs from its mother, who, unable to speak or move, lay with anxious eyes directed to the object of her fond affection. It was rescued by its former little playmates, who had shared in its extreme adversity; but the ravenous animals (which had acquired an extraordinary degree of ferocity from having fed on human bodies) turned upon these innocents, and displayed their mouths and teeth directed to the blood of the child. A rescue was, of course, attempted by ourselves; but the remains of life had been destroyed."

It is exceedingly curious that those feelings and prejudices which the Hindus, in a state of ease and affluence, would assuredly not have resigned but with their lives, appear to be lost, and the natives of the province fell under the pressure of extreme and protracted distress. I must quote Captain Carnac's own words for what follows this relinquishment of their national and almost proverbial fortitude. "This testimony on a point of some of the most manly manners, is particularly valuable, from its being given at a season when the natives were so much afflicted."

"Distinctions of caste were preserved," he says, "until the moment when the hand of adversity bore heavy; then the Bramin sold his wife, his child, sister and connections, for the trifles of two or three rupees, to such as would receive them."

The number of the wretched Marwarres who died at Baroda alone was often five hundred in one day; but what is interesting on many accounts is, that in spite of the reduced means of the opulent natives of Guzerat, they subsisted their money freely to assist their countrymen, and well as the natives of the province, the native governments in those provinces also subscribed very large sums of money for the relief of the famishing multitude. I have mentioned, that at Bombay nothing could exceed the calmness and patience with which the crowds of half-starved strangers waited till it came to their turn to be fed. But in the country where the famine raged in earnest, and where, as I have before mentioned, the hungry part of the population were in a large majority, this forbearance disappeared.

"It was a cruel sight," says Captain Carnac, "to those persons sensibly alive to witness the struggles when the doors were opened to appropriate their share of the sentiment of humanity appeared to have been absorbed by the crowds collected around; and it was no unusual thing to be informed, that such and such a number had fallen a sacrifice to their precipitate voracity: many also, whose wants had been supplied, continued to expect, until the means intended for their relief, proved, in the end, their destruction in a few hours. Children were often crushed to death, when attending for their pittance of food, under the feet of their own parents."

The relief of the distressed, which I have been speaking of, was initiated in most of the principal cities, and was added a few months of life to a class of beings reserved for greater miseries: indeed, subsequent events would seem to show that these people were marked for total annihilation, and that in their destruction the inhabitants of the country were to be deeply involved.

I have already had occasion to mention, that at Bombay the natives paid the utmost respect to the funeral rites, so to call them, of their deceased friends, and even of those who had no other claims upon them but such as were common to the caste to which they belonged. But all this attention to the dead appears to have vanished, along with every spark of sympathy for the dying, in Guzerat. The bodies of the poor Marwarres who had expired during the famine were left unheeded on the spot where they had sunk; and this total apathy, Captain Carnac is of opinion, was the chief cause of the catastrophe experienced in 1812, and the consequent exten-

sive mortality. At Baroda, the seat of government, there was still authority and civil discipline enough to insure either the burial or the burning of the dead, although the numbers who had perished daily amounted at one time to upwards of five hundred. At Ahmedabad, however, the mortality was so enormous that these precautions were ineffectual. Fewer than one hundred thousand persons died in this city alone, nearly a half of the entire population. "The demand for fuel to burn the dead called for the destruction of the houses; even this was barely sufficient for the performance of the bodies of the Hindu faith; and the half-consumed houses, reduced to the state of a half-ruined ruin, in the hour (February 1815, or two years and a half afterwards) to what straits the Hindoos were reduced in fulfilling the last duties to their kindred."

It is also stated, that in the latter periods of the famine many females were engaged in removing the dead and carrying them to the piles. In this there appears nothing extraordinary, however painful it be to European eyes; but we learn incidentally, from the remark of the writer, how exceedingly repugnant such a practice must be to the Indian habits, since he considers it worth while to mention it, as one of the most intolerable miseries caused by the famine. The inference from this fact seems also to be, that women, under such circumstances, retain their strength and fortitude longer than men. It is mentioned, likewise, that in all parts of the country, the exception of Ahmedabad, the Mahometan population did not suffer so severely as the others, an advantage ascribed to their use of animal food; and yet at Kaira the Europeans suffered still more than either Mahometans or Hindoos. The melancholy fact, however, pervading all these terrible scenes appears to be, that many families, from accidental diseases of every kind, were reduced to such a state of weakness, that all the ordinary causes of mortality are then urged into tenfold action. The periodical insalubrity of the climate of Guzerat, after the rainy season, is well known, and cannot be counteracted; but, unfortunately, it would seem that the winter season is more often a season, accordingly, over the province at large, during the winter above described, were as ten to one above the average!

It seems to have been impossible to draw any thing like a correct estimate of the destruction amongst the expatriated Marwarres of Guzerat, who were the objects of the severity with which that unhappy country was scourged, when an impartial eye-witness, possessed of the best means of information, considers it probable that ninety-nine in every hundred perished! The following extract, taken from a letter, in which the writer, I presume, may serve to show that we have been describing the worst parts of the famine; for that in another province the destruction caused by the locusts was still greater than in Guzerat.

"The influx of a large proportion of the population of a country yielding an annual revenue of £500,000 cannot be accurately ascertained. The emigrants arrived in detached bodies, and for the purpose of convenience, spread themselves over the face of Guzerat, from the borders of the gulf of Cutch to Surat, in many instances flocking from ports on the coast to Bombay, which they then repaired to in order to procure provisions, and opulent merchants granting them passage free of charge. It should be observed, however, that the larger proportion of people who resorted to the presidency (of Bombay) were from Kattiwar, which suffered from the want of rain, and the ravages of locusts, to a much greater degree than the province of Guzerat."

"It is also out of my power," adds Captain Carnac, "to give any certain account of the number of Marwarres who perished in the famine. I have seen in an evening's walk, in the suburbs of this town of Baroda, in which every day for several months the streets were cruelly exercised, not less than fifty bodies scattered around, which the servants of government had not time to inter. I would, therefore, from a review of all the circumstances related, be inclined to estimate, that not returned to their native country."

CHAPTER XIV.

INDIAN NOTCH. THROWING THE COCA-NUT.

We hear the fatal truth, that "in the midst of life we are in death!" repeated so often, and with such tones, that our ear becomes accustomed to the sound without its arresting the attention. The warning ac-

cordingly produces but little effect upon our thoughts, and still less upon our conduct. Such being the case, it is not surprising that those who are so much conversant with accidental circumstances as those described in this chapter, in order to turn them to account, as illustrations of maxims of which no one can be said actually to doubt the truth, but to which few attach much importance, or only such as goes, practically, for little or nothing.

By a statement of this kind, however, in our moral vision, it would appear that those who are so much conversant with accidental circumstances as those described in this chapter, in order to turn them to account, as illustrations of maxims of which no one can be said actually to doubt the truth, but to which few attach much importance, or only such as goes, practically, for little or nothing. By a statement of this kind, however, in our moral vision, it would appear that those who are so much conversant with accidental circumstances as those described in this chapter, in order to turn them to account, as illustrations of maxims of which no one can be said actually to doubt the truth, but to which few attach much importance, or only such as goes, practically, for little or nothing. By a statement of this kind, however, in our moral vision, it would appear that those who are so much conversant with accidental circumstances as those described in this chapter, in order to turn them to account, as illustrations of maxims of which no one can be said actually to doubt the truth, but to which few attach much importance, or only such as goes, practically, for little or nothing.

On recently examining a set of long-forgotten memorandums and letters written at Bombay twenty years ago, during the progress of the scenes described in the preceding pages, I was more struck than I appear to have been when writing them, with the extraordinary picture of incidents one would have supposed every way harrowing to the feelings, and gay ceremonies and amusements apparently quite inconsistent with each other. I find stories of death by absolute hunger and pestilence jumbled up with dinner-parties—records of Hindu burnings, with descriptions of evening parties and meetings, and religious side by side with hospital-practices, and questions of the day, and the long pages of rapture about oriental scenery, striped with a wild sort of youthful curiosity about native manners, dresses and other customs, all so much crowded together, as if the same moment, and in one little spot on the earth's surface, that I appear scarcely to have known how to spread them out, or how to select them. Besides all which, I find that at the time when the feelings which those interesting objects excited, from their novelty and combination, were at their height, the power to do them any justice in expression was deplorably wanting. This sort of retrospective glance naturally makes a traveler often wish he could pass again through scenes of which he discovers he knew not the value till too late, but which he is always vain enough to fancy he could now describe much better.

My own friend Mahomed Ali could not speak one word of English, nor I a word of Persian; and thus we got on mightily well, chiefly by the aid of a smoking apparatus called a kilian, which hardly differs from the well-known hookah, with eternal cautions of which old Indians are so apt to weary Europeans. The secret of the sedative or narcotic power of this charming variety of the pipe lies, I suspect, fully as much in the guggle-guggle-gurgling noise made by the smoke in passing through the water, as in the celestial sort of semi-intoxication produced by the fumes of the tobacco and other fragrant herbs of which the glorious "chillum" of the east is composed. Of course, all this talk about the use of tobacco, though, perhaps, only because they dare not indulge in it themselves. Indeed, when we look at the tranquil ecstasy, and complete self-satisfaction, of an Irish female porter in Covent Garden market, with a pipe, as black and long as a man's inch in length, clinking to the corner of her mouth, and smoking, with that any rank, station, or wealth in the community, boasts of a commensurate degree of luxury?

Wine, and other generous fluids, right joyous though they be, in their incipient effects, generally exact such a swiftness of motion, and such a variety of change, in the shape of headaches and heartaches, duels, dyspepsias, and the devil hardly knows what besides, that I question if there is any man come to that period of life lying a little

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VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 3, 1833.

NO. 21.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 6, NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA—AT \$3 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

circumstances had combined to bring together such a diversified multitude, from every corner of the globe, to worship strange gods, to live happy and free, and to enjoy their wealth in peace and security under the guns of an English fortress, twelve thousand miles from home, I scarcely knew how to contain the expression of wonder which this novel and brilliant scene was so well calculated to inspire.

I have only once more to repeat, that he who wishes to see all, or nearly all, which the eastern world affords, that is characteristic in the dress, language, or manners, of the Asiatic nations, in the shortest time, and at the least expense of money or trouble, has only to make a run to Bombay; and if on arriving there he is not gratified far beyond his expectations, he must—to use the common phrase—be very hard to please.

CHAPTER XV.

ELEPHANTA—PANORAMA OF INDIA.

No one is long at Bombay before making a run to Elephanta. I remember it was on a Sunday evening, which I could get no one to accompany me, which I was secretly very glad of, that I shipped away from a party, hired a banded-boat, and, aided by a fresh wind from the north, skinned up the harbour, dashed stem on the beach, and landed just below the spot where stood, but, I am sorry to say, no longer stands, the huge stone elephant from whence the island, in our nomenclature, has derived its title. This island, which is called by the natives *Ga-pani*, or *Place of Caves*, from two words in the *Malabrata* language, lies exactly six miles from Bombay castle, and five from the main shore of India; it is between three and four miles in circumference, and is composed of two long hills, with a narrow and thickly-wooded valley running between them.

The elephant stood about two hundred and fifty yards to the right of the landing place, on the side of one of the hills above mentioned, and not far from a ruined Porphyritic edifice. Nothing could be more rudely sculptured than this figure, which possessed none of the gracefulness of the living elephant, though in some of the sculptures in the cave temples of India that character is exceedingly well preserved. I was in much too great a hurry at my first visit to think of measuring or drawing this singular specimen of ancient Hindoo art; but about a year afterwards, in company with Mr. William Friskine, of Bombay, complete sets of measurements of the various dimensions were made, and I also took a sketch of the figure, then almost tottering to its fall. The wood cut here inserted is from a drawing made on the spot, and, though slight, it conveys a pretty correct idea of the form and proportions of this celebrated figure. Some of the dimensions which we took are also given.

In September 1814, before I left India, the head and neck dropped off, and the body shortly afterwards sunk down to the earth; so that, I fear, all traces of our old peered. For the sake of those who will by this time have disappeared these things, I am glad we bestirred ourselves in time, and that quite as minute an account as can be desired of the Elephant, in all his bearings, is faithfully recorded in the first volume of the transactions of the Bombay Literary Society.

Captain Pyke, who wrote in 1713, exactly a hundred years before our visit, mentions that the Elephant carried a smaller one upon him; and Anquetil describes the young elephant as still existing in 1760. Niebuhr observes, in 1784, that the Elephant had taken some things, which age had worn so much that it had become impossible to distinguish what it was. I perceive it asserted in a note of mine to Mr. Erskine's account, that in 1813 the small figure on the top could not have been an elephant, but may have been a tiger! Thus it is, that the fewer and more indistinct the data we possess, the more confidently we often pronounce upon a dubious fact.

After paying my respects to this celebrated figure, I set off as fast as I could run, to save the little daylight that was left; for the sun had set before we reached the island, and I was anxious to catch a glimpse of the cave. The panting guide toiled after me in vain, and I had well nigh lost myself in the jungle from the extremity of my impatience to secure at least one glance at the stupendous wonder which I knew to be close at hand. As I scanned along a narrow path, the shadow came over me, which I have experienced on several other occasions not altogether dissimilar. I allude to those agitating moments when one is on the very edge of a discovery, and just about to witness in reality something which his mind's eye has so long rested that it is almost impossible to believe. I have often heard the imaginative character, who almost neglects the agency in our belief over its actual existence. Under such fantastic circumstances I have often become half afraid that some accident was still to occur to interfere with the accomplishment of a purpose so long and ardently sought after, and that some sudden and unforeseen process were in action to carry the whole scene out of my reach.

I remember, in particular, three other occasions when a very strong presentiment of this distracting nature haunted my mind, and rendered the period which preceded the events any thing but agreeable.

When summoned to Bonaparte's ante-chamber, and told that "in two or three minutes the Emperor Napoleon would give me an audience," this tormenting feeling came fully into play. While waiting in this apartment, and listening to the creak of the mighty monarch's shoes, as he passed along, I was well nigh suffocated, and trembled with a sort of dread that some untoward event would yet spring up to stand between me and a sight of him who had been so long the foremost man of all the world.

I was less fortunate the next time, when under the influence of a similar dread of being thwarted in my wish, I had always a vehement desire to see and converse with Lord Byron; and on being seized with an ague at Venice in 1818, I solicited and received the benefit of his friendly offices. But even then, when in communication with him by notes and messages, I had a strong feeling that I was never to be gratified by a sight of the great man himself. I once actually heard his voice in the neighbouring apartment, but was too unwell to admit me to the room, or even to raise my head. Still, I made certain, that, after all, I was to be disappointed—and so it proved.

The third occasion was that of Niagara; and remember quite well having a still stranger fancy perplexing me then. I had an idea, very vague of course, and only floating about in my brain in the most evanescent manner, that although ten minutes would suffice to bring the cataraict in sight, I might perhaps not live long enough to see it! In my anxiety to secure the first possible glimpse, I gave my neck a twist by stretching it and bending it out of the window of the carriage, as we drove along the top of the perpendicular bank, overlooking the river below the falls.

The caves of Elephanta, indeed, have hardly pretensions to stand in the same group of wonders with those

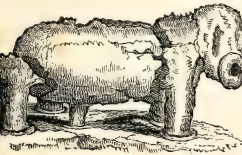
above alluded to. But when I first visited India I was about fifteen years younger, and my blood was completely on the boil with curiosity in all that related to the Eastern world. Neither did I find this high fever of the orientalist ever abated while on the spot, or indeed since. On the contrary, the taste for Asiatic wonders gained fresh accessions with every new gratification till at times I almost fancied I must have been struck by that wild calque of the brain caused by the vertical rays of the tropical sun, which seems to turn the open sea into such beautiful green fields and fruited gardens, that the enchanted samaritan is with difficulty prevented from leaping overboard.

However this may be, I am persuaded the unhappy guide who accompanied me into the great cave at Elephanta, must have been fairly bewitched. At all events, he secured me a side more than the ordinary, so as to secure his retreat, and there stood, with his arms folded on his breast, the Eastern attitude of respect, gazing with a mixture of fear and astonishment at the antics I cut, and the vehement shouts I sent forth on first getting sight of the gigantic triple head which forms the principal feature in this prodigious temple.

As the night was falling rapidly, I could make no sketches, nor take any measurements of consequence. I, therefore, merely satisfied myself that the distance from the top of the nose to the bottom of the chin of the centre head was three feet and two inches, and that the length of the nose was one foot seven inches and a half. I also spanned several of the columns; and easily ascertained the height of the roof, by means of a pole, to be about sixteen feet. I then scampered round the different compartments, or chapels, into which the cave was divided; it was almost pitch dark, and, at last, tagged myself away from a scene which, nearly as much as any I think I have ever beheld, filled up the expectations previously formed of it. It is quite true, that nothing I now saw justified that recurrence to what I had been led to expect from the numerous accounts I had read; but as the whole was much more interesting than had been looked for, there could be no reasonable complaint on that score. I had seen quite enough to show that there were many good days' work before me, and came away fully resolved to return in every quarter of the year, exclusively to the cave, to cut all society, and even to give up the various objects of high and exciting interest connected with the famine at Bombay; in short, to forget every other thing but the caves of Elephanta.

How little can we reckon upon such resolutions! It was hardly possible that any man could be more in earnest than I then was, and yet it was upwards of a year afterwards before I again entered the cave, with which I had been so much enchanted as to swear I would not forsake it. The real truth is—and this I have learned by much actual experience in every quarter of the world—that the social living interests of good company, and the mutual communications of friendship between man and man, are, to my mind at least, vastly more attractive than the most curious objects of the inanimate world. I would gladly have been pleased to see the great ball of fire, against the greatest natural wonder, or even artificial curiosity, that art or nature ever turned out of hand!

It must be owned, that of all the lions of India, there are few to compare with the cave temples of Elephanta, which, from lying within less than one hour's sail of the town of Bombay, form the scene of many a pleasure-party, a circumstance which ought to add considerably to the recommendation I have already given, that any person wishing to behold at a glance all the wonders of the East, should select Bombay rather than any other place. The island of Elephanta lies only a few miles further up the harbour than the spot where the ships anchor off the fort; and as large and commodious boats, covered with awnings, are to be had at a minute's warning, nothing is so easy as to transport one from the midst of the bustle of the ancient city, or the presidency from the bustle of the crowded native bazaar, into the most complete solitude. As the island is not inhabited, the traveller finds himself at once undisturbed amidst some of the oldest and most curious, or, at all events, the most striking and beautiful remains of the Hindoo, which are anywhere to be met with. The effect, I have no doubt, is considerably augmented by



Fr. To.	
Length from the forehead to the tail	13 2
Height of the head	7 4
Circumference at the height of the shoulders	35 5
Circumference round the four legs	32 0
Breadth of the back	6 0
Girth of the body	20 0
Length of the legs, from 5 ft. to 6	6 0
Circumference of ditto, from 6 feet 3 inches to	7 7
Length of the supporter	2 2
Length of the tail (not seen in the above sketch)	7 9
Length of the trunk	7 10
Remains of the right task	0 11

the unusual abruptness of the change from a scene of such particular beauty to another entire of utilitarian character, are many points of intrinsic local interest about Elephanta which rank it very high in the scale of curiosity; yet it is one of those wonders which, although it may far exceed in interest what we expect, necessarily baffles anticipation. No drawing can represent it. Even a panorama, which, in the case of Niagara, I am convinced might convey to European senses most of the wonders of the great American cataract, could make nothing of Elephanta. The only device that could give a just conception of the form, size, colour, and so on, of these caves, would be a model of the full dimensions, and the exact shape of each, and of the entire series, as if it were a model of what Belzoni exhibited of a mummy pit in Egypt. But even such a gigantic work as the model supposed, though it might entertain some folks, would prove but a poor speculation, I suspect, in London. Not two persons in every ten thousand of those who daily pass "Charing Cross" ever heard of this marvellous cave, if it seduced into the show by the familiar influence of the name Elephanta, they would probably expect to see their old friend of Exeter 'Change swallowing a bushel of rice at a mouthful, or picking up a needle with his trunk.

There are such a model, or exact copy of Elephanta to be examined by a person who really cared about such things, and had heard so much of the caves as to be interested in their details, the model would of necessity fail to produce on his mind the full effect of seeing the original of the spot. The association of place and other circumstances, such as climate, scenery, and historical recollections, perhaps constitute the greater portion of such interest. What could the rattle of carriages outside the brick walls containing a panorama of Elephanta furnish to the imagination, compared to the rustling of the tamarisk through the branches of the palm, the banana, and the tamarind, or high aloft amongst the cocoa-nuts, and the flickering fan-shaped leaves of the bab-tree! What ideas of time and place would be suggested by the presence of six or eight families of sober citizens, with their attendant armies of little boyish cockle-shells from the coast of Portugal, and the Centovivri, compared to the bright fancies conjured up by the glow of an Indian landscape, and the presence of numerous groups of Hindoos scattered on the grass, under the shade of some broad-leaved plainain, or, more appropriate still,

"Repeating from the noon-tide saltiness,
Couched among fallen columns."

of the great temple once held so sacred by every worshipper of Shiva and Shakti, though now desecrated, and half destroyed by the rude hands of their heretical con-temporaries.

But although it be utterly hopeless to gain a just idea of Elephanta by other means than an actual visit, I must not be understood as denying any thing to the holiday panoramas of objects which fall within the range of that stupendous branch of the art. These paintings, are, in fact, the greatest possible allies to a traveller in his descriptions: witness the beautiful representation of Madras now exhibiting in London, and painted by Mr. William Daniell, an artist of some long standing in the East. Has acquired the habit of feeling his subject so thoroughly, that the power of expressing it seems a sort of instinct. I certainly never heard any thing comparable to the taste and fidelity with which all that is characteristic of Indian climate and painting, in general, and of the Madras variety of it in particular, not forgetting the magnificent surf, has been preserved in this exquisite panorama. It is very mortifying to think that in a few months this master-piece, in its way, will be painted over, and lost for ever. It is nearly hopeless, indeed, to expect that any artist, painting in the style of Daniell, shall start up in our day; and even if he did, it might not suit his views to paint panoramas.

If the India House possessed a circular room of adequate dimensions, it would be well worthy of their magnificent style of doing things, to rescue and fix up the painting of Madras, and to present it to the view of the splendour of their rule in these days. Is there no rich old Indian, or nobleman, or wealthy patron of the fine arts in this country, who might be tempted to step forward to manure from destruction a work of the highest artistic excellence, and to be remembered to live for centuries, but which, merely for the value of the canvas, and the which it is drawn, will be long ere lauded over to form a ground for another picture?*

CHAPTER XVI.

SIR SAMUEL HOOD, THE ALLIGATOR HUNT.

As soon as the Volage was refitted, and her crew refreshed, after our voyage from England of four months and a half, we sailed from Bombay to the south-east along the western coast of India; and having rounded Ceylon, at the extreme southwestern corner of which, Point de Galle, where we merely touched to land the governor's despatches, we hauled up to the northward, and, after twelve days' passage, sailed into the beautiful harbour of Ceylon. There, to my great joy, we found the commander-in-chief, Sir Samuel Hood; who, to my still greater joy, communicated that a vacancy had been kept open for me in his flag-ship, the *Illustrious*. In a few minutes my traps were packed up, my commission made out, and I had the honour and the happiness of hailing myself a professional follower of one of the first officers in his majesty's service. It is true, I was only fifth lieutenant of the ship, and not even fifth on the admiral's list for promotion; for I came after a number of old officers who had served under Sir Samuel for many long years of patient, or rather impatient expectation. But my first and grand purpose was attained, viz. that of getting fairly into the line of promotion; and for a time I did not fret much, or consider myself the most ill-used man in the service, merely because my chance of advancement was very small, and remote.

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Nothing perhaps more distinctly characteristic men than the British, is the way in which they behave on such occasions. One person acquiring fresh spirits from the consciousness of so much of his fortunes being secured, plants his foot more firmly on the deck, and grasping the handspike anew, springs aloft to command by a still more vigorous effort of his strength, the next revolution of the wheel, while another man, similarly circumstanced, remains content with the first step gained. It is wrong, however, to say that he remains content, for there is no contentment in the sluggishness with which he waits till some one helps him to accomplish that purpose which he has no energy enough to attempt single-handed. In two words, the man who is content, and is speaking of may be divided into those who know how to avail themselves of the opportunities within their reach, and those who will not, or, at all events, who do not, screw up their courage to the sticking-place alluded to. There is a satirical song by Babbalanja (that prince of nautical minstrels!) one part of which often came to my aid in seasons of professional despondency:

"So I seized the capstan-bar,
Like a heart-hearted tar,
And in spite of sighs and tears sung out, 'O yeave ho!'"

"It is easy to be cheerful when one is successful," says a high authority; and there are a few people who are not good-natured when they have nothing to cross them," says another equally profound recorder of common-places; but the secret of good fortune seems to lie far from the heart of the man who is content, and is submitting manfully to disastrous ones, than in studying how to fill up to advantage the long intervals between these great epochs in our lives. Perhaps, therefore, there is no point of duty which affords more scope for the talents

artist himself, that although for the present he has taken down the Panorama of Madras, he has no intention of painting any thing else over it, but hopes, ere long, to exhibit it in a situation more easy of access than it has hitherto occupied.

of a superior than the useful and cheerful employment of the heads and hands of his officers and people during these trying periods of inaction which occur in every service. Sir Samuel Hood possessed this faculty in a wonderful degree, as he not only kept us all busy when there was nothing to be done, but contrived to make us happy and contented, though some of our prospects were as bleak enough as my own. My own, for example; for I was placed at the tip of the tail of his long string of private followers; and when the admiral's tail came out, on which I had built so many beautiful castles in the air, my poor name was not upon it at all. I had no expectations of being promoted, and, fourth I had reckoned upon as possible; fifth as probable; sixth as certain; so that my l'loror and disappointment were excessive when this kindest of commanders-in-chief broke to me the fatal news, in the following characteristic manner.

"A telegraphic signal had been made from the flag-staff at the admiral's house to the ship, in these words:—
"Send Mr. Hall on shore, with a crow-bar, two pick-axes, and two spades."

All the way to the landing-place I puzzled myself with asking the meaning of the object of these tools; and little dreaming of the cause, I hurried on, and soon to dig the grave of my own hopes. The admiral received me at the door with his coat off; and holding out his remaining hand (his right arm was shot away in action), he squeezed mine with even more than his

"I have been waiting for you with some impatience," he said, "to be present at the hunt after a white ant, the *Termites bellicosus*, as I find the naturalists call them, have made their way into the house; and having carried their galleries up the wall, about the roof, have come down in great force upon a trunk of clothes, which they would have destroyed entirely before night had I not caught sight of them. Now let us to work; for I propose to rip up the floor of the verandah, in order to follow their passages, and galleries till I reach their nest, if it be a mile off; would't it be a glorious piece of service?" exclaimed the admiral, as he warned himself by anticipating the chase. He could hardly have been more delighted, I am persuaded, had he been giving orders for a fleet under his command to bear down upon the coast of France, to capture our dear old friend, or the enthusiasm of my commander-in-chief, I feel of both, perhaps, for the utmost possible, or even conceivable, familiarity of an admiral, will scarcely ever crack the ice of a lieutenant's reserve in his commander-in-chief's presence. We may cherish and obey him, as much, and as closely, as we please, but he will not, for he, our spouse; but I never yet saw a naval man, in uniform or in plain clothes, on shore or afloat, sober or merry, that could, even in appearance, bring himself to take a liberty with one who, in times past—no matter how long—had once been his commanding officer. This I think is a very singular and peculiar feature of service; and though Sir Samuel was all smiles and favour, standing without his coat in the verandah with a crow-bar in his grasp, his bare breast and single arm exposed naked to the sea-breeze, then just beginning to puff at intervals from the low, red-hot iron or neck of land between the inner and outer walls, and the sea-breeze, I ventured to do more than bow, and say I was much obliged to him for having so considerably thought of me at such a moment.

"Oh!" cried he, apparently recollecting himself, "but I have something else to tell you, and I fear it will not for I must not show it to you; though I fear it will not please you quite so much as the prospect of a white ant hunt. Here, Gigma," called the admiral to his steward, who stood by with a tea-kettle of hot water ready to pour over the ants, "put away that affair, which we shall not need for some time; and hold up this crow-bar while I step into the office with Mr. Hall."

"It is of no use to mince the matter," said the veteran, shutting the door, and turning to me with somewhat of the air which he might be supposed to have put on, had he been constructed from home to tell me that one of both my parents had just died, and that I was to be next from you; but here is the admiralty list, just come to my hands, and your name, in spite of all you tell me of promises, verbal and written, is not on it!"

Had the admiral fired one of the flag-ship's thirty-two pounders, and had he exploded the whole of his crew, and have demolished more completely my bodily frame-work than this fatal announcement shattered to pieces the gilded crockery-ware of my fondest hopes. All the gay visions of command, and power, and independence, in

* Since the above observations were written, I have learned with great satisfaction, from the distinguished

which I had indulged my fancy during the voyage, vanished like the shadows of a dream I vain would recall, but could not. I stood at first quite stupefied, and could remember nothing that passed for some minutes. As I recovered my scattered senses, however, I recollect gazing at the anchorage from the open window of the ship bearing hence, which we stood. The flag-ship then lay just off Osanaburgh Point, with her ensign, or, as it used to be called in old books, her ancient, the "meteor flag of England," dropped in the calm, so perpendicularly from the gaff end, that it looked like a rope more than a flag; and the reflection, by which that of the ship bearing hence was seen, was so bright, that the ensign, with every mast, yard, and line of the rigging, seemed as it were, engraved on the surface of the tranquil pool, as distinctly as if another vessel had actually been inverted and placed beneath. I have seldom witnessed so complete a calm. The sea-breeze, with which the shore had been refreshed for twenty miles, had not as yet found its way into the recesses of the inner harbour, which, take it all in all, is one of the sanest and most beautiful coves in the world. And such is the commodious nature of this admirable port, that even the *Illustrator*, a large 74 gun ship, rode at anchor in perfect security, within a few yards of the beach, which at that spot is quite steep-to, and is wooded down to the very edge of the water. I gazed for some minutes, almost unconsciously, at this quiet scene, so different from that which was boiling and bubbling in my own distracted mind. I really felt, in the interior of my heart, that some of my truest friends at home, whom I had such good reason to believe had been betrayed or neglected me, maugre all sorts of promises.

In the midst of my reverie—which the kind-hearted sailor did not interrupt—I observed that I was just touching the drooping flag; but the breeze was so light and transient, that it merely produced on it a gentle motion from side to side, like that of a pendulum, initiated in the mirror beneath, which lay as yet wholly unbroken by the sea-breeze. Presently the white mighty flag, after a moment's struggle, and gradually up to the top of the buoy, by the new-born gale, spread far beyond the gallant line-of-battle ship's stern, and waved gracefully over the harbour. It is well known to nice observers of the human mind, that the strangest fancies often come into the thoughts at a moment when we might least expect it; and that gradually, I was not then in a very poetical or imaginative humour, I contrived to shape out of the inspiring scene I was looking upon, a figure to soothe my disappointed spirit. As I saw the ensign uncurl itself to the wind, I said internally, "I'll have but life, and health, and opportunity, I trust—for all the good that I can expect to do in this world, shall I contrive to unfold, in like manner, the flag of my own fortunes to the world."

Just as this magnanimous thought crossed my mind's eye, the admiral placed his hand so gently on my shoulder, that the pressure would not have hurt a fly, and said, in a cheerful tone, "Never mind this mishap, Master Hal; every thing will come right in time; and if you only resolve to take it in the proper and manly temper, it may even prove all the better that this has happened. Nothing is without a remedy in this world; and I'll do you no harm by attempting to find one, till you have the mean time, however, come along, and help me to rout out these rascally white ants. Off coast, however, if you please; for we shall have a tough job of it."

It cost us an hour's hard work; for we had to rip up the planks under the whole of the strand, and to scrape a course across two cellars, or, perhaps, as they are called in the East, and finally the traverses of these singular animals obliged us to cut a trench to the huge hillock or mole, which rose to the height of five or six feet from the ground, in numberless shoots, like pinnacles round the base of a mountain. We might as well have dug at head-quarters in the first instance, had we wished it; but the admiral chose to go more technically to work, and to sap up to his enemy by regular approaches. In this way we had the means of seeing the principles upon which these ants proceed in securing themselves at the entrance of their galleries, as they are called; and which, though extremely feeble, are sufficiently strong to keep off the attacks of every other kind of ant. It is curious enough, that although the white ant be the most destructive of its species, it is said to be, individually, by far the least capable of doing mischief, and that the most destructive of the galleries it constructs as it goes along; just as the besiegers of a fortification secure themselves in their trenches and zigzags.

We now brought our spades into play; and having cut the hill across, had open the secrets of these most curious of all the ant tribe. At last we reached the great queen,

ant, the mother of millions of her race, a most enormous personage to be sure, nearly four inches long, and as thick as a man's finger, with a head not bigger than that of a bee, but a body such as I have described, filled with eggs, which continually rolled out like a fluid from a reservoir. I never shall I forget the shout of rapture which the gallant admiral uttered at the sight, as he succeeded in gaining the object of his labour."

There are some men who go about every thing they undertake with all their hearts and souls, and this great officer was one of those. He did nothing by halves and quarrels, but he did nothing but great deeds of arms, or the most trivial objects of greatest moment, engrossed his whole concentrated attention for the time. He was equally in earnest when holding out examples of private generosity, or lending the heartiest and kindest encouragement even to the least distinguished of his followers, as when performing acts of the highest public spirit, or making the greatest sacrifices to what he considered his duty. Every thing, in short, that he did, or thought, or uttered, bore the stamp of the same peculiar impress of genuine zeal. So eminently exciting, and so fascinating, was this truly other-like conduct, that even those who had never undertaken the longest of expeditions, wondered at the extent of their own exertions when roused by his example, and were led almost to believe that his very look had something stimulating in it which actually gave fresh vigour to their arms as well as to their spirits. In short, this was the genius of a gentle, and accomplished, and unassuming, and unassuming effort, or the least consciousness that what he was doing was remarkable.

I remember an instance of his skill in the small way. One morning, near the spot where he headed the storming-party against the white ants, a working party of the crew of the *Illustrator* had commenced constructing a wharf before the dock-yard. The stones of which this platform or landing-place was to be built were, by Sir Samuel Hood's orders, selected of very large dimensions; much so, that the sailors came at last to deal with a mass of stone, which their combined strength could scarcely prove unequal to moving it beyond a few inches towards its final position at the top of one corner. The admiral sat on his horse looking at the workmen for some time, occasionally laughing and occasionally calling out directions. At length, when the combined strength of the crew, applied. At length his excellency the commander-in-chief became fidgety, and having dismounted, he tried to direct them in detail: but never a bit would the stone budge. Finally, losing all patience, he leaped from the top of the bank, and roared out, in a voice of thunder, "Attention, men! I have something to say to you!" Thus armed, he pushed the officers and men to the right and left, while he insisted upon having the whole job to himself, literally, single-handed. He first drove the claws of the instrument well under the edge of the stone then performed with his toe a small pin on the ground under the bar and across its length, to act as a fulcrum, or shoulder. When all things were carefully adjusted to his mind, he slipped his hand to the upper end of the lever, and weighing it down, gave what he called "life" to the huge stone, which just before half-past five, in the twinkling of an eye, was rolled up the bank enough, however, it now moved, though only about half an inch, towards its intended resting-place. At each prize or hitch of the bar, the rock appeared to advance farther, till, after five or six similar shifts, it was finally lodged in the station before for it, where, I do not, it takes to this day, and may occupy for centuries to come.

I need scarcely say that the admiral himself was delighted with his triumph, or that his provocation against the men subsided at each successful march of the stone. He was so much pleased with his own management, that he sang down the bar, and called out to the grinning party, but with infinite good humour, "There! you hay-making, tinkering, tailoring fellows, that's the way to move a stone—when you know how!"

In fact, no officer I have ever witnessed with better "finesse" in his management. I do not mean to say that "that might become a man," but how to stimulate others to do so, likewise; or, if need should be, as in this instance of the corner-stone, to instruct them practically. What is interesting, however, and still more important in every way,

"See an exceedingly interesting account of the *Termes helicosus*, or white ant, in Shaw's *Zoology*, vol. vi, taken chiefly from the *Philosophical Transactions* for the year 1781. Also in *Rennie's History of Insects*, republished by Lilly, Walt & Co. of Boston, one of the most entertaining books on natural history in the language.—*Ed.*

he never lost sight of his own true dignity, or weakened his personal or his official authority, by any of these scenes. On the contrary, both appeared only to be enhanced by familiarities which such a mind alone could safely trust itself with, and which, from their being totally devoid of affectation, were always suitable to his character, and appropriate to the circumstances as well as persons in whose favour they were granted. This unobtrusive freedom of manner, an officer less gifted by nature, or not so thoroughly master of his business in all its branches, could hardly have indulged in; but in Sir Samuel Hood's hands it became an instrument of great import, and, invariably turned to the heartiest execution of every officer and man under him to his purpose, which, I need scarcely add, was synonymous with the public good.

The loss of such a man to the country at large, and to the naval service in particular, was in many respects incalculable; for although his name, his name, and his deeply engraven on the minds of those who knew him personally, he carried away with him to his early grave very much which no instruction could impart, no memory supply, nor indeed any eulogium do justice to. I allude to the *Illustrator*, which he had called *Never-die*, and which, personally, welded together by the highest public spirit, animated to useful action by the most ardent zeal which perhaps ever possessed an officer.

Fortunately for me, however, Sir Samuel Hood's death did not occur till more than two years after I reached India. On the 10th of the month of November, 1805, I visited the interior of the peninsula of Hindoostan on two different occasions, and likewise to perform a journey of more than a thousand miles on the island of Java. Before touching on these extensive themes, I must give a short account of an singular voyage, which I had the honour to undertake, and which, by the aid of the admiral's experience, and performed by a corps of Malays in the *British service*, this Ceylon regiment.

Very early in the morning of the 22d of September, the party, which consisted of several ladies and a large proportion of the *Illustrator*'s crew, were ordered to take their beds to rest forth on this expedition. The admiral, as usual, was up, dressed and on horseback, long before any of the rest of the company, whom he failed not to scold or to quiz, as they were scarcely crept out of their holes, rubbing their eyes, and very much wondering what the pleasures of the sport would be, and how they were to be borne, the horrible bore of early rising. In other countries the hour of getting up may be left to choice; in India, when any thing active is to be done, it is a matter of necessity; for after the sun has gained even a few degrees of altitude, the heat is so oppressive, that to venture to expose, become so great, that all pleasure is at an end. This circumstance limits the hours of travelling and of exercise in the East very inconveniently, and introduces modifications which help in no slight degree to give a distinctive character to Indian manners.

As there was little risk of being too late on any party of which Sir Samuel Hood took the lead, the day had scarcely begun to dawn when we all cartered up to the scene of action. The ground lay as flat as a marsh for many leagues; here and there the plain was spotted with small hills, and here and there a few streams, or gush streams, or canals, scarcely moving over beds of mud, between banks fringed with a rank crop of dragled weeds, and giving birth to clouds of mosquitoes. The chill atmosphere of the morning felt so thick and strong, that it was impossible for two distinct objects to be seen at a distance, and health and spirits, and the hardy nature soldiers, who had occupied the ground during the night in despite of the miasmas, were drawn up to receive the admiral; and a very queer guard of honour they were, the *Illustrator* being the only vessel in the fleet, uniform and every other stitch of clothing, save a pair of short trousers, and a kind of sandal. In place of a firelock each man bore in his hand a slender pole about six feet in length, to the extremity of which was attached the bayonet of a musket, and the other end of the weapon was the formidable Malay eared, a sort of dagger, or small edition of the waving two-edged sword which the angel Michael is armed in Raphael's picture of the Expulsion of our First Parents from Paradise.

Soon after the commander-in-chief came to the ground the regiment was divided into two parties, and a body of reserves. The principal columns, facing one to the right, the other to the left, proceeded to occupy different points in one of those sluggish canals I have already mentioned, connecting the lakes, or pools, scattered over the country. These detachments, being stationed at a mile from one another, enclosed an interval where, from

some peculiar circumstances known only to the Malays, (who are passionately fond of this sport,) the alligators were sure to be found in great numbers. The troops were divided into three columns, each of six or seven or ten or twelve feet apart; but the men in each line stood side by side, merely leaving room enough to wield their pikes. The canal may have been about four or five feet deep in the middle of the stream, if stream it may be called, which scarcely moved at all. The colour of the water was muddy, and the sky and the sun shone as of coffee; but no sooner had the triple line of Malays set themselves in motion, and the mud got stirred up, than the consistence and colour of the fluid became like those of pea-soup.

On every thing being reported ready, the soldiers planted their pikes before them in the mud, and, if I recollect right, each man crossing his neighbour's weapon, and at the word "march" away they all started in full cry, sending forth a shout, or warwhoop, sufficient to rattle the blood of those on land, whatever effect it may have had on the inhabitants of the deep. As the two divisions of the invading army, starting from opposite ends of the canal, gradually approached each other in pretty close column, screaming and yelling with all their souls, and striking their pikes deep in the slime before them, the startled animals naturally retired towards the middle of the canal, and the soldiers, in the meantime, or crocodiles, (or I believe they are very nearly the same,) had sense enough to turn their long tails upon their assailants, and to scuttle off as fast as they could towards the middle part of the canal. But every now and then, one of the terrified monsters, either confused by the sound, or provoked by the prick of a pike, or mystified by the turbid nature of the stream, broke backwards, and, by retreating in the wrong direction, broke through the first, second, and even third line of pikes. This, which would have been any thing but an amusement to moderate hands, was the termination of the career of the delighted Malays. The double circle of soldiers was speedily forced round the wretched quatic who had presumed to pass the barrier. By means of well-directed thrusts with numberless bayonets, and the pressure of some dozens of feet, the poor brute was often fairly driven back to the nature of the canal, and the soldiers, who had half choked and half spitted him, till at last they put an end to his miserable days in regions quite out of sight, and in a manner as inglorious as can well be conceived.

For the poor denizens of the pool, indeed, it was the choice between Scylla and Charybdis with a vengeance; either half asphyxiated by the weight of the king of the deluge with which we stood on the banks, and saw the distracted creatures rushing from one attack into the jaws of another. The Malays, in their ecstasy, declared that the small fry from one side rushed down the throats of the big ones, while the rest flying in the opposite direction. But this seems very questionable, though positively asserted by the enraptured natives, who redoubled their shouts as the plot thickened, and the two bodies of troops, marching from opposite quarters, drew within a hundred yards of each other. The intermediate space was now pretty well crowded with alligators, swimming about in the utmost terror; at times diving below, and anon showing their noses well plastered with mud high above the surface of the dirty stream; or occasionally making a furious bolt in sheer despair right at the platoon of Malays. On these occasions half the soldiers were slain, and the other half were either broken or twisted out of their hands, to the infinite amusement of their companions, who speedily closed up the broken ranks, as if their comrades had been shot down in battle. The killed were none, but the wounded many; yet no man was mangled in the least.

The perfection of the sport appeared to consist in detaching a single alligator from the rest, surrounding and attacking him separately, and spearing him till he was almost dead. The Malays then, by main strength, forked him aloft, over their heads, on the end of a dozen pikes, and plucked him by the conquered monster till he was as dead as a stone. As the alligators are amphibious, they kept to the water no longer than they found they had an advantage in that element; but as the period of the final melee approached, on the two columns of their enemy closing up, the monsters lost all discipline, floundered about in the mud, and the soldiers, rushing to the right and left, helter-skelter, "Save cut peat!" seemed to be the fatal watch-word for their total rout. That prudent cry would, no doubt, have saved many of them, as it has saved other vanquished forces, had not the Malays judiciously ordered forward their reserve on the opposite side of the river to receive the distracted fugitives, who, batted in mud, and half dead with terror, but

still in a prodigious fury, dashed off at right angles from the canal, in hopes of gaining the shelter of a swampy pool overgrown with reeds and bulrushes, and which, alas for misad of the poor pirates, they were never able to reach. The concluding battle between these retreating and desperate alligators and the Malays of the reserve was formidable enough. Indeed, had not the one party been fresh, the other exhausted, one confident, the other broken in spirit, it is quite possible that the crocodiles might have made a desperate sally, and the Malays are called in every other part of the world but the East, where they are generally admitted to be as good a sort of people as any of their neighbours.

It is needless to say that, while all this was going on, our grand Admiral, Sir Samuel Hood, was a pretty busy spectator. His eagle eye glanced along the canal, and at a moment took in the whole purport of the campaign. As the war advanced, and sundry small affairs of outpost took place, we could see his face flushing with delight. But when the first alligator was cast headlong and gasping at his feet, pierced with at least twenty pike wounds, and bristled with half a dozen fragments of these weapons fractured in the onslaught, the whole plain rung with his exclamation of boyish delight. When the detachments closed in upon their prey, and every moment gave birth to some new prodigy of valor, and the centre line of the Malay soldiers, and the muddy stream, like so many nine-pins, I verily believe, that if none of his own people had been present, the admiral would have seized a pike himself, and jumped into the thickest of the fight, boots, sword, cocked hat, and all! As it was, he kept himself close to the banks, and rivalled the best Malay among the soldiers in yelling and cheering on the forces to their duty. This intensity of eagerness had well nigh proved rather awkward for his excellency's dignity, if not his safety; for, in spite of the repeated warnings of the English officers of the regiment, who had to do some duty, what was sure to happen eventually, the admiral persisted in approaching the edge of the canal as the final act of the alligators' tragedy commenced. And as we, his poor officers, were, of course, obliged to follow our chief into any danger, a considerable party of us found ourselves rather awkwardly placed in the middle of the line of the Malay soldiers and the canal, just as the grand rush took place at the close of the battle. If the infuriated crocodiles had only known what they were about, and had then brought their long sharp noses, and still harder tails, into play, several of his majesty's officers might have chanced to find themselves in a world of trouble, and the king of the deluge wedged in between the animals' noses and the pikes and creases of the wild Malays. It was difficult, indeed, to say which of the two looked at that moment the most savage—the triumphant natives or the flying troop of alligators wallowing away from the water. Many on both sides were wounded, and all without exception, covered with slime and weeds. Some of our party were actually pushed over, and fell plump in the mud, to the very provoking and particular amusement of the delighted admiral, whose superior address enabled him to avoid some undignified catastrophe, by jumping first on one side and then on the other, in a manner which excited both the mirth and the alarm of his company; though, of course, we took good care rather to laugh with our commander-in-chief than at him.

I forget the total number of alligators killed, but certainly not less than a hundred, and perhaps as many as forty. The largest measured ten feet in length, and four feet girth, the head being exactly two feet long. Besides these great fellows, we caught, alive, a multitude of little ones, nine inches long, many of which we carried back to Trincomalee, and some of which were kept in tubs of water, and were as good as lost, as they were being carried on board, became great favourites among the sailors, whose queer taste in the choice of pets has already been noticed.

CHAPTER XVII.

PIC-NIC PARTY IN THE CAVE OF ELEPHANTA.

From Trincomalee we sailed back again to Bombay, the only port in India possessing docks sufficiently capacious to receive a commodore's ship, or a large warship as the *Illustrated*. This was the second visit I paid to that most interesting of all the presidencies. On two subsequent occasions I had even better opportunities of making myself acquainted with its merits; for I had by that time made two extensive journeys across the country, and was acquainted with more or less families of various oriental parties. Nevertheless, Bombay continues

to hold its ground as the place best worth seeing of any spot I have visited in India.

The fascinations of society at Bombay, in the particular view of the cause of the natives, had the happiness to be admitted on these occasions, were certainly very great; and, in a pretty extensive experience since, I have hardly found them matched. To think of studying, to any good purpose, the mouldering antiquities of the Hindus, or of speculating with spirit on the manners and customs of the existing nations of the natives, while the conversation of such specimens of my own country folks lay within reach, was totally out of the question. And this feeling being shared by all the party, it was considered a most brilliant idea to unite the two sources of interest in one.

"Why should we not," said one of the ladies, (who, alas! is now no more,) "why should we not make a regular expedition in a body to Elephanta? not for a mere visit of an hour or two, but to remain a week or ten days, during which we might examine the caves at leisure, draw them, describe them, and, in short, perform such a course of public antiquarian services as were never before undertaken?"

The notion was eagerly caught up by the company; one of whom, an officer of the engineers, called out, "I'll send over a couple of tons, to be pitched before the mouth of the cave, for the morning and evening, for the attendants and kitchen, while the gentlemen may pick out the softer bits of pavement within the cave to spread their beds on."

"I'll send cooks!" cried another.

"I'll bear the cost of our mess," shouted a third, "and take care of the commissary department."

"And I," said a gentleman, who alone of all the party now lingers on the spot, though it is nearly twenty years since those merry days, "I shall see that you have wine enough, and plenty of Hodgson's pale ale."

All was eager, and all was ready, and nothing was thought of but making arrangements to hire a barge, boats, or native launches, to transport the heavy baggage, the tents, tables, and victuals; while it fell to my lot to provide smaller and faster-moving boats, called gigs, for the accommodation of the ladies. We passed over in December, and the morning of the expedition was fixed, when whose business kept them in the fort, later in the afternoon; but in the course of a couple of days we were all established close to the scene of operations, and ready to commence working in earnest.

When I come to describe the method of travelling in India, I shall have to say how ready we were to make ourselves comfortably at home on the island of Elephanta. Most of the gentlemen slept actually within the cave, either boxed up in their palanquins, or on mattresses, which they spread in the little niches or chapels carved out of the living rock on the sides of the cavern.

The first day was passed in rambling up and down the aisles, if they may be so called, of this wonderful cathedral, which the Hindus of past ages had hewn out of the solid stone. The sculptures on the wall being varied in every possible way, within the fantastic limits of their extravagant theology, the effect was almost bewildering to those who viewed this wild and new scene for the first time. Even to those who had witnessed it once or twice before, it was impressive in a degree very difficult to describe. The imagination of a new comer like myself was carried back irresistibly to dark periods of traditional history, and to the legends of the East, which were so indistinct as the recollection of a fairy tale. To those, again, who had studied the subject long, and made themselves acquainted not only with the religion of the natives, but with their peculiar style of representing their gods, the cave of Elephanta offered a rich feast of research; and there could be heard from time to time, loud expressions of delight from these adepts in the science of oriental antiquarianism, when they lighted upon any group particularly fertile in characteristic attributes of the deities they were in quest of.

To the rest of the day, the party, which had hung together more or less during the morning, fell to pieces. Some of the gentlemen straggled into the jungle to catch a shot at a parrot or a monkey; while others, exhausted by the closeness of the cave, and the labour of climbing up to examine the details, stretched themselves on the grass, and fell fast asleep. Some of a large tent, beneath which the air passed freely along, in consequence of the canvases being removed. For my own part, I could hardly detach myself for more than a few minutes at a time from the temple, but wandered backwards and forwards, with a restless and impatient of my own ignorance, which was rather aggravated than relieved by the snatches of explanation

Our antiquarian commander-in-chief, after a cabinet council held daily at the breakfast-table, distributed us in different parts of the cave; one gentleman being appointed to count and measure the columns, another to ascertain the height of the ceiling, while a third, a very exact and trust-worthy assistant, was ordered to construct a ground-plan of the whole excavation. The gentleman named as the chief engineer in this important department of our researches was a medical man in the army, a Mr. G. H. Fox, who had recently come down to the country, and was the only one who was well stationed for some years. He was a single man at the period in question; but most of his acquaintances in the

delightful Elephanta picnic had the pleasure of attending his marriage-feast, and returning afterwards.

The fair damsel of his choice had come out to India to join the family of a married sister; but, on reaching Bombay, it appeared that both lady and her husband had died; and although she knew of several other relations in India, they either resided at remote up-country stations, or were not known to the people at the presidency.

On learning these particulars, the captain of the ship in which the lady had taken her passage found himself in a strange puzzle. All his other passengers had landed, and were safe and snug in the bosoms of their respective families, while the only female passenger woman alluded to remained alone in the empty cabin. The captain could hardly land her like a babe of goods on the beach, neither could he keep her on board; while the poor girl herself, totally ignorant of the ways of the East, could give no opinion as to what ought to be done. The captain, therefore, while he could not do better, held a consultation with his chief officer, a rough-spun business-like personage, who at once said,

"Go to the governor, sir; he's as good-hearted an old gentleman as ever stepped, and it is his proper business to give directions in such a case as this, if all events, if you refer him regularly to his excellency, the affair cannot rest, and it will be off your shoulders."

"Man the boat! man the boat!" exclaimed the delighted skipper; then turning to the "maiden all forlorn," and assuring her that every thing would soon be settled to the satisfaction of all parties.

The governor, Sir Evan Nepean, though he had been many years secretary of the admiralty, (a tolerably puzzling birth, I guess) "I was yet rather taken aback by the captain's communication."

"I see about it," said, though not knowing for the life of his wife, how on earth to do with the lady, who being young, pretty, and accomplished, might have felt herself rather awkward in the government-house—for Lady Nepean had remained in England. The captain made his escape as soon as he heard the governor adopt the responsibility of her woulding him of it.

"You'll see," said the mate to the captain, "that it will all go right by and by; this is not a country in which young ladies, so good and so bonny as our poor passenger, are likely to be left long adrift."

He was right in his conjecture; for the governor, having been formerly secretary for a gentleman of the name of the East India Company's service, but a resident merchant, at the head of a great house of agency in Bombay, one of the most benevolent of mortal men, and certainly one of the kindest and most generally useful in any country of the East, was now in power.

"Mr. Money," said Sir Evan to the mate of a rascal, "will you oblige me by taking a young lady of love with your family till she can hear from, or be heard of by, some of her friends, as those to whom she has come out are either dead or not forthcoming?"

"I shall be delighted to be of use to any friend of yours, Sir Evan," was of course, the ready and sincere reply; and in less than half an hour the mate and the captain of the ship were congratulating each other on having got a clear ship at last!

It might have been very interesting young lady's fate had she been in the way, found all that she expected, I cannot pretend to say. Fortune regulates these matters in such queer ways, that our calculations are often sadly put out; but nothing could have been more agreeable than the issue of this apparently unadvised adventure. The engineer of the cave was a friend of the wealthy citizen with whom the governor had deposited the fair lady who had been thrown on his hands by the captain of the ship, and he happened to be asked to dinner there one day. He likewise happened to sit down next the pretty damsel in question; and all the while, through a private and timely opening of acquaintance, he perceived that the young lady was of an esteemed natural enough. The worthy doctor, however, who was what was called a "determined bachelor," one of those knowing personages who, for reasons of their own, seem resolved never to marry, and yet who, perchance, are just on the verge of that awful catastrophe, though little dreaming that the necessity is darting in fustions on their neck wall, by the fall of some unexpected "drop," become in a moment as tight as any rib of steel in the frame-work of their fate. So, at least, it proved with our Elephanta Benedict. In a happy hour he was just on the point of leaving, and did not even look at his neighbour; for he had accidentally caught a glimpse of her figure and drapery, which he thought he knew not why, had somewhat shaken his antimarianimol fortitude, and made his pulse beat five or six throbs faster in the minute than when he first entered the room.

Nothing was said by either party; for, by some accident, or, perhaps, introduced by the chief attendant, the gentleman and the pretty stranger, and even their names were respectively unknown. At length, the master of the house, recollecting this omission, introduced them to each other, and then called out,

"Doctor, won't you ask your neighbour to take a glass of wine with me?"

Both names were very remarkable, and might, perhaps, under any circumstances, have engaged notice; but upon this occasion the effect was striking enough; for the lady's father had been a great friend and patron of the doctor, and the doctor, when he was in India, him spoken of at home, as a person in whom the family were much interested. On hearing their names mentioned, therefore, both the lady and the gentleman started—turned quickly round—their eyes met—the little god laughed—and on that day three weeks they were man and wife.

"But this," to use the words of dear old Robinson Crusoe, "is a digression, and I must not crowd this part of my story with an account of lesser things, but return to the main thread." Our party, then, in the Elephanta cave, consisted of the chief attendant, the doctor, and of two or three other ladies and gentlemen, extremely agreeable persons, one of these being a perfect treasure on such an expedition, from the extent and variety of her resources, and the delightful simplicity with which the whole were placed at the disposal of the company.

As the cave had been long known to the natives in India, as well as European astronomy, if we may distinguish these things, and our investigations in the cave often rendered his interpretations of much value. We had also with us a very learned person who had come to India as a missionary, but whose zeal in the cause of religion was so far from being a hindrance, that there grew up an intense curiosity to investigate the literature and antiquities of the Hindoos. He was just the hand for us, and formed a good pendant to another and still more agreeable companion, who took an equal interest in the modern sciences of the natives, and in what related to their religious ceremonies, their customs, and their domestic amusements. His knowledge of the details we found of great use in deciphering and describing the groups of figures sculptured on the face of the rock, in the different compartments of the cave.

Lastly, we enjoyed the society of a gentleman of the civil service, who held office under the East India Company; and the only drawback which we experienced in his case, was the necessity he was under of going abroad after breakfast to Bombay, where his business kept him till an hour or so before dinner. A shout of joy from the ladies, and a cry of welcome to the gentleman, returned, and as the time approached, many an anxious eye was turned towards the mouth of the cave, happy to be the first to catch a glimpse of his tall figure on the bright sky. As I name no names, and make no allusions but such as will be understood by those only whom they will be so good as to excuse, I will not be so particular as heating up the world since, pretty briskly. I have rarely, if ever, met, even separately, persons so estimable, in all respects, as many of those who were here collected in the Elephanta cave, expressly to make themselves agreeable to one another. They can be no more, in most cases, than a doubt in any case, the more the mind is totally different duties and occupations in life, estrange man from man, and by gradually diluting friendships into acquaintances, eventually obliterate, or nearly so, all recollection of the closest intimacies. But there are instances in which the Elephanta cave is one of them, in which, by a strange and pleasing mental process, the recollection is not only kept warm, but is even improved in its temperature by time. At all events, the more I have seen of the rest of the world, the more sensible I have become to the merits of the delightful friendships which I have enjoyed, and the less I have been attached to them, although the correspondence which has since passed between us hardly deserves the name.

It makes me sigh, indeed, to think how busy death has been with some of the members of that party, whom the survivors could least have spared, and to look round at the graves of the dead, and the loss of friends by death in the different quarters of the globe. In the course of my wandering life, indeed, it has happened to me to meet most of them again, and several of them more than once. The extent, indeed, as well as variety of opportunities I have enjoyed of forming valuable acquaintances has been so great, and the losses I have suffered so frequent, that I now find, to whatever direction I turn, or to whatever fragment of my life I apply myself for topics of interest, or however brilliant the scene was at

the time, the view is now almost always colored, or mellowed. I will not call it "sticked over with the pale cast of thought," consequent upon the remembrance of these losses. So much is this the case, that I should certainly feel some reluctance in thus disturbing the ashes of my early expectations, if there had not happily arisen in the course of the last few years, a far more enduring performance than even I, sanguine as I have ever been, had ventured to hope for. I have read much and more of the disappointments to which all men are subjected in this matter; but I can only say, for myself, that in this much-abused lottery of human life I never drew a blank.

Of the Elephantas party, one only of the whole number still hovers round the neighbourhood of the cave; another has been settled for nearly twenty years at Calcutta, and I had the pleasure of beating up his quarters on returning from China some years afterwards; a third took flight, strangely enough, exactly in the opposite direction, and exchanged the luxuries of the glorious and graceful eastern world for the raw materials of the west, and actually "located" himself and his family in North America.

The method we adopted for investigating and describing the cave, was to divide the labour in some cases, and in others to combine our exertions, but, in all parts of the task, to make the work as amusing as possible. While our principal artist was engaged at the proper distances in making the beautiful and accurate sketches of the interior of the cave, I have since been transcribing in the Bombay Society, the chronicler of the cave proceeded, with one or two of the party as his aids-de-camp, to examine the sculptures more narrowly; and having continued his investigation till he was satisfied that nothing had been passed over, he sat down at a little table, carried about for that purpose, some distance to the right, on the very spot, wrote an account of what was before him. When the description was completed, a kind of general council, or "committee of the whole cave," were assembled, to report upon the results. Some of the party, including, of course, the ladies, as round table writers, while the others, assisted by a ladder, climbed up to the top of the carvings, in order to detect any inaccuracy in the description. Mr. Erskine then commenced reading his own account, while the rest stood by in readiness to check whatever might seem to require correction. On the completion of the first part of the description, which, to some of us, did not appear to be borne out by facts, an immediate halt was requested; and the point being diligently re-examined, the writing was either confirmed, or altered till it met the approbation of the whole host of critics. This method of proceeding gave wonderful accuracy to the description, and the result might have been considered dry details. It also put all the investigating detachments to their mettle; and generally furnished abundant matter for discussion; and often set us off upon fresh and amusing courses of enquiry.

It likewise not infrequently happened, that where a piece of sculpture was too high to be seen, or too low, or too time, or injured by the hands of wanton heretics, or chanced to be placed far back in the cave, there arose no small difficulty in coming to any rational conclusion about the matter. Where the cruel hammer of some meddling geological or antiquarian traveller had driven a wedge of destruction into the sacred portions of the god's arms, or crushed down his sacred nose, there remained for us little or no resource except that atabularious process of soundly antimaciating the delinquent or delinquents unknown. But, where there existed any doubt in this respect, we spared no pains to throw light on the subject. Thus, in the case of the "cave of the sun," our chief desideratum; and the scientific heads of the company were put in requisition to devise methods for illuminating the dark parts of the temple. The first and most obvious plan was to stick a number of little candles or tapers into the crevices, and the portions of the sculptures which were under immediate investigation. But this was found to be troublesome, in more respects than one. The wax melted and ran down, and the corner of the cave in which we were working either became too choky by the smoke and heat, or the lights were extinguished by the draught of air which necessarily, therefore, was only resorted to when the other methods I am about to describe failed in effecting the purpose.

The sun at no time of the day shone full into the cave, which faces due north, but was found that by borrowing the looking-glasses from our lady's tent we could catch the sun's rays, and direct them to the very back of the excavation, and thence, by means of other mirrors, could polarise our light in such a way as even to make it turn corners, and fall on spots where probably, never

sun-light rested before. The ecstasy of the natives on beholding the success of this manœuvre was so great, that some of them expressed themselves highly flattered by the honours paid to their low-degraded deities. On hearing this stated by the Hindoos, one of the wits of our party remarked, that if these and those, Meera, Vishnu, Shiva, and Brahma, should get their heads above water again, and be, of course, do no less than remember that we noticed them in their adversity; a stale Joe Miller, indeed, as every one must remember who has kissed the bronze toe of the Peter Pan of the American Republic, the capital; but it made the natives laugh heartily at it was interpreted to them.

Another device of the same kind assisted our researches not a little, and was still greater service to us in dissipating nearly all the gloom of the cave, thus helping to keep up that sort of cheerfulness which is of such importance to the success of every undertaking in this world, great or small. The tea-urn having been capsize on the breakfast-table one morning, the servants naturally spread the table cloth in the sun on the shrubs before the cave. The immediate effect of this mass of white was to lighten up every thing within; and the hint once given, we lost no time in expanding it, by hoisting half a dozen other cloths, at the proper angles, till a bright yet soft glow of light was thrown upon the principal figure of all, at the top of the great division of the cave, so that the sun's rays were not so striking. The work was suspended, and every one doctored round the commander of the party while he drew forth his scroll, and without any flourish of trumpets, proceeded nearly as follows:

"The figure that faces the principal entrance is the most remarkable in this excavation, and has given rise to numberless conjectures and theories. It is a gigantic bust, representing some three-headed being, or three heads of some being, to whom the temple may be supposed to be dedicated. Dr. William Hunter, in the *Archæologia*, vol. vi., p. 209, has conjectured that it was the face of the god behind him. It is to be observed, however, that no traces of the fourth head appear, it being left entirely to the imagination to supply it, as well as the fifth on the top, if it must be Shiva's. Some writers have imagined that it is the bust they called the Hindu Triumvir, but this is a mistake. The various theories and historical conclusions have been drawn from this hypothesis. The Hindu Triumvir, or Trinity, as it has been called, does not occupy a very remarkable place in the theology of the Brahmans. The word *Trinamtri* means *three-form*.

"The three-headed figure at Elephanta represents the deity only down to the breast, or a third-length. One head faces the spectator, another looks to the right, and a third to the left; the fourth may be imagined to be concealed behind. It will give some idea of its bulk to mention, that from the top of the cap of the middle figure to the bottom of the image is seventeen feet ten inches, while the horizontal curved line, embracing the three heads at the height of the eyes and touching the eyes, is twenty-two feet nine inches. All these figures, it may be mentioned, are carved out of the solid rock, which is composed of a grey basaltic formation, called by the geologists *trachyte*."

"When the describer had written so far, he paused, and asked our opinion; upon which there was a general demand upon him to insert something by which his future readers might be informed, as well as to satisfy his curiosity. He was asked, as well as the various Hindu gods it was intended to represent? Thus prompted, he went on again.

"All the Hindu deities have particular symbols by which they may be distinguished; as much as the family of an Englishman may be effected by its armorial bearings. Unfortunately, many of the figures of Elephanta are too much mutilated to allow us to resort with certainty to this criterion for distinguishing them; and this is particularly the case with the principal figure. The face which looks to the east, or right hand the spectator's left, is evidence, as the Matsya Purana says, of a principal face, by the rules laid down for fixing images in Hindu temples, must always face the east, while Yoni generally turns to the north. In his hand he holds the cobra di capella, which twists itself round his arm, and rears its head so as to look into the face of the deity, and thus seems to bear the marks of habitual passion."

"While our accomplished assistant was writing, the rest of the pic-nickers were scrambling about the heads like school boys on a haystack, till once more called upon to listen. The above lines (now quoted, as may be extraordinary fact, in the Transactions of the Bombay Literary Society), were read, and agreed to, except

some remarks towards the end. One of the company, whose name will appear by and by, and who was perched on the top of a ladder resting on the tip of Shiva's handsome Roman nose, called out that these last words were a scandalous libel on the worthy god, whose expression was eminently placid, evincing any thing but habitual passion.

"Well," said the narrator, "what do you make of that swelling between the eye-brows? Surely that indicates the corrugator muscle in action, or, in other words, shows that your god was eminently placid, in a rage."

"I admit no such thing," said the objector, who from his garb appeared to be nautical, "I see no wrinkling of the brow: a longer examination, I cannot help thinking that the protuberance on this brow is intended for the third eye of the god; it is entirely raised above the general surface of the brow without any indication, such as that which occurs on the wrinkled forehead of passion. The whole skin of this figure's brow is smooth except this oval protuberance, which nowise resembles that of Bhryvra, as you called the figure we were examining yesterday in the cave; the protuberance north of the lingam, where the brow is marked by deep furrows highly expressive of passion."

"Upon this objection being started, the whole expedition assembled as near the disputed point as possible; a temporary scaffold was rigged up for the ladies on a tree, and the gentlemen, excepting one, ascended to investigate the countenance of honest Ouliver with more interest than we did that of the no less wonderful Trimurti. A couple of additional mirrors were put in requisition to fling a strong light into the cave, and a fresh supply of candles ordered up from the tents. The more the parties examined the matter, the less they were agreed; and the controversy began at last to assume that positive and rather warlike character which so often belongs to enquiries in which the data are few and obscure. It is then we find the imaginative or guessing process most vivid exactly in proportion to the want of facts, and the controversy grows dull. The interest, also, which people take in any such discussions is generally inversely as its importance; and the hope of agreement becomes less and less as the enquiry proceeds. In all probability such might have been the result of this battle in the cave had not the members of the expedition, who were not official absentees arrived just at that moment. He wiped his spectacles, held a candle to the image, and declared that, until the dirt was washed away, we might go on disputing till doomsday without getting nearer the mark."

"Before these eager contestants could get into the subject, they were reminded from the oily pause cast upon the troubled waves of the controversy by this dictum, our head-servant came forward to announce the ever-welcome fact that dinner was on the table! The communication was received with a cheer that made the bats fly out of their holes in dismay."

"It is, perhaps, needless to observe, that on each succeeding day the wine appeared to become more racy, the water cooler, the coffee more fragrant, the tea more frothing, and, above all, the conversation more animated, gossipy, and instructive. I ought to have mentioned before, that the conversation was unusually interesting, and that the party, one gentleman played beautifully on the violoncello; the effect of which, in the solemn stillness of the cave, was singularly pleasing. We had also a great store of books; and happening to have some good readers, (a rare catch), the evening hours were generally amongst the older gods and goddesses of the eastern world, that we often sighed to think how soon we must return to the ordinary business of modern life."

"I lay awake half the night of the controversy about Shiva's eye, thinking how we could best see this great eye, which was regarded as the eye of wisdom, which with the earliest dawn I put in practice. When my coxswain came in the morning for orders, I sent him back to the Theban, a frigate of which I had then been acting command, and bade him return as speedily as possible with the ship's fire-engine. Accordingly, before he was long, the fire-engine came, and the hose led along and the pump in full action. The deluge which was now poured over the celebrated Trimurti, must have enchanted the thirsty shades of the "water-loving Mahadeo." The Hindoos, assembled to see what was going on, were astonished and delighted, and, as the water was to discover how clear, sharp, and beautiful the sculptures stood out, after being played upon for a couple of hours, and well scrubbed with hard brushes in every corner. This service certainly had not been performed upon them for three centuries at the least, and possibly not for a

At the next sitting of our grand committee on Shiva's

well-washed countenance, the following notes were made by Mr. Erskine. "The face looking east has a fine Roman nose, and its brow is swollen, and protruded between the eyes. This was at first regarded as only the swelling protuberance between and above the eyelids, which is common to physiognomists to be indicative of passion; but having been led to more careful examination of it by Captain Basil Hall, to whose unwearied curiosity the present account owes much of the accuracy that it may possess; and from comparing it with similar protuberances on the brow of other figures in the cave, I have little doubt that it represents the third eye of Shiva, from which flame is supposed to issue, and fire by which the world is finally to be destroyed. As Shiva had five heads, though he had only one such eye, it is represented on his principal head alone, which, of course, is that looking eastwards. As the third eye looks to the north, this observation refers to that which is turned towards the right hand, or is looking towards the spectator's left." "He has mustachios," adds the writer, "on his upper lip; and he and one other figure in the eastern wing are the only figures in the cave that have them. At the corner of each of his lips a tuft, and one on the lower lip. The lower lip of all the figures at Elephanta seems thickish, and more African than Asiatic. His tongue is thrust out from between his lips; his eyebrows are not regularly arched, rather irregularly twisted, and depressed on the sides of the face; the nose, as in those of a person habitually passionate."

So far the historian; but it would seem, from the printed account in the Bombay Transactions, that the party were not yet unanimous; for in a note, or protest, which I gave to Mr. Erskine for publication along with this account, the following words occur:

"This head seems to be speaking to the snake; and I would rather say that the tongue is protruded in doing so, than that it is indicative of anger; nor can I quite agree to the account of the eyebrows. They are certainly not arched, but twisted, and depressed on the sides, and convey to me any idea of agitation, but rather of mirth, as if he were singing to the snake, and gratified to see its pleasure. The dimples at the corner of the mouth, too, strike me as resembling the approach to a smile much more than the distortion of habitual passion; and the corners of the mouth are turned upwards, and towards the mustachios, also, lend their aid in giving a fiercer look to Shiva than I can allow is intended by the sculptor."

"Thus it will be perceived that travellers, as well as doctors, differ, and when the subject is given to the artist under their eye. In what follows relating to this beautiful head we were all quite agreed; and I add these few lines, more to complete the account, than from any particular interest they contain. Indeed, I question much if it be possible without numerous drawings to engage the attention agreeably or usefully towards any study of Hindoo antiquities. There are, indeed, some other specimens of ancient Indian sculpture which may form an exception, particularly an immense statue of solid granite, upwards of sixty feet high, in the centre of southern India, which is the subject of the drawing next page."

Mr. Erskine concluded his account of the eastern head of the Trimurti in Elephanta, in these words:

"His cap is richly adorned with variegated flowers, branches, and flowers; among others may be distinguished a skull, or death's head; a serpent, with various folds of the brand of the cobra di capella; and which issues from a point, like the trefoil; and nirgandi, a sort of shrub, which are symbols that belong peculiarly to Shiva; a few curls run along below his cap. Behind his cap the stone is excavated into two narrow parallel slips, (not the ears of the Hindu, but the leaves of which issue from the crown of the head), which are stretched at length, without being observed from below; but there are no steps up to them."

"The description given in the Bombay Transactions of the two other heads is equally minute, graphic, and strikingly accurate; and nobody should visit the cave without that account to guide them. At this distance from the spot, however, those details, so peculiarly interesting when present, are apt to become tiresome."

"This magnificent triad lies in a recess cut in the rock, the depth of the hollow being about the thickness of the doorway screen, or wall, which is about two feet and a half. The basement is raised about two feet nine inches from the ground. In the corners of the threshold are two holes, as if door-posts had been inserted in them; and in the floor is a groove, as if for a door, in which may have been occasionally let down to conceal the group."

The occurrence of a triple head of such magnitude,

size, and on their summits are umbrellas, which are frequently adorned with bells; and sometimes this pyramid is gilded over. Other temples, of nearly similar construction, but without the golden images to which adoration is directed. The images in these temples are of different attitudes, sometimes sitting cross-legged in a meditative posture, sometimes standing upright. As all the ideas of the Buddhists relate to men, and as no incarnations, or transformations, of superior beings are admitted, it is that the temples are not crowded with statues to find no unnatural images, no figures compounded of man and beast, nor monsters with many heads or many heads, as we see here. As the priests and scholars of the Buddhists live in a sort of collegiate establishment near some great temple, we always find a multitude of cells around the excavation in their temples."

I had afterwards various opportunities of verifying these remarks about the Buddhist form of religion, in many other parts of India, in Ceylon, and lastly in China. At Canton, Lord Amherst and his suite, on their return from Peking, were lodged in a very extensive temple dedicated to the worship of Buddha. It was singularly interesting to observe, that the ceremonial duties of this establishment were performed by a multitude of barefooted and shaven-crowned priests, dressed in yellow robes, and looking markedly like the monks of the various orders of Roman Catholics whom we see in Italy. These persons were lodged in cells built round the court of the great temple, pagoda, or joss-house, as the English indiscriminately call the religious edifices of the east. Many of these temples were made to turn out for the accommodation of the strangers in a manner which, though it shocked our delicacy not a little, appeared to produce no such effect on the lay part of the Chinese population, who shewed their poor priests about in a very unceremonious style.

I came once conversing on this subject with a Chinese, an intelligent Houng merchant, who spoke English perfectly; but I could not make him understand our feelings of respect to the ministers of any religion.

"What have we to do with that sort of business?" he asked; "the Chinese government provides and pays for a certain number of priests, who perform a certain number of ceremonies, chant so many prayers, and, in short, take charge of the whole religion of the country, leaving to merchants, and all other persons, to attend exclusively to their business, without having any thing to do with the matter."

In corroboration of this strange indifference amongst the Chinese, it may be stated, that in the letters of the early Jesuits the most bitter complaints are found of the difficulties they encountered, not so much in converting the Chinese from a false religion to the true faith, as in getting the slippery minds of their Neophytes to hold fast any ideas upon such subjects at all.

It will easily be supposed, that one of the points upon which we felt the greatest curiosity during our visit to the Elephanta, was the age of these caves. I cannot say that we came to any safe conclusion on this branch of the subject.

"Nothing presents itself in these caves," observed our antiquary, "which can lead to a satisfactory solution of the important and curious question. In what age, or by what means, was this vast temple completed? One fact is worthy of notice, that the greater number of the magnificent cave-temples present themselves on this part of the western coast of the peninsula of India, than are to be met with any where else in Hindoostan. The caves of Elephanta, those of Kanara, Amboli, and some others of the same name, are the fine cave of Arin, on the island of Salsette; the still more extensive and magnificent ranges at Ellora, not to mention several smaller cave-temples in the Kohn and near the Adjunta Pass, are all on Maharrata ground, and seem to show the progress of some great and powerful dynasty, which exercised the greatest empire, and consequently employed much labour and extent. The existence of temples of opposite characters, and of different and hostile religions, only a few miles from each other, and, in some instances, even united in the same range, is a singular fact, which excites the attention and excites the curiosity of the Indian antiquary. Thus, within no great distance from Bombay we have the caves of Kanara on the island of Salsette, and those of Carri on the mainland, both evidently belonging to the Buddhist religion. Amboli, also on Salsette, and the Elephanta on the adjacent mainland, belong to the Brahmans; and the wonderful caves of Ellora possess excavations of both classes."

After listening to these explanations, we returned the next day with fresh vigour to an actual examination of the strange abode in which we were living, respecting the dimensions of which a very few observations will suffice.

The great temple was found, by careful measurements, to be about one hundred and thirty feet deep, measuring from the chief entrance to the further end of the cave; and one hundred and thirty-three feet broad, or, at least, at the eastern entrance. It then rested, or, at least, on two sides, on pillars, which were broken at that time; and on the other sides were seated plasterers. As neither the floor nor the roof is in one plane, the height of the cave is found to vary from seventeen feet and a half to fifteen feet. The plan of the temple is in the shape of a triangle, the pillars and plasters being in a line from the northern to the southern entrance, and in a line from the northern to the eastern to the western entrance. It is interesting to observe, however, that the whole frame and form of the excavation, which to the eye appears regular, when critically examined and measured, is found in an uncommon degree faulty. The pillars in the different ranges deviate from the straight line, some advancing and some receding beyond the proper places. Many of them stand with a certain degree of obliquity; few are exactly of the same dimensions; and on different sides of the same pillar are rarely similar. In the different sides of the temple, which is applied to the eye presents the appearance of regularity, has no two sides of the same magnitude. The left side of the cave is one hundred and thirty-three feet eight inches in length; while the right side is only one hundred and thirty-three feet four inches. Varieties of this kind are observable in every other part. The pillars are situated from each other at the distance of only twelve feet ten inches, others are separated to sixteen feet four inches and a half, some at fifteen feet, and so on. The pillars of the temple are not less various; and as their inclination is not the same, the temple, great and small, it has given rise to the idea that it was not planned in support of which view it has been alleged, that the Hindus never make the sides of a tank, or reservoir, perfectly equal. But although this may be true, it only shews their want of skill and correct taste. Yet, in a work which is so full of such contradictions, such prodigious labour and expense as the Elephanta temple, such defects appear astonishing.

We are apt to suppose, though perhaps from habit alone, that there is a natural or instinctive feeling of proportion in our minds which suggests to us to make the opposite sides of a room, or temple, perfectly equal. But I remember to have often remarked circumstances in India which would seem to prove, that the natives possess but little of the bump of order on their skulls. I once watched a set of palanquin bearers who were sorely perplexed when ordered to spread a carpet. The apartment happened to be considerably larger than the carpet; but, for their lives, the poor fellows could not determine how to put it down. First they got it over on one side, then they pulled it till it touched the end of the room. In both these cases the unequal proportions of the room struck their senses, but afforded them no remedy. They dragged the carpet into one corner, and stood looking at it, muttering and chattering to one another, like so many puzzled monkeys, for five minutes. At length, after several other plans, and many pauses, they finally arranged it in the greatest regularity. They then, in diamond fashion, with the corners of the carpet touching the middle part of the wall, instead of being pointed towards the angles of the room, so that the sides were as far from parallel as could possibly be. They now looked at each other, laughed, and, with the most satisfactory chuckle in the world, left the room under the conviction of having performed the service upon which they were sent in the most perfect style.

After we had worked for nearly a whole day at the caves of Elephanta, a grand hunt was ordered after the traces of Buddhist images. As the veneration of the Brahmans towards poor Buddha, is nearly as deep as the hatred which exists between those European sects which differ from one another merely by slight shades of doctrine, the existence of an image of this kind in a temple dedicated to Shiva, would be about as great an indignity as an organ, or a painting, in a presbyterian church.

After much examination, we discovered only two figures that could by possibility be representatives of this hostile god; one of which we discovered in the western wing, and the other in the first compartment on the left of the grand entrance. This spot we generally

made use of as a sort of pantry, in which stood cold chickens, biscuits, and wine, all day long to refresh the spirits of the party. I can still see "reflected to memory's eye" two goglets of the most deliciously cool water that ever gladdened the parched palate of a traveller, filled in a fine spring which dribbled over the brow of the rock, just at the eastward of the cave, after stealing out like a snake from amongst the broad-leaved brushwood fringing the edge of the cliff. As the cave faces the north, and the sun at its greatest height shines obliquely over the precipice, it leaves all that side of the hill cool and agreeable, while the rest of the island is parched up and withered. We always took care, however, to have our goglets suspended in the shade, and in the draught. These capital contrivances are earthenware vessels, of a red colour, only half baked, and so porous that, although the water does not actually trickle from them, it forms a cooling outside like dew, and sometimes runs into drops. This being evaporated by the current of hot dry air sweeping past, a degree of cold is produced, the value of which only those who have visited such regions of the sun can have learned fully to appreciate. Of course, when the more serious affairs of champagne and wine were over, we summoned our regular wine cooler, or abdar, by some strange chemical hocus pocus connected with dissolving nitre, in which he twisted about the bottles for a few minutes, placed before us, as one of our party has observed, "the most beautiful and the most useful of these gods themselves, should be for the jolliest of us and reclaimed their cave." I cannot answer for this; but I am sure that nothing short of the "last pang shall tear from my heart" the recollection of the intense enrapture which we experienced, and the heavenly repose of every day in the Elephanta cave; when the children had sauntered off to their tent, or climbed the hill to take a look at the ghasts of the Mahabrrata country, or to see the sun set between them and Arabia—while we luxuriated in the arms of the creation who remained behind to fling our feet on the sides of the excavation—thrust our hooked pipes, or our cigars into our mouths, swung back on our chairs, and asked and thought of no higher heaven upon earth.

Exactly above the spot where these temperate revels were carried on, at a figure in stone, with whose countenance and attitude we were so intimately familiar. Many a merry bumper we tossed off to better understanding of his mysterious history; for, to all appearance, the rogue (being a Buddhist) had no more business in the Elephanta cave than we Topepocans had in the gardens of the west. This warrior personage, unlike his brother, bore his arms farther within doors, boasted of only two arms; a shabby allowance, in a company where any figure pretending to the rank of a gentleman had six at least. Unfortunately, both of our friend's arms were broken off; personally, some of our friends, the Portuguese fidalgo, perhaps by some accident, or by the hand of the man, who, Captain Pike informs us, amused himself in the cave with a great gun. A monkey in a china shop has some shadow of sense and purpose in cracking the crockery; but the Portuguese nobleman, blazing away at the statue of an ancient temple, must be allowed to beat Jacko hollow.

There are still left some indications, however, to show that the hands of this figure rested on his lap. He is sitting (or was sitting, when we left him) on the Padmasana, or lotus seat, the stalk of which is supported by two persons behind him, and which is supported by Kanara or Salsette, which are undoubtedly Buddhist temples. This statue is certainly by far the most puzzling figure in all Elephanta; for we know of no instance in which Shiva is so represented; and yet, if this figure be Buddha, how the deuce comes he into a Brahminical temple? The answer is, that the Hindu mythology, at least, it is well known that Buddha, in as long as he is admitted at all, is considered as an avatar of Vishnu, incarnated for the purpose of leading mankind into error. He is, therefore, rarely represented at all, and never works any great miracle. One can understand this easily enough; and yet the author of the work on the great work at Elephanta appear to have thought it but safe to commence by propitiating so important a personage, for the compartment in which this image of the Father of Evil (if such he be) is sculptured, must have been the most sacred of the temple.

I have taken pains to verify the references from the Archaeologia, vol. vii., by examining Captain Pike's original journal, which is still preserved at the India House. This gentleman, who was afterwards governor of St. Helena, visited the Elephanta cave in 1712; and his age

count, given in the log-book of the ship *Stranger*, is not a little curious. It is written in a quaint, but graphic style, and is illustrated by several drawings of no great merit, either as to execution or fidelity of outline. The old boy, indeed, seems to have been rather ashamed of himself for bestowing so much trouble on such a subject for his friends up his description with these words:—

"Thus I have given an account how busily I spent 2 days with an Industry about Trifles, wh^{ch} if I had kindly applied to y^e Art of Getting of Money, would a^d t^ented to a better Purpose."

It was curious to observe how differently we viewed the temple on different days, and how completely the objects of our curiosity changed as we became more and more acquainted with their history, and with the relations which linked them in one grand series. Fortunately, too, our party consisted of such a variety of persons, that some brought was perfectly starting upon which being speedily seized upon, was generally turned to good account. I think it was not until we had been poking about the cave for nearly a week that any particular curiosity was expressed as to the intention which the contrivers of it had in view in making this place an excavation, and the necessity of having up courage enough to avow his utter want of acquaintance with the uses which the Hindoos make of their temples or pagodas; and it was sufficiently apparent, by the looks of the rest, that the majority of our number were as abashed a state of ignorance as the bold spokesman. All eyes were turned to me, and I was obliged to confess I had been the most good-natured of mortals, must have been ferreted to death by my enquiries.

"I suppose," said he, "you are aware that the use made of temples by the ancient Greeks and Romans, as well as by the moderns, differs essentially different from that which required of them by Christian nations."

"I tell you," replied the information-hunter, "I know nothing at all about the matter."

"Nor I—nor I," cried various other members of the cave.

"Well, well," exclaimed the obliging Oriental scholar, "Laing, well," I must tell you, then, that a Hindoo goes alone to the pagoda, as an ancient Roman would have done, offers his solitary prayers before his idol, prostrates himself in its presence, and then leaves his offering. He attempts in this way to bribe his god to prosper him in his business, rather than to thank him for his assistance. There is no stated regular time of teaching amongst the Hindoos—no public prayers said by a priest in the name of a mixed congregation—no gathering of the people to go through a solemn service. Their great festivals are like our fairs. Each man prostrates himself before his temple, and his wife and children at the idol, then walk out again and purchases sweetmeats. All teaching or reading of the sacred books is in private houses; or if abroad merely in the courts of the temple, never within the consecrated edifice. The verandahs or porticoes round about are used just as any other equally convenient place would be. This, then, to which the courts of the temple are applied, will throw light on many passages of the history and sacred volumes of the Jews. It is evident that the religious edifices of nations whose worship is so conducted need not be large like our churches, since it is not required that they should be so. We find, in fact, all very ancient temples, however magnificent, the part in which the Deity is supposed to dwell is small, and surrounded by numerous buildings in which the priests and servants of the temple reside. This seems to have been the plan of the first temple at Jerusalem, and it certainly was that of the older Greek temples. We may observe from the Ion of Euripides; and it is at this date that presented by the temple at Mecca. With the Hindoos the great object of worship is not constantly exposed to view, nor is it placed in the larger outer building, or excavation, but always in some inner, small, and high-roofed apartment, and the outer door, and requiring to have lights burning before it, in order to its being seen, and facing the door, so as to be visible from the further side of an intervening saloon."

I regret that I have not left myself space to introduce some other curious and interesting speculations respecting the religious opinions and observances of the Hindoos, with which Mr. Erskine favoured us. After all, however, I am not sure if I have not been too much interested in viewing these curious remains of ancient Hindoo sculptures with reference to modern customs, as there was in tracing their origin, and in the study of the theology of the East. We could easily detect resemblances in domestic habits, and particularly in dress, between those which appear to have existed at the time the excavation was made, and those now seen in the

bazars of India. It seems of consequence to observe this fact, because some writers have stated the contrary; and if their reports were correct, it would imply change in the manners of the Hindoos, quite contrary to observation in other matters. The fact is, there is not a single piece of dress on any figure in the whole cave, except what is described in the work, and which we saw on this day currently met with in India. The *shelo*, or long web of thin cloth folded round the loins, is that in general use all over Hindoostan and the Deccan. The same may be said of the jewels; they are precisely the heavy, tasteless ornaments which overload the necks, arms, and fingers of the natives. The women are dressed in the figures are nearly naked, this," to borrow the words of our great cave oracle, "is owing to several reasons. Statues naturally dislike formal dresses, as an encumbrance to their art, since they often conceal, or deform, the most graceful contours of the human body, the expression of which is the great triumph of their art. In the next place, there are really very few pieces of genuine Hindoo dress. The Brahmin, for example, wears only the *dhoter*, or cloth which covers the lower part of the body, and the *angawster* wrapped round the upper part, and he is obliged to have the *angawster* and the *langoti*, or short cloth passing between the legs, and fastened before and behind to a string round the loins. The *Sanyasi* uses an *angawster* dyed yellow with saffron, and called *choti*, and, of course, the *langoti*. The Gosawis and the Byragis wear the *choti* and *langoti*, but he is obliged to have the *angawster* man's dress are, first, the *langoti*, a web of cloth from sixteen to twenty cubits in length, which, after being wound round the middle part of the body and the upper part of the legs, is thrown over the shoulders, and forms one of the most graceful coverings imaginable; and, secondly, a short cloth, which is thrown over the *angawster* rather to support than to conceal the breast. Most of the other articles of dress now worn in India have been introduced by the Mussulmans, such as the *angrak* and *dopata*, which cover the upper part of the body; the *chunni*, also, and the *chakra*, or short drawers, have been introduced by the Mahomedan conquerors of Hindoostan."

"It should also be remembered," continues Mr. Erskine, "that when a Hindoo approaches his gods reverently, he purifies himself, and throws off all his dress except that part which covers his loins; and many of the figures in the cave are in the act of adoration. Finally, the principle which is the basis of the religion of the gods, who, in most nations, have been represented with little covering. None of the existing figures in this excavation are sculptured in a state of entire nudity, though, it is said, that some of those now broken more nearly approached to the state of nature, and were mutilated by the piety or wantonness of visitors. As for the circumstance of the figures being beardless, it is owing to their representing celestial beings who are supposed to enjoy eternal youth. The munis or celestial sages, however, are always represented in these sculptures with beards and long hair. Signs also, in Hindoo poems, as well as in paintings, has frequently been noticed, such as we see in one of the heads of the great Triad."

It has been long a matter of dispute amongst travelers what is the degree of genius and taste which is displayed in the great temple of Elephanta, and in the sculptures, by which it is undoubtedly rendered one of the most interesting works of the human mind. The artists speak in raptures both of the design and of the execution of the several compartments; and it cannot be denied that in some of them there is very considerable merit. On this point, and also on the general character of the cave as a work of art, our party were at first much of opinion, but the work of the human mind, the details, gave ourselves opportunities of judging of the general effect under different aspects, and under different shades of temperament in our own minds, we gradually settled into a pretty uniform estimate of the station in which this wonderful temple ought to be placed. Of course, if each of us had been called upon to write down his opinion on this delicate point, some differences, arising out of the variety of tastes amongst us, might have been started; and persons at a distance might become more confused than instructed by such a regiment of authorities.

The following statement, however, which was actually made by Mr. Erskine, and which was the result of satisfaction at the moment to the high contending parties on the spot, who possessed each at hand every possible advantage of checking its details, and of judging of its general correctness, that perhaps I cannot do better than

wind up with all the narrative of our joyous Elephanta picnic. Independently, indeed, of the local fidelity of Mr. Erskine's remarks, in their direct application to the cave in question, they will be found, perhaps, to throw some useful light on certain phases of the fine arts, by practical references to countries in very different states of civilization, and subjected to totally different forms of government and manners.

"To me," says the writer, "it appears, that while the whole conception and plan of the temple is extremely grand and magnificent, and while the outline and disposition of the separate figures indicate great talent and ingenuity, the execution and finishing of the figures in general (though some of them prove the sculptor to have had almost perfect skill before him) are defective, and are often very defective, in no instance being possessed of striking excellence. The figures have something of rudeness and want of finish, the proportions are sometimes lost, the attitudes are forced, and even the indications the infancy of the art, though a vigorous infancy. The groups appear to be still more defective than the execution of the separate figures: a number of little and almost dwarfish figures are huddled around one or two larger ones. Indeed, it deserves consideration whether the nature of the Hindoo mythology, and the nature of the Hindu religion, which is extremely unfavourable to the fine arts, painting and sculpture owe their chief beauties to a successful representation of external objects, and to a happy development of the universal feelings and passions of human nature as expressed on the human frame. But, in the mythology of the Brahmins, such is the number of gods related to each of the gods, and so much are their various qualities and properties depicted by conventional marks and symbols which determine the character and situation of each individual, much as a written mark would do, that the ingenuity of the artist is not required to indicate any thing by the features of the human face, which is done by a rougher and grosser way. The Egyptian sculpture seems never to have passed beyond this step; but the Greeks, by their fine genius, burst the shackles which they received from their masters, and their statues and other sculptures will be found most excellent in the representation of the human passions of human nature swallow up the understood symbols of the individual represented, and when the painter, rather than the people, speaks. The use of symbols, therefore, seems to be taking a step backwards, and to be degraded that beautiful art, from exhibiting a representation of the human mind, to exhibiting a representation of the human body, and of the human passions, which is a local and temporary character, intelligible only to those whose age and country have qualified them to peruse it. When this principle is carried its whole length, it brings back the fine arts from giving representations of ideal nature, and strong and refined passions, to the mere vulgar office of copying external objects. By making them a provincial dialect, instead of an universal and eternal language, this practice has a tendency to strike genius out of the art. The general use of such symbols, accordingly, appears to me to have combined with other causes to blunt the sense of the Hindoo mind, and to render it incapable of receiving a deity by his *Vahana*, or by his many heads and numerous arms, but they appear to set little value on the accurate delineation of a passion, or the fine forms that start from beneath the chisel or the pencil. The passion represented by an artificial, conventional symbol, the natural sign of which would be intelligible to true to universal nature, and consequently intelligible to all mankind, loses its value amongst the natives of India. The Hindoos are always children, and amused with baubles; even their groups representing living beings in pictures are generally like our mill wheels, there are no figures, but only wheels, and the figures are commonly seated, and the action is rarely represented, or if attempted, it is generally an obvious one, like that of a fight or a battle. The various figures, as may be remarked in this cave of Elephanta, are never made to concur by different means of words, and the figures are commonly seated. While sculpture is in this state, and while the art of grouping and of telling a story is in this condition, it is not going too far to consider the art in its infancy."

It was a melancholy day, indeed, when we prepared to break up our quarters at Elephanta; for the painful labour of the day, and the fatigue of the journey, had not yet met together again. We expected, it is true, still to fall in occasionally with one another—during a morning visit, at a dinner, or in a ball-room. But what poor and unsatisfactory substitutes, after all, are such

snatches of intercourse in public, to the deep delights of a well-managed, private, almost secret concealment, in such an out-of-the-way corner? There, and there alone, those who are most attached can stray together, unhindered by the rest, or sit together, or join in common pursuits day after day, not only without observation, but almost without their own consciousness of the growing intimacy between them, or of the gradual kindling of those flames destined, perhaps, to endure throughout life. Of all spots, indeed, that the quaker little god of smiles and tears (who occupies a niche in the hearts of all) could have selected for his votaries in earth, I should say this temple of Elephanta, with such a party as was amongst the most favourable for the purposes of his worship!

With heavy hearts, then, we took a last view of the dear old cave, trudged slowly down the valley in silence, and, hardly deigning to say adieu to the crumbling elephant which has given its name to the island, we embarked in the bunder-boat prepared to receive us, and just as the sun went down, relanded at Bornbay.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SAILOR ON SHORE.

It is a far easier thing to get into a house in Ireland than to get out of it again; for there is an attractive and retentive witchery about the hospitality of the natives which has no match, as far as I have seen, anywhere else in the wide world. In other places the people are hospitable or kind to a stranger, as the case may be, or as the guest seems to want assistance: but in Ireland the affair is reduced to a sort of science, and a web of attentions is flung round the visitor before he well knows where he is. So that if he be not a very cold-blooded, or a very clear-sighted, or a very temperate man, it will cost him sundry headaches,—and maybe some touches of the heartache—before he wins his way back again to his wonted tranquillity.

I had not a single acquaintance in Ireland when first I visited that most interesting of countries, of which few people in England know much—even though their imaginations have been so powerfully aided by the delicious pencil of Miss Edgeworth. Before leaving it, however, after about a year and a half's cruising off and on their coasts, I was on pretty intimate terms with one family at least for every dozen miles, from Downpatrick on the east, to the Bloody Foreland on the west, a range of more than a hundred and twenty miles.

The way in which this was brought about is sufficiently characteristic of the country. I had inherited a taste for geology; and as the north of Ireland afforded a fine field for the exercise of the hammer, I soon made it my business to visit the various valleys, and to study the other wonders of that singular district. While engaged in these pursuits, I fell in with an eminent medical practitioner resident in that part of the country—a gentleman well known to the scientific world as one of the ablest and most judicious of the country's natural philosophers of the day. What was more to my present purpose, he was still better known on the spot as the most benevolent and kindest of men. In no part of the globe has I found more agreeable, useful acquaintance. During his residence in the country, he had been a delightful person, I observed that he frequently changed the conversation from literary, professional, or scientific topics, to urge me to make acquaintance with some of the scientific men of the north of Ireland, and with some of the opposite angle. He was, in particular, desirous that I should see a family with whom he described himself as being very intimate, and who were then on a visit far in the west. I was nothing loth, as may be supposed; and I accordingly called on the family, and was not long in perceiving misgivings as to his reception any where—(except within the precincts of the awful admiralty?)—and I, naturally, felt a vehement curiosity to see something more of their manners and customs of the country, of whose public life I knew so little, and of whose private life I knew so much more than of their domestic life.

Besides the motives, I was influenced by the extreme earnestness of my worthy friend, who, indeed, would hardly let me stir from his house until I had promised to deliver, with my own hands, a letter of introduction to a lady residing in the part of the country above alluded to, and who, he assured me, would not only be most happy to see me herself, but also to introduce me to the family with whom she herself was then living as a guest. I thought it rather an odd arrangement, that a mere guest should introduce a stranger to another person's house : but I had already seen enough of the hearty hospitality of Ireland not to wonder at any

thing having a kind purpose in view. I therefore promised that, if at any time I could obtain leave of absence for a few days, the introductory letter should be delivered.

I did not recover, until long afterwards, the secret motive of my friend's anxiety that I should pay the visit in question, though at the time alluded to, I was quite coxcomb enough to suppose that it all arose from personal considerations, and that my friend's anxiety was entirely for my kindness was due; and, my leave having expired, I set off to my ship, the *Endymion*, of which I was then second lieutenant, with a firm resolution to avail myself of the first opportunity of visiting the persons to whom my excellent friend the doctor had given the preference. I was, however, disappointed, and before that I expected to be fixed on board for a long time to come, and was therefore agreeably disappointed to discover that my brother officers had formed so many pleasant acquaintances at Burnaraia—a town on the banks of the magnificent Lough Neagh, in the county of Antrim, in the island of Ulster, and to take upon their shoulders the extra duty which my renewed absence imposed upon them. I had only, therefore, to obtain the captain's permission for a fresh run. This was easily gained, for he was the most indulgent of mortals; and his only caution was, that I should not be absent so long as my health and that of these Irish girls. It will be quite time enough for that when you are a post captain."

I promised to attend to his advice; and set out on this new, but rather wild expedition in the highest glee, wishing for no better sport than to try the firmness of my resolutions on this head, though it must be confessed, I was fully more inclined to follow the precept enjoined upon me by another friend, who, as if to better the captain's instruction, said,

"Do take care of what you are about, when you mix with those fair and fascinating witches, the Irish ladies, and never hold yourself as heart-safe unless you are in love with at least two of them at once!"

OFF I went; but it is needless to state whether the course steered was to the east or to the west after leaving Londonderry, the chief city in that part of Ireland. Indeed, for my own part, I was almost indifferent in what direction the road lay; and, when the scene was opened to my view, I was surprised to find myself already met with so much attention in the country, that I felt a sort of certainty of finding much amusement and welcome reception wherever I went. Meanwhile, the circumstance of having a letter of introduction in my pocket naturally determined my route; and, having hired a horse and a guide, I set out on the 1st of July, and, after a ride of about thirty miles, arrived on the same summer's evening, as deliberately in quest of adventures as any knight-errant that ever put lance in rest. Yet I was in no respect prepared to find myself so soon in what appeared very like a field of battle. I had not proceeded twenty miles before I came to a village, where I learned that the army of the rebels were in its streets, by cannon which appeared to be loaded with lighted matches were smoking by their side. A considerable encampment was formed on a slightly rising ground near the village; and on the neighbouring ground, still farther off, might be seen large irregular groups of men, armed with muskets, pikes, and bayonets, and men, preparing for a good ceremonial procession on the 1st of July old style, or the 12th of July according to the present reckoning, the well-known anniversary of the battle of the Boyne. In order to resist this proceeding on the part of the Protestants, an immense multitude of Catholics, of the same description, were collected, and were likewise assembled in this unquiet spot, and all the roads converging towards that quarter were lined with parties of men carrying sticks in their hands, flocking to the scene of expected action. The military had been called in to keep the peace; but the angry passions of the people, inflamed by the religious disputes, and the cruel preparations above described seemed hardly sufficient to prevent the threatened conflict.

The sight was painful in the highest degree; and I could not but recollect with what different sensations I had viewed the chivalry of France and England drawn in hostile array on the heights of Corunna. There the contest was between two different nations, one fighting against, and the other in defence of the liberties of the country in which they were engaged. But here the combatants were brethren in blood, kindred in spirit, and all possessed — as they believed — with a common object — the good of their native country! As a matter of curiosity, and of the most stirring kind of interest, I could have no great objection to seeing another such battle as that which I had witnessed near Corunna between those long-established fighting-cocks the French and

English; but to look on while honest Pat and Tim were breaking one another's heads upon abstract political grounds, and English soldiery interposing with grape-shot and fixed bayonets to make them friends again, was what I had no mind for. I therefore tried to extricate myself forthwith from this unhappy struggle; but my horse being tired could not proceed; so I was forced to sleep in a village which, for aught I knew, might be sacked and burnt before morning.

Nothing occurred, however, to disturb the peace; but I felt far from easy till out of reach of this furious excitement; yet, strange to say, some quiet folks, a few miles distant, with whom I took breakfast, seemed to have been spared the same excitement. The day was all on fire. From thence the course lay across the wild range of mountains, the names of which there was no one left to tell; but geographers may recognise their position by the circumstance of one of them having on its summit a volcano, which, though it has long since can be conceived more desolate or dreary than this part of the country; and as there were few inhabitants upon it at any time, and none at all at this moment, I had no small difficulty in making good my way. Neither was the day any less disagreeable than the night, though the latter is agreeable. "There can be little or no comfort," thought I, "in a region so sterile: whatever art might attempt to counteract such desolation, must be unavailing."

But on coming nearer to the noble bay, or lough, on the coast, I was struck with the beauty of the scene. My friends was to be found, the aspect of things changed so suddenly, that if it had been done by magic it could scarcely have been rendered more surprising. A slight inequality in the ground served to conceal this "jewel in the desert," as it was often called, and the bay, with its beautiful islands, was the greatest advantage. Even without such a contrast as the wild moors afforded, the singular merits of this spot must have claimed the admiration of any one caring a straw for fine scenery; but after such a preparative they appeared doubly gratifying. The bay was a noble bay, and the horses, anxious to come nearer to such a delicious scene,

The mansion of my future friend, of which only partial glimpses could be caught now and then, was well guarded on every side by fine old trees, rising from the surface of carefully dressed grounds, richly stocked with flower-garden, long and wide avenues, and graceful terraces, some of which reached to the very water's edge, along a delicate beach on which the ripple scarcely broke. The water, which was a pale blue, was so calm, so placid, so prominently, jutting forwards into a land-backed bay, or arm of the sea, in which the water appeared to be always asleep, and as smooth as if, instead of being a mere branch uniting with the stormy Atlantic, it had been some artificial lake, contrived by the tasteful hand of a good fairy, the touch of whose wand it might be thought had likewise embellished the shore, to keep it forever in character. Nothing, indeed, which the most fertile imagination could suggest, seemed to be wanting.

There was an extremely well-conceived device at this delightful spot, which I never remember to have seen any where else, though there must often occur in other places similar situations in which it might be imitated. It was a fine fringe of ferns, growing on a wooded cliff, overhanging a quiet bight or cove, about ten or fifteen yards across, lay a perfectly secluded pool, with a bottom of snow-white sand. It was deep in the middle, but shelved gradually to its margin, which rested on a grassy bank, and was fringed by a few ferns and pebbles. This fringe, encircling the cove, was surmounted by a grassy bank, or natural terrace, reaching to the foot of the rock, the face of which was not merely perpendicular, but so much inclined, that the top more than plumed the edge of the basin. Along the sky-line the wind drew a line of tall grass, and honeysuckles, and other impervious bushes, interspersed with myrtles, wild roses, and fox-glove, so thickly woven together, that all external view of this bean ideal of a bath was rendered impossible, the only access was by a narrow, and almost untravelling path, and the upper part was placed a high, locked gate, the key of which was in the exclusive charge of the ladies. I need say no more of the uses of this most enchanting of earthly groves, than that, if Diana and her nymphs had been as well proportioned as the catastrophe of Actæon could never have occurred.

Meanwhile, as I rode on, ignorant as yet of these and many other rich and rare beauties of this singular spot, and only admiring the general aspect of things, I began, for the first time, to reflect on the extreme awkwardness of my situation. I had no personal acquaintance with

The awkwardness of my situation—already considerable—was greatly augmented by this ridiculous proceeding, and I heard the riders pass within twenty yards of my hiding place, with the most unspeakable alarm lest any one of them should catch a glimpse of me nestling

I have already mentioned, that the gentleman whose introduction I carried was most urgent for me to deliver the letter in person; but he gave no reasons for this anxiety; nor indeed was I then aware, that besides his being an intimate friend, he was their family physician. While acting in this capacity, he had seen with regret how ineffectual his art had proved to alleviate the mother's

"Once more, adieu! I must hope you will write to me; let me constantly know how you proceed, and how I can address you; and recollect, you have received the freedom of this house. I believe I told you I had lost a son in the navy, a lieutenant, and of superior talents. I therefore consider that Heaven has given you to my care in his place—and may the Almighty protect you!"

TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

In this matter the country party, into which I had been so kindly admitted an honorary member, made several moves, with sundry losses and sundry acquisitions to its numbers; and as every day rendered this life more and more grateful, I could scarcely bear to think of resigning the office. I was, however, obliged to do so, from the duties of which so recently been relieved. I was the greatest and most sincere delinquent. Meanwhile, since the good-natured captain, and still better-natured messmates, made no difficulties about this protracted absenteeism, I continued to involve myself deeper and deeper at every step. I failed not to perceive that what I was getting into rather a dangerous one, and that my young son and my good friend, who were to work with me, would be hurt. But as these reflections interfered rather imperceptibly with the enjoyments of the hour, they were

crushed down and kept out of sight as much as possible, at that gay period.

What surprised me most, all this time, was the air of respect and high polish in the Irish society among whom I was thrown. I have never before so frequently entertained an idea that their hospitality, provincial in all parts of the world, was of a rude and rather troublesome description. I found it, on the contrary, marked not only by the strongest lines of sincerity and kindness, but by many of those delicate touches of consideration and the feelings of others which form the most insidious symptoms of genuine good-breeding. So very carefully, indeed, are these traits preserved as characteristics of their society, that rather more latitude in the intercourse of young people than I remember to have seen elsewhere is not only permitted, but encouraged. The propriety, as well as safety, of all this, consists in the perfect confidence which the parties possess in one another's sense of what is due to themselves; and that a degree of freedom, which in England might possibly be called bold or odd, is, in Ireland, merely one branch of a peculiar system of manners. It rests, no doubt, on as scrupulous a foundation of sentiment and principle as ours does, but it is less restricted by etiquettes, and far less frozen over with those conventional forms which the uninitiated find so troublesome to break through.

So far from discovering that the stories were true about the sort of unpolished manners on the eastern banks of the Liffey, whatever might have been the cause of it, I can safely say—whatever might have been the cause of it, that, during the course of experience in joviality I went through in the north of Ireland, I seldom met with any thing at a gentleman's table approaching even to exigence on this score, far less to the formidable bullying which we have rearranged again, when the alternative rested between another bottle or an ounce of lead. I do not deny that our friends the Irish have a wonderfully winning way of insinuating their good cheer upon us, and sometimes of inducing us—without the aid of firearms—to swallow more claret than is perhaps good for us.

I landed once at Buncrana, a pretty little quiet village, with a large, well-kept lawn on the eastern bank of the Liffey, a great and beautiful bay Lough Slieve. One side of this noble harbour is formed by the bold promontory of Loughswilly, celebrated in every land for its noble whiskey, second only—if second it be, (which I am bound as a Scotchman to doubt)—to that of Ferintosh or Glenlivet. I was accompanied by a friend, a gentleman of that day of his landing in Ireland. As he then seriously imagined the inhabitants to belong to a sort of wild and uncouth race, I could see he was rather surprised at the gentlemanlike deportment of an acquaintance of mine residing in the neighbourhood, and he brought a letter. We had walked together to his house, or rather cottage—for he was not a fixed resident, but came there for summer quarters. The neatness, and even elegance, of the domestic arrangements of his temporary establishment, both without and within the dwelling, gave token of a more refined and polished manner than the people far back in civilisation. Presently the ladies came, and their national frankness—modified by the most entire and unaffected simplicity—puzzled my friend completely. In due season the dressing-bell sent us off to prepare for the night, and while we were getting ready, my companion said to me—

"I see perfectly what this fellow is at; he means to see you and me up, by pouring claret down our throats. You may do as you please, but I'll be shot if he plays off his Irish pranks on me. I will eat his dinner—take a couple of glasses of his wine—make my bow to the ladies—go on board by eleven or twelve o'clock—and, having given them a dinner in return, shall have done my duty in the way of attention, after which I shall totally cut the connection. I have no idea of their abominable fashion of forcing strangers to drink."

"We shall see," said I; and, having knocked the dust off our shoes, down we went to dinner.

Every thing was plain, and suitable to the pretensions of a cottage. There was no pressing to eat or drink during dinner; and in process of time the cloth was removed—the ladies sipped a little sweet wine, and disappeared.

"Now for it," whispered my friend; "he has sent the women out of the way, that he may play us the better!" And I must own those looks rather suspicious; for, for our host, instead of sitting down again at the dinner-table, walked to a bow-window overlooking the anchorage, and exactly facing the setting sun, at that hour illuminating the bay with a glow of the most gorgeous sunset peculiar to combined mountain and lake scenery.

"Why should we not enjoy this pleasant prospect

while we are discussing our wine?" said the master of the house.

At that instant the door opened, and in walked the servant, as if he knew by intuition what was passing in his master's mind.

"Tim," said our host, "put the card-table here in the bow-window, and give us some other glasses,—also, if you have such a thing, bring up a bottle of claret."

Tim nodded, smiled, and made the fitting adjustments. The table was barely large enough to hold a noble long-corked bottle, for the fashion of claret decanters had not as yet reached that remote district of the empire. Round the margin was placed the necessary accompaniment of capacious glasses—famous tall fellows, with such slender stalks, that they seemed scarcely equal to the weight of their generous load.

My friend and I exchanged glances, and I could see his shoulders slightly raised, as if he was saying internally,

"Now we are in for it—but I will not drink a drop more than I choose."

The claret, which in itself was most delicious, was cooked in as perfect a style as if it had been subject to the skill of an Abbot or professional wine-cooler at Madras. The party consisted, I think, of four or five persons—I forget the exact number, in this case, however, I remember, just passed round the group twice. As the flavour of the beverage appeared to have become more exquisite at the second turn than at the first, though but a short interval had been allowed to elapse, it seemed odd that another bottle should not be ordered. For, instead of which, our landlord went on exhibiting the beauties of the lough, and the fineness of the season in general, and the sunset in particular, for full five minutes after the wine had disappeared—when he suddenly said, with a half-saturnian tone, towards my English friend, who sat at his elbow,—

"I beg your pardon—perhaps you would take some more wine?"

As no one made any objection, the bell was rung, and Tim reappeared, bearing with him another bottle. This likewise vanished in a trice, and Tim was again summoned.

"Bring some more claret," said the master to the man—or rather boy, as he was called, though twice as old as any of the party.

At this instant I caught my companion's eye; and I could see he was becoming alive to the plot against himself—so much so, indeed, that he seemed to be preparing to rise. The English gentleman, however, attracted his attention, and fixed him to his seat.

"Well, Tim, what are you gazing at? Why don't you run for the claret?"

"I didn't know," replied the other, "whether you'd like to use the whole of it."

"Use the whole of it?" exclaimed his master—"What does the boy mean? What are you at, Tim?"

"Oh, sir," quoth the well-instructed groom, "I knew you came here only for a short time, and as the wine you brought was but little, I didn't know but you might wish not to use it all entirely to-day." And then he whispered something in his master's ear, the words of which I could not distinguish. The reply, however, showed, or seemed to show, that what had been said.

"Nonsense, Tim, nonsense, you're an ass, man, bring it up."

Tim accordingly disappeared, but soon returned with a basket apparently full of straw; at the bottom of which, however, after some considerable show of hunting for a couple of bottles, was said to be found.

"Confound you, Tim; is this all?" said the host.

"It is, sir," said Tim; "and in faith, sir," added he, still lying, "it's one more bottle than I thought there was; for there was but the dozen when we started from Derry a week ago; and you know, sir, you and the collector on last Tuesday—"

But the catalogue of circumstances which were intended to lead us to Master Tim's wine, was cut short by a peremptory order to leave the room. This he did so soon as he had made a circumlocution to escape notice, and deposited the basket behind his master's chair, muttering, as he put it down with a thump—

"There's as good a couple of bottles of wine as ever was uncorked."

The fresh broach was, indeed, so delicious, that we could hardly believe it was of the same vintage as that of the previous bin, though our host assured us it was perfectly identical. At all events, under its genial inspiration, the glorious sun, which was just touching the

tops of the hills above Rathmullin, seemed already becoming doubly glorious, and the whole landscape more brilliant than ever.

Tim's basket well merited a still higher eulogium than he had given it; but while his reputation as a judge of wine rose, his character for veracity fell in about the same proportion, since we beheld, in company, not merely two, but three, and at last a fourth long-necked gentleman from Bordeaux emerge from under the straw!

The trick played upon us by these confederates was now apparent enough; but the wine, fortunately, was of the high and pure kind which does not produce much effect on strong heads, and that of my friend was proof against far greater trials than this. He was, indeed, perfectly aware of what was passing; and though deeply loving the wine, (which he told me afterwards was superior to any he had ever before tasted), and thirsting vehemently for more, yet he had no notion of being made tipsy by means of a common-place concert between host and butler. He therefore rose to leave the room, expecting, of course, to be forcibly detained, or, at all events, he reckoned upon being begged to enter into a contest with the wine.

Not a whit! The wily native knew his man exactly, and, instead of arresting his guest by force or by supplication, merely observed to him, that if he had a mind to admire the prospect, there was still daylight enough to command a view down the bay from the little knoll on the right. The English gentleman, however, was not all this. He saw there was none of the detention he expected would be practised upon him, and yet he had a strong consciousness that he was undergoing the operation well known ashore and ashore by the title of the game of humbug. At the same time, he felt the most eager desire to take another good pull at the claret.

There was no wine before us at this critical juncture of the evening, and our landlord, who, most unaccountably, seemed indifferent to this material circumstance, upon prodding for a quarter of an hour about Protestant ascendancy, the necessity of Derry, the battle of the Boyne, and such-like state topics. At length one of the company—whose interest in these subjects resembled that of a man who has never looked through a telescope when listening to the conversation of a company of astronomers—became somewhat impatient, and, watching a pause, asked this host if it were the custom in Ireland to discuss Orange politics with empty glasses!

"God bless me!" cried the other, with well-feigned surprise, "is there no wine on the table?" and ringing the bell furiously, he seemed to expect naturally that the confederate was almost thrown out.

"Well! you numskull, why don't you make off with you, and bring something for the gentlemen to drink?"

Tim stood fast till interrogated a second time, and then replied, with perfect gravity, that there was not another drop of wine in the house, swearing by all manner of saints to the truth of his assertion.

Upon this the master got up in a rage, and before he sent the servant to fetch another carousing the cellar himself. He was absent some time; and before he came back, he had prevailed on our hesitating companion to sit down again. Just as the stranger took his place, and as if there had been some electrical communication between his chair and the handle of the door, it opened, and in walked our generous entertainer, exulting in his success, crowing like chancier, and bearing in each hand a couple of bottles, clicking against each other; while Tim, with a degree of impudence equalled only by that of his master, substituted a plain glass for a still more capacious one, and swallowed the first. To these were added two pairs and a half, which towered high above the jolly crew, and promised to last till another dawn should look in upon our revels. By this time the twilight had almost entirely ebbed away, and was succeeded by that cheerful, auroral glow of brilliancy in the sky, which points out the place of the sun during the whole of his summer night's journey in those high latitudes. Politics dropped out of the conversation by general consent, for the joys of the grape soon melted us all into one mind—was a hour and a half of more pleasing interest than started, in which the strange party, without the aid of any angry discussion. I will not say that these were discussed without warmth, for the mirth and animation of the company rose very pleasantly as each fresh bottle found its way by some magical process to the table. But I must own it was sometimes rather diffi-

cult to tell who were the listeners amongst us, or to say who was guest and who landlord, for the party seemed to be a *tertium quid* of a higher order.

This went on for an indefinite length of time, but I should be the veriest conjuror on earth to say how long. Through the hazy atmosphere of my recollection of that jolly evening, I remember that about eleven o'clock, more or less, our host was enchanted almost beyond the power of words with seeing his wine so much relished, and he tickled also with the good joke of having succeeded, as he thought, in throwing the suspicious Englishman off his guard, and making him drink just as much wine as he, the Irishman, thought fit to impose. On this occasion, however, he inverted the proverb, and reckoned with his guest, for, by one important remark, he had brought him to the point of his brow.

"Well, sir," he exclaimed; "although this is the first day you ever set foot on the island, you have seen enough, I hope to satisfy you that we are not quite such savages as you supposed. Political liberty we have not got, it is true; but liberty hall is the true title of every Irish gentleman's dining-room—there's no compulsion here, you must see very clearly."

It was but little, however, that my English friend could now see very clearly of any thing, for by this hour both the physical and moral optics of the company were mystified out of all distinct focus of adjustment; and the above premature announcement of victory, on the part of the native, hurried back all the stranger's suspicions that he was speedily to be made a martyr at the shrine of old Bacchus. Fired with this idea, he started on his feet, and eyeing the door for a long time before he ventured on the voyage, with a bold determination, and taking a good departure from his chair, he gained his post. He had, undoubtedly, expected to be jugged for a gallop; for he whisked the tails of his coat out to reach, while, with his other hand on the lock of the door, and swaying himself about from side to side, like a ship in a calm, he stood the very image of tottering equilibrium, as the mathematicians call it.

Our adroit landlord, who was not a man to shrink from difficulties, mastered to his aid all the resources of his well-timed hospitality, and gallantly met this great occasion. It is true, he had now some three or four bottles of wine under his girdle more than when he and Tim had tricked the party about the poverty of the cellar, just as the sun was going down. That manoeuvre, and all other similar devices, of course, exhausted him; so he took another line of conduct.

"Oh, you're off, are you?—wish you joy—you'll find the ladies in the drawing-room—I think I hear the tinkle of the piano—I prefer the tinkle of the glass—pray tell the damsels we are coming, by and by—mind you say 'by and by'—I don't like to be too particular, for fear of seeming rude—don't you see?"

This speech was wound up by a telegraphic flourish of the hand towards Tim, who stood near, with a bottle between his feet, the screw buried in the cork, and his body bent to the effort which he only delayed to exercise till ordered by his master.

"Out with him, man! out with the cork!" cried the host. The loud report with succeeding rattle over the apartment, like the sweetest music to the souls of the ever-thirsty company. Tim's thunder was echoed back by a truly bacchanalian shout, such as nothing on earth can give proper emphasis to, except double allowance of claret. The Englishman, fairly subdued by the uproar, and finding it impossible to deliver his brimbling glass in one hand, and grasping the fist of his merry host in the other, he roared out,

"You really are an uncommon good fellow; and hang me if ever I distrust an Irishman again as long as I live!"

But within three minutes afterwards, this promise of friendship for me had dissolved in a bottle like which the incomparable Tim had so opportunely introduced, the master of the house, seeing us at length quite at his mercy, and eager to go on, rose, and said, to our great amazement,

"Come! we've had wine enough: let's join the ladies in the drawing-room."

The disappointed company stared at one another, and loudly proclaimed that it was not fair to limit us in this way. The Englishman in particular wished to remain; but our host was inexorable. Meanwhile, Timothy grinned from ear to ear, familiar with his master's tricks, and, taking advantage of the ladies' departure, opening the door, marched off the field of battle with flying colours!

As we moved along to the drawing-room, my companion whispered to me,

"I must own, I have been well served for my suspicions. I made quite certain of being bullied into drinking more than was agreeable to me; but it turns out," cried he, laughing, "quite the reverse; for I cannot get a drop of wine, now that I want it."

"Well! it well!" cried our hospitable friend, who overheard the conclusion of this remark, "you shall do as you please over this evening."

He then showed us to a couple of snug rooms, which he said were ours, as long as we chose to occupy them. For the rest, I went off to the Giant's Causeway in the course of the next day; and on returning, at the end of a week, found that my friend, instead of cutting the connection, according to promise, had not once been out of sight of the house, and had never been asked to drink a bottle, or even a glass, more than he liked. He declared, indeed, that he had rarely, in any country, met with persons so truly hospitable, or more gentleman-like, or so perfectly reasonable, in the true sense of these words, than accident had thrown him in the way of becoming acquainted with, in what, previously, he had considered a region inhabited almost by a different set of beings from his own countrymen.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FARMERS' SOCIETY.

It would be doing scrup justice, however, to the dear Green Island, were it not to be mentioned, that in some districts, and amongst certain tribes of the merry natives, a few rough touches of the ancient manners are still to be seen, and the great amusement of the parties themselves, and to the high edification, no doubt, of such novices as myself in the mysteries of hard drinking.

Not very long after the occurrence above related, in which Tim and his master quizzed the strangers in such good style, I had occasion to visit a city of some distance from Lough Swilly.

I had been charged by my friends in Scotland to make enquiries into various topics, particularly that of Florin; and having soon made acquaintance with the late Dr. Richardson, readily obtained all the information required from that enthusiastic advocate for the cultivation of the grass in question. Before I set out for Port Rush, the headquarters of Florin cultivation, a merry friend of mine hearing me ask some questions about corn-crops, hay-crops, and such matters, begged to know if I should not like to be introduced to the Farmers' Society of their good city.

"For there," said my friend, "will meet with all the best informed agriculturists of the country." Of course, I gladly accepted his offer, and that of his companionship to the society's dinner on that very day. As we walked to the house, which I think lay about a mile or so beyond the limits of the town, I taxed my memory for all the queries which had been put to me on the subject of farming, resolving to apply there at the most fitting moments, and rejoicing over the famous opportunity I now had of reaping a grand harvest of information, at a small cost of trouble.

On we trudged to a pretty little country inn, which we reached just as dinner was sitting on the table. The party consisted of a dozen persons, or there may have been a dozen and a half—as pleasant men, in their way, as could be met with. Before the repast was over, I chanced to ask my treacherous friend, next whom I was placed, some questions on the subject of turnip husbandry. He heard me out, and laughed exceedingly; but instead of answering, called out to the chairman of the meeting,

"I beg to inform you, sir, that the gentleman on my right wishes to know whether we in the north of Ireland pull up our turnips or let them remain in the ground, as the Earl of Londonderry does at this time, sir, I take this to be an agricultural question—don't you?"

"Certainly it is," replied the president.

"Undoubtedly agricultural!" cried out the rest of the company; upon which, turning to the waiter, the chairman said, "Bring me a glass of water."

"Boy! take the glass to Mr. Hall—the strange gentleman there."

Accordingly, a glass, not very much above the ordinary size, was handed to me, and straightway filled with whiskey-toddy. This I was required by the president to drink off instantly.

"On what compulsion? and wherefore?" I asked, laughing, with the glass at my lips.

"Oh sir!" exclaimed he, "on no compulsion at all, my dear sir; for this, you must know, is Liberty Hall. Do exactly as you please, only conforming to the laws of the Association; that is to say," continued the president, grinning, "you will of course see the obvious propriety of complying with the fixed rules of the Farmers' Society, one of the strictest of which very properly is, that no one present shall allow himself to utter a sentence, much less discourse upon it, as you have done, or ask any questions?"

There was a national comicality about this queer rule which was of course quite unanswerable; so I paid the penalty, and drank off the punch, without further delay; for it was admirable in its ingredients, and what is almost as important, admirably concocted.

I had no sooner emptied the glass, than I was ordered to fill and swallow another bumper, as a fine for having used the left hand instead of the right; and when I remonstrated against the injustice, I was told that for breaking laws which he had never before heard the existence, the president said, with mock gravity,

"Do you really suppose, sir, that such an excuse as not knowing the existence of a law against hog-stealing would help you in a court of justice, if you were to run off with a pig?"

The reasoning was again unanswerable, so down went the drink.

My merry agricultural friends, who knew all the depths and shallows of the most delightful of all navigations, that of a punch-bowl, were well aware that if they could, by any means, get the unwary stranger to pass a certain point of moderation, no additional impulse on their part would be requisite to bring about the grand consummation they aimed at, and which they were all the more bent upon, from seeing me a little on my guard.

It need scarcely be told that I failed, and that they succeeded in making me enter their trap. I have, indeed, not a very distinct recollection of the whole scene; but I do remember seeing the hands of the clock dancing a jig about the hour of twelve, and have some faint remembrance of being made to drink at least three times to the glorious and immortal memory of King William III., merely because I could not find articulation or manner to repeat, without tripping, an immense long tail to this royal and loyal Orange toast.

Such are the sort of pranks which Pat is apt to direct himself withal, when he has no real business in hand, or when his duties, public or domestic, do not claim his serious attention. It is true, he is sometimes a wild hand enough to deal with, even when not a drop of the cratur has passed his lips; but he is not a whit more so, I verily believe, than either English, Scotch, or Welshman, when fairly roused into action by motives suitable to his propensities. He is not more intemperate, or who, when properly managed, are more docile and amenable to really good discipline, than the Irish. Perhaps it may occasionally happen that there is a difficulty in getting Paddy to see things in the particular light in which we wish him to view them, as we say, "make him cast with his head on the right tack; but there is no man who performs more or better work when once this is accomplished.

I remember being much struck with this peculiarity of the Irish character some years after the period of the farmers' war, when I came to Ireland. Indeed, I have not infrequently been puzzled in Ireland to recognise the same individual when engaged in transacting important affairs, and when he allowed himself to relax after the serious work was over.

In the autumn of the year 1817, on returning from India with important despatches on board, I reached the chops of the Lough channel, and, lo! I saw a fleet of boats. So numerous were we of reaching Spilhead in a day or two at furthest, that my travelling trunk was packed, and best boots polished, ready for a start to town. But, just as we expected to strike soundings, the wind shifted to the eastward, and we were blown off so to speak, that we were well advanced before the boat beating about, we succeeded in reaching the west coast of Ireland, harassed to the last degree. I landed with my despatches, accompanied by several passengers, at the little town of Bantry, which gives its name to a splendid estuary—perhaps the finest in the world, and which, I am inclined to think, of immense importance whenever the present heartless and systematic agitations of Ireland shall be allowed to subside, and that magnificent

portion of the empire shall have become as much an integral part of England as the banks of the Forth and Clyde have so happily been rendered by the permanent, and cordial, and mutually beneficial union of the lesser with the greater counties, or by whatever means we could not find out—had refused to pay certain taxes or municipal duties. On intimation being given him, that on a certain day his furniture and other goods would be distrained, he prepared to do any thing rather than submit. At all events, he was resolved to have a fight for it. Such was the story we were told on landing, as to the cause of the wild uproar which saluted us.

The owner of the house laid his plans with some degree of that military skill which all men acquire in a turbulent country. He prevailed on a dozen or twenty of his friends to stow themselves away in his rooms, and, at a given signal, when the officers of government were in full pursuit of the articles named in their bond, they started up, shillelah in hand, and played crack! crack! to the right and left. Twenty heads were cracked in that twenty seconds. As we jumped out of our boat, delighted to touch the ground after so long a voyage, these were the first sounds which saluted our ears, mixed up with loud cheers by the different parties, as victory swerved from side to side.

It was difficult for persons, so ignorant as we were of such things, to believe that so much execution could be done in so short a period. Before we reached the brow of the hill, however, which overlooked the village, an interval of only a few minutes, it was all over. On our way we encountered four or five of the wounded, precariously making their way to the reserve party. One of our boat, delighted to touch the ground after so long a voyage, these were the first sounds which saluted our ears, mixed up with loud cheers by the different parties, as victory swerved from side to side.

This episode, added to the ordinary bustle and business in a fair, caused us the greatest difficulty in getting away from the town. No carriages or horses were to be had; and I really knew not where to go. I should have done, had not a gentleman, seeing our distress, dismounted from his horse, and, prevailing on one or two others to do the same, kindly offered them to us, that we might proceed without further delay to Skibbereen, the nearest town through which the mail passes.

It was after sunset before we left the uproarious scene at Bantry, the sounds of which we could trace long after we left the village; and by the time we reached our destination it was dark, or nearly so. On alighting from our nags at the inn door, a gentleman, who has been waiting for some friends, addressed us in these words:—

"You're welcome, at last, gentlemen! I hope, indeed, you may not be too late; the piece is just about to commence, and there is much difficulty about places—so, comrades!"

All this being Hebrew to us, we begged to know what was required, conceiving that we must be mistaken for some other party.

"Oh, no, gentlemen, it's not a bit of a mistake! I discovered at first sight that you were just landed, and I thought I might as well try to see to it as to let you know nothing, or soon to be acted, with great applause in the court house. Strolling theatricals, they are—not a regular company—we don't sport that yet—but very good ones of their kind; so, come along, as the place is already full to the ceiling already. Nevertheless, there'll always be room for strangers, which you will soon perceive."

As the coach was not to pass for some hours, and no post-horses could be procured, we yielded to our obliging friend's entreaties, and proceeded, hooted and spurred, and as we went, we reached the theatre. We were met by the waiter, who reached the bottom of the stairs, the ascent of which appeared an after impossibility. At length our guide made himself heard; and the moment the crowd were informed that the party consisted of strangers, a lane was made, and we reached the upper door. The same magical word had the effect of dispatching the gentlemen in the best part of the house, and we presently found ourselves seated in the midst of some very pleasant company, in good time for the curtain drawing up. Our friendly pilot now left us, saying, that although he was not to be carried to any thing but "Juno," which he perceived he, "after the play, come you to the Harp and Crown, and there you'll find supper ready, all piping

hot for you, and beds with well-toasted sheets, and places secured in the coach; so give yourselves no manner of concern about the future, but enjoy the play and the society about you."

He then moved himself even better than his words for he contrived to hire a chair for me and my despatches, by which means I was enabled to set off in the middle of the night. On reaching Cork, I found that I had exhausted all my cash, and had not where to stop. I happened to be on the journey; but as a copy of my own quarterly-pay bills were safe in my pocket, it seemed impossible there could be any difficulty in getting money. On proceeding to the nearest bank, and presenting my government bills, the gentlemen in the office handed them from one to the other—held them to the light—inspected them most themselves—inspected me in no very agreeable style—and at length said, they were really very sorry, but they could not give me money for this paper.

"It is very strange," I said. "In no part of the world that I have ever been in is any species of document representative money, preferable to bank notes."

"That may be, sir, but we can't help it, we cannot give you cash."

I proceeded to another and another bank, but all to no purpose—tried mine east of the Red Lion—but he shook his head with disgust. I was sorely perplexed, and thought of going to the military commander, but, unfortunately, he had left the city. In the morning of that day, after coming from Skibbereen, I had, of course, proceeded to Cove, about twenty miles from Cork, to report myself to the naval commander-in-chief; but as I was not without doubt about the facility of getting money for government bills, I never dreamed, when there, of asking the admiral to indorse them. As many hours must have been lost in returning all the way to Cove, I proceeded again to one of the banks I had before attacked, and tried all my eloquence; but they were still obdurate, and I marched back to the street in despair. On my way to the inn, I was overtaken by one of the partners of the business.

"Were you never in Cork before?" he asked; "and if so, don't you know any one in the city who could indorse your bills?"

Before I could answer his question, he saw that I was hurt at his suspicions, and called out,

"Nay! nay! don't be angry, now, nor colour up, nor fly in a passion. There is no harm in being an object of suspicion, provided no injury is done you. And, for my part, I, individually, believe you really are the officer you say you are; but he is a very smart fellow, and to the worst, you shall have the money to put you on your way; but I would rather go through with the affair in a business-like manner."

"Well," I said, "that is kind enough. I was once in Cork for a single day, six years ago, when I made acquaintance with Counsellor O'Brien."

"In that case," cried he, evidently much relieved, "the matter will soon be settled, for here is the very street in which the gentleman lives, let us call upon him."

It ill luck would have it, this person, the only man I was acquainted with in Cork, had that moment rode off from the door!

"There's a plague," said the banker, resuming his embarrassed air; "for, to be quite frank with you, we have lately been so grievously taken in by a swindler, who, pretending to be a naval officer, forged and passed off a considerable number of bills similar to those in your hand, that I fear you will find it next to impossible to negotiate them."

While I was pondering over this dilemma, and pacing up and down the streets with my friendly banker, he suddenly stopped, and, turning round, called, or rather shrieked,

"Oh! now I think I have it! Did not you say, my good sir, that you were charged with despatches to the government, about the Mahratta war? Where are they?—let me have a look at them!"

This brilliant idea gave new life to the transaction, and away we trotted to the inn. The desk was speedily opened, and Sir Richard King's despatches, Governor Norri Elliott of Madras's despatches produced, with the whole bagful of packets from Calcutta, the Isle of France, the Cape, and St. Helena.

"Quite enough! quite enough!" almost screamed out the delighted man of cash. "You shall have the money, sir, you shall have the money; and that right speedily; and along with it, my apologies for all this trouble, and detention, and suspicion; and perhaps we may end our

acquaintance in a way you little think of—but of that we'll talk by and by."

"In the meantime," I said, "you must sit down and take your dinner with us; though I dare swear it is fairly moon-ore-cooked, since it is a couple of hours past the time it was ordered."

"No, no!" he cried, "I must run off to catch the money before the clock is locked; besides, I do not like to do things by halves; take your dinner, and you'll see me here again in due time."

We then adjourned to our dinner, paid the bill, ordered the chaise round, and sat in readiness for a start, the moment the means of greasing the wheels, as my friend aptly called it, should be put in my possession.

Erreng, this most considerate of friends in need re-

appeared, with the money in separate parcels, one of which held notes, another guineas, and a third change in silver. He made me count it all carefully, and then received from me the bills of exchange, which I signed before him.

"Now, my very kind sir," I said, holding out my hand,

"let me thank you most sincerely for the important service you have done me, and, pray, believe that I shall have no greater pleasure in the world than in being of use to you, if ever it lies in my power."

"No, no! first! not so fast!" I cried he, affecting to refuse the proffered hand, "I shall first shew my appreciation of that, in spite of all these grateful assurances, you will make a demur at the very first, and perhaps the only favour I shall ever ask you, or have the means of asking you in my life."

"What?" I asked.

"Neither more nor less," he replied, laughing, "than that you should now give me the pleasure of your company over a bowl of punch, which I, who am allowed to be the best mixer in the county of Cork, will concoct in two or three minutes."

"But don't you think it would be better to send some important despatches to carry, and have already lost so much time, that I really ought to be proceeding to Dublin as fast as four horses can carry me?"

"There, now!" he exclaimed, "did not I say that you would make a difficulty about granting me the first and best of favours?"

Besides, I don't at all understand your insinuating that

time can ever be lost in drinking good punch; and lastly,

not least, I beg you to bear in mind, that but for me,

you must either have been sticking here in the inn, or

trudging down to the Cove to beg pecuniary assistance

from your good eyes, should have occasioned you to

pay my Lords Commissioners for executing the office of

Lord High Admiral, if you should be called upon to account

for the delay; but out of this room, without discuss-

ing a bowl, depend upon it you shall not start! Kelly," he exclaimed, "Joe Kelly, man, get the things,

and, d'ye hear, the best materials!"

So, as there was now left no possible mode of escape,

down we sat.

He had promised to complete his incantations in two

minutes, but I am confident he occupied a good quarter

of an hour in performing his incantations, and, in the

mean time, upon all the details of which he descended most lavishly;

assuring his company that it was not the quality or even

proportions of the magical ingredients, so much as the

exact attention to the best method of putting them

together, that constituted the grand secret of manufac-

turing a good evening should have occasioned you to

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down we sat.

He had promised to complete his incantations in two

minutes, but I am confident he occupied a good quarter

of an hour in performing his incantations, and, in the

mutation was begun and completed the very instant our money transactions were ended. The ink of my signature to the bills was not well dry, before the clapper, by his hands, sung out in a new key for "the materials," as he called them, and commenced the grand brewing, with a degree of energy of character, and certainty of purpose, which, I trust and hope, must, long ere this, have made his fortune.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE TROPICAL REGIONS AT SEA.

There sailed along with us in the Volage, from Spithead, the Princess Caroline 74, and the very frigate, to aid in protecting a fleet of the following ships of the East India Company—the *Elphinstone*, *Wexford*, *Circenester*, *Marquis of Huntly*, *Bombay Castle*, and *Almwick Castle*, all for China direct. As these ships were of the largest class well manned, well commanded, and likewise pretty well armed, and got up a look like men-of-war, our force had not only an imposing aspect, but, in the event of coming in contact with an enemy, even in considerable strength, we should either have beaten him outright, or baffled him by crippling his spars in such a manner as to prevent his intercepting our passage.

On the occasion of our voyage in 1812, our most interesting evolutions were confined to the interchange of good drinks, and for your Indians know as well how to eat, drink, and be merry, as to fight, if need be. Their dominions and indeed every business, is to trade; but their trading is a wretched traffic, and they are, in the ordinary merchant service. The East India Company's officers are bred up, in many respects, like naval men; and, as they are taught to act, they learn to feel, in the same manner. Being sprung from as good a stock as the noblest and bravest of our country, they possess a kindred gentlemanlike spirit, and are in every respect, as far as their means go, perfectly suitable allies in battle. I allude chiefly to their warlike equipments; but in almost every thing else they are also essentially the same, save in the circumstance of actual trafficking. Unfortunately, as we were not engaged in buying and selling goods, but in the service of our country, and as it was to detach an officer's thoughts from those exertions and delicate refinements which constitute the characteristic distinction between the art of war and the art of gain. Accordingly the two things, when joined together, make rather an awkward and unbecoming union.

In fine weather there is naturally much agreeable intercourse between the different ships in such a fleet as ours; for East India Company's folks, whether of the land or the sea service, understand right well the jolly and cheerful cheer of a merry party, and they are, on the high seas, basking on the lofty Himalayas, or feasting in the bungalows of the flat Delta of the Ganges, it is all one to them. So that, during our whole voyage, there scarcely occurred a day on which, in the course of the morning, if the sea were tolerably smooth, and the wind not too strong, and the weather otherwise agreeable, the dinner-invitation signal was not displayed from the commodore, or from some of his flock. When there was a breeze, and the ships were making way through the water, some technical address was necessary to avoid delay. This will easily be understood, without the aid of a minute detail. If it be the commodore, there must always in a convoy be found certain vessels which sail worse than others, and that, although these tubs, as they are most deservedly called, crowd their canvass, the rest are obliged to shorten sail in order to keep them company; as *Lightfoot*, in the fairy tale, was obliged to do his best to keep pace. If it be the commodore who gives the dinner, he either heaves to, while the boats of the different captains come on board, or he edges down to the different ships in succession, passes them at the distance of half a cable's length, picks up his guests, and requires his station a-head, or to windward, or wherever he may suit him to place himself. If the commodore is in charge, it is one of the fastest sailers have occasion to heave to, either before or after dinner, to lower down, or to hoist up the boat which carries the captain backwards and forwards to the ship in which the entertainment is given, and in consequence of this detention any way has been lost that the ship has not got a better more sail, that she may shoot ahead, and regain her position in the line.

The unfortunate bad sailers of all fleets or convoys that ever swam, as may well be supposed, are daily and hourly exposed to the annoyance of the detention, and it must be owned that the detention they cause, when a fresh breeze is blowing, is excessively provoking to all the rest, and mortifying to themselves. Sometimes the progress

of one haystack of a vessel is so slow that a fast-sailing ship is directed to take her in tow, and fairly lug her along. Another troublesome operation is the abundance of the execution no small degree of nautical knowledge, and his dexterity, and must be performed in the face of the whole squadron, it is always exposed to much sharp criticism. The celerity with which sail is set, or taken in, by the respective ships, or the skill with which broken spars are shifted, like the furnishing such technical and complicated table-talk, that there is seldom any want of topic in the convoy. Sailors, indeed, are about as restless as the element on which they float; and their hands are generally kept pretty full by the necessity of studying the fluctuating circumstances of the weather, and, together with the due attention to what is properly called the navigation, or that branch of their art which consists in discovering the ship's place on the globe, and shaping the course to be steered after the exact position has been determined.

These, and various other occupations not now touched upon, served to give a most useful life to the East India voyage, which, to most of us, was the first in its way, and filled up our time, as we sailed along with a flowing sheet over the broad Atlantic, much more completely and agreeably than can be well conceived. The circumstances, however, did not pass successively and quickly through a number of days, but rather in the order of increasing warmth, and then in the reverse order of increasing cold, was of itself most striking. The change of latitude being the chief cause of these phenomena, a succession of astronomical variations being occasioned by the progress of the voyage; and although all these were reciprocally explained by reasonings which every one on board was accustomed to admit as sound, yet the actual, practical exhibition, as it may be termed, of the truths of astronomical science failed not to strike the unfamiliarised imagination as both wonderful and new.

When we sailed from England the weather was very cold, raw, and uncomfortable; and although, fortunately, we had a couple of days' fair wind at starting, we were met in the very chops of the channel by hard-hearted southerly and southwesterly winds, which tried our patience, and the crew of the vessel, and the crew of the ship, caught a glimpse of the north coast of Spain; and the rugged shore of Galicia was the last which most of us saw of Europe for many years. It was not till after a fortnight's hard struggling against these tiresome southwesterly winds, and the crew of the vessel, and the crew of the ship, having by the way dropped several tons of their weary stray sheep came in during the few days we remained to refresh ourselves at this most charming of resting places. After nearly a week's enjoyment, we proceeded on our course to the southward, and within three days came in sight of Palma, the most northern of the Canary Island group. It was thirty miles distant in the southeast quarter. Tenerife, the sea "monarch of mountains," lay too far off for us to perceive even his "diadem of snow," which at that season (April) I presume, he always wears high. Some years after the period in question, I was again in the same sea, in the month of August, the very tip-top was bare, and the thermometer at 70°.

Under more favourable circumstances we might possibly have seen Tenerife from the Volage, for our distance was not above a hundred miles. This, however, it must be a long way to see the land, unless it form a continuous range of mountains, like the Andes, and even then to be distinguished well, it requires to be interposed between a bright sky and the ship. At day-break, and for about half an hour before sun rise, if the weather be clear, even sharp peaks, like the cone of Tenerife, may be seen with a degree of distinctness, which is very remarkable, when viewed from the distance of a hundred miles and upwards, as I have several times experienced when navigating in the Pacific. But when the full splendour of the sun's light begins to fill the air, these gigantic forms gradually fade away amongst the clouds, or melt into the sky, even when no clouds are visible.

I have likewise been told, and I can easily believe, that a ship, if she be bound to the westward, may be seen by away from Tenerife (or other high insulated peaks), and keeping the eye pretty constantly fixed in the proper direction, it may be retained in sight at a much greater distance than it can be discovered on approaching. I have never myself experienced the experiment, but have never had a good opportunity of trying, as the experiment never had a good opportunity of trying, as the experiment

It was late in April, as we were sailing slowly past these distant Canary Islands, when the first real puff of the Tradeswind caught our sleeping sails, and made the braces, buntlines, and galls the other ropes connected with the sails, all give way. The vessel was then in the forestate of what we were to enjoy for upwards of a thousand leagues across the torrid zone ahead of us,

served more effectually to detach our thoughts from European interests than any thing which had occurred since our leaving England. At the very moment, however, when we were thus shut out from the disengagement of our feelings from domestic anxieties, and all the varied agitation of home concerns, we observed a ship crossing our path at some distance. Signal being made to chase, we instantly darted off from the convoy to examine the stranger, who proved to be an English ship from Lisbon. "Badajo has fallen," replied the other, "after a terrible siege."

This was received with a general buzz of joyous congratulation along the decks. In answer to further questions, we were told that of some three or four thousand men killed and wounded in the trenches of Badajo. Then, indeed, the glorious intelligence was greeted by three jolly huzzas from every ship in the convoy!

Nothing so startling as this occurred to us again, but the serenity of our thoughts was in some degree interrupted a few days afterwards, by the northerly Tradeswind dying away, and a gentle southeaster spring up in its place. This occurred in latitude 25° 40' N., where, according to our inexperienced conception of these singular winds, we ought to have found a regular breeze from the very opposite quarter! Nor was it till long after the sun had passed the tropic of Cancer, and the direction of the Tradeswinds are liable to modification by the particular position which the sun occupies in the heavens; or how far the rotatory motion of the earth, combined with the power which the sun possesses of heating certain portions of the circumambient air, are the prevailing causes of the Tradeswinds, and, indeed, of all the other winds by which we are driven about. It is by no means an easy problem in meteorology to show how these causes act in every case; and perhaps it is one which will never be so fully solved as to admit of a popular enunciation applicable to all climates. In the most important and useful class, however, our series of currents, called, par excellence, and with so much picturesque truth, "the Tradeswinds," the explanation is not difficult. But before entering on this curious and copious theme, I feel anxious to carry our voyage to the most important regions, after which an account of the Trades will be more to the purpose.

I have just mentioned that the changes of temperature, on a voyage to India, are most remarkable. We set sail, for instance, in the month of March, when it was bitterly cold in England; then we came off the coast of Spain, where it was warm and pleasant; then we passed the equator, which is always agreeable. Then we passed the tropics; after which we sailed over the tropic of Cancer, and got well toasted in the torrid zone; steered down upon the equinoctial line, passed the tropic of Capricorn, and again became conscious of the weakened influence of the sun; till, at length, off the Cape of Good Hope, we were once more nipped with the cold. Anon, heaving rounded the south point of Africa, we put our heads towards the line, and a second time, within a few weeks, emerged from the depth of winter into the height of summer.

The proximate cause of all these vicissitudes was, of course, our approach towards and removal from the direct influence of the great source of light and heat. At one time, the sun, even at noon, was seen creeping stealthily along, low down in the horizon, at another his lofty rays were pouring down in a way that never overleaved the 5th of May, when our latitude was 17° 30' N., the sun's declination was 16° 20' N., his centre being only one degree from our zenith: shadows we had none, any more than the unhappy wretch in the wild German story, for a punishment was deprived of this honourable accompaniment. At a little more south, say St. August, to the north-westernmost of the Cape de Verd Islands, the summit of which is about seven thousand feet above the sea.

On the next day I will remember going on deck with a certain flutter of spirits, to see, for the first time in my life, the sun to the northward, and moving through the heavens in the right hand, right left, right left, right left. No one doubts that the earth is round; yet these fanciful and actual proofs of its rotundity always amuse the cynic, and frequently interest the judgment, almost as much as if they were unexpected. The gradual rise, the brightening, the night, the day, the night, the day, as though it were still higher order of curiosity, than merely places well-known objects in strange positions, but brings totally new objects of contemplation before our eyes, and leads us to feel, perhaps more strongly than upon any other occasion, the full gratification which novelty on the grand scale affords to the human mind. I shall never forget the impatience with which I have often

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 6, NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA—At \$5 for 32 numbers, payable in advance.

watched the approach of darkness after a long day's sail to the south, knowing that I, in a few moments, was to discover celestial phenomena heretofore concealed from my view.

After slanting through the northeast Trade-wind, we reached that well-known but troublesome stage in the voyage, so difficult to get over, called the Variables. I have not thus acquired in title from the regular Trades not being found there, but in their place uneasy breezes, long calms, heavy squalls, and sometimes smart winds from the southward and southwestward. These Variables, which sorely perplex all mariners, even those of most experience, while they drive young navigators all most out of their senses, are not under the dominion of the causes which regulate those great perennial breezes the Trades, blowing to the northward and southward of them. Their laws, however, are not quite so readily understood, and consequently are not so easily allowed for in the practice of navigation. I have even seen people as much provoked with their occurrence, as if the course of nature had been interrupted for the express purpose of bothering them. Such impatient voyagers will not condescend to recollect, that their own constant observation, or shallow knowledge of the facts, is all that is like to cause the least disappointment, and that, that dame Nature should have halted in her operations merely to vex their worships. On the other hand, many persons besides navigators, misled by the seduction of names, rush headlong into very unsatisfactory generalisations: and, upon the subject of a few elements, which they call the laws of nature, which they are mightily astonished to find will not always square with actual observation. Such reasoners, instead of being delighted with new facts, are vexed to meet with exceptions, as they call them, and are very slow to concede that the laws of nature are not what they are willing to allow, that, if they had studied the subject more attentively, they might have profited by these very exceptions, and advanced their voyage, instead of retarding it.

When we actually encounter, on the spot, and for the first time, a crowd of new circumstances of which, previously, we have only known the names, or have merely heard them described by others, we feel so much confused and bewildered, that we fly eagerly to the nearest authority to help us out of the scrape. It generally happens, in these cases, that the reference does not prove very satisfactory, because the actual circumstances with which we are engaged are rarely similar in all their bearings to those with which we compare them; and when this is not the case, the blindfold method of proceeding in the beaten path is very apt to mislead.

As an illustration of this kind of error, we may be stated to the tropical regions, where actual experience has not extended to the tropical regions, are very apt, in poring over the voyages of others, to acquire, insensibly, a very confident notion that each of the great Trade-winds blowing on different sides of the line, (the northeast and the southeast, by name) are quite steady in their direction; and that, in the equatorial interval which lies between them, only calms and light winds are to be found. Moreover, inexperienced persons generally believe this interval to be equally divided by the equator, and that both the breadth and the position of this calm region continue unchanged through the whole year. Now, here are four important mistakes—important both in a scientific and in a practical point of view. For 1st, Not calms and squalls alone, but occasionally fresh and steady winds, are found between the Trades; 2dly, The belt called the Variables is by no means equally divided by the equator; neither, 3dly, is that belt stationary in its position; nor, 4thly, is it uniform in its breadth. It will then be easily understood, even by a person who has never quitted one of the midland counties in England, and to whom the ocean is an unseen wonder, that a new course to the tropics, by the aid of the Variables, may be false views, will be very apt to mistake his own ignorance for the caprice of Nature, and perhaps call out, as I once heard a man do, in all the agony of impatience caused by a protected head wind,—"Now this is really a dangerous usage of the clerk of the weather, and the sea, though, however, not so much with the clerk's usage as with his own limited knowledge—for if at the very time of his imprecation, instead of abusing the foul

wind, and keeping his yards braced sharp up, and making his sails stand like a board, the grumbler had known how to take advantage of it, and had kept away two or three points, set his fore-top-mast studding-sail, and flanked across or through the breeze which he had in vain tried to beat against, he might not only have saved his temper, but have made his passage in half the time. Without considering the inferiority of the sailor's pursuits, requires, for its right performance, a constant mixture of theory and practice. The purely practical man, if his experience be extensive, and his voyages be repeatedly made over the same ground, will unquestionably have an advantage over the purely theoretical navigator. There is no necessity, however, that speculation and experience should be either disjointed, or combined in equal portions. A small chain of sound reasoning will serve to arrange and bind together a large pile of properly observed details. Actual facts form the rude materials of our professional knowledge; the skill of the mathematician supplies the theory by which we can apply these designs to useful account.

I am not sure that, in the whole range of this extensive subject, there could be picked out an instance more in point to what has just been said, than these interesting phenomena of the Trade-winds, which, if I mistake not, few persons consider the interior of the climate, or persons, whether professional or otherwise. To sailors of every age and rank, and especially to naval officers, an acquaintance with the laws which regulate these extraordinary aerial currents must be of great importance.

For a commander may, at a moment's warning, be obliged to carry his own ship, or to guard a convoy, from the northern to the southern hemisphere, or perhaps from the West to the East Indies. If, however, he have not previously made a tropical voyage or two, or have not studied the subject in its general bearings, he will be at a disadvantage, and his officers and predecessors, he may expect to find himself most woefully embarrassed, both on entering and on leaving the Trades.

A captain of a man-of-war in charge of a convoy of India ships, it is true, may, at any time, consult the experienced commanders of the ships under his orders as to the best method of making the passage, generally; or he may call them on board on reaching the Variables, to have their opinion, and, if he pleases, take their advice as to the quickest method of getting over this difficult stage in the journey. But I think it will occur to every one, that such a proceeding, though very necessary, may sometimes be fatal to the advancement of the public service, there must be a certain loss of dignity; and with it, some relinquishment of that authority which all experience shows is essential to the proper exercise of command.

No other officers nor men throughout any fleet ever put forth their whole strength, unless they have the fullest confidence in the person placed at their head. On the other hand, if their confidence in their leader be complete, they fling their whole souls and bodies into the effort, and under the inspiring influence of command, the most rational and the most equal superiority to themselves and to others. We all know how well this principle worked on the great scale in fleets under Nelson, and, in a smaller degree, but in a spirit hardly less remarkable, on board single ships under Lord Cochrane. Without entering into this branch of the question, it must be evident to every one, that the exact knowledge required for getting quickly over the more difficult parts of an Indian voyage may often prove of the utmost consequence in a national point of view. Suppose, for instance, a war breaks out unexpectedly between France and England, and the fleets, coming good as usual, are despatched, by the countries respectively, to spread the news in the eastern hemisphere. Conceive then to start simultaneously, one from Cherbourg, the other from Plymouth, let them both reach the edge of the Variables together, and also lose the northeast Trade-wind on the same day. So that two equally good officers will probably run abreast of one another. But if one of the captains, without being personally acquainted with the nu-

merous varieties which occur in those low latitudes, has yet a sound knowledge of the general laws by which the fluctuations in the winds are regulated, while the other has merely read about them in log-books, and has no theoretical key to help him to unlock the secrets of the perplexing anomalies he will inevitably encounter, the chances surely are, that the career of the two ships will become from that hour essentially different. If, to the sound knowledge which I have supposed one of the officers to possess, he adds even a slight personal acquaintance with the facts, from having studied them on a former voyage, his advantage over his rival will be still greater. At all events, that frigate commanded by the officer possessed of most philosophical knowledge of the causes which put the air in motion, would, in all probability, double the Cape many a happy, perhaps weeks before the other, and thus be enabled to scatter the important intelligence over the whole Indian ocean in time to prevent great disasters; or, by striking the first blow, to accomplish a useful warlike purpose of the highest importance to his country.

Independently of all such public objects concerned in these enquiries, which give them a degree of professional importance, and almost render their study a part of every officer's duty, there appears to exist a very general interest in the Trade-winds, sufficient to attract the attention even of unprofessional persons when the subject is placed intelligently before them. These vast currents of air, which sweep round and round the globe in huge strips of more than twelve hundred miles in width, move in a manner forced, more or less, on every one's notice, from contributing essentially to that interchange of the productions of distant regions by which commerce is so agreeably distinguished from the old.

The great Monsoons, again, of the Indian and China oceans, may almost be said to form an important part in this grand nautical drama along the coasts of those remote countries. All these great phenomena, and every one of their numerous minor varieties, will be found, upon a little enquiry, to obey precisely the same laws as their less fascinating brethren the mighty Trades. That theory, indeed, which would be so useful to the sailor, might be so useful, and hence, it may be useful to suggest to my young friends, springs one of the chief delights of science when its study is conducted in a proper spirit. If the pursuit of truth be engaged in with sincerity, phenomena appear to the mind in the most opposite in character—for example, winds in different parts of the earth, but in the same latitude, blowing in totally different directions at the same season of the year—will always prove in the end illustrative of one another, and of their common theory.

CHAPTER XXII.

PROGRESS OF THE VOYAGE.

Let people say what they please of the fine bracing weather of a cold climate, I never saw any truth-speaker persons who, when coming first to a tropical port, did not complain of a cold frosty morning as the very first misadventure, or who did not cling eagerly to the fire to unbrace themselves again. For my own part, I have always delighted in the relaxation, if such be the word, or the lassitude caused by wet weather, and accordingly, have very often crossed the equator, and even crossed the equator, in saying this, I take it for granted that the weather is to be fair play, and that our dress, apartments, and all other circumstances, shall be suitable. Many a day far too hot have I met with in the choky, oven-like streets of London, where the blacks and the dust and the multitudes of people combine to augment the temperature, already raised to the true German-stove pitch by the reflection of such of the sun's rays as succeed in forcing their way through the stratum of smoke to the half-black, half-red bricks of the walls. In winter evenings, too, after every cross of the equator, I have in a well-lighted ball-room is rarely kept shut, by orders from those perverse draggers who choose to plant themselves near the windows, a lively representation of the climate of the black-hole at Calcutta is sure to be enacted. At such seasons it certainly is rather too hot. Occasionally, also, at night, on board ship, when the air is in a well-ventilated calm at sea, when all hands are below, the climate may well be called insufferable. Or in such horrible

And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropped,

They slept on the abyss without a surge.

The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,

The moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished."—

The faint zephyrs, which had couqueted with our languid sails for an hour or two, at length took their leave of the courses, then, of the top sails, and lastly of the royals and the smaller flying kits aloft. In vain we looked round and round the horizon for some traces of a return of our old friend the Trade, but could distinguish nothing save one polished, dark, heaving sheet of glass, reflecting the unbroken disk of the sun, and the bright, clear sky in the moving mirror beneath. From the heat, which soon became intense, there was no escape, either on deck or below, aloft in the tops, or still higher on the cross-trees; nor could we meet relief down in the hold; for it was all the same, except that in the exposed situations we were scorched or roasted, in the others suffocated. The useless helm was lashed amidships, the yards were lowered on the cap, and the boats were dropped into the water to fill up the cracks and rents caused by the force of the heat. The crew was in the advantage of to shift some of the sails, and to mend others; most of the running ropes also were turned end for end. A listless feeling stole over us all, and we lay about the decks, gasping for breath, in vain seeking for some alleviation to our thirst by drink! drink! Alas, the transient indulgence only made us more thirsty.

Meanwhile, our convoy of huge China ships, rolling very slowly on the top of the long, smooth, and scarcely perceptible ridges, or sinking as gently between their summits, were scattered in all directions, with their heads in different ways, some looking toward again, and some away by the breeze, still for the first time. How it happens I do not know, but on occasions of perfect calm, as such appear to be perfectly calm, the ships of a fleet generally drift away from one another; so that, at the end of a few hours, the whole circle bounded by the horizon is speckled with their heads and funnels, as they may for the time be considered. It will occasionally happen, indeed, that two ships draw so near in a calm as to incur some risk of falling on board one another. I need scarcely mention, that, even in the smoothest water ever found in the open sea, two large vessels meeting in actual contact with their bows, or rather graceful movements are fit subjects of admiration; and I have often seen people gazing, for an hour at a time, at the ships of a becalmed fleet, slowly twisting round, changing their position, and rolling from side to side, as silently as if they had been in harbour, or accompanied only by the faint, rippling sound tripping along the water line, as the copper below the bends alternately sunk into the sea, or rose out of it, dripping wet, and shining as bright and clean as a new coin, from the constant friction of the ocean during the previous rapid passage across the Trade-winds.

But all this picturesque admiration chances to alarm when ships come so close as to risk a contact; for these motions, which appear so slow and gentle to the eye, are irresistible in their force; and as the chances are against the two vessels moving exactly in the same direction at the same moment, they must speedily grind or tear one another to pieces. Supposing then to come in contact side by side, the first roll would probably tear away the fore and main channels of both ships; the next roll, by insinuating the lower yards and entangling the spars of one ship with the shrouds and backstays of the other, would in all likelihood bring down all three masts of both ships, not piecemeal as the poet hath it, but in one furious crash. Beneath the ruins of the spars, the coils of rigging, and the enormous folds of canvases, might lie crushed many of the best of men, who, in the first moment, the foremost to spring forward in such seasons of danger, are sure to be sacrificed. After this first catastrophe, the ships would probably drift away from one another for a little while, only to tumble together again and again, till they had ground one another to powder on their edges, and one of the two would fill and go down. In such encounters it is impossible to stop the mischief, and oak and iron break and crumble in pieces, like sealing-wax and pie-crust. Many instances of such accidents are on record, but I never witnessed one.

To prevent these frightful rencontres, care is always

taken to hoist out the boats in good time, if need be, to tow the ships apart, or, what is generally sufficient, to tow the ships' heads in opposite directions. I scarcely know why this should have the effect, but certainly it appears that, be the calm ever so complete, or dead, as it is, a vessel, as a vessel, generally forges ahead, or steals along imperceptibly in the direction it is looking to; possibly from the conformation of the hull.

Shortly after the Trade-wind left us, a cloud rose in the south, which soon filled the whole air, and discharged upon us the most furious shower I ever beheld, (except perhaps on San Blas, Mexico), and such as I can compare to nothing but that rain on San Blas, the latter's head who ventures behind the sheet of water at Niagara. As few people try this experiment, I am afraid the comparison will go but little way to help the imagination in reflecting the violence of a tropical shower. I must not, however, over-very exaggerate the difference between the two cases. In the space between the rock and the cataract of Niagara, the deluge of water is accompanied by such violent gusts of wind, that the inexperienced person who ventures into this strangest but grandest of all caverns is in constant terror of being whirled off his legs, and thrown into the air, or, if he is not, of being rolled in boiling, roaring pool below. In the tropical showers above alluded to, the rain generally falls down in perpendicular lines of drops, or spouts, without a breath of wind, accompanied by thunder or any other noise, and in one gust it is over, and the prodigious reservoir that has been upset over the fleet from the clouds is empty.

Our noble commander, delighted with the opportunity of replenishing his stock of water, called out, "Put shot on each side, and slack all the stops down, so that the awnings may slope inwards. Get buckets and empty casks to hand immediately."

In a few minutes the awnings were half full of water, and a hole connected with a hose having been prepared beforehand near the lowest point, where the canvass was weighed down by the shot, a stream poured down as if from a bucket. Not a drop of this water was lost; but being carried off, it was poured into the buckets at the hatchways, and so conveyed by a pipe to the casks in the hold. By the time the squall was over we had filled six or eight butts; and although not good to drink, from the water animated by the tar from the ropes and sails, the water answered admirably for washing, which was our object in catching it.

Ever since the days of Captain Cook, (the father of our present domestic economy on board ship), it has been the practice to allow the crew two washing-days per week, and to observe, in each proceeding, and some other points of discipline, first introduced by that great commander, shall have occasion to touch at another time. At present I merely wish to give a hint to those who have never tried the experiment, that there is a prodigious difference between a shirt scrubbed in salt water, and one which has been washed in fresh. We all know the misery of putting on wet clothes, or sleeping in damp sheets. Now a shirt washed in salt water is really a great deal nearer to either; because, in the cases alluded to, one may apply to the fire or the sun, and remedy the evil at the time. In the first case, the time and trouble; but in the wretched predicament of the second, the only remedy is to wait, which process avails any thing. You try first your unhappy shirt, by exposing it to the sun or the fire till it seems as free from moisture as any bone; you then put it on, in hopes of enjoying the benefit of clean linen.

For the enjoyment of the benefit of clean linen, the crew, once in a while, are exposed to exercise, the treacherous salt, which, when crystallised, has hidden itself in the fibres of the cloth, speedily deliquesces or melts, and you have all the tortures of being once more wrapped in moist drapery. In your agony, you pull it off, and, as you are enjoying the favour of the air, you see, or you hang it up in the fiery heat of the southern sun, and when not a particle of wet seems to remain, you draw it on a second time, fancying your job at last completed. But, miserable man, you are ill off as ever; for the treacherous salt has only retired out of sight, but still lurks so close, that no art or knowledge will dispel him, save and except that of a good sound rinsing in fresh water.

Seeing, then, that there can hardly be any discomfort greater than what has been just described, I need scarcely say that the first duty of the commander, when a circumstance which a considerate captain may bestow on his crew, than giving them, whenever he possibly can, at least as much fresh water as will serve to carry off the abominable salt from their clothes, after they have first been well rinsed in the water of the ocean. Even this small allowance is a great comfort on those occasions, when a

sufficient quantity cannot be allowed for performing the whole operation of washing from first to last. By a judicious management of the ship, the crew may, even above all, by losing no opportunity of catching rain water, either during these tropical showers, or upon ordinary occasions of wet weather, an officer of any acumen, who really possesses a good feeling towards his people, need not be without a sufficient quantity of giving to each man of his crew a gallon twice a week during the longest voyage.

It was from an old and excellent officer I first learned that by proper and constant care this indulgence might almost always be granted; it is not easy, I freely admit, at all times, and in all climates, to keep a supply of washing water on board; and under most circumstances, it certainly requires more personal exertion than those persons are aware of, who have not given it their attention. But I feel persuaded that there does not exist an officer in the navy who would not cheerfully face even a great deal more trouble, if once made fully sensible of the unspeakable comfort which this very reasonable indulgence affords to the men under his care. To those who hold the doctrine that sailors are by their nature an ungrateful class, it is useless to grant them advantages which are not absolutely necessary to their comfort; such notions will appear trivial and absurd. But, I trust, the prevalence of such unworthy sentiments in the navy is becoming less and less every day. Officers are now generally pretty well aware, that the alleged ingratitude of their men seldom fully answers the unreasonable expectations on their own part, than to any want of feeling on that of their crew. A captain ought to do what is right and kind, simply because it is right and kind; and his conduct in this respect should not be influenced by the number in which it is rewarded. In such cases, he may be certain, that if his favours be not well received, the fault lies in his manner of giving them. Sailors have the most acute penetration possible on these occasions, and of his captain be influenced by any petty motives of selfishness, or be prompted by any trashy desire to gain a flimsy popularity—these feelings are generally regulated by any wish except that of doing his duty uniformly and kindly, the Johnnies will see through it all, and either laugh at him or hate him, or both.

The art of granting a favour gracefully and usefully is one of the greatest difficulties that is generally supposed; and as the command of a man-of-war is a most difficult for its study, most truly happy shall I be if what I have said here or elsewhere shall induce a single brother-officer to turn his attention more earnestly than before to domestic comforts of his people, one of the most delightful, and, in the long run, the most useful branches of the arduous duties of a commander.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AQUATIC SPORTS.

One day, after we had lost the north-east Trade-wind, and when the fleet of China ships, with their companions, the two ships of war, were drifting about in the calm, more like logs of wood than any thing else, a furious squall, unperceived till it reached us, swept through the fleet, and bore down upon us with a force such as to leave white squalls, from being unattended by the black heavy rain clouds which usually accompany such transient blasts.

On the occasion of ordinary squalls, even with the advantage of a warning given by rising clouds, we find it not always easy to escape their force unscathed. If the wind be light, we feel a natural reluctance to shorten sail, so as to lose any portion of the good which fortune is sending us; or, at all events, we do not wish to commence shortening sail till the squall is so near that there is an absolute necessity to do so. In such cases, however, often happen that inexperienced officers are deceived by the unexpected velocity with which the gust comes down upon them. And even the oldest sailors, if navigating in regions with which they have not become actually acquainted, are apt to miscalculate the time likely to elapse before the wind can touch them. In these cases, unless the men are very active, the sails are generally torn, and sometimes a mast or a yard is carried away. It is, besides, so often doubtful whether there is to be any wind in the squall, or it is to prove merely a plump of rain, that the first duty of the commander, when a remarkable difference between the seamanship of an old and a young officer than their power of judging of this matter. To a man quite inexperienced, a squall may look in the highest degree threatening; he will order the topgallant clew-lines to be manned, place hands by the topmast halyards, and lay along the main clew-garnets. His

more experienced captain, however, being apprised of the *squall's* approach, steps on deck, takes a hasty look to windward, and says to his young friend, the officer of the watch, "Never mind, there's nothing in it, it's only rain; let us see the weather."

And although the older authority, nine times in ten, proves correct in his judgment, he might find it difficult, or even impossible, to tell exactly upon what his confidence rested. Sailors boast, indeed, of having an infallible test by which the point in question may be ascertained; but their secret being clothed in the following rhymes, so to call them:

"If the rain's before the wind,
"Tis time to take the topsails in;
If the wind's before the rain,
Hoist your topsails up again."

By which we are taught to understand, that when the rain of a squall reaches the ship before the breeze which it contains, there will be danger in carrying on, and vice versa. Some rule of this kind, adapted to the meridian of London, might perhaps save our good citizens many a sound ducking in Hyde Park of a Sunday afternoon; for I observe the crowd never take the slightest precaution till the squall is right upon them, and then it is too late.

That critical knowledge alluded to, however, which is sometimes called professional fact, comes not by rhymes, but by experience alone; and something akin to this, I presume, may be discovered in every calling. A painter, for example, might be utterly at a loss to communicate to a brother-artist the rules by which he has produced those effects that even himself has flung at once, on the canvass, with a kind of intuitive confidence, scarcely conscious of effort. Many long and hard years of study, and myriads of forgotten trials, however, must have been gone through to give this enviable facility. So it is with seamanship, where it is so frequently indispensable to act with perfect coolness, and with ease.

No experience, however, can altogether guard against these sudden gusts or white squalls, since they make no show, except, sometimes, by a rippling of the water along which they are sweeping. On the occasion above alluded to, there occurred an instance of this kind. The first ship of the convoy, touched by the blast, was hurled over almost on their beam ends, but in the next instant righted again, on the whole of their sails being blown clean out of the bolt-ropes. The *Theban* frigate and the *Vulage*, then lying nearly in the centre of the fleet, were the only ships which were not overturned. The latter was owing chiefly to our having so many more hands on board, compared to the *Indiamen*, but partly to our having caught sight of the rain brought on the vessels near us, just in time to fly the sheets and halyards and get the yards down. But even then, with the utmost exertion of every man and boy on board, we barely succeeded in cleaving all up, and preventing the sails from being blown to shreds.

When this hurricane of a moment had passed over us, and we had time to look round, not a rag was to be seen of the whole fleet; while the *Wexford*, a ship near us, had lost her three gallant masts, the *Jobson*, and what was a far more serious misfortune, her fore-topmast was dangling over the bows. Part of the fore-top-sail was wrapped like a shawl round the lee cat-head, while the rest hung down in festoons from the collar of the main-mast; and the *Wexford*, a stout party of seamen from each of the men-of-war were sent to assist in clearing the wreck, and getting up fresh spars. A light fair wind having succeeded to the calm in which we had been lolling for many days before this squall came on, we took our wounded bird in tow, and made sail until we were within the equator at six. This *Jason* Cruise calls the equator. By this time also, the *Chimamen* had bent a new gang of sails, and were fast resuming their old stations in the appointed order of bearing, which was our policy to keep up strictly, together with as many other of the formalities of a fleet of line-of-battle ships on a cruise as we could possibly maintain.

While we were thus stealing along pleasantly enough under the genial influence of this newly-found air, which as yet was confined to the upper sails, and every one was looking open-eyed at the equator, and catching a gulp of cool air, or was congratulating his neighbour on getting rid of the tiresome calm in which we had been so long half-roasted, half suffocated, about a dozen flying fish rose out of the water, just under the fore-chains, and skimmed away to windward at the height of ten or twelve feet above the surface. I have already mentioned that the longest flight of these singular fish is about an

eightth of an English mile, or two hundred yards, which they perform in somewhat more than half a minute. These flights vary from the extreme length mentioned above to a mere skip out of the water. General speaking, they rise to a considerable distance in a straight line in the wind's eye, and then gradually turn off to leeward. But sometimes the flying fish merely skims the surface, so as to touch the tops of the successive waves, without rising and falling to follow the undulations of the sea. This is a very prevalent idea, and I cannot not how just it may be, that they can fly no longer than their wings or fins remain wet. That they rise as high as twenty feet out of the water is certain, from their being sometimes found in the channels of a line-of-battle ship; and they frequently fly into a seventy-four-gun ship's main-deck. On a frigate's fore-castle and gun-deck, ways, also, elevations which may be taken at eighteen or twenty feet, or more, they are often found. I remember seeing one, about nine inches in length, and weighing not more, I should suppose, than half a pound, skim into the *Vulage's* main-deck port, just abreast of the gang-way. One of the surin-men coming up the gang-way, at the moment, when the flying fish, the porter struck the astonished mariner on the temple, knocking him off the step, and very nearly had him sprawling.

Once in a prize, a low Spanish schooner, not above two feet and a half out of the water, when we used to pick up flying fish enough about the decks in the morning to give us a capital breakfast. They are not unlike whittings to the taste, though rather firmer, and very dry. They form, I am told, a considerable article of food. The method of catching them at night is thus described:—In the middle of the canoe a light is placed on the top of a pole, towards which object it is believed these fish always dart, while on both sides of the canoe a net is spread to a considerable distance, supported outwards by long poles, and the water of the fish is drawn to the light, pass it, and fall into the net on the other side.

Shortly after observing the cluster of flying fish rise out of the water, we discovered two or three dolphins ranging past the ship, in all their beauty, and watched them until they were out of sight. The *Indiamen*, of which our friends the *Indiamen* had been telling us such wonderful stories. We had not long to wait, for the ship, in her progress through the water, soon put up another show of these little things, which, as the others had done, took their flight directly to windward. A large dolphin, which had been leaping some distance from the ship, came into the gangway at the depth of two or three fathoms, and, as usual, glistening most beautifully in the sun, no sooner detected our poor dear little friends take wing, than he turned his head towards them, and, darting to the surface, leaped from the water with a velocity little short, it seemed, of a cannon ball. But although the impetus with which he shot himself into the air gave him an initial velocity greatly exceeding that of the flying fish, the start which his hated prey had got enabled them to keep ahead of him for a considerable time.

The length of the dolphin's first spring could not be less than ten or twelve feet, and after it fell we could see him gliding like lightning through the water for a moment, when he again rose and shot forward with considerably greater velocity than at first, and, of course, to a still greater distance. In this manner the merciless pursuer of the flying fish, the dolphin, could not be less than ten or twelve feet, and after it fell we could see him gliding like lightning through the water for a moment, when he again rose and shot forward with considerably greater velocity than at first, and, of course, to a still greater distance. In this manner the merciless pursuer of the flying fish, the dolphin, could not be less than ten or twelve feet, and after it fell we could see him gliding like lightning through the water for a moment, when he again rose and shot forward with considerably greater velocity than at first, and, of course, to a still greater distance.

The group of wretched flying fish, thus hotly pursued, at length dropped into the sea; but we were rejoiced to observe that they merely touched the top of the swell, and scarcely sank in it, at least they instantly set off again in their flight, and carried on vigorous and successful war. It is hardly interesting to observe that the direction they now took was quite different from the one in which they had set out, implying but too obviously that they had detected their fierce enemy, who was following them with giant steps, and cutting waves, and edging rapidly upon them. The first party, however, was two or three times as swift as theirs—poor little things!

The greedy dolphin, however, was fully as quick-sighted as the flying fish which were trying to elude him; for whenever they varied their flight in the smallest degree, he was ready to leap on their heels, and, in a new course, so as to cut off the chase, while they, in a

manner really not unlike that of the hare, doubled more than once upon their pursuer. But it was soon too plainly to be seen that the strength and confidence of the flying fish were exhausted, for their flights became shorter and shorter, and their course more fluttering and uncertain, while the enormous leaps of the dolphin appeared to grow only more vigorous at each bound. Eventually, indeed, we could see, or fancied we could see, that this skillful sea-sportsman arranged all his springs with such an assiduity, that he was enabled to outstrip the flying fish at each, just under the very spot on which the exhausted flying fish were about to drop! Sometimes this catastrophe took place at too great a distance for us to see from the deck exactly what happened; but on our mounting high into the rigging, we may be said to have been at the death; for then we could discover that the unfortunate little creature, one after another, either popped right into the dolphin's jaws as they lighted on the water, or were snapped up instantly afterwards.

It was impossible not to take an active part with our pretty little friends of the weaker sex, and accordingly we very speedily had our revenge. The middies and the sailors, delighted with the chase, rigged out a dozen or twenty lines from the jib-boom-end and spritsail yards, with hooks baited merely with bits of tin, the glitter of which resembles so much that of the body and wings of the fish, and, that colour being of no use, making sure of a delicious morsel, leaped in rapture at the deceitful prize.

It may be well to mention, that the dolphin of sailors is not the fish so called by the ancient poets. Ours, which, I learn from the *Encyclopædia*, is the *Delphinus*, a species of cetacean, not totally different from their *Delphinus phœnæa*, termed by us the porpoise. How these names have shifted places I know not, but there seems little doubt that the ancient dolphin of the poets, I mean that on the back of which *Dan* Aeneas took passage when he was tossed overboard, is neither more nor less than our porpoise. The dolphin is a very poetical and pleasing fish to look at, affords excellent sport in catching, and, when properly dressed, is really not bad eating.

It happened in a ship I commanded that a porpoise was struck about half an hour before the cabin dinner; and I gave directions, as a matter of course, to the steward to dress a dish of steaks, cut well clear of the thick coating of blubber. It so chanced that none of the crew had ever before seen a fish of this kind cooked, and in consequence there arose doubts amongst them whether it was not a new kind of fish, and whether it was, or ever, being soon passed along the decks, that orders had been given for some slices of the porpoise to be cooked for the captain's table, a deputation from forward was appointed to proceed as near to the cabin door as the customs of the service allowed, in order to establish the important fact of the porpoise being eatable. The dish was carried in, its contents speedily discussed, and a fresh supply having been sent for, the steward was, of course, intercepted in his way to the cook. "I say, Capewell," cried one of the hungry delegates, "did the captain really catch the porpoise?" "Yes," replied the steward, "but it's not the captain's, it's the cook's."

"But it's not the captain's," exclaimed the steward, "look at that!" at the same time lifting off the cover, and showing a dish well cleared as if it had previously been freighted with real cutlets, and was now on its return from the midshipmen's birth. "If he had," sung out Jack, running back to the fore-castle; "if the skipper eats porpoise, I don't see why we should be nice; so here goes!" Then pulling away the great clasp-knife which always hangs by a cord round the neck of a seaman, he plunged it into the sides of the fish, and, after separating the outside rind of blubber, delivered a goodly portion of the inside of the fish in texture and taste, and in the heat of its blood, resembles beef, though very coarse. His example was so speedily followed by the rest of the ship's company, that when I walked forward, after dinner, in company with the doctor, to make the post mortem view of the porpoise more particularly, I found the sides of the ship's company broiled and eaten within half an hour after I had unconsciously followed, by my example, an official sanction to the feast.

Porpoises almost invariably grow in shoals; and sometimes are so numerous as to make it no inconsiderable, and in some visible extent of the sea. They appear to delight exceedingly in playing round a ship when one fills in their way; for they will ever deviate from their own course, and accompany them for some time; and such is their speed,

were impassing. These intruders proceeded not altogether gently with impunity; however, they were not several of them, who, confident in their own agility and strength of wing, swooped eagerly at the baited hooks towed far astern of the ship, and were thus drawn on board, screaming and flapping their wings in a very ridiculous plight. To render this curious circle of mutual destruction quite complete, there was not wanting our sympathy for the persecuted flying-fish, I ought to mention, that on the same day one dropped on board in the middle of its flight, and in its throat another small fish was found half swallowed, but still alive!

All this may be considered, more or less, as mere sport, serving to relieve the tedium of a long cruise, or contributing, in a small degree, to the scanty luxuries of the table or a protracted voyage. But in the capture of the shark, a less amiable, or, I may say, a more ferocious spirit is sure to prevail. There would seem, indeed, to be a sort of personal and hereditary war waged between sailors and sharks, like that said to exist between the Esquimaux and the Indians of North America, where, as each of the belligerents is under the full belief that every death, whether natural or violent, is caused by the machinations of the other side, there is no hope of peace between them, as long as the conflicting parties shall be subject to the laws of mortality.

In like manner, I fear, that in all future times, as in all times past, when poor Jack falls overboard in Madras roads, or in Port Royal harbour, he will be liable to be pumched between the jaws of a quadruple or quintuple row of serrated teeth, with as merciless a spirit of enmity as that which Jack repeats the compliment withal, when, in his turn, he catches his enemy on his decks. Certainly, I have never seen the savage part of our nature peep out more clearly than upon these occasions, when a whole ship's company, each of its gentlemen and gentlemen-inclusive, shout in triumphant exultation over the body of a captive shark, floundering in impotent rage on the poop or fore-castle. The capture always affords high and peculiar sport, for it is one in which every person on board sympathises, and to a certain extent, takes a share. Lord and ladies, and the high and the low, and the vortex every description of person. The lunarian, busy taking distances, crams his sextant hastily into its case; the computer, working out his longitude, shoves his books on one side; the marine officer abandons his eternal log-book and doctor, from the map; the pursuer resigns the Complete Book; and every one, and every one engaged, rushes on deck to see the villain die. Even the monkey, if there be one on board, takes a vehement interest in the whole progress of this wild scene. I remember observing Jack running backwards and forwards along the other part of the deck, and uttering a low growling, screaming, and clattering at such a rate, that, as it was nearly calm, he was heard all over the decks.

"What's the matter with you, Master Mona?" said the quarter-master; for the animal came from Teneriffe, and he perceived his Spanish name, and gave reply, not, but merely stretching his head over the railing, stare with his eyes almost bursting from his head, and by the intensity of his grin bared his teeth and gums nearly from ear to ear.

The shark curved dorsal fin of a huge shark was now seen, and the shark dived into the water, and the glared surface of the sea by as fine a line as if a sickle had been drawn along.

"Messenger! run to the cook for a piece of pork," cried the captain, taking command with as much glee as if it had been an enemy's cruiser he was about to engage.

"Where's your hook, quarter-master?"

"Here, sir, here!" cried the fellow, feeling the point, and declaring it was sharp as any lady's needle, and in the next instant piercing with it a huge lump of rusty pork, which he cut off four or five inches long, and, being as large or too high in flavour for the stomach of a sick man, he carried it to the cook.

The hook, which is as thick as one's little finger, has a curvature about as large as that of a man's hand when half closed, and is from six to eight inches in length, with a formidable hook at the end, and a small iron is furnished with three or four circles, which, as a precaution which is absolutely necessary, for a voracious shark will sometimes gobble the bait so deep into his stomach, that but for the chain he would snap through the rope by which the hook is held, as easily as if he were snapping the rope.

A good strong line, generally the line of the raised top-sail-hauls, being made fast to the chain, the bait is cast into the ship's water; for it is very seldom so dead a calu that a vessel has not some small motion during the water. I think I have remarked, that at

sea the sharks are most apt to make their appearance when the ship is going along at a rate of somewhat less than the speed of the anchor, which brings her under command of the rudder, or gives her, what is technically called, *steege-way*.

A shark, like a midshipman, is generally very hungry; but in the rare cases, when he is not in good appetite, he sails slowly up to the bait, smells it, and, if he can catch it with his shovel-nose, turning it over and over. He then edges off to the right or left, as if he apprehended mischief, but soon returns again, to enjoy the delicious haist gub, as the sailors term the flavour of the damaged pork, of which a piece is always selected for the bait.

While this coquetry, or slyness, is exhibited by John Shark, the whole afterpart of the ship is so clustered with heads, that not an inch of spare room is to be had for love or money. The rigging, the mizen-top, and even the gaff, out to the very peak; the hammock-nettings and the quarters, almost down to the counter, are stuck over with breathless spectators, speaking in whispers, if they venture to speak at all, or can find leisure for any thing but fixing their gaze on the monster, who, as yet is free to roam the ocean, but who, they trust, will soon be in their power. I have seen this go on for an hour, and the shark, which has made up his mind to have nothing to say to us, and either swerved away to windward, if there be any breeze at all, or dived so deep that his place could be detected only by a faint tuck or flash of white many fathoms down. The loss of a Spanish galleon, in Nassau, I am persuaded, could hardly have caused buty regret, or all forth more intemperate expressions of anger and impatience, than the failure of hooking a shark is always sure to produce on board a ship at sea.

On the other hand, I suppose the first symptom of an angry and aggressive mood the fight was not made, but with greater cog that is felt by the ship's crew on the shark turning round to seize the bait. The preparatory symptoms of this intention are so well known to every one on board, that, the instant they begin to appear, a greedy whisper of delight passes from mouth to mouth, and every eye may be seen to follow the shark, and, such as have not bronzed their cheeks by too long exposure to sun and wind to betray any change of colour, may be seen to alter their hue from pale to red, and back to pale again, like the tints on the sides of the flying dolphin.

It is supposed by seamen that the shark must be necessary to attack; and, after looking at him for some time, and generally speaking, he certainly does so turn his self before he takes the bait. But this arises from two circumstances; one of them accidental, and belonging to the particular occasion, the other arising out of the peculiar conformation and position of his mouth. When a bait is towed astern of a ship that has any motion through the water at all, it is necessarily brought to the surface, or nearly so. This, of course, obliges the shark to bite at it from below; and as his mouth is placed under his chin, not over it, like that of a Christian, he must turn nearly on his back before he can seize the floating piece of meat in with the hook concealed. Even if he does not turn completely round, he is forced to sub himself, as it is called, so far as to show some portion of his white belly. The instant the white skin flashes on the sight of the expectant crew, a subdued murmur of satisfaction, is heard among the water-bug; but no one speaks, for fear of alarming the shark.

Sometimes, at the very instant the bait is cast over the stern, the shark flies at it with such eagerness, that he actually springs partially out of the water. This, however, is rare. On these occasions he gorges the bait with a voracity, and, out of two of the chain, without any mastification or delay, and, in the next instant, a cherous piece, with such prodigious velocity and force, that it makes the rope crack again as soon as the whole coil is drawn out. In general, however, he goes more leisurely to work, and seems rather to suck in the bait than to swallow it. His voracity is required in the hand which holds the line at this moment, for the bait is apt to be too precipitate, and to jerk away the hook before it has got far enough down the shark's maw. Our greedy friend, indeed, is never disposed to relinquish what may once have passed his formidable buty. He will not let the bait go, but he will not let it give way in the violent struggle which always follows. The secret of the sport is, to let the voracious monster gulp down the huge mess of pork, and then to

give the rope a violent pull, by which the barbed point, quitting the edge of the bait, buries itself in the coats of the fish, and, as the shark swims, it brings him a personage to submit patiently to such treatment, it will not be well for any one whose foot happens to be accidentally on the coil of the rope, for, when the hook is first fixed, it spins out like the log-line of a ship going twice knots.

The looseness of the jerk with which the poor devil is brought up, when he has reached the length of his tether, often turns him quite over on the surface of the water. Then commence the loud cheers, taunts, and the outbursts of rage and triumph, so long suppressed. A single pull is insufficient to carry away the line, but it sometimes happens that the violent struggles of the shark, when too speedily drawn up, snaps either the rope or the hook, and so he gets off, to digest the remainder as he best can. It is, accordingly, held the best practice to play him a little, with his mouth at the surface, till he becomes somewhat exhausted. During this operation, one could almost fancy the enraged animal is conscious of the abuse which is flung down upon him; for, as he turns and twists and flings himself about, his eyes glares upwards with a ferocity of purpose which makes the dog tingle in a swimmer's veins, as he thinks of the howling and howling he is to turn to writhe under the tender mercies of his sworn foe!

No sailor, therefore, ought ever to think of hauling a shark on board merely by the rope fastened to the hook; for, however impotent his struggles may generally be in the water, they are rarely untended with risk when he is brought up. The first thing to be done, is to get the rope or the hook snapping, or the jaw being torn away, the device formerly described, of a running bow-line knot, is always adopted. This noose, being slipped down the rope and passed over the monster's head, is made to jam A point of the rope is then fastened to the hook, and this is once fixed, the first act of the piece is held to be complete, and the vanquished enemy is afterwards easily drawn over the taffrail and flung on the deck, to the unspeakable delight of all hands. But although the shark is out of his element, he has by no means lost his power of mischief, and he is not to be trusted to remain within range of the tail, or thrust his toes too near the animal's mouth. The blow of a tolerably large-sized shark's tail might break a man's leg; and I have seen a three-inch wide tiller-rope bitten more than half through, in ten minutes after the wreck had been dragged about the quarter-deck, and the vessel was in a very exposed and most respectful distance. I remember hearing the late Dr. Wollaston, with his wonted ingenuity, suggest a method for measuring the strength of a shark's bite. If a smooth plate of lead, he thought, were thrust into the fish's mouth, the depth which his teeth should pierce the lead would furnish a sort of scale for the force of his jaws.

I need scarcely mention, that when a shark is floundering about, the quarter-deck becomes a scene of pretty considerable confusion; and if there be blood on the occasion, as there generally is, from all this rough usage, the sailors are not to be surprised to find the deck streaming, and many a growl from the captain of the after-guard. For the time, however, all such considerations are superseded, that is to say, if the commander himself takes an interest in the sport, and he must be rather a spongy skipper that does not. If he be indifferent about the shark, he will not be so much engaged, and he will, to the fore-castle, amidst the kicks, taunts, and execrations of the conquerors, who very soon terminate his miserable career by stabbing him with their knives, boarding pikes, and tomahawks, like so many wild Indians.

The shark, as I have already said, is a creature of his tail, which is seldom cast away, and is not being at all safe to come too near; but some dexterous hand, familiar with the use of the broad-axe, watches for a quiet moment, and at a single blow severs it from the body. He is then tossed with by another, who leaps across the prostrate for the water. The shark, up rises his open jaws to meet him, and the tragedy is over, so far as the struggle and sufferings of the principal actor are concerned. There always follows, however, the most lively curiosity on the part of the sailors to learn what the shark has got stowed away in his inside; but they are often disappointed, for the shark, when he is brought up, is so full of water, that famous exception, indeed, when a very large fellow was caught on board the *Aleste*, in Anjeer Roads at Java, when we were proceeding to China, with the embassy under Lord Amherst. A number of ducks and geese were on board, and the shark was so full of water, that he was thrown overboard in the morning, besides several baskets of many other minor things, such as bundles of shavings and bits of cordage, all which things were found in this

huge sea monster's inside. But what excited most surprise an admiration was the hide of a buffalo, killed on the spot, that lay for the shark's common dining-room. The old sailor who had cut open the shark stood with a foot on each side and drew out the articles one by one from the huge cavern into which they had been indiscriminately drawn. When the operator came at last to the hide of the buffalo, he held it up, and said, "Behold, I have explained, 'There, my lads; I'd see that! He has swallowed a Buffalo, but he can't digest the hide!'"

I have never been so unfortunate as to see a man bitten by a shark though in calm weather, it is usual to allow the people to swim about the ship. It would seem that they are disturbed by the splashing and other noises of so many persons, and keep at a distance; for although they are often observed swimming near the ship both before and after the men had been bathing, they very rarely come near the swimmers. I remember, once, in the evening, seeing a shark make grab at a midshipman's heel, just as he was getting into the boat alongside. This youngster, who, with one or two others, had been swimming about for an hour, was the last of the party in the water. No shark had been seen during the whole morning; but just as he was drawing his foot into the boat, the fish darted from the bottom, and seized for my old messmate, there was no time for the shark to make the half turn of the body necessary to bring his mouth to bear; and thus my friend escaped, by half an inch, a fate which, besides its making one shudder to think of, would have deprived the service of an able young officer, now deservedly in the higher ranks of his profession.

CHAPTER XXV.

CROSSING THE LINE—A MAN OVERBOARD!

The previous and almost savage ceremonies used on sea crossing the equator have been so often described, that a voyager, at this time of day, may be well excused for omitting in his narrative any minute account of such wild proceedings.

In the circumstances which a traveller falls in with abroad happen to be essentially curious in themselves, or if they be characteristic of any particular set of men or stage of manners, it does not seem to matter where the scenes are laid, nor how often they have been described. Perhaps it may be said, however, that the feeling and the mode of much intrinsic interest, the very multiplicity of previous descriptions will rather tend than stand in the way of subsequent accounts, provided these be written with a degree of skill worthy of the subject. If, indeed, such things, no matter how well known to us, can once more be brought before the reader, with the feeling and understanding of the reader, by some of those graphic touches which are not the result of chance, but which true artists alone can command, and if the subject he has got hold of be good in itself, it will generally be all the better for the last writer that it should have been narrated by previous authors. We may even, I think, go further, and assert, that in the case supposed, it will be in favour of the writer who knows what he is about, that his topic should have been not only repeatedly but well treated by previous authors. Who can doubt, for instance, that the Marquis de Lafayette, and the Duke of Angoulême, are the nature of the topic? We are enchanted to recognise incidents and scenes the most familiar to our thoughts trimmed up for fresh inspection by a scholar and a gentleman, who to much knowledge of his subject, and of the world generally, superadds a rare facility of expression, and the happy knack of giving newness to all he touches, especially to those things with which we are already most familiarly acquainted.

On the same grounds, if a man of genius, minute and varied in his information, and correct taste, were to write a book, and call it "London," or "Paris," or "Italy," or "the Princess of Ireland," the opinion even of the Londoners themselves, all other books of travels. Whatever talents, in short, an author may possess, the most touching and popular exercise will generally be found to lie in those departments with which his readers are most familiar. When Turgot descends from his pious retreat, and dances the Minuet de la Cour or the Gavotte, or Paganini leaves off his miracles of sound, and plays some simple air which is well known to every one, we feel, not indeed the same astonishment as before, but ten times more real pleasure. Thus, too, such a novel as the Princess of Ireland, which is the greatest charm from the characters and incidents being such as we are already well acquainted with, either from personal observation, or from a thousand previous descriptions.

Many writers, however, fall into the mistake of imagin-

ing that every thing will bear this degree of handling, and forget that, while the ductility of fine gold is almost infinite, every other metal is brittle. His narrative will hold in all the fine arts, and perhaps in none more than in the art of composition, whether in prose or verse. When will the poets exhaust the good old topics of love and beauty? or painters fail to discover, in mountain scenery, in the number of ships which they can crowd, and lights, and shades far beyond all their power of coloring? On the other hand, has not the whole strength of one celebrated school of painting been unequal to impart true interest and what has been termed graceful pressure to vulgar images? Has not even the mighty Childe Harold, in the number of ships which he can crowd, and respect for his genius by seeking to describe what is essentially vicious and degrading?

It is on this account, I suspect (to go from great things to small), that no author, except perhaps one, whom I have never had the fortune to meet with, has contrived to impart the smallest degree of genuine interest to those absurd scenes which take place on board ship when cross the line. The whole affair, indeed, is preposterous in its conception; and, I must say, rather brutal in its execution. Notwithstanding all this, however, I have not only never had the fortune to meet with it, but I am, I have even encouraged it, and set it at going when the men themselves were in doubt. Its evil is transient, if any evil there be; while it certainly affords Jack a topic for a month beforehand, and a fortnight afterwards; and it keeps the officers and crew in the most perfect order, and keeps its monstrosities within the limits of strict discipline (which is easy enough). It may even be made to add to the authority of the officers, instead of weakening their influence.

I am hardly classic enough to compare these equatorial shaving matches, as they are called, with the Saturnalia of Rome; but, as that some crews are much inclined, previously permitted by the captain, even in ships of war, to take great liberties with the officers. So far, indeed, has this grown into a custom, that I can perfectly well remember the time when such license was regarded almost as a right by the sailors. In many merchant vessels, and even in the Royal Navy, it is now considered, I believe, more or less so considered; but I should hope that in no ship of war having the smallest pretensions to good order, would any such doctrine be now maintained; or, if asserted, as it sometimes is, by one party, would it only be regarded as a personal insult to the other. I should, I hope, see an advantage in making naval scenes feel that they are living under a very different regime from what they have been accustomed to in the merchant service; and if, in the wildest stages of these extravagant proceedings, when they are grating the skin from off one another's faces, and kicking the water, and kicking up the most Cherokee sort of antics, they can still be made to respect the authority even of the slightest boy on board who wears a uniform, they will certainly be less likely to depart from established usage at other seasons, when no such ground is offered.

In a well-regulated ship, within one hour from the time when these scenes of riot are at their height, order is restored, the decks are washed and swabbed up, the mats to dry, and the men, dressed in clean trousers and white shirts, and with their hair combed, stand soberly and sedately as if nothing had happened to discompose the decorous propriety of the ship's discipline. The middies, in like manner, may safely be allowed to have their own share of this rough fun, provided they can keep clear of their immediate superiors as the ship's company keep clear of their gentlemen. And I must do the population of the cockpit the justice to say, that when they fairly set about it, to maugre their gentlemanlike habits, aristocratic sprinklings, and the march of intellect to boot, they do contrive to come pretty near to the chief actors in these wild gambols, striped trousers, buff breeches, and white waistcoats. The other, should be confined within very narrow limits in their game. Accordingly, some mount the rigging to shower down their cascades, while others squirt the fire engine from unseen corners upon the head of the unsuspecting

passenger. And if it so chances (I say chances) that any one of the "commissioned knobs" of the ship shall come in the way of their explosion, it is not unusual to him like a thunder-storm—"an accidentally," of course. Well; what is he to do? He feels that he has indiscreetly trusted himself too far; and even if he has not actually passed the prescribed line, still he was much too near it, and the officers are perhaps unimpaired. At all events, it is of too trifling a nature, and the peculiar circumstances of the moment, to make a complaint to the captain would be ridiculous. Having, therefore, got his jacket well wet, and seeing the ready means of revenging himself in kind, he snatches up a bucket, and, forgetting his dignity, hurls the contents in the face of the mid who had given him a sousing but two seconds before! From that moment his commission goes for nothing, and he becomes, for the time being, one of the biggest Billy-boys amongst them. The captain, observing him, and the officers, are perhaps inclined to walk off, muttering, "It's all your own fault, Mr. Hailpot! you've put yourself amongst these mad youngsters; see how they'll handle you!"

Nothing, I confess, now looks to me more completely out of character with our well-starched discipline than a "staid lieutenant romping about the bottom, sliding up the rigging, blowing the grampus, and having it blown upon him by a parcel of rattle-pated reebers. But I remember well in the *Veluz* being myself so gradually seduced by this animating spectacle of fun, that, before long, I was romping about the bottom, sliding up the rigging, blowing the grampus, and having it blown upon him by a parcel of rattle-pated reebers. But I remember well in the *Veluz* being myself so gradually seduced by this animating spectacle of fun, that, before long, I was romping about the bottom, sliding up the rigging, blowing the grampus, and having it blown upon him by a parcel of rattle-pated reebers. But I remember well in the *Veluz* being myself so gradually seduced by this animating spectacle of fun, that, before long, I was romping about the bottom, sliding up the rigging, blowing the grampus, and having it blown upon him by a parcel of rattle-pated reebers. But I remember well in the *Veluz* being myself so gradually seduced by this animating spectacle of fun, that, before long, I was romping about the bottom, sliding up the rigging, blowing the grampus, and having it blown upon him by a parcel of rattle-pated reebers.

Far different was the scene, and very different, of course, my department, four or five years afterwards on the same spot, when, instead of being the junior lieutenant, I was the great gun of all, the mighty marksmen of the whole party, the captain himself. I was then in command of the *Leviathan*, a steam sloop-of-war; and after the shaving operations were over, and all things put once more in order, I went on board the *Alceste* frigate to dine with my excellent friend and commanding officer, the late Sir Murray Maxwell. I had been invited to dine with him, as he was on board, and in great glee with the sight of what had been enacted before him; for although, as I have always said, these scenes are not of a nature to bear agreeable description, they certainly are amusing enough.

We went sat down to dinner; and there was, of course, a great deal of amusement in telling the anecdotes of the day, and describing Father Neptune's strange aspect, and his still stranger looking family and attendants. I ventured to back one of my figures against all odds of theirs, if not of ours, and was not disappointed. I bet a terret of another kind. Our dripping Neptune in the *Lyra* was accompanied, as usual, by a huge the monster, representing Amphitrite, being no other than one of the boatswain's mates dressed up in the main-mast-hatch tarpaulin for a cloak, the jolly-boat's mizen for a petticoat, and the foremast for a skirt, and was introduced to be initiated by birth to a rank above his present station—so gentle and gentlemanlike he always appeared. Even on this occasion, when disguised by paint, pitch, and tar, copiously daubed over his delicate person to render him fit company for his papa old Neptune, he still looked so much like a young man, that many eyes were trying in vain to disguise their roguery by r'gging him up in their own gipsy apparel.

It was very nearly dark when I rowed back to the *Lyra*, which had been hanging for the last half hour on the frigate's weather chain, at the distance of a cable's length, and was now returning. The wind was now to fight, and the brig so close, that no signal was made to heave to; indeed I had scarcely rowed under the *Alceste*'s stern, on my way back, before it was necessary to call out, "In bow!" The rattle of the oar on the water, and the sight of the *Alceste*'s stern, made the people aboard the little vessel, and I could hear the first lieutenant exclaim in haste, "Attend the side! Where are the side-men?"

Scarcely had these words been spoken, when I heard a splash in the water, followed by a faint cry of distress

and despair. In the next instant the brig was above and the stern boat lowered down, accompanied by all the hurried crew, and was hanging from the overboard. I made the people in the boat tug and over the ship's wake twenty times, the water was every where unruined and unmarked by any speck. At length, rising on board, turning the hands up to muster, to ascertain who was gone, and found all present but our poor little Triton! It appeared that the lad, who was one of the side's men, fatigued with the day's amusement, had stretched himself in the fore-part of the quarter-deck hammock-netting and gone to sleep. The fore-part of the deck, on each side, was now falling away, had roused the unhappy boy too suddenly; he quite forgot where he was, and, instead of jumping inboard, plunged into the sea never to rise again!

There are few accidents more frequent at sea than that of a man falling overboard; and yet, strange to say, whenever it happens, it takes every one so completely by surprise as if such a thing had never occurred before. What is still more unaccountable, and, I must say, altogether inexhaustible, is the fact of such an incident invariably exciting a certain degree of confusion, even in well-regulated ships. If this could be remediable, it is really very curious. I have seen, however, that it is allowed to continue, in the midst of a system of discipline so exact as that of the navy, in which almost every other contingency is foreseen and carefully provided for; and it is highly reprehensible, to say the least of it, because it leads to the unnecessary loss of many lives. If any degree of confusion, doubt, and alarm, which generally takes place, especially at night, when a man falls overboard, were the necessary consequence of the accident, we should merely lament as if an additional source of regret, and only consider a sea life still more dangerous than it is generally reckoned to be. In point of view, however, there is nothing so technical and inevitable necessity whatever for the occurrence of this disorder; and if the remedy be quite within the reach of ordinary discipline, it can hardly be denied, I should conceive, that an officer who neglects to make such application of the means in his power, but, the life of a man falling overboard, and is drowned; that is to say, if his loss can be traced less to the accident itself than to the want of some previously established and systematic arrangement suited to the peculiarities of an occurrence of such frequency.

After all that has been said of the exact nature of a man-of-war's discipline, and the degree of foresight, preparation, and habits of resource, which enable officers to act promptly and vigorously in the midst of difficulties, it is truly wonderful to see men of experience so completely at a loss as the oldest officers sometimes are, when the cry is given that a man is overboard. I have beheld brave and skillful men, who could face, unmoved, any other sort of danger, stand quite agitated on such occasions, and seem to lose all their faculties just at the moment of greatest need. But although it be difficult to explain this, it is quite easy to understand how the ship's company should be thrown into confusion, and, in moments, if their officers are at a loss. Whenever I have witnessed the tumultuous rush of the people from below, their eagerness to crowd into the boats, and the reckless devotion with which they fling themselves into the water to save the confusion, I could not help thinking that it was no small disgrace to us, who have the whole arrangements of discipline are confided, that we had not yet fallen upon any method of availing ourselves to good purpose of so much generous activity.

Sailors are men of rough habits, but their feelings are not by any means so coarse; and if they possess little power, they will exert it to the utmost. They are likewise very free from selfishness; generally speaking, to show any more attached to one another, and will make great sacrifices to their messmates or shipmates when opportunities occur. A very little address on the part of the officers, as I have before hinted, will secure an extension of these kindly sentiments to the quarter-deck. But what I was alluding to just now was the ordinary sailor's friendships which spring up between the sailors themselves, who, it must be recollected, have no other society, and all, or almost all, whose ordinary social life has been broken by the war. The chances of war, or by the stern decrees of duty, will always render impression absolutely unavoidable, or by the very nature of their roving and dissolutory life, which carries them they really know not where, and care not whither.

I remember once, when cruising off Terceira in the *Endymion*, that a man fell overboard and was drowned. After the usual confusion, and long search, in vain, the boats were hoisted up, and the hands called to make sail. I was officer of the fore-castle, and on looking about to see if all the men were at their stations, missed one of the fore-top-men. Just at that moment I observed one man carried up, and apparently hiding himself under the boom, and, looking at the mast and the booms. "Hillo!" I said, "who are you? What are you doing here, you skulker? Why are you not at your station?"

"I am not skulking, sir," said the poor fellow, the furrows in whose bronzed and weather beaten cheek were running down with tears. "The man we have just lost had been my messmate, and my friend for ten years. I begged his pardon, in full sincerity, for having used such harsh words to him at such a moment, and bid him go below to his berth for the rest of the day."

"Never mind, sir, never mind," said the kind-hearted seaman, "it can't be helped. You say so, harm, sir. I am as well on deck as below. Bill's gone, sir, but I must do my duty."

So saying, he drew the sleeve of his jacket twice or thrice across his eyes, and mustering his grief within his breast, walked to his station as if nothing had happened.

At the same ship, and nearly about the same time, the people were bathing alongside in a calm at sea. It is customary on such occasions to spread a studding sail on the water, by means of lines from the fore and main yard-arms, for the use of those who either cannot swim, or who are not expert in this art, so very important to all sea-faring people. Half a dozen of the ship's boys, youngsters sent on board by that admirable and most patriotic of naval institutions the Marine Society, were floundering about in the sail, and sometimes even venturing beyond the leech rope. One of the least of these urchins, but not the least courageous of their kind, and all rather fond of a mischief might ensue from his being struck, with being afraid, struck out boldly beyond the prescribed bounds. He had not gone much farther than his own length, however, along the surface of the fathomless sea, when his heart failed him, poor little man! and long was his confidence away also went his power of keeping his head above water. He was, however, owing to the speechless horror of the other boys, who, of course, could lend the drowning child no help.

The captain of the fore-castle, a tall, fine-looking, hard-weather fellow, was standing on the shank of the sheet, and rather far from the water, and his well-varnished canvass had drawn so much over his eyes that it was difficult to tell whether he was awake, or merely dozing in the sun, as he leaned his back against the foretopmast back-stay. The seaman, however, had been attentively watching the young party all the while, and rather fearing that mischief might ensue from their rashness, he had, at length, and with a warning, from time to time, to which they paid no sort of attention. At last he desisted, saying that they might drown themselves if he had a mind, for never a bit would he help them; but no sooner did the sinking figure of the adventurous little fellow come by him, than he immediately joined the palms of his hands over his head, inverted his position in one instant, and urging himself into swifter motion by a smart push with his feet against the anchor, shot head foremost into the water. The poor lad, who so rapidly that he was at least a couple of fathoms under the surface before he was arrested by the grip of the sailor, who soon rose again, bearing him as he wandered by in his hand, and, calling to the other youngsters to take better care of their companion, chucked him right into the belly of the sail in the midst of the water. The fore-sheet was hanging in the calm, nearly into the water, and by the draught of the wind, he scrambled up again to his old birth on the anchor, shook himself like a great Newfoundland dog, and then, jumping on the deck, proceeded across the fore-castle to shift himself.

At the top of the ladder he was stopped by the marine officer, who had witnessed the whole transaction, and he sat across the gang-way hammocks, watching the swimmer, and trying to get his own consent to undergo the labour of undressing and dressing. Said the soldier to the sailor, "That was very well done of you, my friend, but I wish you would go down to the gun-room steward as you pass, and tell him it is my orders to fill you out a stiff new grog."

The soldier's offer was kindly meant, but rather

clumsily timed, at least so thought Jack; for though he inclined his head in acknowledgment of the attention, he did not intend to accept of it. He was then spoken to by an officer, he made no reply till out of the marine's hearing, when he laughed, or rather chuckled out to the people near him, "Does the good gentleman suppose I'll take a glass of grog for saving a boy's life?"

It is surely very odd that there should ever be such a thing as a sailor who cannot swim. And it is still more marvellous that there should be found people who actually maintain that a sailor who cannot swim has a better chance than one who can. This is really a paradox so outrageous, that, on writing it down, I feel almost humiliated. I have seen, however, it has been maintained by officers in whose hands the country has entrusted many valuable lives. This strange doctrine, as may well be supposed, derives but slender support from any well established facts. It is merely asserted that, on some occasions of shipwreck, the boldest swimmers have been lost in trying to reach the shore, when they might have been saved had they stayed by the ship. This may be true enough in particular cases, and yet the general position grounded upon it utterly absurd. The most skillful horsemen sometimes break their necks, but this is hardly adduced as an argument against horsemanship.

Without, however, discussing such nonsensical points, it cannot surely be denied by any rational person, that the art of swimming must be of great value to every man who lives on the water, and who is liable at any moment to tumble overboard, to be upset in a boat, or to be placed in situations of peril, but for this power, he might perish of weakness or cold, or of other equally important still, he might be unable to save others from such a fate. Obviously though all this be, but little pains are generally taken by captains to see that their people are sworn to swim. I suppose there is not an officer who serves, certainly not one who has reached the rank just named, who has not seen some of his men, and, solely from not being able to swim; that is, because they had not learned a very simple art, of which, under his official injunctions, and aided by due encouragement, they might readily have acquired a sufficient knowledge. I have seen, however, some officers, I am ashamed to say, who, when they saw this, would say, "What can I do? I cannot quite claim it; and, certainly, when I gain the command of a ship, I shall use every exertion, and take advantage of every opportunity, at sea or in harbour, to encourage the men and officers to acquire the art of swimming, and to see that they are enabled to refuse the rating of A. B. (able seaman) on the ship's books to any man who could not swim? If it be our duty to ascertain that a sailor can "hand, reef, and steer," before we place against his name these mystical letters, might we not well superadd, as a qualification, that he should also be able to keep his head above water, in the event of falling overboard, or that he should have it in his power to save another's life, if required to leap into the sea for that purpose by the orders of his superior? At present, in such an emergency, an officer has to ask amongst a dozen persons, "Which of you can swim?" and he is obliged to select the most honest, him. "Jump overboard after that man who is sinking!"

This, then, seems the first material step in the establishment of an improved system of that branch of seamanship which relates to picking up men who fall overboard. I call it the first step, because it will obviously have a direct tendency to lessen the horror and alarm which such an accident necessarily excites, and which nothing can ever quite remove, even when desirable. There can be no doubt, indeed, that highly excited feelings always stand in the way of exact discipline, and especially of that prompt, hearty, and thoroughly confiding obedience to the officer under whose command we are placed. Should we, however, on this occasion, above all others, (except, perhaps that of the ship being on fire), and is essentially required, in order to accomplish the purpose in view.

Different officers will, of course, devise different plans for the accomplishment of the same end. But I should expect all reflecting persons to agree in one or two points. First, that the man who is to be selected as the officer, man, and boy on board should be perfectly aware beforehand of what his particular duty is when the alarm of a man being overboard is given;—that he should know precisely not only where to go, but what to do, when he reaches his station;—and, above all, that he should not profess to execute a duty which he is not pointed duty, unless expressly ordered by his superior. Every one who has been exposed to the misery of seeing

a man fall overboard must remember that by far the greatest difficulty was to keep people back, there being almost all times a great number of men, who were not only ready, but eager to place themselves in the situations of greatest risk. In executing the duties of a ship-of-war, there should never be any volunteering aloft, either on this, or on any other occasion. Every man going aloft to have a sail set, or to do any other duty, must perform at all times. But there duties, in the case of a man falling overboard, must, of course, vary with the hour of the day or night, with the circumstance of its being the starboard or the larboard watch on deck, with the weather being fine or tempestuous, or with the condition of the ship steering relative to the wind, the quantity of sail, and so on. All these varieties, therefore, ought, as far as possible, to be the subject of distinct and repeated explanation. That is to say, the crew of every ship should be exercised or drilled, if not as frequently, at least as specifically, in the methods of picking up a man, as they are trained in the exercise of the great guns and small arms, or in that of reefing topsails.

I hope I shall not be misunderstood as laying down any scale of comparison between the importance of these different exercises; but I feel well assured that every experienced officer will agree with me, that by no other method, except constant drill, could the crew be kept fit, and then practising them at those stations, can we ever hope to prevent the disgraceful confusion and noise which at present almost always take place when a man falls overboard. Whatever be the nature of the proper method, these, and the other circumstances, must arise, or be taught, on the belief that a man really has fallen into the water; for the feelings which such an incident excites are not of a description to be trifled with. Notice, indeed, should be formally given that no false alarm will ever be sounded; but when it is determined to go through the manoeuvre in question, the confusion may usefully be circulated beforehand, that at such and such hours it will be practised, or a peculiar piece by the boatswain might prepare the people for the evolution. When all was ready, something might be dropped overboard on purpose, and the exercise would then commence. At first, there would probably be no small degree of confusion and loss of time; but, surely, this would afford the most feasible practical evidence of the necessity of such drilling. When, by sufficient practice, the people had been rendered tolerably familiar with them, the time of day, the nature of the wind, or the hour, might be then tried at night, or in a gale of wind. If it might be learned quickly all that was right to be done, there would be little trouble, and no great loss of time; but if, on the contrary, it cost much pains and a considerable interval to teach them how to conduct themselves to the best purpose, under supposed circumstances, that would only show how much more necessary these precautions really were than officers generally suppose them to be.

Having said thus much to expose the evil, and to allude in general terms to the remedy, I feel bound to contribute, likewise, as far as I am able, towards the more minute details of the exercise, and to conclude, with the most sincere diffidence; for the truth is, I have not studied so much as, perhaps, I ought to have done, what is called the seamanship part of my profession, but have, I fear, allowed both its scientific and more popular features to engage a disproportionate share of my attention.

Every one who has been much at sea must remember the peculiar sounds which pervade a ship when a man is known to have fallen overboard. The course steered is so suddenly altered, that as she rounds to, the effect of the sails is doubled; the creaking of the tiller ropes and rigging, the striding of the sails, the rushing of the water of several hundred feet in rapid motion, producing a singular tremor, fore and aft. In the midst of these ominous but too well understood noises may be heard over the still startling voice of the officer of the watch, generally betrayed in its tone more or less uncertain of purpose. Then we discover the violent flapping of the sails, and the mingled cries of "Clear away the boats!" "Is the life-buoy gone?" "Heave that grating after him!" "Throw that heencop over the stern!" "Who is it, do you know?" "Where did he fall?" "What time?" And so on. As the boats are petious, and too often an ill-regulated rush now succeeds to gain the boats, which are generally so crowded, that it becomes dangerous to lower them down, and more time is lost in getting the people out again than would have manned them twice over, if any regular system

had been prepared, and rendered familiar and easy by practice and drill.

I could give pretty long lists of cases which I have myself seen, or have heard others relate, where men have been drowned while their shipmates were then struggling on board who should be first to save them, and instead of aiding so laudable a cause, were actually injuring another by their long-suffering and general ignorance of what really ought to be done. I remember, for example, hearing of a line-of-battle ship, in the Baltic, from which two men fell one evening, when the ship's company were at quarters. The weather was fine, the water smooth, and the ship going about seven knots. The two men were in the fore-top, and were in the royal at the time, lost their hold, and were jerked far in the sea. At least a dozen men, leaving their guns, leaped overboard from different parts of the ship, some dressed as they were, and others stripped. Of course, the ship was in a wretched state of discipline where such frantic proceedings could take place. The confusion soon became worse confounded; but the ship was hove aback, and several boats lowered down. Had it not been smooth water, daylight, and fine weather, many of these absurd volunteers must have perished. I call these absurdities, because there is no security in them, and a great hazard, without some useful purpose to guide the exercise of courage. Now, these intrepid fellows merely knew that a man had fallen overboard, and that was all; so away they leaped out of the ports and over the hammock-nettings, without knowing where, amongst the object of their quixotic heroism, they were. The boats were obliged to pick up the first that presented themselves, for they were all in a drowning condition; but the two unhappy men who had been flung from aloft, being furthest off, went to the bottom before their turn came. I have seen, however, in the case of a frigate, where, officially and most improperly guided, the first boats were had been in liberty to row towards the men who had fallen accidentally, both of whom, in that case, might to all appearance have been saved.

I remember a bitter kind of story which was current in the navy, which became so nearly thirty years ago. In those days, naval punishments were more severe than they now are, but they were inflicted with less solemnity than is at present deemed essential to their salutary effect. In a frigate, commanded by a very generous officer, as the martinet of the service are generally denominated, a sailor was ordered to be flogged, what cause, took it in his head to jump overboard, for the purpose of drowning himself. When he began to sink, he discovered that a salt-water death was not quite so agreeable as he had reckoned upon; so he hung out for help, and the ship's company, being brought to the wind, the man was picked up, with some difficulty. The matter was investigated instantly; and as soon as it appeared that he had gone overboard intentionally, the hands were turned up, the gangway rigged, and the offender seized up.

"Now," said the captain, "I shall punish you for the wildest and most atrocious act of which a man is capable. — Every person in or belonging to the fleet, who shall desert, shall suffer death, or such other punishment as the circumstances of the case shall deserve." And then, turning to the boatswain, he said, "You will punish me for the same offence, or, which is exactly the same thing, for going to the bottom like other fellows." "Now, sir," resumed the captain to the trembling culprit, "if you have any longer a desire to go overboard, you have only to ask the first lieutenant's leave. He has my instructions to grant you permission; while I shall take very good care that you are not again picked up."

I shall not stop to consider whether this gangway leity is the very best preventive of nautical suicide; but I am quite sure that there can be no offence more deserving of punishment, as a matter of discipline, and in order to prevent the recurrence of the same, than allowing overboard a man who has fallen into the water. There are cases, no doubt, in which it would be a positive crime in a swimmer not to spring, without waiting for orders, to the rescue of a fellow-creature whom he sees sinking, and the leaders of the water, darkness of the night, or other circumstances which increase the danger, seem only to stimulate the boldest spirits to brave the risk. I conceive there is no method of putting a stop to the practice but by positively enjoining the

people not to go overboard, unless expressly ordered; and by explaining to them, on every occasion when the subject of the subject comes up, the great importance of the difficulty of picking a man up is generally much augmented by such indirect zeal.

I was lately told of some incidents which occurred in a frigate off Cape Horn, in a gale of wind, under close-reefed topsails, and storm staysails. At half-past twelve at night, when the people were asleep, a young lad was washed out of the lee fore-channels. The life-buoy was immediately let go, and the main-top-sail laid to the mast. Before the jolly-boat could be lowered down, a man jumped overboard, as he said "promised." The two boats were sent for the boy at last, nor was ever within half a cable's length of the vessel, where he was found, and the boat was hauled up. Although the youth could not swim, he contrived to keep his head above water till the boat reached him, just as he was beginning to sink. The man who had jumped into the sea was right glad to give up his "promissious" scap, and to make for the life-buoy, upon which he perched himself, and stood shivering for half an hour, like a shag on the Mewstone, till the boat came to his relief.

At four o'clock of the same day, a man fell from the rigging, the usual alarm and rush took place, the lee-quarter boat was so excited, that the crew, in attempting to give way, the davit broke, and the cutter, now suspended by one tackle, soon knocked herself to pieces against the ship's side. Of course, the people in her were jerked out very quickly, so that, instead of there being only one man in the water, there were nearly a dozen swimming about. More confusion was excited, and, in going out another boat, and, strange to say, all the people were picked up, except the original unfortunate man, who, but for the accident, which might and ought to have been prevented, would in all probability have been saved. Neither he nor the little boat, however, could be discovered before the night closed; and it is most distressing to think, that, perhaps, he may have succeeded in reaching this support only to perish before the long winter night of those dreary regions could be one quarter over.

The life-buoy at present in use on board His Majesty's ships, and, I suppose, in all Indianes, as well as, I trust, in most merchant ships, has an admirable contrivance connected with it, which has saved many lives, when otherwise there would hardly have been a chance of the man being rescued from a watery grave.

This life-buoy, which is now used by the Lieutenant Cook of the navy, consists of two hollow copper vessels connected together, each about as large as an ordinary spinning pillow, and of buoyancy and capacity sufficient to support one man standing upon them. Should there be more than one person requiring support, they can lay one upon the other, and, by means of the iron hold of rope betwixt fitted to the buoy, and to sustain themselves. Between the two copper vessels there stands up a hollow pole, or mast, into which is inserted, from below, an iron rod, whose lower extremity is loaded with lead in such a manner, that when the buoy is let go, the iron rod slips down to the bottom, and extends its length, and enables the lead at the end to act as a last. By this means the mast is kept upright, and the buoy prevented from upsetting. The weight at the end of the rod is arranged so as to afford secure footing for two persons, and, however long the arms of the buoy are, as I said before, large rope betwixt the vessels, which others can trust their head and shoulders, till assistance is rendered.

On the top of the mast is fixed a port-fire, calculated to burn, I think, twenty minutes, or half an hour; this is ignited most inconspicuously, and the light it emits lets the buoy fall into the water. So that, if a man falls overboard at night, is directed to the buoy by the blaze on the top of its pole or mast, and the boat sent to rescue him, also knows in what direction to pull. Even supposing, however, that the port-fire should not be lighted, it is clear that, if above the surface of the water, which others can trust their head and shoulders, till assistance is rendered, to ascertain that the poor wretch is not left to perish by inches.

The method by which this excellent invention is attached to the ship, and dropped into the water in a single instant, is, perhaps, not the least ingenious part of the contrivance. The buoy is generally fixed amidstships over the stern, where it is held secure by its place being stowed, or, if it were, on two long perpendicular rods fixed to the sides of the hull, in holes piercing the frame-work of the buoy. The apparatus is kept in its place by what is called a slip-stopper, a sort of catch-bolt or detent, which can be unlocked at plea-

sure, by merely pulling a trigger. Upon withdrawing the stopper the whole machine slips along the rods, and falls into the water. The trigger, which is a small iron piece, the slip-stopper is furnished with a lanyard, passing through a hole in the stern, and having at its inner end a large knob, marked "Life-Buoy;" this alone is used in the day time. Close at hand is another wooden knob, marked "Lock," fastened to the end of a line fixed to the trigger of a gun-lock primed with powder; and so arranged, that when the line is pulled, the port-fire is instantly ignited, while, at the same moment, the life-buoy descends, and floats merrily away, blazing like a light-house. It would surely be an improvement to have both these operations performed simultaneously, so that it is, by one pull of the string. The port-fire would thus be lighted in every case of letting go the buoy; and I suspect the smoke in the day time would often be as useful in guiding the boat, as the blaze always is at night.

The gunner who has charge of the life-buoy look sees it freshly and carefully primed every evening at quarters, of which he makes a report to the captain. In the morning the priming is taken out, and the lock uncocked. During the night a man is always stationed at this part of the ship, and every half hour, when the bell strikes, he goes to the "Life-buoy" and examines it, and, if necessary, at his post, exactly in the same manner as the look-out-men abaft, on the beam, and forward, call out "Starboard quarter!" "Starboard bow!" and so on, completely round the ship, to prove that they are not napping.

After all, however, it must be remembered, that none of the most important considerations, when a man falls overboard, have as yet scarcely been mentioned. These are:

First, the quickest and most effectual method of arresting the ship's progress, and how to keep her as near the spot where the man fell as possible.

Secondly, to prevent the ship from making these evolutions, the general discipline of the ship, to maintain silence, and to enforce the most prompt obedience, without permitting fool-hardy volunteering of any kind.

Thirdly, to see that the boat appointed to be employed on these occasions is secured in such a manner that she will not lose her way, in a moment, and when ready for lowering down, that she is properly manned, and fitted, so as to be efficient in all respects when she reaches the water.

Fourthly, to take care in lowering the boat neither to stove nor to swamp her, nor to pitch the men overboard. Fifthly, to see that the boat is manned by the sharpest sighted men in the ship stationed aloft in such a manner as to give them the best chance not only of discovering the person who is overboard, but of pointing him out to the people in the boat, who may not otherwise know in what direction to pull.

It is conceived, that all these objects may be accomplished with very little, if any additional trouble, in all tolerably well-disciplined ships.

Various opinions prevail amongst officers as to the best way; but, I think, the best authorities recommend that, if possible, the ship should not merely be to starboard when a man falls overboard, but that she ought to be brought completely round on the other tack. Of course, sail should be shortened in stays, and the main yard left square. This plan implies the ship being on a wind, or from that position to having the wind not above her beam; but, when she is on the right tack, or the other, this will include a large portion of the sailing of every ship.

The great merit of such a method of proceeding is, that, if the evolution succeeds, the ship, when round, will drift right down towards the man. And, although there may be some small risk in lowering the boat in stays, from the ship having at one period stern by, there will, in fact, be little time lost if the boat be not lowered till the ship be well round, and the stern way at an end. There is more mischief done, generally, by lowering the boat too soon, than by waiting till the first moment arises for her to be lowered. And it cannot be too often repeated, that almost the whole depends upon the self-possession of the officer of the watch. This important quality is best taught (like every thing else of the kind) by experience, that is to say, by a thorough and familiar practical knowledge of what can be done in all the under all circumstances. It may be permitted for every other person in the ship to feel alarmed and shocked when the sounds reach his ears indicating that a man is overboard; but the officer in command of the deck ought to let it be seen and felt, by his tone of voice, and by the judicious promptness of his orders, that at this time he is perfectly master of himself, and knows distinctly what course it is best to adopt.

If the ship be running before the wind, or be sailing large, and under a press of sail, the officer must exercise the greatest care, to prevent the ship from being driven away to save the man, not to let the mast go over the side, which will not advance, but defeat his object. If the topgallant sheets, the topgallant and topgallant-lalyards, be let fly, and the head yards braced quickly up, the ship, when brought to the wind, will be nearly in the situation of reefing topgallants. Under these circumstances, it will hardly be possible to bring her about, for, long before she can have come head to wind, her way will be so much deadened that the rudder may have ceased to act. Still, however, I am so strong an advocate for the principle of reefing topgallants, that I cannot but think, that, even under the circumstances above described, it will, as soon as the boat was lowered down and sent off, and the extra sail gathered in, I would fill, stand on till the ship had gained head-way enough to render the evolution certain, and then go about, so as to bring her head towards the boat. It must be recollected, that when a ship is going well off the wind in the manner here supposed, it is impossible to round her so quickly as to replace her on the spot where the man fell; to reach which a great sweep must always be made. But there seems to me no doubt, that in every possible case, even in the case of a vessel under a press of sail, it is better to nearer and nearer to that spot, if eventually brought to the wind on the opposite tack from that on which she was luffed up.

It will come greatly to the success of these measures, if it can be established, that, whenever the alarm is given of a man being overboard, the people without further orders, fly to their appointed stations for tackling ship; and that only those persons who shall be specifically selected to man and lower down the boats, and for other duties, shall presume to quit the places assigned them. In the former case, the ship will be ready when the men are in their stations for tackling; they are almost equally in their stations for shortening sail, or for performing most other evolutions likely to become necessary at such moments.

The exempted men should consist of at least two boats' crews, and a third of others, whose sole duty should be to attend to the operation of lowering the boat or boats, into which no men but those expressly appointed should ever be allowed to enter. These persons, selected for their activity, strength, and coolness, should be taken to the afterguard, main and mizen-top, and gun-deck, and the fore-top, to the fore-top, to the fore-top, the main-mast. Midshipmen in each watch should also be named to the different boats; and their orders ought to be positive, never to allow more than the proper crew to enter, nor on any account to permit the boat to be lowered till fully and properly manned. I grant that it requires no small nerve to sanction the delay, which attention to these minute particulars demands. But the adequate degree of faith in their utility will bring with it the requisite share of decision, to possess which, under all circumstances, is, perhaps, one of the most characteristic qualities of a good officer.

I could give anecdotes by the dozen of the mischief arising from these precautions not being attended to. I was lately told of a good case in point. A line-of-battle ship, during the war, was lying at anchor off Oleron in a hard gale of wind. A cutter had been sent to the cutter's berth on a small boat, and was blowing off to windward, she returned. All the men were called out except four, and the boat hoisted up. Through some inattention on the part of the boatswain's mate not piping belay in time, or from the tackle-fall being worn out (a frequent but most inexcusable neglect), one of the falls gave way, just as the boat reached the davit. The consequence was, all the four men were precipitated overboard. The stern-boat was instantly lowered down, with a midshipman and four hands in her; but, owing to the want of some efficient system of previously establishing the order of volunteers, the crew of this precious boat's crew of volunteers did not pull a stroke. The four men who had been pitched out of the cutter, accordingly sunk before the boat could reach them, though she was not her own length from them. One man was pulled in, but the fourth could not be seen at all, and was supposed to have been on shore. The boatswain's mate, not knowing how to use the oars, soon became terrified with their situation; and had it not been for the able assistance of the rescued man, though he was half drowned, and the activity of the young midshipman, the boat must have been swamped, and all hands in her have gone down. The boatswain's mate, however, by a judicious exertion, to keep her head to the sea, and in the ship's wake, till a rope, with a buoy to it, was veered to them.

On being pulled under the stern, and just as they were hooking the tackles which were to hoist them up, they were struck by the stern, and hissed by the foreboard from the cutter clinging to the "udder chain." The poor fellow was almost exhausted, by having sailed over head and ears every time the ship pitched. He was secured by the boat-hook, and pulled in, more dead than alive.

It is not enough that care is taken to prevent the boat being overcrowded, and that the crew are picked up, and that they know their business, or that an officer accustomed to command be in charge of her, and that she be deliberately lowered into the water by men who understand how to execute this rather difficult and delicate operation in the best manner; for there are still one or two apparently minor points which should not be neglected. The boat's plug, for example, ought in every case to be fastened to the bottom board with a stout lanyard. I have seen the want of this very small article, which might prove the loss of the whole boat's crew, cause the greatest trouble and danger.

Much of the man's chance of being picked up will depend, in the day-time at least, upon the goodness of the look-out for him which is kept, by persons properly stationed in the rigging and elsewhere. At night, alas! the chances against the unhappy man are always greatly increased. The person who is selected to pick up the man spreads instantaneously over the ship when the boat returns, and to the eager cry of "Have you got the man?" it is answered, "We could see nothing of him; we heard him splashing in the water and calling out for a rope, but before we could reach the spot he had sunk. Here is the poor fellow's hat, which we picked up just where we had heard the sound of his voice." When Lieutenant Cook's life-buoy is used, indeed, the chances of saving the man at night are much greater; but still it is, at best, but a fearful chance even for an expert swimmer.

The lookout, in every ship, should be selected from a number of the sharpest sighted persons, who should be instructed, the instant the alarm is given, to repair to stations appointed for them aloft. Several of these ought to plant themselves in the lower rigging, some in the topmast shrouds, and one, if not two, might advantageously be placed in the fore-top, to the fore-top, to the fore-top, whose exclusive duty is to discover the man who is overboard, should be directed to look out, and to be particularly careful to mark the spot near which the ship must have been when he fell, in order that, when she comes to the wind, she may be able to direct the search, and to direct their attention, and also to take care that the ship does not force directly upon the object they are seeking for. The chief advantage of having look-out men stationed aloft in this manner consists in their commanding a far better position compared to that of persons on deck, and still better when compared to the people in the boat. Besides which, having this object alone to attend to, they are more likely to be successful. Moreover, from their being in considerable numbers, and scattered at different elevations, their chances are, of course, much increased of discovering so small an object as a man on the surface.

The people in the boat possess no such advantages, for they are occupied with their oars, and lose between the seas all sight of the surrounding objects near them, while they can always see the ship's masts; and as soon as the person who is selected to pick up the man, or the person who is overboard, and points in the proper direction for them to pull, they can shape their course accordingly. Presently another look-out, instructed by the first to direct his eyes, also discovers the man; then another sees him, then another, and so on, till all the persons who are selected to pick up the man, are pointing with their hands to where it is to be found. The officer in the boat, thus instructed by innumerable pointers, rows at once, and with confidence, in the proper direction, and the drowning man is often rescued from his deep-sea grave, when, had there been no such person on deck, he would have never in number, or lower down, he must have perished.

I quite forget what officer it was my first told me of this plan, which, from frequent trial, I know to be most useful in practice. I shall certainly be most happy to publish the names of the inventor of this plan, if I can by any means I can recover it. The thing itself, I should imagine, requires only to be stated to insure its universal adoption. We wonder, indeed, how a measure of so much simplicity and obvious utility should not before have struck every one who has turned his attention to this subject, and who has considered the effect of the man who has not? I shall be very glad to find myself mistaken in supposing that this plan is not as yet generally

Without going needlessly deep into these speculations, we may observe, in the meantime, that, even in the least-regularly disciplined ships, there is now a marked difference between Sunday and any other day in the week.

Although the grand object seems to be, to have every thing as clean as possible, and in the most expeditious order, great care of the labour is required, to produce this result is ever before Sunday arrives. The decks, for instance, receive such a thorough allowance of holy-stoning and scrubbing on Saturday, that mere washing, with perhaps a slight touch of the brushes and sand, brings them into the milky white condition, in the delight of every genuine first lieutenant's heart. All this is got over early in the morning, in order that the decks may be swabbed up and the ropes nicely flemished down before seven bells, at which time it is generally thought expedient to go to breakfast, though half an hour sooner than usual, and to place them neatly in the forenoon. I should have mentioned that the hammocks are always piped up at seven o'clock. If they have been slung overnight, they are as white as any laundry could have made them; and, of course, the hammock-stokers take more than ordinary care to place them neatly in the forenoon, with their bright numbers turned inwards, all nicely lashed up with the regulated proportion of turns, each hammock being of a uniform size from end to end.

While the people are at breakfast, the officer is passed to "clean for muster," in any dress the commanding officer may think most proper, either in the climate of the tropics, or in the temperate, the order for rigging in frocks and trousers is generally delivered in these words:

"Do you hear, there! fore and aft! Clean for muster at five bells—dark frocks and white trousers!"

In cold regions, it is the dark jackets and white trousers, and in the tropics, the frocks and trousers, and in the tropics, the order for rigging in frocks and trousers is generally delivered in these words:

"Do you hear, there! fore and aft! Clean for muster at five bells—dark frocks and white trousers!"

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"Do you hear, there! fore and aft! Clean for muster at five bells—dark frocks and white trousers!"

It is usual to give the men three quarters, instead of half an hour to breakfast, and to place them in the forenoon, with their bright numbers turned inwards, all nicely lashed up with the regulated proportion of turns, each hammock being of a uniform size from end to end.

As soon as the forenoon watch is called, the between-decks, on which the men live, is carefully cleaned, generally by what is called dry holy-stoning. This is done by rubbing the deck with small smooth pieces of freestone, after a layer of well-dried sand has been sprinkled over it.

This operation throws up a good deal of dust, which it mixes the deck white, which the grand point aimed at. The wings, the store-rooms, and the cockpits, undergo a similar dose of rubbing and scrubbing; in short, every hole and corner of the decks, both above and below stairs, as folks on shore would say, is swept, and swept again, and the whole trouble of washing the upper decks, shaking out the reefs, stowing the hammocks, and coiling down the ropes, may be said to be over, and the day is true, but still sufficiently tiresome when multiplied so often.

At the appointed hour of half-past ten, to a single stroke of the bell, the mate of the watch, directed by the officer on deck, who again acts in obedience to the captain's orders, declares the day to be proper order for inspection.

"Beat to divisions!"

It should have been stated, that before this period arrives, the mate of the decks, and the mate of the hold, the boatswain, gunner, and carpenter, have all severally received reports from their subordinates, that their different departments are in proper order for inspection. Reports to the same effect being then finally made to the first lieutenant by the mates and warrant officers, he himself goes round the ship to see that all is right

and tight, preparatory to the grand inspection. I ought to have made mention, that the bags of the watch-bell are piped up at ten o'clock, so that nothing remains between decks but the mess-tables, stools, and the soup and grog kits. Long before this hour, the greater number of the whole ship's company have dressed themselves, and are ready for muster. The first lieutenant, the purser's steward, the slovenly midshipman's boy, the learned lubberly boy, and the interminable host of officers' servants, who have always fifty extra things to do, are often so sorely pressed for time, that at the first tap of the drum beat, to divest themselves of their accoutrements, technically much misnamed, may often be seen only then logging their shirts over their heads, or hitching up their trousers in all the hurry skurry of a lower deck toilet. I ought to have recorded, that in the ship's head, as well as on the fore part of the main-deck, and likewise between the guns, chiefly those abreast of the fore hatchway, there have been groups assembled to scrape and polish themselves ever since breakfast time, and even before it. Some are washing themselves; others cutting, and combing, and trimming their hair; for now-a-days there are none of those huge long tails or queues, which descended along the back of the sailors who fought with Benbow and Rodney. The dandyism of Jack has now taken another turn, and the knowing thing at present is to have a parcel of ringlets hanging from the temples almost to the collar-bone. The appearance of the youngest and best looking of the fore top-men, who were lately in the service of the late governor of ear rings. In the merchant service, many sailors "disgrace their persons," as we allege, in this style, and in all foreign services the odious practice exists; but in the British navy it is absolutely forbidden. I remember once, on the beach of Madras, witnessing an accident of the kind. Sir John Mordaunt, then commander in chief in India, and the newly promoted boatswain of a ship of war belonging to the squadron. The admiral, who was one of the bravest, and kindest, and truest-hearted seamen that ever trod a ship's deck, was a sworn foe to all trickery in dress-work, and eyes were turned to him with admiration, as he walked towards the beach, in his immense double rows of surt, fringe and guard the whole of that flat coast. He was watching the progress of a Massallah boat, alternately lost in the foam, and raised in very uncertain places, which he saw with thought just as the boat broke, brought her swiftly towards the shore. He felt more anxious than usual about the fate of this particular boat, from having ordered on shore the person alluded to, with whom he wished to have some conversation previous to their parting company. This boatswain was a young man, who had been in the service of the admiral in different ships, and to whom he had just given a warrant. The poor fellow, unexpectedly promoted from before the mast to the rank of an officer, was trigged up in his newly bought, but marvellously ill-cut, uniform, shining like a dollar, and making it very evident, that the time that his life had put on a long coat, felt not a little awkward.

As soon as the boat was partly driven up the beach by the surf, and partly dragged beyond the dash of the breakers by the crowd on shore, this happiest of warrant officers leaped out on the sand, and seeing the admiral, he hurried on to him, and, with a look of mingled glacia which lines the shore, he took off his hat, smoothed down the hair on his forehead, saluted fashion, and stood uncovered, in spite of the roasting sun flaming in the zenith.

The admiral, of course, made a motion with his hand for the boatswain to put his hat on; but the other, not perceiving the signal, stood stock still.

"I say, son of your hat!" cried the commander in chief, in a tone of voice that he never again forgot to start. In his agitation he shook a bunch of well trimmed ringlets a little on one side, and betrayed to the flashing eyes of the admiral a pair of small, round, silver ear rings, the parting gift, doubtless, of some fairer being, with his hair, or, better, of dear, old, black-guard Point Beau, the very ninth house of the name. The hearted sailors. Be as it may, the admiral, first stepping on one side, and then holding his head forward, as if to re-establish the doubting evidence of his horrified senses, and forcibly keeping down the astonished seaman's hair with his hand, tore out,

"Who the devil are you?"

"John Marline, sir," replied the bewildered boatswain, beginning to suspect the scrape he had got himself into.

"Oh!" cried the flag-officer, with a scornful laugh. "Oh! I beg your pardon! I took you for a Portuguese."

"No, sir!" instinctively faltered out the other, seeing the admiral expected some reply.

"No! Then, if you are not a foreigner, why do you hoist false colours? What business has an English sailor's portion of his life, in the first place?"

"I don't know, sir," said the man, "I put them in only this morning, when I rigged myself in my new togs, to answer the signal on shore."

"Then," said Sir Samuel, softened by the contrite look of his old shipmate, and having got rid of the first portion of his bile, in the first explosion.

"You will now proceed to unrig yourself of the top hamper as fast as you can; pitch them into the surf, if you like, but never, as you respect the warrant in your pocket, let me see you in that disguise again."

"When the drum beats the well-known 'generale,' the ship's company range themselves in a single line along both sides of the quarter deck, the gangways, and all round the fore-castle. In a frigate, the whole crew may be thus spread out on the upper deck alone; but in line of battle ships the numbers are so great, that similar ranges, each consisting of a division, are likewise necessary. The men are dressed in full uniform. The marines, under arms, and in full uniform, fall in at the after part of the quarterdeck, while the ship's boys, under the master at arms, with his ratan in hand, muster on the fore-castle.

"In some ships the men are sized, as it is called, the tallest going to the fore, the after end, and so on down to the most diminutive, who are fixed at the extremity. But this arrangement being more of a military than of a naval cast, is rarely adopted now-a-days. It will seldom happen, indeed, that the biggest and burliest fellows in a ship's company are the leading men. They may chance, indeed, to be gunlayers, cook's mates, or fit only to make sweepers of, personages who, after a three years' station, barely know the stem from the stern, and could no more steer the ship than they could take a lunar distance. Nothing, therefore, can be more ridiculous than the ordering of the men by their stature, or putting such lubberly persons as these, just allude to over the heads of thorough-bred ableseamen, captains of the tops or forecastle, hardy sailors, whose abilities, knowledge, or trustworthy vigilance, and long tried experience, in spite of diminutive stature, may very deservedly place them in the van of the fore-masted ranks amongst the crew. Officers, however, on first joining a ship, are very apt to be guilty of some injustice towards the people by judging of them too hastily from appearance alone. We are insensibly so much prepossessed in favour of a fine, tall, good looking sailor lad, and prejudiced against a grizzled, crooked, little wretch, that if both happen to be brought before us for the same offence, we almost instinctively commit the injustice of condemning the ugly fellow, and acquitting the smart looking one, before a tith of the evidence has reached our ears.

"This recalls to my recollection how multitudinous are the sore entanglements in which a captain's judgment may, on these occasions, be caught, and his authority be warped to the side of injustice, when he fancies all the time he is truly executing his duty. I have sometimes suspected, on looking back, that I once decided a matter quite erroneously, and that I was, in the end, speaking the broadest Scotch patois of my native town. I may have been influenced by the unworthy dread of being thought partial to my countrymen, and therefore gave the case more against poor Saunders than he deserved. But let no person who has never been actually placed in the trying situation of a judge, pretend to estimate the difficulties of that most responsible and fearful of all offices. 'What will people say?' is pretty nearly always a very shabby question, but one which too many plain men ask themselves when hesitating how to handle a case, forgetting that the only questions ought to be, 'What is really and truly right? what will men of experience and virtue think?' or, what shall I have eventually to say to my own conscience on the subject?"

Leaving these speculative questions, however, for the present, we will return to the muster, which, by arrangement along the deck, not as formerly by divisions, in the proper way, by the watch bill. The forecastle men, of course, come first, as they stand so in the lists by which officers are mustered at night by the mate of the watch; then the fore top-men, and so on to the gunners, the midshipmen, the boatswain, the carpenter, the gunner of a lieutenant, who, as well as the midshipmen of his division, appears in full uniform. The people are first

mustered by the young gentlemen, and then carefully inspected by the officer of the division, who sees that every man is dressed according to order, and that he is otherwise in proper trim. He also inspects the equipments for the surgeon and his assistants to pass along the lines, to ascertain, partly by the men's looks, and partly by an examination of their limbs, that no traces of scurvy have begun to show themselves. I have often seen illness which, had they not been taken hold of in time, in the commonest and cured at once, might have confined men for weeks or months to their hammocks, or conducted their bodies in no great space of time over the standing part of the fore-sheet.

While the mustering and inspecting of the divisions is going on, the other parts of the deck are cleared, in company with the first lieutenant. No other voices are heard except theirs, and that of the midshipmen calling over the names of the men, or the officers putting some interrogatory about a spot of tar on a pair of duck trousers, or an ill-mended hole in the sleeve of a shirt. In a few minutes even these sounds are hushed, and nothing is distinguishable fore and aft but the tread of the respective officers on their way all to report to the captain on the quarter deck that all are present, properly dressed, and clean, at their different divisions. The marine officer likewise reports of his party, and then, as the first lieutenant now turns to the captain, takes off his hat, and says:

"All the officers have reported, sir."

To which the other replies:

"We'll go round the ship, then, if you please," and off they toddle, after having the deck in charge of the second lieutenant, or the master, as may be determined upon at the moment.

A pin might now be heard, if fall away on board; and but for the sound of the wind amongst the cordage, or the stroke of a slack rope against the mast, or the occasional splash in the wetted launch of a lubber's brace, rather too fine, and except for the rippling sound of the water about the bows, and the creaking caused by her heeling over under the pressure of the wind, the ship might be supposed to be unmanned, and lying dismantled in the basin of Portsmouth dock-yard.

As the captain is the first division, he is received by the officer commanding it, who touches his hat, and then falls into the train behind. Of course, the moment the skipper appears, the men along the whole line take off their hats, smooth down their locks, make a clumsy flourish of the arms, and then stand at ease, with the windstand of their trousers, and shuffle, to and fro, without any purpose, according to the motion of the ship, to maintain their toes exactly at the line or seam in the deck along which they have been cautioned twenty times they are to stand. The captain, as he moves slowly past, eyes each man head to foot, and takes nothing pass of which he disapproves. The officer of the division is required to explain, or to take a note of what alteration is required; but supposing all to be right, not a syllable is spoken, and at the end of the division the captain again touches his hat to the officer, who returns the salute, and resumes his post.

He then proceeds to the fore-castle, at the break of which he is received by the three warrant officers, the boatswain, gunner, and carpenter, in their best coats, cut after the fashion of the year one, broad tailed, musty, and with a creaking in the joints. Behind them, and blazing from top to bottom with a double-tiered battery of buttons of huge dimensions. Behind these worthy personages, who seldom look much at home in their finery, stands the master at arms, in front of his troop of young scamps; not the young gentlemen, but the troublesome snail-fry known by the name of the ship's boys, destined in good time to be sailors, and perhaps amongst the best and truest that we ever number in our crews. For as these lads are bred up exclusively amongst men of war's men, they gradually acquire, naturally and easily, all the habits, as well as the sentiments, of the marine service, which they have nothing to unlearn, as merchant seamen invariably have to do when, either by impressment or by volunteering, they are brought amongst naval persons.

I may also remark, that it is a great mistake to suppose that the sailors are as thoroughly bred and bred-board a man of war as in any collier, which is proverbially the best school. We have, to be sure, in the navy, a far greater number of hands on board in proportion to the quantity of work to be done; and as there are generally amongst them plenty of men well qualified to do the duties of sailors, by sea and by land, they are not yet thoroughly taught are seldom as directly called upon to learn a seamen's trade as they would be

were they in a short-handed merchant ship. But this state of things furnishes no excuse, I conceive, for those officers who fail to make it part of their business to see that every man and boy in their ships be trained as fast as possible in all points of a sailor's calling. The opportunities are always at hand, the instructors numerous and competent; and it may readily be made not only the duty but the interest and pleasure of the older seamen to instruct the younger, who are themselves who are less informed. In the process of this useful schooling they will almost invariably come out, that many of those hands who hailed for able seamen, merely upon their own showing, had obtained higher ratings on the ship's books than they were entitled to. One person is a first-rate helmsman, but is ignorant of the marks on the lead-line; while another may be expert as a leadsmen, and yet be any thing but trustworthy at the weather wheel. Or a sailor may steer a ship admirably, and call the soundings correctly from the chains in the darkest night, who might put a sorry figure at the weather ear in a snow storm. In short, it is a most important, and almost an imperative duty, on the officers of every man of war, to ascertain, by actual investigation, how far their people are entitled to the ratings they claim. If we do not see to this, we are perpetually exposing the resources of the nation, by mistaking their true quality.

It soon becomes apparent amongst the crew of a man of war, as it does in every other situation of the world, that one of the most speedy and certain methods of instructing a person in any art, is to impose on him the duty of teaching others. In this way the whole of a man of war's ship's company may be taught as much of the art of seamanship as they could possibly have learned in the same time in a collier, or in any other ship that swims.

I should have mentioned, that before leaving the upper-deck the captain proceeds to inspect the marines, who are drawn up across or along the quarter deck abaft. Most captains think it both judicious and kind to inspect the marines first, before going round the sailors' divisions: and I have never seen this practice adopted by a captain who was not a first-rate officer, and of the excellent fellows, well trained, hardy, and cheerful, duly respecting themselves, and proud of their service; while, from belonging to a fixed corps, and from not being liable (like the seamen) to be perpetually disbanded and scattered, they acquire a permanent interest, in the service, and in the advantages, and the good footing in the navy. In like manner, the marine officers constitute one of the most gentlemanlike bodies of men in the king's service. They are thoroughly imbued with all the high sentiments of honour belonging to the military character; and they possess, moreover, in a very pleasant degree, the freedom of manner and versatility of habits peculiar to those who go down to the sea in ships, but which cannot be taught by any other method than practice, and pretty long and tough practice too.

The utility of this important body of men on board a man-of-war is so great, that it becomes the duty of every lover of the profession to support all its ranks and classes by every means in his power, and especially to render their situation when afloat one of respectability, happiness, and contentment. In speaking of the utility of the marine corps, I have not intended to disparage the sailors, who, in spite of all their quizzing, really esteem their pipe-clayed shipmates, I refer less to their services in action, either on board, or in the event of co-operation with the military on terra firma, than to their inestimable value in sustaining the interior, and the permanent peace of the navy. The manner in which this is brought about forms one of the most interesting peculiarities in the whole range of naval affairs; and it deserves to be treated of separately, and at length.

The two divisions ranged along the main deck, suppose the ship to be a distributor, and the captain's attention. I think it is usual to take that first which stands on the starboard side of the deck, with the after end, or its left, as military men would say, close against the bulk-head of the captain's cabin, while the foremost men of the division extend under the fore-castle. The manner in which the division is arranged is received by the cook (or as much as may be left of him, according to the Greenwich Hospital joke,) behind whom stands his chief, generally a tall, glossy, powerful negro, who, unlike his mate, has always a tall allowance of hair, and round about shining fair about the temples, one of the tullest of huge and spreading tulle up in bags along-side of him. The cook, aided by "Quaino," lifts the lids off the coppers, that the captain may peer into

them, and ascertain whether or not all is clean and nice. With the end of his wooden leg the cook then gives a shove to the tulle, and he is to be seen in the pease-soup in preparation run off and show itself for the noble commander's inspection. The oven doors are next opened, the range or large fire stirred up, and every hole and corner exposed to view; the object of the grand visitation being to see that this essential part of the ship is in the most perfect state of cleanliness and good order.

Still further forward, before the galley, in the very nose of her, as the foremost nook or angle of the ship is called, and a little on one side, lies the sick bay or hospital; at the door of which the surgeon, backed by his assistants, receives the sick and his dome of the first lieutenant, and his double the mate of the main-deck. In they march, all in a row. The captain takes care not to pass any invalid's hammock without dropping a word of encouragement to its pale inmate, or begging to be informed if any thing further can be done to make him comfortable. Only those men who are very unwell, however, are found in their beds, and the rest being generally seated on the chests and boxes placed round the bay, a part of the ship, which, I need scarcely mention, is kept, if possible, more clean, airy, and tidy than any other. If a speck of dirt be found out of its place, or a rag of any kind, or a cork out of its place, or a bottle, or a term, which the least opportunity of palming off upon his messmates below as sublime wisdom sucked in at alma mater.

Just before leaving the sick-bay, the captain generally turns to the surgeon, and says, as a matter of course, "Doctor, mind the weather, and if at dinner, mind for any thing and every thing you require for the sick;" and I have frequently remarked, that his whole tone and manner are greatly softened during this part of the rounds, perhaps without his being conscious of any difference. A very small share of attention, on the part of the commander, is sufficient to make the sick-bay, and unaffectedly expressed, leaves a wonderfully favorable impression, not only among the invalids, to whom it is more particularly addressed, but seldom fails to extend its salutary influence over the rest of the ship's company, and thus, of course, to the good order and discipline of the command. Such expressions of sympathy never fail to act like drops of oil on the machinery of discipline, making all its wheels work smoothly and sweetly.

The lower deck is next examined. The bags have been carried on deck, so that, as I mentioned before, nothing remains but the people's mess-tables and mess things, their kids and crockery. As Jack is mighty fond of a bit of show in his way, many of the births or mess places exhibit goodly ranges of tea-cups and regiments of plates worthy of the celebrated Lord Postle-never, occasionally flanked by a huge tea-pot, famously enameled with yellow dragons, and initiation China. The intervals between the shelves are generally ornamented with a set of pictures of rural innocence, where shepherds are seen quizzing shepherdesses, balanced by representations of the same scene, but with the shepherdess quizzing the shepherd, and waving theirilly hands to departing sailor boys. On the topmost shelf stands, or is tied to the side, a triangular piece of a mirror, three inches perhaps by three, extremely useful in adjusting the curls of our nautical coxcombs, of whom one, at least, is to be found in every birth.

The mess-tables, which are kept so bright you would suppose them whitewashed, are hooked to the ship's side at one end, while the other is suspended by small ropes covered with white canvases. Against these lines rest the soup and grog, and shining in a double row, the bread, which is lighter up, and a top, for the captain's visit, by a candle in each birth. In frigates, it is usual, I believe, to let the people have a certain number of chests, besides their bags. These not only form convenient seats for the men at meals, and couches on which to stretch their limbs, but they are also useful, when they afford a place in which the sailors may stow away some part of their best attire, deposit their little knick-knacks, and here and there a book, or, mayhap, a love-letter, or some cherished love-token. A chest, in short, or the share of a chest, even though it be one of the sixteenth size, is a great comfort, and this indulgence ought to be granted when it can possibly be allowed. In single-decked ships, I conceive it may generally be permitted; in a line-of-battle ship, hardly

"Who'll hold the monkey?" said one.

No answer was made to this. It was like the old story of the king who told his courtier, "Do Douglas as bold as to try the experiment on Master Jacko, who, at any time, was a powerful animal, and who, it was naturally inferred, would make a ten-fold effort when his teeth were the objects of attack.

Even suppose we could tie the poor unfortunate victim," said the quartermaster, "who knows how to pull out those great big teeth?" We might break his jaw in the operation."

There was a long pause.

"I dare say," at length cried one of the party, "that the deuce a mate, who is a good-natured gentleman, would be so kind as to tell us how we can manage this affair."

A deputation of the monkey's friends was accordingly despatched to present a humble petition to the surgeon's assistant, praying that he would be graciously pleased to lend his professional aid in saving the jaw, and perhaps, the life, of one of the most diverting vagabonds in his majesty's service.

Fortunately, the assistant medico was not one of those priggish puppies who, having little professional knowledge to balance their own inherent stupidity, fancy it necessary to support their dignity by the agency of etiquettes alone. He was a young man of a strong mind, a good common sense, and right feelings, who cared nothing at all about his dignity when he could be of any use; or, rather, who left it to take care of itself without thinking of any thing but his business. To tell the truth, he was so much a lover of his art, that he felt secretly tickled with the idea of a new creation, and experienced on occasion that peculiar pleasure, known, it is said, only to the faculty, when a complicated and difficult case falls into their hands. He had just mixed a glass of grog, after the day's work was done, and was eyeing the beverage with that sort of serene attention, which the sober creature of feeling bliss is sure to produce, when the deputation made their appearance, having first sent in the word, whose area was still in a sling from the bite of the monkey.

"Are you in a hurry?" said the doctor, on hearing the meek petition; for he had nestled himself into the corner of a new cot, with one foot on the bench, and the other on a table, and his glass of "half-and-half" glowing like amber between his eye and the solitary glint of those profound regions—those diamond mines from which the Hoods and the Hardys of times past and times present have been drawn up to the very tip-top of their profession. "Yes, sir," replied the spokesman of the party. "There is no time to be lost; for the captain, who is in a great rage, says, if we don't extricate the monkey's grinders, overboard he goes, to a certainty."

"Extricate is not the word, you blockhead; extract, I suppose, you mean. But, in fact, if I fancy it is not his grinders which the captain has ordered to be rescued, but his eyes, teeth, or tusks, as they may fairly be called."

"Well, sir," said the impatient seaman, "just as you please, tusks or high teeth, if you'll only be kind enough to come and help us out of this plaguety mess, and save the poor dumb animal from a bad fate."

The quick clatter of feet up the ladders gave the signal that the successful deputation were returning to the anxious party assembled between the two guns just abut the gangway-ladder, and nearly abreast the after-hatch-way.

"Stop a little, my men!" exclaimed the assistant-surgeon. "How the deuce am I to operate on that beast unless he be held? and who is to hold him?"

"Oh, I'll lend a hand!" cried one. "And I, and I!" said a dozen voices. But when the attempt was made, and Jacko began to show that mischief was brewing against him, he struggled, and snopped, and squealed at such a rate, that all chance of a successful result was out of the question; while the doctor stood by, laughing, and declaring that he was quite ready, as soon as the patient was willing to submit to the operation; but of this there seemed to be very little chance.

It happened that the day before we had split the jib in a squall, and the sail-makers were at that moment in the act of putting in a fresh cloth. Their usual working place, under the half-deck, was close to the scene of the monkey's intended execution, as the sailors persisted in calling it, in spite of the doctor's repeated corrections of their terminology. The sailmaker had just sent for more

canvass; and as the boatswain's yeoman, the very individual on whom the monkey had bestowed a shower-bath of grog, delivered the roll of sail-cloth, one of the men

"Why should not we parcel him up in a strip of canvass, and so make a regular built mummy of him; just as I have heard tell the old Egyptians, in the times of Moses and the Plagues, used to serve their favourite cuts?" This valuable piece of historical lore was instantly acted upon, and the sailmaker having lent the bolt of canvass, poor unfortunate Santo Jago del Cabo Verde was enveloped in the folds, which were passed round and round his body, legs, and neck, till nothing appeared beyond the package but his rueful countenance. He was now laid on the deck, quite helpless, and more like a log of wood than a living thing.

While these preparations were going on, the learned doctor had leisure to consider the case more attentively; and it occurred to him that it would be needless cruelty to draw the poor beast's tusks, and therefore he exchanged that too well-known instrument, the dentist's key, for a pair of bone-nippers, with which he proposed merely to break off the points.

"I don't exactly know about that," said the perplexed quartermaster, when the assistant-surgeon explained his plan of the matter. The captain said to me, "draw those wild beast's tusks out of him, or I am afraid they are only broken, the monkey may still have a chance for going astern."

"Nonsense—nonsense!" interrupted the judicious doctor. "Can you suppose the captain wished that any of his crew should take the animal but just enough to prevent his biting the people?"

And, suiting the action to the word, he closed the fatal pincers, and nipped away the ends of the offending tusks, it is to be hoped without causing him any great pain. But although poor Jacko probably did not suffer much, his rage knew no bounds; and no sooner was the canvass unfolded than he sprang towards the afterhatchway, and catching the sergeant's hand in his mouth, closed his jaws with all his force. Instinctively the soldier's cane was in the air; but the dozen voices roared out, "he can't do that! he can't do that!" Do it his way he tried, and, sure enough, although Mr. St. Jago gnawed and struggled, he could make no impression on the well-lanced fist of the veteran; but at length slunk off quite abashed amidst the shouts and laughter of the crew.

When the ship came to England, and was paid off, I turned over the monkey to the boatswain, who always remains in the ship, along with the two other warrant officers, the gunner and carpenter. This worthy personage used to place his pet in the bow of his little punt, as a boat keeper, when he himself went on shore at Common Hard. So exhibited, the animal soon attracted notice, and I took care to find him out, that the golden bribe which he offered in exchange was too strong for the boatswain, and Master Jacko once more touched terra firma. But the Israelite, as may be supposed, having no other purpose in this transaction beyond the limits of gain, he did not fail to find his way back to the monkey's old haunts in Exeter Change, after an absence of nearly three years. The keeper did not recognise him; nor was it likely that Jacko should claim acquaintance with his former master. I happened, however, one day, not long after the ship was paid off, to be in attendance upon a party seeing the wild beasts, who, in a monkey which I set up such a chattering in his cage that he attracted the attention of every person present, and, amongst the rest, of the keeper of the establishment.

"That animal seems to know you, sir," said he to me; and, going near to it, I discovered my old and mischievous friend grinning with delight. I must own, indeed, that my heart smote me a little as I looked at the broken teeth, while the poor fellow held out his paw to catch my hand, in the spirit of perfect kindness and forgiveness.

A far different fate, I am sorry to record, befell another monkey which was taken on board a ship, and in a very different quarter of the globe. I was then in command of the *Lyra*, on the homeward voyage from China, after the embassy under Lord Amherst had been concluded. We touched on our way to Calcutta at the Philippine Islands, and, amongst the rest, laid in a monkey which was called *Don Juan*. He was born, they assured us, at Teneriffe, bred at Cadiz, and had afterwards made the

voyage across the Pacific Ocean, via Lima and Acapulco, to Manila. This splendid bay is the chief station of the Spaniards in the eastern world, and has long formed one of those links in the vast colonial chain which enabled that once powerful nation to become a true empire, and never set on their dominions. Our extensive traveller had made good use of his time and opportunities, and was destined to see a good deal more of men and manners, indeed almost to make out the circuit of the globe. We brought him with us through the Straits of Malacca to Pulo Penang, and from thence across the Bay of Bengal to Calcutta and Madras. We next visited together the Isle of France; the Cape; and, lastly, St. Helena, at the very time the Ex-emperor of the world resided there.

This distinguished monkey differed in one important point from the last, whose adventures have just been related; for he had a particular liking for the marines, who caressed and fed him, and sometimes even ventured to teach him to play off tricks on Jack, which the sailors promised order to pay back with interest on the soldiers. In so diminutive a vessel as a ten-gun brig, there is but a small party of marines, merely a sergeant's guard, and no commissioned officer, otherwise I hardly think the following trick would have been attempted.

It has been already mentioned, that on Sundays the ship's company are mustered in divisions, ranged on either side of the deck. Every man is then dressed in his very best togs, shaved, and trimmed up as gaily as possible. The marines, of course, sparkle also as brightly as polished metal, scarlet cloth, and the eternal pipelay, can make a fine sight. On all the reported present, the captain walks slowly and solemnly round, eyeing each man from head to foot, to detect a spot of dirt, or a thread opening at a seam, and peering under the breast of every gun to discover some neglected delta of unwashed-away sand; in short, to see that all is right and tight, or "ship-shape and Bristol fashion," a term, by the way, of which I know not the origin.

One day, while going these formal rounds, I came to a figure which at first sight puzzled me not a little. This was no other than our great traveller the monkey, dressed up as a marine, and planted like a sentry on the middle of the fore-castle. He had a white cloth, or handkerchief, placed at the gangway, and reaches from the deck to the top of the bulwark. The animal was dressed up in a complete suit of miniature uniform, made chiefly of the coloured buntin used for flags, with sundry bits of red baste purchased from the carpenter's. His regimental cap was constructed out of painted canvass, and under his lower jaw had been forced a stock of pump-leather, so stiff in itself, and so tightly drawn back, that his head was rendered totally immovable. His chin, and great part of his cheeks, he then shaved with so much care, that only two small tufts of hair remained, and the rest of his hair was shaved. His hair behind being tied back tightly into a queue, the poor devil's eyes were almost starting from his head; while the corners of his mouth being likewise tuggered towards the ears by the hair-pieces, he had a most comical and distorted expression, becoming irresistibly ludicrous. The astonished recruit's elbows were then brought in contact and fastened behind by a lashing, passed round and secured to the middle step of the ladder, so that he could not budge an inch from his position. One of the ship's pistols, fashioned like a musket, and loaded with shot, was placed in his right hand, which again had been sewed by the sailmaker to the waistband of his beautifully pipelayed trousers; in short, he was rigged up as a complete sea-soldier in full uniform.

As the captain and his train approached, the monkey began to tremble and chatter; but the men, not knowing how their chief might relish the joke, looked rather grave, while I own, it cost me no small official struggle to keep down a laugh. I did succeed, however, and merely said, in passing, "You are a very good fellow, but you must not chatter, but cast him loose immediately." One of the men pulled his knife from his breast, and cutting the cord which fastened the poor Spaniard to the ladder, let him scamper off. Unluckily for the gravity of the officers, however, and that of the crew, Jacko did not seem to have been so much frightened as he ought to have been, but made straight for his dear friends the marines, drawn up in line across our little hurricane-house of a poop. Unconscious

of the ridicule he was bringing on his military patrons, he took up a position in front of the corps, not unlike a fugleman, and I need hardly say that even the royals themselves, provoked though they were, now joined in the laugh which soon passed along the decks, and was with difficulty suppressed during the remainder of the muster.

On the second or two afterwards, and while the monkey was still puzzled to think what was the matter with his chin, he happened to observe the doctor engaged in some chemical process. As his curiosity and desire for information were just such as ought to characterise a traveller of his intelligence, he crept gradually from chest to chest, till he lay by the middle of the corridor, and the Apothecary's Hall, as that part of the stateroom was named by the midshipmen. Poor Mono's delight was very great as he observed the process of pill making, which he watched attentively while the ingredients were successively weighed, pounded, and formed into a long ball upon a stick. All these proceedings excited his deepest attention. The doctor then took his spreader, and cut the roll into five pieces, each of which he intended to divide into a dozen pills. At this stage of the process, some one called the pharmacopoeist's attention to the hatchway. The monkey hid his back under the cover, and crept under the top of the medicine-chest, snatched up all the fine masses of pill stuff, stowed them hastily away in his pouch, or bag, at the side of his mouth, scampered on deck, and leaped into the main rigging, preparatory to a leisurely feast upon his pilfered treasures.

The monkey's first motive was that of escape at the abstraction of his medicines; but in the next instant, recollecting that unless immediate steps were taken the poor animal must inevitably be poisoned, he rushed on deck, without coat or hat, and knife in hand, to the great surprise and scandal of the officer of the watch.

"What's the matter?" cried the officer, roared the doctor to the people. "Jump up in the rigging, and try to get out of his pouch a whole mess of my stuff he has run off with."

The men only laughed, as they fancied the doctor must have been deceived.

"For any sake," cried the good-natured physician, "don't make a joke of this matter. The monkey has now in his jaws more than a hundred grains of calomel, and unless you get it from him, he will die to a certainty."

Literally, the quantity Jack had pilfered had, he been pressed, would have been ordered in these terms:

R Hydragryg subunitatis, 3ij. (Take of calomel 120 grains.)

This appeal, which was quite intelligible, caused an immediate rush of the men aloft; but the monkey, after gulping down one of the lumps, or twenty-four grains, shot upwards to the top, over the rail of which he displayed his shaven countenance, and, as if in scorn of their impotent efforts to catch him, plucked another lump from his cheek, and swallowed it likewise, making four dozen grains to begin with. The news spread over the ship; all eyes were turned inclusive, most of whom had never been farther in the rigging than the mainmast; and hanging up a wet shirt to dry, were seen struggling aloft to rescue the poor monkey from his sad fate. All their exertions were fruitless; for just as the captain of the main-top seized him by the tail, at the starboard yard-arm, he was crawling down like a lizard, and was gone by the throat!

It would give needless pain to describe the effects of swallowing the whole of this enormous prescription. Every art was resorted to within our reach in the shape of antidotes, but all in vain. The stomach-pump was tried, unfortunately, not invented. Poor Jack's sufferings, of course, were great. First he lost the use of his limbs, then he became blind, next paralytic; and, in short, he presented, at the end of the week, such a dreadful spectacle of pain, distortion, and rigidity of limb, that he felt absolutely obliged to desire that he might be released from his misery by being thrown into the sea. This was accordingly done when the ship was going along in the British Channel, at the rate of seven or eight knots, with a fine fair wind. Very shortly afterwards it fell calm, and next day the wind drew round to the eastward. It continued at that point till we were blown fifty leagues west of our anchorage. The ship was then ordered to anchor, and we were obliged to reduce to the bare allowance of provisions and water to a most painfully small quantity. The sailors unanimously ascribed the whole of our bad luck to the circumstance of the monkey being thrown overboard. And all my nautical life I have never been able to get over the conviction that I never knew, till the fate of this poor animal acquainted me with the fact, that a monkey is included in Jack's superstition.

In the same vessel, and on the same voyage to China, the sailors had another pet of a very singular description: viz. a pig, long-breed, a grunter: nor do I believe there ever lived a grunter more deeply cherished, or more sincerely lamented after her singular exit. On our sailing from England, six little sows, of a peculiarly fine breed, had been laid in by my steward. In the course of the voyage five of these fell under the relentless hands of the butcher; one, however, being possessed of a most grateful temper, and more than belonged to her sister swine, being kept as clean as any lap-dog, was permitted to run about the decks, amongst the goats, sheep, dogs, and monkeys of our little ark. The occurrence of two or three smart gales of wind, the Cape of Good Hope, and the unexpected length of the voyage, had so increased the number of most of our live stock, excepting only this one pig, known among the crew by the pet name of Jean. During the bad weather off the Bank of Aguilhas, her sowship was stowed in the launch on the booms, and never seen, though often enough entered the trade-voyage to the northward, and once more entered the trade-voyage on our course to the Straits of Sunda, by which entrance we proposed to gain the Java Sea, Miss Jean was again allowed to range about the decks at large, and right happy she seemed, poor lady, to exchange the odious confinement of her long-breed, for the freedom of the open waist.

In warm latitudes, the men, as I have mentioned before, generally take their meals, as we have, made up in Jean's grand amusement, as well as business, to cruise along amongst the messes, poking her snout into every bread-bag, and very often she scalded her tongue in the process. Occasional sailors, who were not in the way of their regard, amused themselves by pouring a drop of grog down her throat. I never saw her fairly drunk, however, but twice; upon which occasions, as was to be expected, she acted pretty much like a human being in the highest English predicament. Whether it was owing to this high state of intoxication, or to the fact that she had received from sand, brushes, and holystones, I know not; but she certainly grew and flourished at a most astonishing rate, and every day waxed more and more impudent and importunate at the dinner hour. I saw a good deal of this familiarity going on, but had no idea of the estimation Jean was in the eyes of the crew, till one day about half way across the China sea, and all our stock of sheep, fowls, and ducks, was expended, I said to the steward, "You had better kill the pig, which, if properly managed, will last till we reach Macao."

"I have the stock for some time been fumbling with her hair, and shuffling with his feet, mumping something to himself."

"Don't you hear?" I asked. "Kill the pig; and let us give the fry, to-day, the head, with plenty of port wine, as mack-turtle soup, to-morrow, and get one of the legs roasted for dinner on Saturday."

Off he went; but in half-an-hour returned, on some pretence or other, when he took occasion to say,

"Did you say Jean was to be killed, sir?"

"Jean? Who is Jean?—Oh, now, I remember; the pig!"

"Yes, the pig. Why do you bother and boggle so about killing a pig?"

"The ship's company, sir—"

"Well; what have the ship's company to say to my pig?"

"They are very fond of Jean, sir."

"Of course! Well; that's all then."

"Why, sir, they would take it as a great kindness if you would not order her to be killed. She is a great pet, sir, and comes to them when they call her by name, like a dog. They have taught her not to venture about the mainmast; but if you only call her, you'll see that what I say true."

"Indeed! I'll soon try that experiment," and seized my hat to go on deck.

"Shall I tell the butcher to hold fast?" said Caspewell.

"Of course!" I exclaimed. "Of course!"

Off she went, the steward like an arrow; and I could soon distinguish the faint and the faintest of the indistinct of those horrible screams which ever attend the execution of the pig tribe, all which sounds were instantly terminated on the seizings being cut that tied poor Jean's legs.

On reaching the quarter-deck, I told what had passed to the officer of the watch, who questioned its propriety a little, I thought, by the tone of his answer. I, however, called out "Jean! Jean!" and in a moment the delighted pig came prancing along. So great, in fact, was her pleasure to answer the call, as to show her sense of the trifling favour, she had just conferred upon her, that she dashed towards us, tripping up the officer's heels, and I had not caught him, he would have come some on the

deck. Even as it was, he indulged in a growl, and muttered out.

"You see, sir, what your yielding to such whims brings me to!"

I said nothing, and only took care in future to caution my friends to mind their footing when Jean was summoned aft, which, I allow, was very often, for there was no resisting the exhibition to all strangers of such a potent pet as this. To the Chinese in particular our curiosity became an object of the highest admiration, for the natives of the celestial empire, who are renowned in this happiest of swine the celebrated breed of their own country. Many a broad hint I got as to the acceptable nature of such a present, but I was deaf to their hints; for I felt that Jean now belonged more to the ship's company, than to her native land; that there was a sort of obligation upon me neither to eat her nor to give her away.

Under this tacit guarantee she gained so rapidly in size, fat, and other accomplishments, that on her return to China, after visiting Lo Choo and other islands of the Japan Sea, the gentlemen of the factory would hardly credit me that this huge monster was the same animal.

In talking of Jean's accomplishments, I must not be understood as describing her as a learned pig, for she could not play cards, solve quadratic equations, nor perform any of those things which men are so anxious to astonish the eyes of the Chinese. She was, however, a most intelligent and sagacious citizen of London and elsewhere, and the effect of her proficiency in these characteristic qualities of her daily more manifest. At first, as I have mentioned, when her name was called from any part of the ship, she would caper along, and dash impetuously up to the group whom she was summoned. But after a time she became more cautious, and she would then require me to call to get her to move, and then she would come, as a rule, or a handful of liches, or even the delicious mangle-apple, was now hardly enough to make her open her eyes, though in the early stages of the voyage she had been so thankful for a potato, or the skin of an apple. As she advanced in fatness, she also became more of walking, and expected the men to bring her the things of their tables to her, instead of allowing her to come to them. This was cheerfully done; and though the only show of gratitude was a grunt, it was taken as a full and complete acknowledgment of her account.

At the time of Sir Mungo Macartney's visit to the batteries of Canton, the Lyra, under my command, was lying at Macao, and during our stay the brig was visited by many of the Chinese authorities. We were also watched by a fleet of men-of-war junks, and had some reason to suppose that the worst chance would be theirs. In that event, I think, our worst chance would have consisted in the enthusiasm with which the Chinese admirals, captains, and crews, would have fought to have put themselves in possession of such a prize as Jean, an object of infinitely greater attraction to them than any thing else, and which, though by this time the good dame had lost sundry of her faculties, still, as she was bungled up by huge bolsters of fat, which admitted only a slender chink of light between them. As she had long lost the power of locomotion, she generally lay flat on her side all day long, giving out a low sort of grunt for more food, and board, and, at the same time, as a sign of her happiness, two of her legs only touched the deck, the others being rigged out horizontally; but as she became fatter and fatter, the upper pair of legs gradually formed an angle with the horizon, and eventually assumed the position of a T. The lower legs now began to leave the deck, as the rotundity of her corpulence became greater, till, at length, all four legs were erected towards the heavens, and it became a source of discussion amongst the curious as to which side she was actually lying upon.

While things were in this interesting position, I received orders to get under way, and run up the Canton river to Wampoa. Off we went, escorted by three Chinese fleets of a dozen sail of junks. The wind was against us, but we soon beat up to the Bogue, and passed, unharmed, the batteries, which, to use Lord Nelson's expression, "were as small as a pea," and made to look very like a plum-pudding. The water was so shallow, that the Chinese boats, as smooth as they are in the Pool abreast Rotherhithe. The country on both sides being a dead flat, with the sun bright and hot, though it was mid-winter, we appeared to be navigating amongst rice fields and cane brakes, and almost every boat was towed along a huge canal, in a wild and swampy country. There was no wind, so that

our sails could avail nothing; but the tide was draining upwards, and, as a number of the Indian's boats assisted in towing us, we reached our anchorage before night. During this gentlest of all navigations, even the slight motion caused by bracing the yards about, as the faint puffs of wind came to us over the paddy-fields, seemed to disturb the rest (very nearly being eternal) of poor old Jeany. A hollow, difficult, feeble moan, hardly a grunt, gave token of her impatience when a rope caught too near her, or when a party of the sailors, running away with the jib-bauls, tripped over her huge carcass.

We had scarcely anchored at Second Bay, in the midst of the grand fleet of ten ships, when we were boarded by a host of Chinese mandarins and Hong merchants, wearing all the variety of buttons by which ranks are distinguished in that well-classified land. This was not to compliment us, or to offer us assistance, or even to enquire our business. On the contrary, they seemed to excite all their thoughts and animate the curiosity of half the province of Quantung. The fame of our fat sow Jean, in short, had far outrun the speed of the *Lyra*, and nothing was heard on every hand but the wondering exclamations, "High-yaw! High-yaw!" in admiration, "High-yaw! High-yaw!"

We had enough to do to clear the ship at night of these our visitors, but we were by no means left in solitude; for the *Lyra's* anchorage was completely crowded with native boats. The motive of all this attention on the part of the Chinese was the universal expectation of Jean, as we at first suspected; for when the deck ducks were to be washed next morning, and two or three dead ducks were thrown overboard, a rush of a dozen boats took place towards the spot, and there was a battle royal on the water for the most voracious property. Upon enquiry, we were told that the boats were always sure to find out that foreign ships were at anchor, and that the boats from Canton, where the state of want appears to be so great that the people eagerly seek after the smallest morsels of food, and struggle with the keenest anxiety to catch dead stock of any kind thrown overboard.

It was not only the smell of the morsels, but the attention which we had been honoured with, for the acute Chinese, skilled especially in hog's flesh, saw very well that our pet pig was not long for this world, and knowing that, if she died a natural death, we should no more be eating her than one of our own crew; and having guessed the intention of the mandarins to kill her to save her life," they very reasonably inferred, that so long this glorious bone bouche would be at their disposal.

Our men, who soon got wind of this intention on the part of the Chinese, became quite outrageous against Fukee, as the native name called, and threatened to visit any visitors to come their favourite, lest they should accelerate her inevitable fate by poison. At length poor dear Jean gave token of approaching dissolution; she could neither eat, nor drink, nor even grunt; and while her wren was like that of a broken heart, she died! Every art was taken to conceal this melancholy event from the Chinese, but some how or other it got abroad, for the other English ships were deserted, and long before sunset a dense mass of boats, like a floating town, was formed astern and on both quarters of the *Lyra*.

The sailors now held a grand consultation as to what was to be done; and after much discussion, and many neat and appropriate speeches, it was unanimously resolved that the mortal remains of the great sow now no more should be the most delicious morsel of the Canton, in such a way that the most dexterous and hungry inhabitant of the celestial empire should not be able to fish her up again.

As soon as it was quite dark, and all the Chinese boats were at anchor, beyond the circle limited by the ship's bows, the crew set to work to prepare the funeral whippers, amongst the men, as it was the custom, a plan of keeping the body of their late pet from once more showing her snout above the stream. At length it was suggested by the coxswain of one of the boats which had been sent during the morning to sound the passage, that as the water which he brought by the side of a deep layer of mud, it would be a good thing if Jean's remains could be driven so far into this soft stratum as to lie below the drags and hooks of the Chinese.

This advice was much applauded, and at once acted upon with that happy facility of resource which it is the

pride of the profession to have always in store for small as well as for great occasions. The dead sow was first hoisted on her back, and then, two masses of iron ballast, being placed on each side of the cheeks, were laid securely to the neck and shoulders in such a manner that the ends of the kentledge met across her nose, and formed, as it was very properly called, an extra snout for plying the mud.

When all was ready, the midship crennade was slid, violently dismounted, the slide unbolted, and the whole moved out of the way. Jean's enormous corporation being then elevated, by means of capstan bars and handspikes, was brought on a level with the post-sill. A slip-bend was then cast across her hind legs, which had been tied together at the feet, and poor Miss Figue, being gradually pushed over the ship's side, was lowered slowly into the water. When fairly under the surface, and there were no fears of any splash being caused by her going, one end of the rope was cut off, upon which the well-laid carcass downed perpendicularly at such a rate that there could be no question of its being immersed a fathom deep, at least, in the mud, and, of course, far beyond the reach of the disappointed Chinese!

CHAPTER XXIX.

ISLAND OF JOHANNA.

It was not till about ten days after we had rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and struggled hard against baffling calms, that we at length reached the tail of the south-west monsoon, in latitude 27° S. and longitude 37° E. This was on the 21st of July, off Delagoa Bay, near the southern entrance of the great Mozambique Channel, which lies between the Island of Madagascar and the coast of Africa. It was delightful to feel ourselves spinning along, at the rate of nine miles an hour, with the ship's head at last fairly looking towards our port, Bombay; especially after having been detained more than a fortnight off the Cape, during which period we had advanced hardly so much as we might have done in four days of wind. It was a relief to find that nothing passes more quickly off the cheerful mind than the remembrance of adverse winds and bad weather. As we hoist away the studding-sails, ease off the sheets, and luxuriate in the prospect of a clear blue sky, we fancy we shall have a fine day, and pleasant weather all the rest of the voyage. On this occasion it proved pretty much as we anticipated; for on the 25th of July we came in sight of Johanna, one of the Comoro Islands, and anchored next day, without having seen either Africa on the left, or Madagascar on the right. The narrowest part of the Mozambique Channel is not more than thirty miles across, and the most places are more than twice as wide. Consequently, as we kept near the middle, we had no chance of seeing the land on either side, and to all appearance we were still on the ocean plane.

The well known massacre of Robinson in Robinson Crusoe, which we read, and fifty other stories of the same sort, rivet themselves on the imagination with such tenacity, that I have never found myself near the imaginary scenes of that celebrated voyager's adventures without longing to have a scuffle with his savages, or to have owned the island, and to have been the victor in difficulties. It is this charming fancy, however, and the remedies for evils which cannot be altogether avoided, that, I suspect, gives De Foe's work its chief interest in the eyes of sailors. In fact, I have often, in the course of my professional career, and on many occasions, felt the value, not exactly of those very resources, but of similar devices suggested by Robinson's successful gamble. He also teaches most admirably, that there is a consolation, if not a complete remedy, for almost every thing: and that if we have not the means, and many exertions there are few difficulties which may not be surmounted.

We anchored in Johanna Bay, a few hundred yards from the shore, abreast of a long grove of tall cocoa-nut trees, forming a fringe, as it were, to a narrow belt of snow white beach, composed apparently of bits of broken coral. This beautiful little island, to be sure, lies not more than half the island; and the best situation in which to moor a ship is just a little rivulet extending south, with the high volcanic looking peak south by east half east, the Mahometan mosque east, and not more than a quarter of a mile from the shore. It was the first time I had ever beheld the gorgeous coral reefs of the eastern hemisphere, for although I had seen cocoa-nuts and other trees of the palm tribe at Antigua and St. Christopher's, the Caribbe islands seemed much less striking than those of the Mozambique, chiefly, perhaps, from the West Indian

landscape being disturbed by images not quite in character with the tropics. I allude to the European sort of houses of the planters, to the English-looking boats, the numerous white people, and even to the style of agriculture in the Western part of the island. Johanna, where all is primitive and oriental, the eye is not so much provoked with sights it has never rested on before; all that he sees is new, and as thoroughly pleasing as heart can desire. The natives, though not jet black, like negroes, and, although, being of a very deep bronze colour, and the climate being so much enervated with dress, most of them can chatter a little English, picked up from the Indians which call for fruit and vegetables; and in what is particularly comical, these islanders have appropriated the word of *Europe* to all their problems, or other distinguished personages, which name they are well known by amongst themselves, as well as by visitors.

On steering towards the anchorage, a pilot came off who announced himself as Lord Gibbon. We knew the way perfectly, but accepted his services for the fun of the thing, on his producing a handful of certificates of his qualifications. We were even more interested with his canoe than with himself, for we had never before seen such a thing. Had he rowed off in a boat, instead of paddling off in a canoe, the disappointment must have been considerably increased. He first found it difficult, on coming to a new place, that he found it not difficult enough from those who have left. No boat, however, could be more characteristic of the region we had got into than this picturesque little vessel, which was rudely fashioned out of the trunk of a tree, thirty or forty feet long and only one and a half wide, sharp like a wedge at both ends, and, being without a keel or bearings of any kind, it would have upset with the smallest load, or even without a load, had there not been a couple of very long liggers placed across, and extending both ways. To the extremities of these spars was attached, by means of short uprights, a plank, rather beam-like on each side, which just touched the water, and by their floating at the end of these long levers or outriggers, kept this most ticklish of barks from turning over.

It is curious, that a canoe so fitted could not come alongside of a ship, and that Lord Gibbon, who, when his friend Lord Gibbon was obliged to row stem on, when, by planting himself in the bow, he hoped to catch hold of the side ropes, and so scramble up. The ship was knots only off the shore, and the natives, on the bay as smooth as oil, the six black paddlers, bungled their operation, and missed the gangway. The leadman in the main-chains seeing the pilot drift, called in at one of the quarter-deck ports for a rope, and the end of the cross-jack brace being handed to him, he threw it to the natives. Lord Gibbon was standing in the bow of his canoe in a long flowing white robe and a Turkish-like turban, altogether an amusing contrast to his crew, whose united wardrobe would scarcely have made a couple of pocket handkerchiefs. His lordship caught hold of the line, and made a dash for the side of the ship, but, alas! without the desired effect. Either the rope was slack, or the unwanted entanglement of his robes bamboozled his feet, for souse he went over head and ears into the water, out of which he was dragged by our laughing crew, who planted him apparently in a woful condition on the quarter-deck, where he was very indifferent, however, to appearances, and presented his dripping certificates with a good grace, adding, in tolerable English, the King of Johanna's compliments, and offers of all that his island afforded. The ambassador was without shoes, and stockings, and he was so very indifferently lost them in the scramble; but our enquiries on this head were diverted to the state of his mouth, which we feared had been cut by the fall, for it seemed to be bleeding. He soon relieved us from this anxiety, by showing that he was not so much affected as the effect of chewing the betel-nut, another consequence of which was the jet black colour of his teeth.

We had expected to have been surrounded by the natives in their canoes the moment the anchor was down, but not one appeared besides the pilot, who told us, that the King, his brother, and his two wives, were away, in the honesty of his subjects, and being extremely desirous of keeping the peace, had given orders for no one to come near us. We, of course, begged this interdiction might be removed, assuring the messenger that we should take great care not to offend the natives in any manner, and peace likewise. As soon as the ship was secured, all the officers except one or two were kindly allowed by the captain to have a run on shore. One of the passengers, two of the mids, and I, made a party, and set off in quest

altitude, where its source was occasionally visited by a passing cloud. The lower end of this pretty stream was at length lost in silence in a winding fall shelf of ground, through which it gained the bay, after reappearing and crossing a white sandy platform, or strip of level beach at the foot of the African hill, but before forming the shore was thickly covered by a picturesque grove of cocoa nut trees, growing quite close to one another.

After sauntering about the streets for some time, we fell in with the governor of the place, a fine looking tall Arab, of a deep olive colour, unmarked by the least yellow stain which is the cause of so much crime, and so much misery in the world! His excellency had planted on his head, for the occasion, a huge white turban, and cast over his shoulders, not without grace, a splendid robe scarlet, matchless with his wavy black hair, and his ship's naked legs and feet. Our colloquy with this worthy functionary was cut short by a summons from the king; and as our desire to see his majesty had been rather increased than diminished by an acquaintance with his subjects, we lost not a moment in presenting ourselves.

The palace, which might have been stowed away in a moderate sized breakfast parlour, was built as nearly in the form of a ship as stones and mortar could be made to assume such unwonted shapes. The architects of the government, it seems, had vehemently resisted this strange idea, but the king, who had been told of the mode and strange work the poor builders of Johanna had made of it. The king, I suppose, was not quite satisfied with the result; for, in order to secure his point as to the imitation intended, which the masonry but poorly supplied, his majesty inserted a bowsprit at that end of the building which he meant to be the prow, and underneath ingeniously blocked out two round spaces as for horse holes for the cables, devices which, as good courtiers, we failed not to applaud as extremely natural and proper.

The court of Johanna, in spite of these fancies, has its own beauty, as we saw it, was a garden, a garden globe; and instead of our being ushered at once into the royal presence, we were told that the king, fatigued by the long audience he had given to the captain of the *Voyage*, and to our passenger Sir Evan Nepan, the governor of Bombay, had lain down, and was not, on any account, to be disturbed. We were then left to amuse ourselves in some luck to get off so well; and, after a good deal of squeezing, we made our way, by the help of the lord chamberlain, whose paucity of dress we envied with all our souls, to a sort of antechamber up the stairs. After a moment's waiting, we were introduced to any thing but a palace, might have passed for an honest cockloft. In a few minutes the great officers of state filled up the apartment to the edge of the trap door which we had entered; and it soon became so hot and close, that the black hole at Calcutta occurred frequently to our thoughts. A remembrance to our friend the red stick in waiting, produced a slight relaxation, at the cost of much of our popularity; for the parties sent down the grand staircase, could not, or would not, understand that we were likely to be suffocated.

After a long wait, however, like the Spaniards, even in their least courteous moments, seem never to forget the externals of good breeding; and we saw upon this occasion, some of us for the first time, the graceful salam of the East. It is performed by bringing the fingers of the open right hand to the forehead, while in the act of bowing the head is thrown back, and the eyes are cast upwards; and it is to be shown, that the person making the salam first touches the ground with his hand, and then brings it to his brow; thereby intimating, as I conceive, that he has virtuously performed an act of prostration. I never saw one who, without this preliminary ceremony, without any such conventional qualification, will deny that this substitute is better than the genuine cotow, as the Chinese call it, where the head is actually knocked on the ground.

Most of the natives of Johanna, even the negro slaves, talk a little English, but the best examples of persons possessed of such acquisitions were found, where they ought to be, amongst the grandes of the island. The following is a fair specimen of the conversation of the dukes and earls at the capital of the Comoros.

"Your highness, your grace, your grace, D—n you yes! Johanna nam like English very much. God d—n! That very good? Eh? Devilish hot, sir! What news? Hope your ship stay too long while, very. D—n my eye! Very fine day."

After a while, in a sort of whisper, accompanied by a most meaningful nod, or a shrug of his grace, as the rank of the party might be, would add: "You want orange? You want goat? Cheap? I got good, very. You

send me your clothes? I wash with my own hand—clean! fine! Very!" I got every thing, plenty, great, much! God d—n! And then, as if to clement the favourable opinion which these eloquent appeals had made, the speaker was sure to produce a handful of certificates from mates of India ships, or a couple of bright medals, or a couple of medals of war; some written in solemn earnest, some quizzically, but all declaring his lordship, the bearer, to be a pretty good washerman, but the sort of person not to be trusted far out of sight, as he would certainly walk off with your clothes—bags and all—could safely do so.

We had exhausted most of the fashions, and all the English words of our friends of the fashionable world of Johanna, excepting the oaths, which their profligate visitors appear to have been particularly successful in sowing amongst them, when the king was graciously pleased to rise from his lounge, and stand with his majesty's presence. The audience chamber might have measured twelve feet long, and eight wide, with a window at one end made to slope like the stern post of a ship. Under the light sat the king, with his crown on his head; an appendage which, I must say, seems quite proper; and if it were always observed elsewhere, it would make but a bitter disappointment to children and nurses, as I can answer from actual experience in my own family, at the Tuileries, and elsewhere. But, in place of a sceptre in one hand, and a globe in the other, which he ought by the laws of his lineage to have grasped, he held a pair of hands on the hilt of a monstrous rusty sabre, or ship's cutlass, stuck perpendicularly between his legs, while his elbows rested on the sides of a clumsy, wooden arm-chair, exchanged probably with some master of a mercantile ship for a bullock cart. The crown was amazingly grand, being stuck all round with stones, precious enough, I dare swear; and over all was thrown, not inelegantly, an Indian shawl, which dropped on either side nearly to the elastic bamboo floor, covered with ratan mats. Under the shawl we could observe a pair of eyes, and a pair of nostrils, and a pair of ears, across with gold lace, and garnished with a whole regiment of huge buttons. The folds of the robe concealed from our view the cut and quality of his majesty's small clothes; but certes he wore no covering below the knee, nor any thing on his feet, except a pair of sandals, and having let his right leg slip off his foot, he let it fall to the great toe, and leered over the instep by small bands, made of the long grass of the island. This load of fiery well high concealed a round, fat, good-humoured, elderly personage, whose countenance gave no great promise of increase for the long and short of his reign, and who, from below stairs. With the instinctive readiness of high station, however, he gave the conversation a turn which interested his company, by asking us if we had ever seen an Arabic almanac. Upon our replying in the negative, and expressing the highest degree of curiosity, he drew forth a roll of papers from his chair, and read us the names of the months, giving to each what he doubtless considered an English translation. While I was enacting the good courtier by wondering at his majesty's knowledge of these subjects, he suddenly asked me in Arabic, "What is the name of the month of June? At least idea, and felt rather put out to be asked such a question in full court; but his majesty kindly supplied my ignorance by saying, with a triumphant air, "Sun now in Leo." Indeed, I suspect that I gratified him more by leaving this exploit to him, than if I had answered the question myself.

However this may be, his sable majesty followed up his question by asking me to make him a dial, saying, that the only instrument of the kind he possessed gave him very little satisfactory information as to the hour of the day. I was obliged to make him a dial, and I did so, for although I had some faint idea of the principles of dialling, I felt by no means up to the task of constructing such a thing on the spot, and without reference to books. A dial, however, was produced, and the poor king's inability to make it work was sufficiently explained by a note engraved on the plate, "Let D—n S," where D—n Johanna lies in 123 S! On my trying to explain this to him, he remarked, that when the question related to sun dials, the discussion ought to be in the open air; so, after giving each of us a glass of cocoa nut today, he adjourned the matter to the following day, and I was obliged to the king's chief object in making this move was to call our attention to the beauty of his place, and to expatiate on his own taste and skill in giving it a form as unlike any house in his dominions, or any where else, as it was possible to accomplish by means of such materials.

The truth is, however, that the island of Johanna, directly in the track of ships proceeding to India by the Mozambique Channel, and being rich in supplies of fruit, vegetables, and fresh meat, becomes an important place of call for ships on a long voyage. Almost every vessel passing that way gives the king something to keep him in a good humour. This precaution is quite necessary, for his authority is said to be so absolute, that he fixes the price of every article that comes to a ship anchored in the bay. In general he goes on board to see for himself, when he is propitiated with a present of gunpowder, muskets, and pistols; or possibly he may be indulged in his fancy for an old coat, or a pair of tarnished spectacles. In short, nothing comes amiss to his majesty.

When we returned to the beach, after a famous scramble along the steep sides of the mountain, the bay exhibited a much more busy scene than when we left it in the morning. The ship was by this time completely encircled by a multitude of natives, who, with their nettings, and rigging studded over with the natives, who clung to her as shell fish fasten themselves to the roots of the mangrove in the rivers of India. Meanwhile, many hundreds of the negroes, accompanied by their wives and swarms of little round things, more like beetles and blackberries than children, were assembled in numerous chattering groups under the trees, by the side of great pyramids of all sorts of fruits, vegetables, eggs, and fish, which they were willing to sell for money, or to barter for knives, needles, looking-glasses, or trinkets of any kind. For the quarter of a mile along the shore there was such a jabbering, paddling, squalling, laughing, and bargaining, that we had trouble enough to force our way through the market to the beach. Even when we got aloft, there was scarcely room for the oars of our boat, so great was the crowd of native canoes.

The ship was expected, was pretty nearly in possession of these merry fells, amongst whom we found some of the quarter deck arrayed in tawdry finery almost as grandly as their king, being togged out with old gorgets and epaulettes, remnants of lace, heaps of buttons, and all kinds of odds and ends, which they had purchased from the ships sweeping through their channel on the way to India.

As long as it was daylight, nothing short of force would have cleared our decks, but as the night fell the natives gradually paddled away. Many of them, indeed, having let their canoes drift ashore, which lay close to the shore, made their salam to us, and tumbled themselves overboard, with as much unconcern as if they had been natives of the sea, and never touched the firm land all their lives. By the time it was quite dark, every native had gone to bed, and the only sound which we heard murmur along the beach, and discover a fire here and there under the trees, it was evident the great mass of the population which had been assembled during the day from all parts of the island, had returned to sleep in their snug villages.

As soon as the first air of the damp land wind breathed faintly off to us from the side of the mountain, we quietly tripped our anchor, sheathed home the sails, and glided, probably quite unperceived, out of the bay. Long before the next morning dawned, we were twenty leagues to the northward, and were spinning away towards India before a fresh south-west.

THE END.

Extract from Montgomery's Lectures on Poetry.

There is a limit beyond which poetry and music cannot go together; and it is remarkable, that from the point where they separate, poetry assumes a higher and more commanding tone, while music sinks into a lower and more becoming mode, more complex, curious, and altogether artificial, incapable (except as an accompaniment to dancing) of being understood or appreciated by any except professors and amateurs. In this department, though very imperfectly intellectual or imaginative, in comparison, it requires great power of intellect and great splendour, fertility, and promptitude of imagination. Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, as inventors of imperishable strains, both vocal and instrumental, may be not unworthily ranked with the first order of poets. To be an accomplished performer, however, is another thing; it implies the tact of a peculiar kind, no more imitable the genius to compose music, than to be a consummate actor implies the ability to write tragedies. The mental exercise in each case is essentially as different as invention and imitation are. A skilful violinist may land the stratosphere of the Messiah as Haendel himself could not have hit it; Krumpholtz could not have written the part of Hamlet, nor could Siks-pere have performed it as Krumpholtz did.

THE Earthquake of Caracas.

A TALE OF VENEZUELA.

Some books are lies from end to end,
And many a lie has not been paid,
But this that I am going to tell,
Is just as true as—

Death and Doctor Hornbrook.

INTRODUCTION.

The author of the following pages served for many years as an officer in the armies of South America; in his "Campaigns and Cruises" he has given a general description of the countries through which he passed, and anecdotes of the celebrated chiefs under whom he served. At the conclusion of this narrative of his service he remarks, "As the mass of available matter which the author had accumulated appeared to him so copious, that he feared, were he to embody it all in his narrative, he might be accused of plagiarism, or of the still less venial offence against many readers, the bestowing all his tediousness upon them," he has been induced to give his stray anecdotes, and sketches of scenery and manners a local habitation and a name, in the annexed tale of Venezuela." A tale with the scene laid in Caracas is a novelty, but it is not on that account alone that we have selected it for publication. The language is excellent and the delineation of manners, we are assured, is most accurate, while the story itself is pathetic and natural. We have read it repeatedly, each time with renewed gratification, and trust it will communicate equal pleasure to our numerous subscribers. The customs, habits and manners of South America are almost a sealed book to us, in consequence of the few travellers who have described them.

In the course of the story the scene changes to the West Indies, where a friend qualified by actual inspection to judge, informs us the whole delineation is admirably true to nature. With these few remarks we submit the "Earthquake of Caracas" to the judgment of the public, in the belief that the verdict will be eminently favourable to the author; whose name we have not been so fortunate as to learn. He dates his preface from "Bath, England."

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.—THE NOVICE.

It rarely happens that historians agree in their views of the same subject, when attempting to point out the causes which have contributed to bring about any remarkable event recorded in their pages. If they collect their materials from contemporary sources of information, they will inevitably be confused and misled by the partial and contradictory assertions of rival partisans; while, on the other hand, if they resolve to suspend their judgment, until the fever of party spirit has been cooled by time, they must, in many instances, be guided by conjecture, in filling the indistinct outline vaguely traced by tradition.

It has thus been the fate of the Spanish colonies in South America, that the motives, by which they were influenced to commence the late revolution, have been, for the most part, as imperfectly appreciated by the states of that startling measure, as they have been misrepresented by its declared enemies. Among the former, the Northern inhabitants of the same great continent, bestow unqualified praise, very naturally, on the act of separation from the mother country; and applaud the abolition of regal dominion, without any reference to the rights of their southern brethren. Many other systems, meanwhile, whether of Spain or elsewhere, do not hesitate to reprobate in the strongest terms so violent a wrench from the bonds, (no matter whether of fraternity or slavery,) which so long connected the Trans-Atlantic states with Europe. At the same time, neither the injudicious partisans, nor the prejudiced adversaries of *América Libre*, appear to be sufficiently aware that, instead of "seeking the day of this civilize," in reality

"Rebellion lay in her way and she found it."

Few European nations in any age, and certainly none in modern times, afford such striking instances of exact fidelity to their sovereigns, as the neglected and calumniated Colonies of South America had shown for centuries to the haughty race of Bourbon—monarchs who never bestowed a thought on their vast colonies, but as connected with the supply of those enormous revenues the failure of which has at length, by an admirable and not unusual retribution, entailed debility and ruin on the hands so long accustomed to look towards the crown as its only means of support. Bitter was the cup of tyranny, which the viceroy commanded their Indian vassals to drain,—glaring as was the corruption, and flagrant the consequent injustice, exercised on the devoted creoles;—and painfully mortifying, as was the contempt with which their petitions were thrown aside, and their memorials neglected, in the bureaux at Madrid,—still the very name of "El Rey" (the king) was held sacred by them. They blindly persisted in attributing their wrongs to the faults of their adored sovereign; who clung fondly, through evil and good report, to the delusive idea that he needed only to be made acquainted with their injuries to redress them.

While the youthful monarch, whom they all but idolised, as a prisoner in a foreign court, and deprived for a season of his throne, neither the intrigues, nor the intrigues of the usurper's emissaries, nor the contradictory and oppressive edicts of the rival Juntas of Asturias and Sevilla, had power to shake the fidelity of the South Americans. At the very time when Venezuela was branded with the name of an insubordinate province, and declared in a state of blockade, by the potent police of the Regency at Cadiz, all classes and parties in that country were uniting to contribute largely, in proportion to their means, and in addition to the weight of taxes and imposts under which they groaned, for the service of that very despot, who, that nothing was further from his thoughts than to afford his colonies the protection they implored.

The first blows struck by the unpractised warriors of Venezuela, who learned the lessons of conquest in the school of defeat, were actually aimed in defence of absolute monarchy. They uniformly and unanimously opposed Monteverde, Morillo, and other champions of Spanish centralism; resenting it, in common with the ultraroyalists of the peninsula, as a degrading concession, wrung from their adored sovereign by the untoward crisis of the day. They sought their first battles under the fullest persuasion that they were fighting for the part of loyal subjects, in resisting all attempts at shackling by restrictions that despotism, which was hallowed by royal prescription, and associated in their earliest recollections with their ideas of regal pomp and splendour.

The proclamation of the Regency, however, so ill-timed under the existing circumstances of Spain, aroused them from their day-dreams of loyalty, to the conviction that they had been shedding their blood in a thankless cause; for the sole purpose of rivetting still closer these chains, which they had, for the first time, a favourable opportunity of bursting. They were, in the excitement of the moment, and with arms in their hands on a step which had not been previously contemplated in any part of the colonies—that of separating themselves once and for ever from Spain, and renouncing their allegiance to a king, who was as commonly as unwilling, as he was unable, to redress their wrongs, or to give them labour, or to protect them against future aggression.

A year had nearly elapsed, since the citizens of Caracas, in conjunction with the deputies from those districts of Venezuela, which were comprehended in the confederation of 1811, had solemnly proclaimed, in the name of their principal church, to observe the newly formed constitution, and to maintain inviolate, at the expense of their lives and fortunes, the independence of their native land. A few days only remained until the solemn festival made, in public and private, to celebrate the day in the manner it deserved, both as one of the principal *fiestas* of the Roman Catholic church, and as the anniversary of signing the first declaration of independence. A spacious platform, decorated with olive wreaths and myrtle garlands, was erected in front of the *altare mayor* of the cathedral, on which the civil magistrates, the judges, the military officers of the infant republic, were to renew their oaths of fidelity and devotion. That the ceremony of high mass, to be performed on the occasion at the convent chapel, might be more impressive, those novices, who were to be the white-robed choir, had been selected the day of universal rejoicing, at their own desire,

(or, as was more frequently the case, compelled by the authority of their parents and guardians,) to ratify the vows of poverty and seclusion, which were to separate them for ever from their homes and from the world.

It has been invariably the policy of the Romish church to adopt those victims for the sacrifice, and to stifle in their bosoms the voice of nature, by an appeal to their personal vanity. The solemn act of renouncing the pomps of the world is rendered little less than theatrical, by the profusion of wealth and splendour in which the novice appears decorated for the last time. Then, when unloosed from to receive the consecration, she is arrayed, she shows each jewel aside with an air of disdain, and wears unaffected, until she is shorn by the hands of the Madre Abadesa of those brightest ornaments, the flowing ringlets of hair, in which she must no longer take an inconsiderate pride. In most parts of South America, the points of each novice, who is on the point of professing, are enjoined to exhibit to her the world, from which she is soon to be divorced, in its gayest and most enchanting points of view. The last month of her sojourn within is dedicated to a round of entertainments, such as she had probably never before witnessed, and even anticipated; and her relations and friends vie with each other, in heightening the effect of this ordeal of balls, *tertulias*, and plays, through which, as through a necessary probation, every nun must pass.

The bigoted partisans of monastic seclusion refer to this time as the most precious, and the most precious, that the minds of the novices are left perfectly free, and boast that the *profesas* have had sufficient experience of the pleasures they renounce, and that they despise them on a full and mature conviction of their worthlessness. Let arms rather candidly confess, that the inexperienced girls are rather dazzled by the novelty of their situation, in which they find themselves for the first time the "admiral of all admirers;" and that they are supported in their resolution to endure what is, in the majority of cases, unavoidable, by the air of heroism they assume, and by the consciousness that they are so soon to be rewarded with regret and emulation by their former associates, after they have been immured in the cells of a convent.

Besides this powerful motive, it must be remembered, that the odious and unjust system of *mayorazgo*, (primogeniture) which existed in its fullest and most arbitrary form, was then in its vigour, and that the whole of the bulk of every family property, almost exclusively, on the eldest son. His younger brothers were thereby reduced to the level of dependents, as no learned or otherwise useful profession was open to creoles; and his eldest son, being consigned, either to an ill-assorted marriage, as that must be, or to a military career, or to a religious life, was usually contemplated as inevitable, and in conformity with the usual course of events, novices in general were in a great measure reconciled to it. From the resignation of despair, therefore, arose the calmness of their manner, too frequently but ill accounted for, by the quivering lip and tearful eye, at the celebration of the last ceremony.

Among the number of these fair devotees, who appeared at this time in bridal apparel, and surrounded by adoring friends, and friends of the noblest mode, and in the palace of the throne, Maria del Rosario Penuela, conspicuous for the apparent cheerfulness of her smile, and exuberance of her mirth, as she fluttered from one gay scene to another. Don Beltran, her father, was a wealthy creole merchant, who had devoted his whole life to the acquisition of riches, with which it had been originally his intention to purchase a Spanish *patent of nobility*—a common object of ambition among the natives of the colonies. He had unluckily deferred from year to year, putting this his favourite scheme into execution, until the state of affairs on the peninsula had so completely followed by the revolution in Venezuela, obliged him to postpone, at least for the present, all negotiation on the subject at the court of Madrid. He, therefore, determined to avail himself of the law of *mayorazgo*, for the purpose of enriching an only son; and scrupled not to consent to the revolution, which it had been his constant, without having made the slightest attempt to ascertain how far her feelings on the subject coincided with his own.

Josquin Penuela, the son for whom Don Beltran anticipated those honours, which he saw no immediate prospect of attaining, was a young man of a liberal mind, who, through the usual routine of education, prescribed by custom in the colonies. This was certainly by no means calculated to excite the envy, or arouse the jealousy, of the Spanish Hidalgo, among whom his father's ambition panted to enrol him. He had been duly instructed, by

Don Beltran's steward, in that unvarying hieroglyphic scrawl, dignified by the name of writing, which has been handed down by tradition from the first settlers of the country—men whom we may easily suppose, from their warlike habits, to have formed their letters "like spear-heads, or sword-blades,"—and is still usually learned, as it were by rote, without the least reference to the alphabet of any known language, ancient or modern. He also learned to decipher printed characters, by a separate effort of memory; for it can be easily gathered that in many instances, at the time we speak of, the acquirement of writing did not necessarily pre-suppose a knowledge of reading. He was thus enabled in process of time, by dint of application, to read the lives of San Antonio de Padua, and San Francisco de Paula; and also voluminous works, well known in the colonies, entitled "Hechos Celebres," in which those who have faith in modern miracles may be edified by sundry passages of monastic lore, rather inclining to the marvellous. Here, for example, he read, how the pretensions of the first and only South American female saint,—Santa Rosa de Lima,—to canonisation, were stoutly denied by the Pope, who exclaimed—*'India y Santa! ¿asi como llueven rosas!'*—"Indian and saint!" as much so, as that it rains roses!" and how, in the legend declares, "a miraculous shower of roses began to fall from the clouds, and the venerable saint, who the incredulous pontiff retracted his slander." With these and similar works, permitted to be read in the country, the youth used to beguile the tedious hours of listless inactivity, to which he was doomed in his father's house, previously to his being determined, as has been already hinted, that he was to be sent to the monastery.

"Some are born great," quoth Malvolio, "and some have greatness thrust upon them." This last was precisely Joaquin's case; and that he might be properly qualified for the distinguished part he was to be hereafter called on to play, Don Beltran procured him a tutor, in the person of a *Venerable* of the name of Fray Diego, who was strongly recommended to his attention by the prior to that monastery, on the score of his humility and temperance; both which virtues were of no small account in the opinion of his wet patron, who was at once overbearing and superstitious. His ignorance was accomplished, and the young friar had been tolerably well disciplined, during the time when, in the humble situation of lay-brother, he used to perform all the menial offices required by his superior, besides begging alms for his convent at his leisure hours; and he had, in regard, besides, received a smattering of the humanities, and was admitted to the choir.

Under such an instructor, it will readily be supposed, that the embryo Don made no very striking progress in the politer branches of literature. Nevertheless, as his provision now considered it expedient to allow him a provision for his private expenses, proportioned to his prospects in life, he far exceeded his most sanguine expectations, he soon formed acquaintances, who initiated him into the mysteries of the truco table and the cock-pit, while he acquired from the *Monigote Diego* a proficiency in the monastic games at cards, called *biscas* and *trancas*. His ignorance was accomplished, and rendered more prominent, (as is not unfrequently the case,) by a proportionate share of self-conceit; and to finish the picture, his selfishness was such, that he contemplated with indifference, or rather with secret complacency, the sacrifice which was about to be made of a sister's happiness to his aggrandizement.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPETONES—A LOVER.

While Maria del Rosario's earliest relatives were thus combined to inure her to the *causidic* character of convent life, she was being secretly at the same time, by the force of her irrepressible love, than he dared to avow, even to himself. Carlos Sepulveda's father was a native of San Idelfonso, near Segovia, in Spain, and had emigrated to Caracas, early in life, with no fortune, but a tolerable education, and a strong attachment to the royal government, besides an unblemished Castilian descent, and the honour of accounting himself "as much a Don as the King." He married a criolla, of the small village of Maracay, with whom he received a portion, by no means considerable in amount, but sufficient as a foundation, on which to build a safe and preserving Spanish bid an ample fortune.

The success of the Chapetones,—all as European settlers were formerly styled,—is indeed proverbial in South America, where the light-hearted and improvident natives usually fly to the security which is afforded by becoming a mere *merca-chiffe*, or pedlar, would amass such sums as were dazing, even in this land of precious metals.

The "Graculos euriens" of former days, and his modern resemblance, so accurately portrayed by an English Juvenal, are neither of them worthy to be compared with the Chapetones, in the election of not making money. (though the influx of needy Spaniards has been somewhat diverted from its usual channel by the revolution, still the prisoners of war, who were permitted towards the close of the contest to the "guerra la muerte," (war to the death), are invariably to be found established as shopkeepers, tallowing manure, and the like.) It is more particularly the case in the sea-ports on the coast of the Pacific, where they, in a great measure, monopolize those professions; and in the large towns of the interior, as Bogota, Popayan, and Santiago, where they swarm almost everywhere, in the election of not making money.

Don Ramon Sepulveda, who lived in the comparatively tranquil times of Venezuela, towards the latter end of the last century, found much less difficulty in enriching himself, than would be experienced at the present day, by any one who might feel inclined to try the experiment. A Spaniard, meanwhile, never forgets his native land, under any circumstances. Don Ramon, having converted all his disposable property, except a small plantation at Maracay, into hard dollars, embarked for Cadiz, in the year 1800, with his wife, Doña Gertrudes, and his only child, Carlos, who was already a young man, and of an age of whose education was one of his father's chief inducements to undertake the voyage. He arrived with them in safety at San Idelfonso, where he was fortunate enough to meet with an opportunity of purchasing an estate which had formerly belonged to his ancestors. The acquisition to the despising and ungrateful capacity of a young Carlos, for whom he had taken care to provide the best instructors in every polite accomplishment, as well as in most branches of liberal education, was all that the fondest parent could desire.

A melancholy reverse of fortune took place, which brightened all these fair prospects. On the invasion of Spain by the French, in 1808, the young Carlos, who had inherited all the enthusiasm of a *parvenu* who is eager to distinguish himself in the country, armed and disciplined a body composed of his tenants and peons, at the head of whom he joined the guerrilla, commanded by the celebrated partisan, Don Juan Paez. He was soon taken prisoner, and made prisoner, near Palencia, in a rencounter with a skirmishing party of Marmont's cavalry, he was tried by a French military commission, and shot as a traitor to his own sovereign, Joseph Buonaparte. His estate was, of course, confiscated to Uncle Joe, as customary in such cases; and his only heir, the headstrong Carlos, was enabled by the facility of the peasants to make her escape to Cadiz with her son Carlos; having saved, from the wreck of her husband's property, barely a sufficiency to obtain a passage to Caracas. Thither she determined to return, and amid the remembrance of her misfortunes, in the solitude of her plantation at Maracay.

Don Gabriano, her brother, who was the Señor Cura of the village, a man of superior talent and information, found in his young nephew a pleasing companion, as well as an intelligent pupil; and in the year 1810, when he was appointed to fill a vacant stall in the cathedral, as *canonigo*, and was named chaplain to the Junta Suprema of Caracas. At his earnest request, but more particularly with a view to her son's advantage, Doña Gertrudes accompanied her brother to the city; and shortly after, Carlos, who had entered the regiment of "Caraballero Arago," with the rank of alférez. Having distinguished himself in several engagements with the royal forces, on the frontiers of Coro, he was promoted, according to the rapid *carreera* of the time, through the intermediate ranks of captain and lieutenant, to the rank of captain. Carlos, and was accepted by Miranda to fill a vacancy in his staff, as aide-de-camp.

In the latter capacity, he necessarily passed the greater part of his time at head-quarters, in the capital, where he became acquainted with Señor de Peñañola, who was distinguished by his talents, and his high position, and was known to be a bitter opponent of his country's independence, and the more inveterately so, as it was effected by

means of a revolution, which had blasted his long-cherished hopes of ennobling himself. He was, at the same time, exceedingly anxious to be on good terms with the existing government, hoping by that means to escape the suspicion of having laboured (not unreasonably, that he deserved it,) of furnishing secret intelligence to the royalist General Morúa, at Cartagena. He therefore eagerly courted the friendship of a chaplain of the Junta, although he had looked down with disdain on the humble and unassuming Carlos; and, on that account, readily admitted the apologies and excuses he had intended to make, but he soon acknowledged the relationship. Her son, too, although by no means captivated by his manners, which were, nevertheless, but prepossessing, could not help being grateful, for the lively interest he appeared to take in the welfare of his family.

Maria del Rosario Peñañola was, at this period, a boarder at the convent of Santa Clara, where Doña Gertrudes became a constant visitor, taking a maternal interest in the lovely affectionate girl, who had lost her mother at an early age, and who, as yet, had evidently never known a father's tenderness. Don Beltran, indeed, seldom visited her; having committed her entirely to the care of the Madre Abadesa, (Mother Abbess), who was as indulgent towards her as could be expected from one of an order of devotees, by whom all natural affection is considered as a dangerous and sinful passion. Joaquin, however, knew him, nor had she even seen him, since they were both children. Carlos accompanied his mother in her daily visits to the convent; at first, from a natural feeling of curiosity, to ascertain what she could possibly find to interest her so much in the sister of so repulsive a being, as he could not but be; and afterwards, when he was charmed by her unadorned youthful beauty; and his admiration of her unaffected loveliness ripened at each succeeding interview, into the purest and most ardent love.

Maria del Rosario also loved him, she believed, as a brother, and she was, in the person of her sister, the object of the week to the grated window of the parlour, she hurried, with greater eagerness than usual, on the days she expected to see him. If he chanced not to accompany his mother, which was but seldom the case, and which, when he was absent, she was obliged to perform the unavailing duties of his profession detached from the world, she would be sure to appear in dissembled earnestness, that Doña Gertrudes, although far from being particularly clear sighted or suspicious, could not avoid observing that the young novice felt such an interest in Carlos, as might one day prove fatal to her peace of mind. To warn her on the subject appeared impossible; for Doña Gertrudes well knew and respected the delicacy of her feelings, and dreaded to inflict on them an undesired and needless wound. It was, at the same time, sufficiently obvious, that it had become indispensable necessary to attempt, by the temporary removal of the beloved object, to erase the impression which had unfortunately made: for she was too well aware of Don Beltran's intentions with respect to the aggrandizement of his son, to hope that he could be prevailed on to forego them in favour of a youth, whose paternal estate he might so long as he might survive, said to depend on his sword alone for his future fortunes. The very circumstance of his having accepted a commission in the service of La Patria, was also decidedly against his pretensions; for, although Don Beltran took especial care to disguise his principles, he was notoriously addicted to the *Gods* cause, as he might be said to have sworn by his word alone for his future fortunes. The very circumstance of his having accepted a commission in the service of La Patria, was also decidedly against his pretensions; for, although Don Beltran took especial care to disguise his principles, he was notoriously addicted to the *Gods* cause, as he might be said to have sworn by his word alone for his future fortunes. The very circumstance of his having accepted a commission in the service of La Patria, was also decidedly against his pretensions; for, although Don Beltran took especial care to disguise his principles, he was notoriously addicted to the *Gods* cause, as he might be said to have sworn by his word alone for his future fortunes.

* Two *cuchucas*,—literally *listeners*,—are appointed weekly in every convent. Their duty is, to attend by turns at the gate of the *locutorio*, where they must hearken to, and repeat to the abbess, all conversations that take place, between the nuns or novices, and their visitors.

† All European Spaniards were known in South America by the *soubriquet* of *Godos*, or *Goths*, in allusion as well to their Gothic descent, as to the barbarous and overwhelming devastation, with which they appeared to bring to light the happy and peaceful country which they found. The same name was, subsequently to the revolution, used indiscriminately to designate all royalists, whether Spaniards or Criollos.

tences, being enrolled in the Guardia Civica, or any other of the numerous provincial corps, which had been raised from time to time in support of the independence of Venezuela; although to be a member of them was then considered in some measure, a mark of patriotism.

Don Carlos did not feel soon to perceive, that his mother no longer invited him to accompany her in her visits to the novice of Santa Clara; and that she evidently took pains to evade his proposals of calling at the convent. Doña Gertrudes was at length obliged partly to explain her motives; and latterly herself at the moment, from his silence and apparent acquiescence, which were in reality effects of his surprise and astonishment, that he would find no difficulty in suppressing, and by degrees totally overcoming, his growing attachment. She even began to doubt, from the closeness with which he held her, whether, in reality, it ever existed. Her son, indeed, resolved to be guided by her advice; and determined on making an effort to forget, in the duties and animating exercise of his profession, that he had ever seen Maria del Rosario:—

"But he who stems a stream with sand,

And letters flame with flaxen band,

Has yet a harder task to prove,

By firm resolve to conquer love!"

Let those who have studied to forget any object,—be it what it may,—of love, ambition, hope, fear, or the meaner pursuits of this "working-day world,"—let them say, how few yet endeavour serves but to imprint it yet more forcibly on the memory; and how necessary to think no more of it, recalls it more vividly and incessantly to the recollection.

In his mother's earnestness, while she attempted to impress on him the necessity of his forbearing to visit the convent, she had unwisely, and almost without being aware of what she said, hinted at the too probable effect of his frequent attentions to her young friend, Carlos, in his subsequent reflections on this communication, felt the full import of her words, and dwelt on them with fond and secret exultation. He had no suspicion that the novice, who he had called a child, and whom he had thought that nothing but his want of fortune, (which ever appears to a youthful lover an inconsiderable impediment) could prevent the eventual accomplishment of the wishes he permitted himself to form. He therefore indulged, without scruple, in several love-dreams, which enchanted his imagination with glowing visions of the field, and the prospect of elevating himself, by the help of his sword and lance, to a pinnacle of martial glory, from whence he might venture, without fear of refusal, to offer his hand to the girl who had hit his heart to be irrevocably devoted. Animated by these hopes, and with a more than usual nervous ardour in the career of fancy; and, in the few short visits which he paid to the convent, on his return from the succeeding campaigns, he commanded himself so far, as to obtain the warmest praise from his mother and her denial, and even to deceive Maria del Rosario into a belief, that he regarded her with indifference or aversion.

At length, on his return from an expedition in which he had accompanied Miranda, he unexpectedly heard that she was to take the veil on the festival of Jueves Santo, following the day of the month, and he was left in all its melancholy certainty. With a sudden recital, inspired by despair, he sought out Don Beltran, and disclosed to him his long cherished hopes; imploring him to pause were it but for another year, before he crushed them. Don Beltran could not listen to him with composure, but, as Carlos fancied, with a superior exultation. He coolly answered, that nothing would have given him greater pleasure than the alliance of a family, which he had every reason to respect; but that circumstances, which could not be controlled or altered, imperiously demanded the sacrifice of his daughter. He then further observed, that as the parties could not in all probability, have seen much of each other, he had no doubt but that the momentary disappointment would leave no lasting trace, when once his monastic vow had rendered all regret unavailing. He concluded, by demanding of Don Carlos, as a mark of honour, that he should abstain, if possible, from seeing his daughter; and that, at all events, he would pledge his word not to make the least attempt at influencing her determination, which he declared to be decidedly in favour of the cloister.

Sepruella, irritated beyond the bounds of forbearance, by the calm composure, in which his proposal was rejected, renewed his expostulations, and so much that gave Don Beltran all the advantage over him he could desire. In fact, Peñuela was so conscious of the unnatural and arbitrary nature of the measure he had

resolved on, that he was glad of a pretence for quarrelling with any one who ventured to oppose it.

The conference having ended in a most unsatisfactory manner for Sepulveda, he hurried to the society of his brother officers, with the intention of shaking off, in their agreeable company, if possible, the sense of degradation he could not help feeling, when he reflected on his having stooped to solicit the alliance of one, whom he had now every reason to dislike. Not even to his mother did he relate the mortifying occurrence; for he was well aware, that the disclosure of his hope, and its subsequent failure to affect her deeply. His honourable feelings still more forcibly forbade him to reveal his hopeless love to its unconscious object; and he firmly resolved to carry the secret with him to his grave, rather than embitter her existence in the seclusion to which she was doomed, by an unnecessary disclosure.

Don Beltran, on his side, felt himself equally interested, although from very different motives, in concealing all that had taken place at their interview; so that Doña Gertrudes still continued her visits at his house, and was more frequently during the month of temporary freedom his daughter enjoyed, the object of the envy of her novice, and the day of her taking the veil. She also far more conquered her habitual reluctance to mixing in society,—for Maria del Rosario's sake, and at her earnest request,—that she accompanied her young friend to the convent, and that she was well satisfied, at which it was usual to appear, while tracing the round of gaiety prescribed by custom to those in her situation.

Doña Gertrudes could not help observing, that her son studiously avoided attending her on these parties of pleasure, and that when they happened accidentally to meet in company, his manner was more constrained than was natural to him, and he invariably found some excuse for retiring. Her young protégée also saw it, and was sensibly grieved at a conduct she could not but consider as unwelcome. For she suspected his secret motive, she attributed his evident unwillingness to accompany her, at which she formed a part, to a coyness of which he could by no means be justly accused; and piqued by his apparent indifference, she affected a gaiety which deceived every one but herself.

CHAPTER III.

THE ALAMEDA.—THE CAIQUE.—THE CHINGANERA.

The vigil of Jueves Santo, at Caracas, was one of those enchanting evenings, popular to tropical climates, in which the hour of sunset is hailed with delight by all classes of animated beings, as a refreshing and invigorating relief from the scorching heat felt during the day. Although the twilight was so short as to be almost imperceptible, the peculiar lustre of the moon, and brilliancy of the stars, amply supplied the sun's place, on his sinking out of sight behind the mountains of Maracay, with that mild placid light which could weary.

The whole population of Caracas began to pour out of the city, and, through the different avenues leading to the open country, to form a vast file, and were rapidly filled with groups of laughing crochets, who appeared to have reserved their gaiety until this hour. The day had been unusually and oppressively sultry; and, as the numerous parties of friends and acquaintance passed by, the cool breeze, fit to refresh, fit to cool, imbued the air with the perfume of the flowers, and the neighbouring plantations. The tops of the stately alamos planted along the suburbs sparkled with innumerable fire-flies, which, as they flitted from tree to tree, might almost have been mistaken for the scarce less luminous sparks of fire, which fell from the very quarter of the heavens, during the still nights preceding, and following the hot days of summer near the line. The shrill notes of the mocking-bird, and the Virginian nightingale, were clearly distinguished above the busy hum of the multitude; while, at intervals, the tinkling of a mule's bell was heard, as the leading mule of a large drove passed drowsily by, on their way to the savanna, followed by the muleteers, either chanting their Llanero songs in the monotonous recitative of the low country, or carelessly touching the strings of their *violin*,^{*} as they rode slowly on.

At the lower end of the principal promenade, called, from the superior size and beauty of the poplars by which

* The *violin*, or *tipte*, is a species of small guitar, in general use among the peasantry of the colonies. It is frequently constructed of the half of an oval gourd, with a cedar sound-board.

it was bordered, La Alameda, a large semicircular spot of ground was laid off, and surrounded with marble seats, carved to resemble sofas and ottomans. Here two military bands were stationed, as usual in summer evenings, occasionally relieving each other in performing such national and patriotic airs, as had already been composed in Venezuela, or adopted from the music of other countries. The concourse attracted by the musicians was, of course, greater here than in any other part of the Alameda; and as the seats were exclusively occupied by the military and their families, the numerous families, few of the parties, which preferred passing this broad centre walk to listening to the music, approached this spot without pausing for a few moments, to look with interest and admiration on the fair Caracasians.

The *sayas* and *basquias*, in which the Criolla invariably appear with abundant form, dress peculiarly well adapted to display to the best advantage the faultless symmetry of their fine forms; and they are not unconscious how well the dark colour, in which they delight to clothe themselves, is suited to their lovely brunette complexion. The South American females live in so mild a climate, that they find it unnecessary to cover their heads, when taking the air. They are consequently remarkable for the neatness and simplicity with which their glossy black hair is at all times braided; its sole ornament being usually a carnation, or a single rose bud.

The *ciudadanos*, who strolled along beneath the poplar-trees, were far more various, and even showy in their dress. A middling class in society was then almost unknown. It did not begin to assume any degree of consequence, until several years of independence had permitted even a country, which had hitherto known no intermediate degree between masters and slaves, to resolve itself into a more liberal arrangement of its inhabitants. The *pueblo*, in which were comprehended, at the time we speak of, all those who were not entitled by birth, station, or wealth, to the rank of *ciudadanos*, were not distinguished by any particular dress, but were, however, in the full of their happiness, if not more so, on the Arroyan, or the different boulevards of the suburbs, where the crowded fandangoes, and extensive open sheds appropriated to the music and dancing of the Chinganeras, re-echoed with the sound of the *violin*, and the *tipte*. The *ciudadanos* were to be seen the sleek and portly dignitaries of the church, in their peculiar and striking costume, loudly and earnestly discussing disputed topics in the politics of the day.

With these were mingled officers of all ranks, belonging to the several patriot corps stationed at head-quarters, or to the small garrisons of the Alameda; and of splendid and theatrical dress,—for it could not in strictness be called uniform,—that their fancy inclined them to adopt, before years of repeated and destructive reverses had sobered the judgment of the republican soldiers, and reduced to distress and penury the wealthiest of the land.

These, with a few civilians of distinction, who either held, or aspired to, the highest places in the newly established government, were almost the only occupants of the principal promenade; while the side walks were crowded by the *ciudadanos*, in the white and gray habits of the Dominican and Franciscan orders, or in the dark cool and broad black belt, worn by the brotherhoods of San Augustin or San Juan de Dios. These cenobites scorned, with true monastic pride, to associate with the *pueblo*, and were with-held by the spirit of party (being, although the *pueblo* was as unfitted by the *gaucherie* and moroseness acquired in the cloister, for joining the society of the more liberal, as well as better educated secular clergy, or of the military. They therefore wandered about with a discontent and suspicion, which they could not disguise, while they glided unnoticed behind the poplars, to catch a glimpse of the enthusiastic harangues, with which the unpractised but zealous advocates of independence were, by turns, entertaining their hearers. These monigotes were of the royalist party, with scarcely an exception; and, as many of them, the Spanish governor, Marquis of San Carlos, worth his while to bribe, were indefatigable spies, employing themselves, without intermission, in procuring and transmitting him information.

Among the numerous young officers who amused themselves, and conversed, while they listened to and commented on the *sayas*, remarks, and actions, and the next by criticising the style of beauty and dress of their fair countrywomen, was Carlos Sepulveda. His numerous acquaintance had in vain endeavoured to engage him in his usual lively strain of conversation, and he had at last taken refuge in the study of the fictions; each accusing him of ill-humour, and repeating the same

The Juez Fiscal, attended by a single secretary, was seated at a small table with lights and writing materials, evidently in expectation of Don Beltran's arrival. When

his escort retired, and closed the door, the Juez (whose office nearly corresponds to that of a judge-advocate), read over to him a series of questions which had been previously prepared, demanding a direct and explicit answer to each in turn. "This is in strict conformity to Spanish martial law, which receives a prisoner's confession as the least and most conclusive evidence of innocence or guilt; indifferent whether he criminate himself, provided the ends of justice are answered by his avowal; and considering his refusal to reply to questions thus put, as an unequivocal proof of conscious guilt." After about ten or twelve close questions, the ministers of justice rose, and left Peñaola in no very enviable situation. Nevertheless, as not the slightest hint had been dropped relative to the intercepted correspondence, he flattered himself into a belief, that nothing but suspicion had as yet attached to him.

While he was ruminating on the charges, to which he considered himself most liable, and framing such answers as he thought would best suit the character of conscious innocence, which he had determined to assume, he heard the jarring sound of the bolts by which his prison door was secured, and the officer who had arrested him in his house appeared, and commanded him to follow. He immediately on his leaving the room, two carbiners who were in waiting stepped forward; and placing themselves one on each side of him, proceeded with him to the Sala de Justicia. The gloominess of the spacious corridors, through which he passed, the light glancing off the polished turning by a solitary lamp, and the hollow echoes which repeated the heavy tread of his conductors, struck dismay into the heart of the prisoner. But, when the door of the Sala was thrown open, and he found himself in the presence of his judges, he was so appalled by the consciousness of his guilt, as to be totally unable to support his assumed character; and he hung his head before them, with the air of a self-convicted criminal.

After a pause, during which his guards withdrew, a commanding officer, which he recognised as that of General Miranda, directed him to advance to the foot of the table, and to stand between the two carbiners who had been brought, and were about to be substituted against him. At this summons, he compelled himself to look up, and saw the long council board surrounded by officers of rank and consideration in the patriot army, with most of whom he was personally acquainted. This, however, instead of encouraging him, served but to intensify his present feelings of terror and confusion; for he knew them all to be enthusiastically attached to their country's cause, and enemies "to the knife," of the party with which he had leagued himself. He saw the gaze of each individual fixed on him, with various expressions of contempt and detestation; and again cast his eyes on the ground, in shame and despair.

The Juez Fiscal, who was seated on a stool at the left hand of the president, then rose, in obedience to a sign made by Miranda; and read, in a distinct voice, the questions which had been already put to Don Beltrán, and his answers. The prisoner was asked by the president, in the customary form, whether he wished to explain or retract any part of his declaration; and having answered in the negative, the deposition of the Cacique Tichionzo was read to him, in which the detention of the messenger, and his confession of having been employed in the prisoner's escape, were fully attested. Don Beltrán was again called on by Miranda to answer to this accusation. Believing that his written communication had escaped detection, he mustered resolution to look up, and exclaimed against the injustice of receiving such odious evidence as this, to intimidate his defence, and depended his life, and that which he held far dearer, his honour. He begged to remind the court, that the Cacichiri tribe was notoriously in the habit of torturing the Guaguavivis, as often as any of that persecuted race fell into the hands of the former; and submitted, that an extorted confession of this nature, could be no evidence of truth, or of collateral evidence of any description, ought not to be permitted to weigh with the honourable court, against the character of a respectable citizen.

"Besides," said he, gradually gaining confidence as he proceeded, from the attention with which he was being heard, "I am not admissible in any court of law; nor ought it to be considered a crime, to resist, when opposed to the simple asseration of a white man."

At these words, General Zaraza, the aged guerrilla chief, who was seated at the president's right hand, lost all patience, and exclaimed, regardless of the decorum usually observed on a court-martial, "Dares the traitor traitor Beltrán's name to the contempt? What are we to do, or what ought we to be, to punish him? I would to

heaven we were half as true and honest as a nation! His very sentence is prophetic in its God's!"

Here Zaraza was interrupted by the president, who said, "Softly, softly! the prisoner must on no account be interrupted in his defence. Perhaps he will explain to the court how it happens, that he has been enabled to deliver the very tribe to which the intercepted messenger belonged, without being allowed to utter a single word in the deposition which has just been read to him."

Peñaola immediately recollected the error, into which he had fallen, in the confusion of his defence. He attempted to explain it away, by saying, that on hearing the name of the Cacichiri mentioned, and knowing his own narrow watch with anxious vigilance, the looks of his judges, augured but ill of its success, from the incredulous smile which he could discover on their lips.

The Juez Fiscal then handed him the envelope of a letter, directed to the Spanish General Monteverde at Cartagena; and premising that the court had already carefully compared it with several manuscripts bearing the signature of the prisoner, he begged him to declare to him whether he acknowledged it to be his writing. He could not avoid owning, on examination, that the resemblance was striking; but boldly disclaimed all knowledge of its contents. At the same time, he begged that the envelope, which had been produced, might possibly have been found in his study, and that case an unqualified denial would be prejudicial to his cause, he submitted to the court, that even if he had written on private business to a relation who was in the province of Coro, and had forwarded his letter under the name of the Spanish general, as he might very innocently have done,—no one could with justice blame his conduct in that respect.

Lastly the Juez Fiscal, having once more demanded if he had any explanation to give the court, on the subject of the heavy charge brought against him, and having received no answer, proceeded to read aloud, as the last and damning proof of treason, the letter, the contents of which had been enclosed in the envelope. The prisoner started on hearing the first few words, and trembled so violently, that the president desired him to take a seat, and compose himself, so as to listen with attention to the evidence which was being produced. The letter most completely established the truth of the Indian's story, and exposed Don Beltrán's treason beyond a shadow of doubt. It contained accurate intelligence respecting the numerical force and disposition of the patriot troops, as well as important advice relative to an expedition which it appeared, the royalists were preparing against Caracas. It also referred to prior communications which had passed, proving, beyond a doubt, that this had not been his first essay in the dishonourable capacity of a spy. To prove the whole, although a feigned name had been used as the body of the letter, the full signature of Beltrán Peñaola, by some strange but not unusual inadvertence of the writer, to be found at the close of a postscript.

When the Fiscal had concluded, Miranda demanded of the prisoner, in the same calm unaltered tone, what he had to offer in his defence. Peñaola, starting as it were, at the unexpected demand, loudly reiterated his denial of the crime with which he was charged. He solemnly declared that the letter was a forgery, and asserted his innocence in incoherent expressions; while at the same time, with the usual inconsistency of guilt, he entreated for pardon, and supplicated the court, in the most abject manner, to spare his life.

When he was at length silent, exhausted by the violence of his emotions, the president rose, and informed him, that the court had already made up their minds as to his guilt. They had come to this conclusion, he said, principally by means of the letter, which they could not but consider as an irrefragable proof, supported as it was by the evidence of his own admissions, and his own declarations. He had been sent for to the Hall of Justice, to give him an opportunity of explaining, had it been in his power, the unfavourable circumstances which appeared to condemn him; but he had, by his demeanour, proved that he was unworthy of the shadow of a doubt, had it been possible for them to entertain one in his favour. Miranda advised him to consider, in the solitude of the dungeon to which he was about to be removed, whether he had any witnesses to call, or evidence to offer, which might avert the sentence that would otherwise be read to him

the next day, after the ceremonies of the *fiesta* should have been celebrated.

The president then rang a small bell; the carbiners again entered, and conducted Don Beltrán through a narrow corridor, which turned off at right angles from that by which he had been brought to the sala. Having crossed a paved court, they came to a low iron-studded door, which was opened on his conductor's giving the password to some soldier on guard. The party entered, and Peñaola found himself in the interior of the prison, which had been made, by the policy of the Spaniards, to communicate secretly with the government house in every principal town and city.

He was introduced by a stout square-built Gallego, with sandy hair and a simple expression of countenance, who had been continued in his employment, on the part of the government, in consequence of the repugnance of caroles to accepting the office, received Peñaola from the escort. He was preparing, with the alacrity of one who was proud of his profession, to fit him with a ponderous pair of irons, as he was stopped by the officer who had hitherto accompanied Don Beltrán; "Halt there, Maestro Rodil! no order has been issued for the prisoner to wear grillos. You are merely to confine him in a strong cell; and let it be as comfortable as possible."

"Midnight is no time for picking and choosing cells, Señor Oficial. The hidalgo, if he be one, must be content with the first that is ready for him. I suppose it will be only for a night or so;—few who enter by that gate make any long stay here. But he may as well have his *espaldas* riveted on at once, to save trouble in the morning; for doubtless the order is only forgotten. Who ever heard of a criminal,—sent from the palace by night, without being clipped into irons the moment he arrived?"

"Silence, Señor verdugo! and do as you are ordered; if you wish to keep your own uncles free. Away, don Beltrán! I wish you well through your misfortunes."

The carcelero led the way with a torch to the cells, evidently mortified and incensed at the flagrant breach of the prison etiquette of which he was reluctantly compelled to be silent; and, as he muttered the proverb which consoles a prisoner under every species of forced submission;—

"Do quieren los reyes,
Van las leyes!"

Don Beltrán followed him down a flight of mouldering stone steps, leading to a range of subterranean dungeons, whose iron-studded doors were scarcely to be distinguished from the walls, on each side of a vaulted gallery; in the damp air of which the torch burned dim, as if about to expire. These, the jailer informed him, were formerly the state prisons, "quando el Rey" and had frequently been lent to the inquisition, when the cells of the *Gasa Santa* were occupied.

"But since this revolution," added he with a sigh, "there have been no more empty; and more is the pity, for they are the strongest and most secure dungeons I ever kept the keys of, except indeed the casamatas at Bilbao in the old country."

So saying, he unlocked with difficulty the farthest in the range, and entered with the prisoner, whom he deposited in a cell, the door of which he kept shut, then shook up some straw on a sort of rustic stool, that was built into the wall; and set himself to light a rusty lamp, which hung by a mouldering chain from the roof. While he was grubbing over the dampness of the wick, which baffled his endeavours to kindle it, Don Beltrán recovered from the stupor into which he had fallen, and earnestly entreated that he might be confined in a more habitable prison; or at least, that he might be removed to one above ground. He offered his jailer at the same time, several doubloons, as the readiest means of effecting his removal; and Rodil received them, as is usual among those of his profession, without the slightest acknowledgment, or visible relaxation in the stern rigid muscles of his countenance. When he had succeeded in lighting the lamp, he declared that nothing could possibly be done until the morning; but then—as he graciously consented to his going to his quarters, with this berth, which has affords a tolerable amount of a more worthy cavaliero, since I have had the honour to hold the office of carcelero. The last tenant at will was Don Jose Maria Palomares,—he of the gold-mines

this commotion meant, and where the general was. He learned that Miranda and his staff, with the greater part of the detachment of carabiniers which were in the cathedral, had made their escape into the Plaza, on feeling the first shock of the earthquake; but that the Capuchins and Franciscans had immediately commenced arranging the troops, on ordering them to disperse, on the signal interposition of Providence, in selecting the anniversary of the revolution in Venezuela, as the day of punishment to that nation, for the crime of rebellion against its lawful sovereign. The wounded man said, that Colonel Simon Bolivar, at the head of his military carabiniers, had been present at the assembly; but that on his striking with the flat of his sabre one of the most audacious of the Capuchins, the mob had been incensed to such a pitch of frenzy, as to drive the military out of the Plaza with stones and machetes. He recollected having heard Miranda direct the troops, on ordering them to disperse, to render them in the Egido, and to bring with them all their fellow-soldiers, either of infantry or cavalry, whom they should meet on the way.

As he spoke, Sepulveda said that one of the friars had perceived him, and had pointed him out to the quidnuncs he was haranguing, as an object of vengeance. The infuriate mob immediately burst into exclamations of "Death to the rebels!" and were proceeding to execute sanguinary threats, by throwing stones and other missiles, when Don Carlos caught a cavalry horse, which was driven by the friars, and galloped off towards the Egido, galloped off towards the Egido. He was repeatedly compelled to deviate from the direct road, for the purpose of avoiding the parties of rioters who were rambing about the streets. They were armed with the muskets and bayonets of the unfortunate soldiers, who had perished under the ruins of the churches and barracks; but he had been intercepted and massacred, in their flight to the open country, by the ferocious mob of the enthusiasts; and were headed by fanatic friars, who stimulated them to the slaughter of all such as refused to join in their rally.

Septulveda found the open suburbs, known by the name of *El Egido*, a scene of confusion, forming a melancholy contrast to the appearance usually offered by the same spot of ground, on former field days. Then, the soldier-like appearance of the numerous corps, composed of tall and young men, in military uniforms, who were seen at Caracas; who used to throng around, and watch with pride and admiration their proficiency in military manoeuvres. But now, the skeleton regiments which appeared there, disordered by the unequal numbers of their companies, and the irregular sizing of their ranks, resembled the fragments of a defeated army after a sanguinary battle. It was also observable, by an experienced spectator, that in many instances subalterns were commanding battalions; or sergeants, or civilians in plain clothes, were doing officers' duty; so numerous were the "killed, wounded, and missing." The cavalry and artillery alone appeared to be in any manner a little or no less; and were evidently prepared to repel an apprehended attack. The lancers and hussars had taken open order, at the further end of the small plain, and were standing at their horses' heads, waiting for the order to march; and a slow-march, which was being kept behind them, at a distance of some paces, artillery was also in readiness to act at a moment's warning.

Miranda was busily engaged dictating despatches to two or three officers, who sat on the ground round the duty of secretaries; and he delivered them, as they were written and signed, to orderly dragoons, who were waiting to convey them to different garrison towns throughout the republic. Colonel Bolivar, as field-officer of the day, was receiving reports from the respective regiments formed around, and ordering pickets to be stationed at such points as he considered necessary to be guarded. At a little distance, groups of citizens, who were all more or less implicated in the declaration of independence, and had therefore very sufficient motives for dreading a counter-revolution, listened with consternation to the shouts of the riotous multitude in the distance, and whithered to each other words of the deepest dejection, as they turned their eyes on the sadly diminished array of the patriot army.

Sepulveda's appearance was scarcely noticed, except by a silent grasp of the hand, as he passed any of his intimate friends, who were only required to be present, for the purpose necessary to be made on the spur of the moment, to crush the unexpected insurrection, or at least to hold out in the Egido, until the arrival of reinforcements from other parts of the confederate provinces. Among those who surrounded Miranda, were Lorenzo Tovar, and his Indian friend Pichicony, waiting for passports to return

to La Guayra. The former joined Sepulveda; and expressed his joy at finding that he had escaped the fate, which had befallen so many thousands of their compatriots in arms.

"By the way," said he, "what think you now of my compatriot's warning last night? The Chiguarrera, too, was right; and I am inclined to believe that there is something after all, in their pretensions to witchcraft, more than is usually supposed. But tell me, camarada, how you had the good fortune to escape? for I saw nothing of you in the Plaza, when the mob rose at the first shock of the earthquake, and were so leaping for them with sticks and stones. And yet I well remember you was close to me, when we dismounted at the cathedral door, just before mass."

Sepulveda briefly informed him, that he had been induced by curiosity to attend mass at the chapel of the Monjas Caras, where he had been so fortunate as to save the life of the novice, whom they had seen the night before on the Alameda. He also accounted for his further delay, by mentioning his having conveyed her by his mother's house.

"You are a lucky fellow, friend Carlos!" said Tovar; "I never in my life had an opportunity of signalling my knight-errantry, although I seldom miss an Alameda, or a bull fight, if there happens to be one in the neighbourhood of my quarters; whereas you cannot attend mass at an obscure convent chapel, without encountering an adventure of great grandeur." None of the friars, who Bolivar may expiate his treason, on the old Spanish brig in the Recoveco, as soon as Caracas is a little more quiet; unless, indeed, the earthquake has already cheated the hangman of his fee, as is most probable. You will then have a large stage and no favour; as, of course, I am fit for granted that the theatre is the only object, according to the established rule for every romance of real or imaginary life."

"Allow me to hope my future father-in-law,—since you will have it so,—may meet with better fortune. I will be glad to see him, and to see you, too, and whether he designs to let those Golo friars and their turbulent followers keep possession of the capital. The consequences will be serious, should Monteverde receive intelligence of the schism in La Patría."

"No fear of that, Sepulveda!—Miranda has dispatched couriers to Valencia, Caracas, and Baquiquimote, to order up troops to his assistance; and Zarza has galloped off to collect his Guerrilleros from the valleys of Aragua. The old general vows that on his return he will not leave a single friar to premeditation in the country; and Bolivar complains bitterly of our not joining him to cut down the heads of the traitors, and to repair the mob's day to the Plaza. He insists on it, that Venezuela must be cleared of crowns and hoods before we can expect any thing like tranquillity among us."

Here Tovar was called forward to receive his passport; and Miranda, observing Sepulveda in conversation with his friend, directed Don Carlos to act immediately for La Guayra, and to bring him back a particular statement from the military governor, of the condition in which the port and garrison were, in the event of its being necessary to retire thither from the capital. The two friends, who were talking and waiting, and who had just seen the suburbs at a rapid pace, attended by the Cazique Pichicony; who gazed in silence, and with his usual air of melancholy gravity, on the groups of women and children seated by the road side. The mothers were viewing with sorrowful resignation their ruined cottages; while their children, unconscious of the extent of their loss, were playing about over the fallen walls, evidently pleased at the novelty of their situation, and delighted at the prospect of sleeping and living under the fruit-trees in their gardens.

After several hours riding at so rapid a rate, as to render conversation almost impossible, they reached the mountain pass half way between Caracas and La Guayra. As their horses were fatigued, and had been without food all the day, the travellers agreed to rest for awhile at the Tambo, or public caravanserai, on the summit of the mountain, where they had been some time years into an inn for the accommodation of travellers.

CHAPTER VII.

THE INN—THE CAZIQUE'S TALE.

On riding into the inn-yard, the travellers could not at the first glance, that the ravages of the earthquake had not been confined to the capital. The mud walls of the posada were cracked in several places from top to bottom, although too low and solid to be overthrown; and the roof of the dwelling-house, as well as that of the stables and

other edifices, had fallen partly within, partly outside the walls. The corral, or cattle pen, had been broken down by a drove of bullocks which were confined there, and had been so terrified by the earthquake, as to break their way through the enclosure; and the goats belonging to the farm had established themselves on the ruins of the buildings, where they were feasting on the palm-leaf thutch.

The owner of the mountain inn, a corpulent elderly mulatto, was seated on a heap of pack-saddles, smoking his churumbels, and gazing indolently on the setting sun, which shone through the dark bank of livid clouds—an unusual and portentous spectacle at this time of the year, in a climate where the weather changes only at each equinox. The peons of the inn were enjoying the supreme bliss of idleness, in imitation of their master. Some were lounging on skins, comfortably wrapped up in their ponchos, and others had assembled round a game of *para y pinto* with dice, in which the by-standers apparently took at least as much, if not more, noisy interest than those who were playing.

"Why! mine host?" cried Tovar, "you take things coolly. Some maize, and grass for our horses, and that quickly, for we are in haste."

"I have none!" dawdled out the imperturbable host, and applied himself again to his pipe.

"Barley, then,—or clopped straw, if you have nothing better."

"None of those either," growled the lazy mountain-tainer.

"What hast thou then in thine inn?" cried Tovar, beginning to lose patience, as the indolent host persisted in his denials.

"Nothing!" was the comprehensive answer. "Kiss me, exclaiming Tovar, half drawing his sabre, "I will teach thee to trifle with officers on government duty!" and was proceeding to put his threat in execution, by beating him soundly with the flat, when his hand was held by the Indian, who interposed with—"Stop a little, friend! show maestro Bautista Nuñez will oblige me, for an acquaintance sake. Dost thou remember and 'nor Bautista? Or must I pay thee a visit some winter night at the head of my Cacibris, to refresh thy recollection?" This is a lonely mountain pass for an inn, friend! Remember that the *tambo*, which once stood here, was the work of the Indians."

"What! art thou there, Cazique Pichicony? Why didst thou not speak at first, man? Here, Pancho! Pepe! Tadeo! ye lazy knaves!—take the horses from these cavaliers; and reach me a crow-bar: I must break through the plank wall of the stable, to get straw and barley. Do thou, Pichicony, get some maize, for the brute sows, for bread. There is plenty of chicha in the house, if the earthquake have not broken the jars."

So saying, the host bustled about with more alacrity than his corpulence appeared to promise; and the name of Pichicony produced a similar effect on the peons. They started to their feet, girt their ponchos round their waists, and stumbled over each other in their eagerness to receive the horses. While preparations were making for the travellers' meal, Carlos, Lorenzo, and their Indian companion, lighted their cigars, and strolled to the brow of the hill, to look at the ruins of the ancient town, and varied prospect. Behind them they had left the valley of Caracas, thickly spread with cane and cacao plantations, which were darkening in the shades of evening; while on the horizon to the north was seen the Caribbean sea, gilded with the rays of the setting sun, and the clouds over him. The Cazique replied, that the story contained nothing very new or interesting; but that if they desired to hear it, he would relate it while their host was preparing supper.

THE CAZIQUE'S TALE.

"The tambo of Aynepan was founded on this mountain by my ancestors, many ages before the white men introduced their inhospitable inventions of inn and tavern, and before the Cazique had taken any acquaintance with the Cacibris, as being the most noble, had from time immemorial the charge of all public resting places in the district of Coquibacoa, now called Venezuela. Twice every year, immediately before and after the season of rains, the tribe used to assemble at the tambo, to elect the tamboes by turns. At such times they used to re-

pair the thatch and walls, make earthen ollas and water-pipes, and provide dried deer's flesh and fuel for the use of travellers.

"I can well remember the last of these merry meetings held on this hill; although I was then but a boy. My grandpère Pichimandura assembled nearly a thousand of his tribe; whereas I could now scarcely number two hundred. Fighting Cachiris, between the sea and the Cordillera. But he was well aware that it was destined to be the last feast of the kind, and he resolved that it should be the most famous that had been seen in the country. Cattle were by no means so numerous in Coquibacoa at that time as they are now. He had, however, a few head of his own, the plains below Ortiz, and killed them himself for the tribe on this very spot of ground. Antelopes and vicuñas, on the contrary, were far more abundant then; and we had fifty or more of them roasted whole that day.

"My grandpère had foreseen, the Governor of Caracas sent an alcalde up to our tambo, escorted by a strong party of cavalry, to warn the tribe against any future assemblies on this mountain; for a posada was to be built where our tambo then stood. When the alcalde had read the proclamation, Pichimandura explained to his grandsons, and to those who were about, how to stoop to learn a foreign language. The Cachiris rose up as one man, and declared that they would never suffer their tambo to be injured, threatening to destroy any building whatever, which the white men should venture to erect there; but my grandpère contrived to satisfy him, and to satisfy him, the rest of the tribe, to swear by his head, that they would offer no resistance to the decree of the Spanish Government.

"The tambo was accordingly pulled down, and the posada was erected in its place, and put up for sale to the highest bidder. A Gallego, a man of some name, named Alarcon, was the first occupier of the inn; and, although our tribe looked on him at first with evil eye, he behaved for some years in so friendly a manner, that we could find no pretence for resenting his intrusion. Bautista Nuñez, the zambo who now keeps the inn, was at that time a lad engaged in the mountains, and he told me, and he told me, that his master used every year to feast the Cazique, and several elders of the tribe, on the days which were previously set apart for repairing the tambo. Alarcon, moreover, then never refused shelter and refreshment to any of our nation, who happened to be benighted, and, as his wife was very kind, he never refused to give us a good supper. He never, however, allowed his avarice incited him to close his doors against his Indian friends. He first discontinued the annual feasts, which he had been in the habit of giving; and came by degrees to refuse even food and shelter to travellers, unless they were such as could put him to some use. He then, however, our warriors again proposed to destroy the posada; but my grandpère constantly opposed their design, and exhorted them rather to despise such ungenerous conduct, than to punish it. As for himself, he would never stop to rest here, when obliged to pass this mountain on a journey; and invariably came to Caron on the day before he left. He might appear to solicit assistance from the churchly host, One rainy season, however, when he was become feeble and decrepit through extreme age, he was on his way from the sea-coast to the valleys, with no attendant but himself, then a youth of seventeen, to carry his grave handsomeness and his provisions to a Spanish village, some ten miles off. As he was passing the mountain, it rained heavily at the time; and, as the old man had been for some months ailing, I strove to persuade him to seek shelter at the posada; but he would not hear of it. I wrapped him in his poncho and mine, and having laid him under the shelter of our shelter rock, I sat down close to him, waiting anxiously for day light, and the arrival of some of our tribe who were on the road, that they might assist me to carry him to the nearest friendly hut.

"The wind blew keenly from the north; and a thunder-storm burst with a wintry violence on the mountain. As the rain and the wind increased, I began to feel that I might appear to solicit assistance from the churchly host, One rainy season, however, when he was become feeble and decrepit through extreme age, he was on his way from the sea-coast to the valleys, with no attendant but himself, then a youth of seventeen, to carry his grave handsomeness and his provisions to a Spanish village, some ten miles off. As he was passing the mountain, it rained heavily at the time; and, as the old man had been for some months ailing, I strove to persuade him to seek shelter at the posada; but he would not hear of it. I wrapped him in his poncho and mine, and having laid him under the shelter of our shelter rock, I sat down close to him, waiting anxiously for day light, and the arrival of some of our tribe who were on the road, that they might assist me to carry him to the nearest friendly hut.

"The wind blew keenly from the north; and a thunder-storm burst with a wintry violence on the mountain. As the rain and the wind increased, I began to feel that I might appear to solicit assistance from the churchly host, One rainy season, however, when he was become feeble and decrepit through extreme age, he was on his way from the sea-coast to the valleys, with no attendant but himself, then a youth of seventeen, to carry his grave handsomeness and his provisions to a Spanish village, some ten miles off. As he was passing the mountain, it rained heavily at the time; and, as the old man had been for some months ailing, I strove to persuade him to seek shelter at the posada; but he would not hear of it. I wrapped him in his poncho and mine, and having laid him under the shelter of our shelter rock, I sat down close to him, waiting anxiously for day light, and the arrival of some of our tribe who were on the road, that they might assist me to carry him to the nearest friendly hut.

had depended on it, I could not have again pleaded for admission; so I turned my back on the posada, and hurried to the rock where I had left my grandpère. The old man lay so still, that I at first believed he slept; but when I took his hand, I felt it was too deadly cold for that of a living being. It dropped heavily from me; and I knew that my grandpère was no more.

"My father was then in the forest of Curunaquel, with the rest of his family; and I determined to carry my grandpère thither without delay. Although he had formerly been accounted the tallest and stoutest warrior of his tribe, he was shrunk by old age and disease to a skeleton, and, when I took him to the cave, he was in a cloak, I raised him with ease on my shoulders, and set off on my journey to the forest. Caracas was not so extensive a city in those days as it now is. I passed round it with ease before day-break, and lay hid in a ravine, on the other side of the suburbs, lest any one might meet me on the road, and see the cazique of the Cachiris carried to the grave, without a tier or attendance. When I reached my father's hut, on the following night, I entered in silence, and laid the corpse on my father's bed. There was no time to be lost; I therefore returned impatiently to the cave, as my grandpère as I could collect at so short a warning; and when I appeared at day-break, at the head of a hundred warriors, we found a grave already dug beneath the roof which had so often sheltered the cazique when living, and was now to be his temporary abode after death.

"When I had laid the corpse in the earth, I hastened to console my father, and the warriors who were present, by the prospect of vengeance, which my relation of Alarcon's conduct to the old Cazique suggested; and we immediately set off, with the clay of the grave on our foreheads, for the posada which had risen on the ruins of our tambo. On the way, we were met by the captain of the guard, I had been seen the preceding night on the road, with my grandpère's corpse on my shoulders. The Gallego had been informed of the circumstance; and his conscience warned him to expect a fearful retribution at the hands of the tribe. He had therefore solicited and obtained the assistance of the soldiers of the garrison at Caracas, and had concealed them in the outhouses; so that when my father, at the head of his warriors, commenced an attack on the posada, a volley of musketry stretched him and several others mortally wounded on the ground. My father exclaimed, with his last breath, "Firmes, Cachiris! revenge your cazique!"

"Some of us had fortunately brought with us our bows and arrows. We surrounded the posada, sheltering ourselves as we best could behind rocks and walls, from the deadly aim of the soldiers, which we had no means of evading; and, when they fired, we shot at them from the points of our arrows, we shot them into the palm-leaf thatch. The mountain breeze soon fanned the yucca matches into a blaze; and, as the inmates of the house attempted to escape, we brought them down with our unerring bows, and knocked them on the head with our arrows. We then went to the main entrance of the house. He, though severely scorched, escaped through the circle of warriors, to the spot where I knelt examining my father's wounds; and clasping my knees, implored mercy in my father's name.

"I spared his life, and saved him from the unfeigned vengeance of the tribe, by adopting him as a brother on the spot. He lived in my family some years; and, as no one ventured to occupy the tambo after our signal vengeance on the Gallego and his household, I advised Bautista Nuñez to offer himself to government as ventero. I then him a sufficient wrapping of the cazique of the tribe, which was now at my disposal as cazique, to set him up in the inn; and, although surly and dissembling to others, he has never been known to turn an Indian from his door."

"As Fichioncoy concluded his tale, the ventero appeared with him, bearing a wooden jointer, a skin on a wooden spits, which they planted upright in the turf, he rode for the travellers. Then laying an undressed deer-kid on the ground, they covered it with roasted plantains and acacacha roots, together with arepas of yellow maize. Bautista himself brought a capacious calabash full of fermented beer, and several small gourds, which he offered to the travellers; and retired with his poems, leaving his guests to enjoy themselves undisturbed.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DUNGEON—THE CONFESSION—THE ESCAPE.

The jailer had been mindful of his promise to Don Beltran, and had removed him from the subterranean *bon retiro* (vault) to a comparatively comfortable cell, which

was, however, by no means so well ventilated as Maestro Kold had been used to. The only aperture, by which air was admitted, was a small window about a foot square, situated so far from the ground, that a prisoner from within could see nothing whatever outside it, except the deep blue tropical skies, and the palm trees in the adjoining Pichimandura convent garden. It was, moreover, almost totally closed by the massive iron grating, which secured it, apparently, against all possibility of being forced.

Contrary to the jailer's expectation,—if not hope,—no order had as yet arrived for the prisoner to be fettered. Perhaps he had been so long in prison, that he was, by a solitary meditation, on the sentence which he dreaded but saw no means of averting. One while, he muttered imprecations on the carelessness of his Indian messenger, in falling into the Cachiris' ambush; and the next moment he listened, in breathless and torturing anxiety, to the frequent grating of dungeon doors; while fancy anticipated the arrival of the Juez Fiscal, who was to read the sentence of the court-martial.

The merry ringing of the church bells reached his prison; but were far from dispelling the gloom that oppressed his spirits. He thought how little carelessly he had the busy world without had with him; and shuddered at the idea, that even so would they ring, when the sentence of the court had been executed on him in its fullest rigour. This, however, he could scarcely as yet bring himself seriously to contemplate. Immediately after being shut up, he had heard the heavy tread of his heavy footsteps approaching his cell; and he felt himself turn pale, as the sky slowly turned in the rusted lock. He again breathed more freely, on perceiving that the visitor, whom the jailer ushered in, was not the thin, ascetic Fiscal, but the portly commander, Fray Nicolas, whose long hair and beard were white, and who universally welcome throughout Caracas,—except, indeed, when he came in his present capacity of confessor to the jail.

"*¡Ay Miera, son Beltran!*" he exclaimed, "can this be you! I have had ideas, when mine I could come for me to the convent this morning, that so dear a friend as you could be in want of spiritual consolation; otherwise I would have made more haste. But come, my son! be not cast down. You know the old refrain says,

¡A todos la muerte!

¡A todos le suerte!"

and you should therefore take every reverse of fortune philosophically, as you see me do. I have parted with my cell, and I am now in the convent, where I am led on in pursuance of his sentence; but I thank my patron, Santo Domingo, that I have never lost sight of my equanimity, on any such trying occasion. My motto is

¡Siempre padre!

¡A cualquier estado!"

and let it also be yours, my son. You know not what consolation it will afford you on any unforeseen emergency.

As worthy Fray Nicolas was proceeding in this strain of well meant consolation, and was more particularly insisting on the absolute necessity of being at all times resigned, and prepared for the worst; the hollow roaring of the earthquake, specially followed by a concussion which shook the walls of the prison, and the ground beneath his complacency of his harangue. He tottered to the door, as fast as his agitation and the vibratory motion of the earth would permit; and, finding that the jailer had double locked the cell, on leaving him to his tête à tête with the prisoner, he made the most violent efforts to burst his way. Finding that it was in vain, he strained his voice, in unison with Don Beltran, to make himself heard by the jailer and ejaculated many an oath.

Rodil, however, was far enough out of hearing. He fled precipitately into the Plaza at the first alarm, and, with the usual recklessness of a jailer, left his unhappy prisoners to their fate. The solid masonry of the carcel resisted for some moments the violence of the earthquake; but by degrees, the walls began to give away in various parts, either filling in on the helpless inmates of the cells, or outwards into the courts of the prison. Whatsoever the inmates were, they were Fray Nicolas, who had thrown himself on the dungeon floor, exhausted by his previous exertions, he exclaimed, "Curses on that monster of iniquity, who has left me here to perish! and a thousand on my own folly, in trusting myself within the walls of a prison on any such a wretched day as this!" He then, however, stuck sticks of solid silver do I vow to Santo Domingo! let me but escape in safety from this extremity of danger."

Don Beltran, meanwhile, was by no means free from

by the uninviting name of *chiodo*, from the flavour it acquires in the goat-skin bottles in which it is kept. Don Beltrán advised his daughter to partake of the honestly fair, which was all he had been able to procure at so late an hour; acquainting her at the same time, that he designed to proceed on the journey they had before them, as soon as the horses which had brought them thither should be rested. She declined taking any more fresh meat; but she was obliged to eat some little, wearied by the fatigue and anxiety of the day, commenced an attack on the provisions; having occasionally recourse to the calabash, as a valuable auxiliary against the chill night air, which began to be keenly felt.

When they had finished their repast, they again saddled their horses, which had been browsing on the young shoots of the culegui cane under the banks of the raving Then, bringing forward the iron chest from its place of concealment, they laid it as before on one mule, and fastened the trunks on the other. Don Beltran seated his daughter once more on the pillion, and mounted before her. Joaquin, looking gloomy and discontented, at the misfortune that had reduced him to the station of a peon, rode forward, leading the two mules, and took the road into the interior of the forest.

CHAPTER IX.

MORNING.—THE INDIAN HUT.—THE CREOLE OF CURAZAO.—
THE SCHOONER.

The moon rode high in the heavens, when they left the Quebrada del Tucuerqui; and as they proceeded farther into the recesses of the forest, they met with less interruption from the underwood. The mahogany trees, also, of which it was chiefly composed, were of a more majestic size, and situated much farther apart from each other, than in the outskirts; for towards these the wood was spreading, and was consequently of a later growth. The mighty monarchs of the forest appeared to disdain all meaner competitors; and the soil in which they grew, exhausted, as it were, by sustaining their gigantic frames, seemed incapable of nourishing a blade of grass, or any thing possessing vegetable life, except enormous fungi and dusky lichens;—the reptiles of botany.

The first great streaks of dawn became visible, as the travellers emerged from the forest, and entered on a series of grassy glades, surrounded by copse wood, extending between it and the villages of Leon. Numerous herds of wild cattle, and some of the deer, were grazing themselves to graze along the borders of the savanna; while the shrill crow of the cock of the wood, and the piercing scream of the wild turkey, were heard from the forest. The travellers were surprised to find a freshness that refreshing coolness, which usually renders the morning hour so delightful, even in the hottest climates. Not a breath of air waved the long savanna grass, nor rustled through the leaves of the morichi palm; and as the travellers advanced, they were struck by the brilliant splendour on the unsheltered plain, which the travellers were crossing. The oppressive sultriness, such as generally follows, as well as it precedes, an earthquake, determined Don Beltrán to pass a few hours beneath the shade of the forest, and to refresh himself with the cool water evident signs of fatigue; and although Maria del Rosario forbore to complain, her father could judge, by her flushed cheeks and parched lips, that some refreshment was more suited to her habits than that which he had provided. The journey was a short season in the shade, and the travellers were absolutely necessary for her.

They were coasting along the edge of an extensive tract of sand and gravel,—which had apparently overwhelmed this part of the savanna at some remote period, swept along, probably, by a long forgotten inundation, or suddenly poured forth, from the bowels of the earth, by some devastating earthquake,—when Don Beltran suddenly broke the melancholy silence that excessive thirst had caused among them.

"Queen of heaven!" he exclaimed; "there is water at last. Keep up your spirits, Rosarito! a few minutes longer, and we shall assuage this bitter thirst that oppresses us."

The novice looked in the direction her father pointed; and, though her eyes were inflamed and dim, with the scorching heat of the atmosphere, which had deprived both them and her lips of all moisture, she fancied she saw distinctly a clear pool, scarcely agitated by a gentle breeze, that broke into waving lines the shadows of the neighbouring palm trees. She faltered thanks to her patron saint for this unexpected prospect of relief; and would have wept for joy, but that her tears appeared dried in their source. To reach the spot where the lagoon ap-

peared to be situated, they were under the necessity of turning off from the beaten track, into the heavy sand and shingles round which it wound. The horses and mules, instead of pressing forward instinctively, hung back, in spite of spurs and blows; and, at last, stood obstinately and determinedly still.

Jozequin Peela, irritated at this delay, dismounted, and set off on foot to fill their calabash. His father and sister too were eager to follow him, watched him with anxious eyes, as he disappeared into the distance. He hoped to find water after it; but did not stop to draw water. He passed on, and walked completely through that which they still believed to be a clear pool; and yet, to their unspeakable surprise, he did not throw himself down eagerly to drink, as they felt that they must have done long ago. He turned round, and saw that the water had turned; but it was to dash the calabash to the ground with gestures of fierce disappointment. He caught up handfuls of sand, which he threw violently from him, to show them that he had at length discovered, on seeing the same delusive appearance before, behind, and round him, that the mirage was not a pool of water, but a tantalising illusion, the deceitful mirage of the desert.

Don Beltran now comprehended why the beasts were so determined against proceeding in this direction. Their instinct, a more unerring guide than man's boasted reason, had warned them that, by leaving the path, they would wander farther and farther from their usual halting place, where alone water was to be procured.

He secretly directed Joaquin to turn with the mules towards a *mata* of palms, a few miles off the road; and after a tedious journey over the dusty plain, which appeared to lengthen as they toiled along, they discovered a small Indian hut built among three trees in a grove of *palmas*. By the entrance were ruminating in the shade, they knew it to be one of the *contiene* attached to some large dairy farm. Their approach aroused two or three stout bony tiger-dogs, of the Comana breed, from their place of repose beneath a pile of brushwood, and they came bounding forth, their heads dashed furiously forward, resenting the intrusion of strangers, a little Indian boy, more than half naked, sprang up from a miniature hovel, in which he had been lounging in all the luxury of indolence, together with a whole litter of young brothers and sisters, and, with a shrill, excited cry, he rushed forward, brandishing a small sling, from which he hurled pebbles with true Indian dexterity, he drove the dogs slowly and aukily back to their lair. From thence they long viewed the strangers assiduously, crouched in the attitude of intense interest, and when they perceived that the dogs and stilled growls, before they became in some degree reconciled to their unusual appearance.

The mother of the family, who was busied, with her eldest daughter, pressing cards into small round basins, neatly plaited of palm leaves, came forward on hearing the sound of the horses' hoofs. The usual salutation, "Buenos días," welcomed the travellers to her cottage, and, in doing so, she disquietingly previously lauded them a capacious calabash of fresh water, which had been hanging in the breeze. She lifted Maria del Rosario from her pillow, kissing her on each cheek, as she led her under the cool roof, which, by the way, was of a surprising construction, for, on which it was built, was covered with a broad leaved zapallo and calabash, with golden and white flowers: these useful vegetables having climbed up the posts of the shed, and spread themselves entirely over the thatch. There were no walls to exclude the breeze from the salubrious interior, and the only article of furniture, a candle was kept constantly burning before a gaudy coloured print of Nuestra Señra del Carmen, surrounded by a small crucifix of brass. The whole of the partition under this shrine was gaily decorated with brilliant feathers, wild birds' eggs, and stuffed humming birds, and the floor was strewn with the same, although bearing the name of a bed-room, had never been profaned by being put to that use; and was neatly enclosed by a lattice work of bright yellow canes. It contained, amongst the other few valuables of the family, some carved chest of black mahogany; from which the Indian, in the morning, drew a small quantity of grass nut, as white as cotton, which she hung up for the accommodation of her fair guest.

Don Beltran and his son unsaddled their horses and mulcs, and entrusted them to the care of the two eldest boys, who volunteered to take them to drink at a neighbouring pool. The archins mounted with the activity of monkeys, on obtaining permission: congratulating

themselves on their promotion to the important post of groomers, with a grin of delight, seldom to be seen even among the younger branches of their saturnine race. The travellers then entered the house, and found there a table laden with bread and butter, with plants, cheese, and milk in small white calabashes; lamenting, at the same time, the absence of her husband, who, she said, would have been proud to assist her in showing attention to her guests. When they had concluded their meal, she pointed out to Don Beltrán and Joaquín two small rooms, each with a bedstead and a network, that were suspended beneath the palms; recommending them to refresh themselves by a siesta. She also produced a curtain of woven grass, which she sprinkled with water, and drew close round the hammock in which Maria del Rosario was reclining, to screen her from wind and dust. The travellers, however, impatient, when the travellers' arrival had interrupted, under the cool shade she used as a dairy.

Never had the hours of siesta appeared to the novice to pass so rapidly, for never had she felt such need of rest: she was, however, considerably refreshed, when her father again summoned her to resume her journey. Their Indian hostess absolutely refused to accept of any remuneration for her attention, except a few cigars, which Don Beltran ran for her husband, and a scapulary of Santa Clara which the novice hung round her neck at parting. Another tedious race of swarms of flies had to be endured; and it was not until late in the evening, that they began to ascend the range of low hills, between the level country of Cuñaveral and the sea-coast.

The port which Don Beltran had selected as being one at which he ran but little risk of interruption in making his escape, was the small fishing village of Los Angeles, situated on the coast of the narrow strait through which the Gulf of Caraccas was frequented only by coasting frigates, and small droghers from the neighbouring islands, which used to touch here occasionally for the purpose of trading or smuggling. Both terms were indeed synonymous on the coast of Tierra Firme, except at the larger ports. Beltran, however, was not without his doubts, and, considering the state of commotion in which he had left Caraccas, the imminent danger he had already undergone induced him to be as cautious as possible. He therefore left his son and daughter in the first cottage at the entrance of the village, and rode on alone, his pursuit being attended with little vexation, these marauders could see above the huts.

It was not long before he found out the *cancha de bolas*, (which was also the dancing-house and only place of public entertainment in the village,) by the sounds of mirth and revelry that proceeded from it, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. The cancha itself, with its smooth earthen floor sprinkled with white sand, occupied one end of a large oblong shed, open at the sides, and thatched with leaves. At the farther end of this rancho, was a pulperia, or shop for the sale of sundries,—chiefly cigars and tobacco. In the crowd which was gathered far the largest component, was a crowded assembly surrounding a few dancers ; who were amusing themselves and the spectators with a fandango, to the music of a harp, two or three vihuelas, and a choir of singers, partly volunteers, partly hired.

Don Beltrán called on one side the pulperó who was busily engaged supplying his clamorous guests, in the dancing-shed or the cancha, with calabashes of *punches* for the men, and copitas of liqueurs for the females. On enquiring if any merchant sailors were there, he was directed to the pulperia, where he found three foreign vessels, the crews of which were sitting round a table smoking long negro cigars, and rattling each other in copious libations of aguardiente churrito. Two were mulattoes from the island of Trinidad, who had crossed the Boca del Sirlipiente in their small sloops, and were returning freighted with cane spirits distilled on the Main. These were then in considerable request at the plantations on the neighbouring islands, for the purpose of making rum. The third was a Dutch schooner, the crew of which, white, or rather tawny, Dutch creoles of Curaçao, who had just landed and sold a cargo of dry-goods from their free trader, and was in readiness to return.

Lodewijk Sluiker was exactly the shipper suited to Don Beltrán's purpose. The phlegm he inherited from his Teutonic ancestors, had moderated in him the alertness and inquisitiveness of the creole, to a good humoured *insouciance*, which rendered him the most accommodating being possible, in the way of business. He was ready to do any thing for an employer,—provided it would not give him too much trouble;—and to sail to any part of the West Indies,—where he was in no danger of the

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 6, NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA—At \$5 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

CHAPTER X.

LA GUAYTA.—THE REINFORCEMENT.

custom-house,—without asking inconvenient questions, and "for a consideration." Peñaña therefore easily struck a bargain with him, for a reasonable sum, to convey himself and two other passengers, with their baggage to the neutral island of St. Thomas; for no officer could induce Lodevsky to hazard his schooner at any port under the Spanish flag. Don Beltran therefore returned in search of his son and daughter; and Sluiker proceeded to collect his "*auri schelus*," of negro sailors, who were enjoying themselves, with the thoughtless blarney of their nation and profession, at the fandango. Previously to embarking, Peñaña endeavoured to dispose of his horses and mules; but could meet with no purchaser in the fishing village. He therefore gave them to the skipper, who entrusts them to the care of the *paletero*; declaring they would make him an excellent venture to Curacao on his return.

Every thing being prepared for hauling out of the creek, the schooner was brought alongside a small jetty, and the passengers embarked by the light of a lantern, which Kapitein Lodevsky held for their accommodation. The honest skipper, notwithstanding his abject indifference to every thing that did not immediately interfere with his own affairs, was surprised to see so young and lovely a female about to embark in a craft so void of all accommodation as his; especially in company with men, of whom he could entertain no favourable opinion, from the clandestine manner of their leaving the country. However, the doubtless had received were good; and the lady, whoever she might be, made no complaint. He therefore prudently determined to say nothing on the subject, except to express his fear in his provincial jargon, half Dutch and half Spanish, that the poor young lady had taken an uncomfortable situation on board the droguer, insisted, before he would cut loose from the jetty, on accommodating his lady-passenger in the best manner possible. Having wrapped a boat-cloth round her, he seated her on the companion; and jumping down below, handed up a binnacle, a liquor-case, and several pen-jackets and foul-weather hats, &c. which lumbered the cabin. He then earnestly advised her to go below out of the chill night air; comforting her with an assurance, that as soon as the schooner should be clear of the creek and in the fair-way, he would knock down the bulk-head which separated the cabin from the hold, and the latter was empty, she would then have plenty of fresh air, and even room to walk about, as she felt disposed.

He appeared to consider no apologies necessary to Don Beltran and his son; merely warning them, as he saw this was their first passage, to keep their feet out of coils of rope, and their heads from under the boom, when the main-sail was hoisted. At the older Peñaña's request, he lowered the iron chest into the hold, making no remark on its weight, which was considerable, except desiring the men to stow it right amidships, and close to the heel of the main-sail; for it was enough, he said, to throw the droguer out of trim. He then made room for the trunks, on the cabin floor, under the wing-top table.

The tide having begun to ebb, Sluiker sent two hands in the jolly-boat to tow: the lights in the cottages at Los Esgras rapidly receded, and at length totally disappeared. The scene was so perfectly new to the passengers, who had remained on deck, that they exchanged scarcely a word, as they leaned on the companion, gazing at the shores, which were indistinctly seen as the creek widened. Not a sound was heard around, but the slow splash of the oars in the boat ahead; and with the occasional splash of the oars in the droguer, which called for a few moments after the surrounding level of water, they then died away in the distance. Lodevsky, who stood at the helm, now recommended his passengers to descend into the fore-hold; where, he informed them, they would find a few spare sails, on which they might rough it comfortably enough. They obeyed his advice, and soon forgot the novelty of their situation in repose.

Don Carlos and his friend Lorenzo Tova arrived at La Guaya, soon after the reveille had ceased beating, on the morning after the earthquake. They found that the Governor, who had shied at the fullest extent in that dreadful visitation, there, as elsewhere, of symptoms of that factitious and motinous tendency in the inhabitants, which threatened the capital with the horrors of civil war, in addition to the fearful misfortune which had already befallen it.

As is generally the case, in sea-port towns on the Spanish Main, there were but few *rotos*, or idlers of any description, in La Guaya, in comparison to the numbers infesting the inland towns. The majority of the inhabitants, too, being merchants and manufacturers, were personally interested in the maintenance of order, and could at any time command a sufficient force composed of their immediate dependants and peons, to put down any disturbance, which might threaten mischief to their interests and property. Besides, the garrison was necessarily stronger than that maintained at Caracas, La Guaya being one of the principal ports in Venezuela; while, on the contrary, the friars were few in number, and by no means an influential class among a population, whose habits were decidedly those of military and seafaring men.

The governor, Don Ygnacio Cordovez, his house in the city, having been destroyed, was lodged under a marquise in the arsenal. He was an active bustling little creole, who had risen by means of the revolution from the desk of a writer, to the dignity of brigadier and military commandant of the port. Conscious of his original talents, and his unimpaired vigour, (for he was far below the middle size, he made it his study to counteract these defects, by a habit of busy importance, and by assuming the airs of a martinet.

The young men found him, notwithstanding the early hour at which they arrived, in full uniform, booted and spurred. He was busily engaged superintending the drill of several awkward squads, which had been assembled for that purpose in the arsenal, that they might be more immediately under his own inspection. Most of the drill sergeants were Spaniards, prisoners of war, who had volunteered into the patriotic service, to avoid the *cassa matas* and public works. These men might readily be recognised as veterans, by their scarred and weather-beaten features, as well as the rigid perpendicularity of their figures, and their stern, sonorous enunciation when giving the words of command. Nevertheless, the governor took repeated opportunities of disapproving their mode of drill, and correcting the faulty positions prescribed by the old school of tactics, after which they were modelling the recruits. This species of interference was very little to their satisfaction or edification, it might be presumed, by the ill-dissembled air and countenance which they evidently felt for their officious creole instructor.

Don Ygnacio Cordovez desisted from this his favourite occupation, on seeing an aide-de-camp of General Miranda approach him. Returning Sepulveda's salute, with much courteous dignity, he begged to know with what instructions his respected "father and commander" had been pleased to favour him. On being fully acquainted with the unpleasant state of affairs at Caracas, he broke out into bitter invectives against the whole fraternity of lay-brothers, whom he characterised as dangerous enemies to tranquillity, and drones of the commonwealth. He then, in a few words, apprised the governor of the fact, "that I have uniformly exerted myself to maintain discipline in this garrison. Had it been otherwise, the state of the republic would have been indeed critical. I sincerely hope Miranda will at length take warning, and attend to the advice I have so often had the honour to bring him, to direct every *compañía* from the country. Ayudante Nuñez! let the garrison immediately get under arms. I myself will select a reinforcement for the capital."

While the fort-adjutant was executing his order, the governor invited Don Carlos to his quarters, to refresh himself with a few glasses, directing Tova at the same time to join his regiment, which, he observed, was one of those he designed to detach. Notwithstanding the

foppiness of the little brigadier, he was a rigid disciplinarian; and before he and his guest had finished their early meal of fish and coffee, to which both brought soldiers' appetites, the adjutant reported the troops in readiness.

Sepulveda now learned, on enquiry, that in consequence of there having been no ceremonial of the anniversary the preceding day, the garrison of La Guaya had left the churches previously to the earthquake; consequently a very few were killed; and those chiefly by the fall of barracks and hospitals. He was provided with a fresh horse from the governor's own stable, and accompanied him to the Plaza, which was surrounded by regiments in open column, and marching order. Having welcomed them into line, Don Ygnacio addressed them in a high-flown speech, his was his constant custom, touching their duty as soldiers and patriots; and concluding, by acquainting them with his intention of detaching half the garrison to the assistance of their comrades at Caracas, who were in danger of being overpowered by the intrigues of the friars.

Nothing could be more agreeable to the troops than this declaration. They saw a prospect of exchanging the tedious uniformity of garrison duty, for the excitement and variety to be found in a campaign. As a very strong prejudice against the friars existed among the military, whom they had taken every opportunity of vilifying and roiling in their sermons, the troops entertained hopes of having it in their power to "find fat the grudge they bore them." It was, therefore, with exultation that the grenadiers de Barvento and the Cazadores de Arago, and themselves appointed as vanguard of the reinforcement; and their fellow soldiers secretly envied them, as they marched past to the outside the city, where three corps of cavalry were formed in readiness to accompany them. The governor ordered each horseman to take a foot soldier on behind; and having given the senior colonel his directions, wished the detachment to march forth into the country.

The soldiers had little or no baggage to encumber them; and the stout, active creole horses, little regarding the extra weight they carried, set off at a brisk trot, which effectually suppressed for a time the inclination which the troops felt, of audibly expressing their joy. But, as the column proceeded, the baggage came, and reached the short steep hills of the Cerrania, where they were occasionally obliged to dismount, they gave full vent to their glee in national songs, which, as was customary on a march, they sang in alternate chorus, each regiment in turn taking up the wild melody. After a few hours halt on the borders of a wood, situated about half way between La Guaya and the capital, they proceeded with renewed spirit and animation. Towards evening, they reached the heights of El Texar; from whence they could see the groves and plantations around Caracas, and the dark remaining spires and turrets of that once splendid city, gilded by the last rays of the setting sun.

From hence Sepulveda, who had hitherto ridden beside Lorenzo Tova, spurred forward to apprise his general that the reinforcement was approaching. He learned that the scanty remains of the garrison had been attacked, the night before, in their houses on the Esgras, by the infuriated zealots of the city, whom the friars had stimulated to insurrection. These had been joined by the *rotos*, who fought solely for plunder; and by the numerous royalist citizens, who had long been desirous of a similar opportunity of reinstating the Spanish government. The patriots had lost their field pieces, on which the mob had thrown themselves in all the irregular and irresistible fury of fanaticism; and Miranda had found himself compelled to retire, with his diminished army, to his own Quinta of Girasol, situated on a gentle ascent towards the hills overlooking the city.

As it was late when Sepulveda arrived, he was detained by a picket of cavalry, stationed at the bottom of the avenue leading to the house, until he was recognised by the commanding officer. As he proceeded in quest of Miranda, he passed through the well known pleasure grounds, so strangely altered from their former appearance, in the few hours during which they had been occupied by troops, that he could scarcely be-

The Quinta of Girasol, at which were the temporary head quarters of the patriot¹ army, had always been the

the *cogote-raspados*; and my mozos will separate, every man to his home."

By this time they had reached the Quinta, where Miranda found the troops still under arms, and waiting for orders. He directed them to leave their arms, and prepare their morning meal; but to be in readiness to fall at a moment's warning. While the general was busied in receiving reports, and issuing orders for the day, Sepúlveda took the opportunity of enquiring for his mother. He found her in one of the long verandas overlooking the dense grove, in conversation with his brother Gabriel, who was excepted, as chaplain, from the strict order issued, prohibiting the officers from intruding on that part of the Quinta occupied by the ladies. The balconies were filled with Caraqueños, who looked on with interest in the conversation, and chatted merrily with their brothers and *cortijos* beneath; finding a great source of diversion in the temporary separation to which they were subjected, and the novel bustle and parade of a camp.

The Godo party, meanwhile, which had possession of the city, had taken every possible precaution to ensure the success of the counter revolution they had commenced. They had already despatched messengers to Cartagena, to solicit assistance from Monteverde; who, as they well knew, had lately received a strong reinforcement from the commander-in-chief of being speedily succoured, they resolved to make a vigorous resistance against all attempts to dislodge them. The seditionists laboured incessantly to keep the enthusiasm of their partisans at its proper pitch, by inflammatory harangues; and the wealthy royalists, many of whom had fled to the Spanish strand, which was being rapidly displayed from the ruins of the capital, were lavish in their distribution of money among the populace.

Every man who lives in a revolutionary period, either has been, is, or hourly expects to be, a soldier. Consequently, there was but little difficulty in hastily disciplining the troops, of whom every man whom was acquainted with the use of arms, so as to render their services as a body available. Several hundred Europeans were scattered among them, who had formerly belonged to the Spanish armies. They had been permitted, by the general, to take the opportunity to settle in Caracas, and even, in many instances, to hold confidential situations, after having surrendered under capitulation in different parts of the country. These men's military skill and experience in warfare, joined to the national antipathy they, as Europeans, bore the crookes, and the royalists, they entertained towards the patriots who had humbled them, eminently qualified them to serve as officers among the motley assemblage, which they encouraged by their presence, and animated by their example.

The friars had also seen emissaries among the neighbouring plantations, for the purpose of stimulating the slaves to a revolt against their masters. This unpripled measure, which was subsequently productive of the most horrible results, was but partially successful at this early stage of the war; for the slaves for the Main, whose master was, by many degrees, milder than that captured by the patriots, and who were not so much deterred from again trying their strength, in the open field, against their disciplined opponents. They were contented to entrench themselves in the Plaza and the neighbouring ruined convents, in a manner which the friars pronounced imprudent. But the veteran Spaniards shook their heads, and doubted whether the raw recruits, whom they saw around them, would be able to make good such breastworks, when vigorously attacked by regular troops.

The command of the whole had been entrusted, by the general, to Fray Pablo Oyarzun, a man of high rank, well known throughout Caracas as a factious demagogue. His Herculean limbs would have better become the cuirass and helmet of a dragoon, than the coarse gray tunic and cerquillo of a friar; and his strength of frame, and the fanaticism of his domination, had rendered him popular as an ogre at seditionist assemblies. A zealous member of the church-militant had not entirely discarded his monastic habits, in assuming the office and authority

of general; for he still wore the white sandals and dark-hooded frock of a capuchin. But the latter article of dress had been repeatedly rent, by clanking among the ruins of the city, and by his strenuous exertions whilst assisting to build the barricades; so that it barely reached down to his knees. He wore the usual knotted girdle of his order, his tunic was bound round his waist by a broad buff leather belt, which held a horseman's sabre, and a brace of brass-mounted pistols. His shaven crown was covered by a helmet, stripped from one of the patriots, whose head he had killed in the Plaza by the first discharge of the musket. He was in the midst of motion. The bushy red beard, which he wore in compliance with the rules of his order, gained him, among the insurgents, the appellation of "*el Padre Bastidor*," from the resemblance it gave him to a Spanish pioneer.

Powerful as his influence was among those of his party, and little as he scrupled to embrace his authority by the most approved method of "*pan y palo*," he could not succeed in keeping the *rotos*, on whose exertions he so much privately depended, in such order as was desirable. The number of private houses, with well-stocked cellars, as well as of public chop-houses, which had been abandoned, and to which they had unrestrained access, had given them such favourable opportunities for intoxication, as they could not resist. Patrols of their more sober companions in arms were incessantly employed collecting wine from the chicherías and wine-houses, in which they indulged in their Bacchanalian revels, and by a forgetful of the attack there was every reason to expect, so soon as Miranda should have mustered a sufficient force.

The alteration in the clothing of the *rotos* was another cause of small embarrassment to their commander and his subalterns; for the appearance, at a distance, of an irregular group of them, dressed in their borrowed plumes, frequently alarmed the pickets in the Plaza, with the idea that a party of the enemy had entered the city. Some men, pale and withered, wearing the cavalry and infantry uniforms, which they found in barracks or government stores, and on the bodies of soldiers who had been crushed to death during the earthquake. By far the greater number, however, dressed themselves in the gaudiest suits they could plunder, in the houses belonging to the nobles, or in the shops of the wardrobe of the theatre. Even the gaily embroidered and richly dressed of the bull fighters had been put in requisition. As these realised the *beau idéal* of splendid apparel, in the eyes of the mob, they became the cause of many little combats with the knife; and repeatedly changed their names, and their country, and their profession, for gaudy decorations was confined to adorning their persons from the waist upwards. They preferred the *guayaco* and loose calzoncillos, far beyond trousers or pantaloons; and the few among them, who were tempted to wear shoes or boots, soon laid them aside, in despair at the cramping and chafing occasioned by such unnatural incumbrances.

If their appearance was grotesque, their deportment on parade, when they could be persuaded to attend, was as deeply mortified and scandalised their more substantial comrades, who were not so much deterred by their drill-sergeants, with apparently intuitive readiness of apprehension; and kept step as correctly as might have been anticipated, from their national aversion to dancing. But these they utterly scorned, and remained steady in position, and their propensity to whistle, and even to sing "*La Cachupina*" and "*El Frailejón*," whilst standing in the ranks, perpetually annoyed and insulted their Spanish leaders, both priests and laymen. Nevertheless, as their co-operation was of great importance, until the expected reinforcement should arrive from Cartagena, it was considered expedient to connive at these irregularities, and to keep the *rotos* in good humour. Such was the condition of the insurgents within the city, when Miranda was preparing to attack.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ASSAULT—THE CHINGARRA.

The hour appointed for the assault at length arrived; and the patriots, having been apprised of the route, and by devious routes, from all the points in which it had been evaded; so as to enter Caracas by different parts of the environs. The forces within the city, being chiefly raw recruits, headed by inexperienced officers, had given no ground, but they were not so much deterred by this, as Miranda had foreseen. Repose, at that hour, was considered by them such a matter of course, that they

never dreamed of the possibility of its being interrupted in a hostile manner. They had retired, so less securely on the siesta being held, rather than long continuing parties used to calculate, at the commencement of the revolutionary war, on every sabbath and saint's day being observed as temporary cessations of arms.

The Caraqueños, who were posted by the street leading from the plain of the Egido, in connection with the Grenadères del Barlovento, surprised the first picket they came to; the sentry, who was seated with his musket between his knees, dozing under the shade of a projecting roof, being disarmed before he could spread the alarm. Having secured their prisoners in their own guard-room, the troops proceeded unchallenged along the Calle del Marqués, through solitary streets. They might have supposed the city to be altogether deserted, were it not for the sounds of merriment and singing they occasionally heard, passing the door of some chichería, within which a party of *rotos* were engaged in celebrating the main street leading to the Plaza, a single shot was heard in an opposite quarter. The leading files halted for a moment, and held their breath to listen. It was followed by a heavy, but irregular discharge of musketry, such as anticipated body of men would fire on a sudden alarm; and instantly after, close volleys of musketballs, pealed in measured time from the same direction.

"*Viva la patria*!" exclaimed Lorenzo Tovar, who commanded the second guard, as his comrades are hard at already. Don't slack march!"

The whole column immediately trailed arms, and advanced at a rapid pace, along the wide Calle Real. The sound of firing was now heard in two different quarters; and the "*Vivas*" of the assaults were mingled with the cries of the alarmed insurgents. The first of the great bell of the Franciscan convent, near the Plaza, which was one of the very large edifices that had escaped with little injury, was tolled in the abrupt startling peal commonly called "*Plagaria*." The Cazadores were within a minute of the breast-work raised across the corner of the square, and the first of the heavy muzzles of the field piece, which was planted in the centre of the barricade, and the report shook the tottering walls on each side of the street. Fortunately for the assailants, the gun had been elevated above point-blank; and the other great guns, which were pointed in the same direction, instead of sweeping the foremost files before it, as the insurgents had designed.

When the smoke cleared away, Tovar found himself close to a small party of Spaniards, who were actively engaged in the second shot. He cut down the man who was running home the cartridge, and his fellows scrambling over the breast-work, bayoneted those who were defending it. They were soon checked, however, by an unexpected heavy and well directed fire, from a strong body of *rotos*, stationed in the rear of the barricade; and they suffered severely, whilst their comrades were swarming up to their support. The smoke of this volley shrouded them for a while; and enabled them to plant with little farther loss, except such as was sustained by chance shots. The moment it cleared away, the Cazadores rushed forward, supported by the grenadiers, who had reached the scene of the parallel street, and had entered the Plaza at the same moment, over the adjoining breast-work.

The *rotos* withstood the charge for a moment; wavered, and broke their ranks; crowding confusedly into the ruined cathedral, where they made a desperate stand behind the fallen pillars of the aisles. They were closely pursued by the Cazadores; and the sacred walls re-echoed the pealing volleys of musketry, the shouts of the combatants and the shrieks of the wounded. Ale Spaniards, who were not so much deterred by the stood firm. When forced from the spot they had defended, by the press of assailants, who were too eager in pursuit of the fugitives to observe them, they rallied round the fountain in the centre of the square, from whence they kept up a destructive and unobserved fire. The runaway slaves, on whom the little dependence had been placed, and who had not been entrusted with fire-arms, were stationed in the courts of the palace and prison, from whence they at first looked on, with their usual apathy, at the destruction that raged before their eyes. But when they saw the flames of the Cathedral, and the Plaza, and the insurgents were flying in confusion through the ruined buildings, and endeavouring to gain the neighbouring churches and convents. Fray Pablo Oyarzun, who had proved himself in the late *milité* as able a swordsman as a warrior, threw himself into the midst of the slaves, and called on them to follow him; reminding them of the consequences of falling into the

with half a dozen hands, besides several sitters in the stern sheets, was pulled towards the droguer. When the boat came along-side, several rough looking marauders, of various nations, and hues of complexion, stepped on board with countenances of the most malignant. The leader, who appeared fitted by his muscular frame, and ferocious expression of countenance, to rule such a lawless band, shook Lodewyk heartily by the hand, addressing him familiarly as "old shipmate;" and demanded to know what passengers he had on board, and where he had stowed them. "The shipper was hesitating whether he had better own to the fact, when his deliberation was cut short by the pirate, who said he had already seen them.

"Never think of denying them, old Sluiker! I keep both eyes wide open to detect you, so let the gentry come tumble up deck to muster directly, or I must send somebody for him! I should have passed your droguer without overhearing her, for old acquaintance sake, if they had kept the deck manfully; but such hasty diving below looks tarnal suspicious." "The passengers, who trembled for the safety of his female passenger, made haste to call Don Beltran and his son from their place of concealment. They hesitated so long to obey his summons, that the pirate became impatient, and with a volley of oaths and denunciations of vengeance, ordered the two of his men to "jump down into the hold, and turn to, to start on deck every mother's son they could find." Scarcely had they dropped through the hatchway, when a joyful shout announced their having discovered a prize in the iron chest.

"Pass down a rousing bowline!" cried one of them, "and stand by to rouse this here yapper on deck. Never mind the passengers this bout! I suppose they are cold away under the covers of these sails; but we have made a better land-fall!"

With half a dozen hands remained in the boat, left her in charge of the bow-man on hearing this welcome news, and crowded round the hatch-way, to assist in hoisting out the chest, the weight of which proclaimed its value to be considerable. When it lay before them in the gang-way, they announced their success, with three hearty cheers, and the party of two men to be sent to save you some part of it. I shall always remember that we two have been on the account together formerly; and although you are now in a quieter line of business, still you have it in your power to be useful to us occasionally. Tell me honestly, Lodewyk, have these passengers of yours got any thing of the right sort? If not, I will boom off with my ship-mates, before they think of overhearing your berth; as you may have some little articles of your own there, which you would not like to lose."

"My captain," Lodewyk assured him, with not a few oaths in his peculiar dialect, that there was nothing else of value in the vessel, he again shook hands, and stepping into the boat, ordered her to be shoved off. The pirates pulled merrily for their schooner, singing in chorus the well-known West Indian canoe song:—

"The captain's gone ashore;
The mate's got the key;
Hurrah! my jolly boys,—
The frog time o'clock."

The boat was cleared and hoisted up, and the schooner filled her sails and stood away for the Westward, before Sluiker recovered from his astonishment at this unwell-ordered visit. Having made sail on the droguer, and given orders for her to be kept her course, he descended to the cabin, and relieved the novice from the dreadful apprehensions under which she had laboured, while the pirates were on board. He found it a far more difficult task to reconcile Don Beltran to the loss of his treasure; and it was in vain that he reminded him of the providential escape he and his family had, from falling into the hands of a lawless gang. The unfortunate emigrant was sensible of the stress of the misadventure that had befallen him; and could scarcely credit the reality of his loss. He soon recovered, however, from this apparent apathy, and awoke to a painful sense of total destitution; with a family too, entirely dependent on him for subsistence, and whose future he was unable to foresee, far from their home and native land. He had been comparatively calm during his arrest, and subsequent imprisonment, at Caracas; and had not in reality felt such

terror, in the prospect of approaching death, as now overwhelmed him, when anticipating poverty and wretchedness.

His agonies of mind were truly terrifying to his daughter, who had, ever since her scorn him, but at the stern, stoical parent, whom she had not indeed been taught to love, but whom she nevertheless instinctively respected. He now appeared to her completely bereft of reason, as he alternately uttered the most violent imprecations on the pirates who had robbed him, and wrung his hands in unavailing regret and despair. He once ventured to approach him, for the purpose of suggesting some thoughts of consolation;—she scarcely knew what;—but he repulsed her with violence, and even fierceness, as if anxious to relieve himself, by a vain attempt to throw the blame on her, and to make her share in his guilt with him. He occasionally appeared to look as if expecting consolation from his son Joaquin, for whose sake chiefly he had laboured to amass his wealth. But although the young man was sensible, to its fullest extent, of the misfortune which had befallen them, his thoughts were continually engaged by his own share in the calamity; and he sat apart in gloomy silence, without uttering a word betokening sympathy in his parent's distress.

Lodewyk, meanwhile, who had at first offered to reconcile Don Beltran, and save his passengers, but had met with an abrupt, and, as he conceived, haughty refusal, stood for some time at the helm in silence; conscious, doubtless, that his abilities in consolation were not to be relied on. When he found, however, that the violence of Peña's despair had worn itself out, he began to utter his own phrase, "to make 't best of a bad job."

"Come, señor passenger, you must not throw your heart after your doubts. If't roovers have taken your *gold-ink*, they have left you your zoon and dochter. *Amindels*, as you must be a king's man, by your running away from me, you may say get passage to Cartagena, or La Havana, where you zal be under your own vlag, and t' Spanish government wil be bound to maintain you. *Of anders*, if you prefer coming to anker at Santo Thomas, you zal find plenty of royalist *citizens*, who fled from Caracas last year, and now are waiting for you, to get you settled in the island, in hopes of soon returning. You moet do as they do. De jonker, here, your zoon, is stult enough to work vor all day; and ik dare say your dochter has learned *borduring*, at t' konvent, dat zal be useful to her."

With this, he dismissed her, with this suggestion, and assured her father that her novice had not been passed in idleness; enumerating the different accomplishments she had acquired, such as embroidery, flagrec work, &c. which usually form the principal part of a conventual education. Don Beltran rewarded her with a look of affection, the first she could remember his having bestowed on her; and he sighed, as he reflected how little he deserved sympathy of any kind from her, whom he had been on the point of consigning to the solitude of a convent, and who was even now condemned, through his agency, to poverty and exile.

When night approached, Lodewyk cautioned his passengers against the danger of exposing themselves to the cold sea breeze, after the heat of the day; and Joaquin Peña retired at once to the hold, where he stretched himself to sleep on the spare sails. Maria del Rosario, being unable to find any opportunity of having recourse under these circumstances of difficulty and distress, refused to leave him. She drew close to him, as he sat in silent abstraction on the deck of the small schooner, leaning against the weather bulwark; and watched with timid solicitude for an opportunity of taking her to him, as if to his support, to take to his hand, but averted his face, as if to repel all attempts at conversation; and continued to gaze in silence on the dark extent of the surrounding ocean.

It was a clear starlight night, and not a sound was heard, but the distance of the waves against the droguer's bows. The novice's thoughts, which had never yet been accustomed to dwell on either the loss or acquisition of wealth, speedily wandered from the subject that engrossed her father's attention, to the peaceful cloisters of the convent in which she had enjoyed an interrupted education. The intrusive thoughts which she still preserved, yet unconsciously cherished. She thought also of her kind friend Doña Gertrudes; and sighed deeply as she remembered how slender were her hopes of ever again embracing her. If she for a moment recalled to her mind the services she would now be able to render him, and the additional claims they would give her to that affection she so anxiously coveted.

The droguer glided rapidly by the dark rocks of the Aves islands; passing so close as to distinguish the flocks of sea birds at rest, appearing like regular ridges of white marble. Maria del Rosario gazed on them in reverent awe, and faded by degrees from her sight, and she sank into a profound slumber, without her arms. Old Sluiker, who had watched her attentively, stepped softly forward, and laid his boat-cloak gently over her. Her father acknowledged his attention by a grateful pressure of the hand; and continued to ruminate, in much anxiety, on the conduct of his royalist.

He was well aware, that he had no assistance to expect from the Spanish government at Cuba; for he anticipated the observation that would be made, that he ought to have emigrated at the very commencement of the rebellion of the Caracacis, if he had been a staunch royalist. The secret services he had conscientiously rendered to Monteverde had been punctually paid for; consequently he could have no claim on him, as he no longer had it in his power to be useful as a spy. He was also conscious, what slender pretensions a traitor to his country can have to the sympathy even of his compatriots, and was too well convinced of the profligacy of a Spanish army, to venture on taking his family with him to Cartagena, as dependants on the bounty of a royalist general. He therefore determined to establish himself at the residence of Santa Rosa, and to obtain, if possible, some commercial situation, as a means of support for himself and his daughter.

He had but little hope from the well known indolence and selfishness of his son Joaquin. But he flattered himself that, when the youth should be made fully sensible of the absolute necessity of exertion, the instruction he had received from the monk, or at least his bodily labour, would stand him in stead. After several wakeful hours, he at length closed his eyes, and sank into a disturbed slumber, interrupted by dreams, which repeated in vivid colours the misfortune of the preceding day.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WEST INDIAN.—THE NEGRESS'S COTTAGE.

The first rays of morning awoke Maria del Rosario from her slumber, and she opened her eyes, unable at first to recollect where she actually was, and by what means she had been transported thither. One glance, however, at the white sails above her, and the blue ocean above, sufficed to remind her that she was in the cabin of a schooner. Her father was leaning on a heavy, but apparently unaccountable, iron contrivance, which was disordered as it lay in pain, and his forehead and cheeks were flushed and parched, notwithstanding the coolness of the morning breeze. She resigned to him the cloak that Lodewyk had spread over her; and leaning on the bulwark, contemplated the lovely scenery of the islands to windward, abreast of which the schooner was sailing. To the east, and in the full blaze of sunrise, were seen the naked peaks of Montserrat and Redonda; and more to the northward, the blue mountains of Santa Eustacia and La Salina, and the neighbouring islands.

The old mulatto was at the helm; and, as he spoke her native language, Maria beguiled the time by questioning him concerning the different islands, with all of which he appeared well acquainted. The schipper at last came on deck, smoking his long cigar, as usual. After kissing her, he asked her how she got on, and felt no inconvenience from braving the night air, he proceeded to rouse Don Beltran, muttering Creole-Dutch exclamations of surprise at the heaviness of his slumber. On awaking, Peña's head found himself totally unable to support the weight of his own body, and he lay prone, in consequence of a sudden attack of giddiness. To his daughter's great alarm, Sluiker pronounced him on examination, to be attacked by that tropical fever so fatal to Europeans; and scarcely less certainly so to all creoles, who venture to change their place of abode incautiously, or who expose themselves to sudden and violent vicissitudes of weather. In answer to the anxious enquiries of the novice, Sluiker declared that nothing could be done for him, while aboard the droguer, except to shelter him from the sun until the evening; when he observed, they would, on all probability, reach the island to which they were bound, and he might gain an evening for the invalid across the main rigging, beneath which he provided him with as comfortable a couch, as was possible under existing circumstances; recommending that he should be left undisturbed, and strongly warning the novice against exposing herself to the contagion of his disease. No contradiction, however, could prevent her from attending her father with sincere filial affection. She would permit no hand but hers to smooth his rugged pillow, and to offer to his

perched lips such beverage as could be prepared for him, as so ill provided with a vessel.

As the mid-day heat grew more oppressive, the violence of the fever increased; and the raving of the unfortunate emigrant terrified his daughter. Having never before attended a bed of sickness, except that of some meek, penitent nun, gradually sinking into the grave in the full possession of her senses, and surrounded by all the consolation in the aid of religion, and soothing in the sympathy of friends, she had formed no idea of, and was totally unprepared to witness, a death embittered by mental and corporeal agony. She vainly endeavoured to soothe, and meet by argument, what she at first believed to be the suggestions of a morbid fancy, and was at last, by misfortune, to a partial insanity. Even after she had been undeceived by the more experienced Lodewyk, who was unwearied in his attention and advice, she involuntarily started and shuddered, as she heard her name, and that of her brother, repeatedly called on the while in the most exhorting terms, and the next with the bitterest reproaches and execrations, as he confounded in his frenzy the idea of his children, with the recollection of the recent outrage perpetrated by the pirates. Joaquin, meanwhile, sat on the companion, gloomily looking on, as if in any way attempting to be of the least service.

Towards the afternoon, they entered the beautiful little archipelago, dedicated by the first discoverers, (in allusion, probably, to the richness of the soil), to "La Virgen Guadalupe," and just before sunset the droguee passed the green island of San Juan, and entered the sheltered harbour of Saint Thomas. The arrival of the small schooner excited no attention whatever among the many cheerful parties, that were walking under the cocoa-nut trees on the beach, or seated on the ramparts of the half-ruined fort. Although Maria del Rosario knew Joaquin she had not a friend, nor even an acquaintance in the world, except at Caracas, yet she felt almost disappointed, that not one among the numbers she saw, had come forward to welcome her. An overwhelming sense of her own oppression, as the droguee came to an anchor near the landing place. As she looked at her father's helpless condition, and recollected the necessity of removing him to the shelter of some stranger's roof, she hid her face on his couch, and burst into tears.

The skipper, who had been busied mooring his little vessel, and hauling up the anchor, came to the harbour gangway, where it had been slowed during the passage, now accented the novice in as soft a tone as he could assume. He entreated her not to distress herself, for he would himself go immediately on shore; and endeavour to find a lodging for her and her father. When she told him it was a little later, and the streets were not so much crowded, he said, he and a couple of his sailors would carry the sick man to his new quarters.

The coolness of the evening brought with it the usual temporary remission in the more violent symptoms of the fever. Don Beltran lay in a state of dozing insensibility, which renewed his daughter's apprehensions. She feared it was the precursor of death; and dreaded every moment to see him expire before her eyes, without any attempt having yet made to save him. She was thus encouraged by her father's condition, to leave her, and, very naturally and alarmed at the thought of incurring even the necessary expenses attending his removal, as she was totally ignorant whether or not he possessed the means of defraying them. Her brother was at that moment purchasing some fruit from a canoe alongside; and, when this was reached by him, he came to the gangway, and the opportunity of inquiring whether his father had any funds with him, to pay for the lodging, and requisite attendance. Joaquin professed his ignorance on that subject; but said, that he himself had a few dollars in his pocket, which, with the little he supposed, he considered for the present sufficient. This Joaquin believed her mind; and she waited, with comparatively little impatience, for the arrival of the good-natured skipper.

After a long anxious hour of expectation, Lodewyk returned. He declared that he had in vain offered his services in advance, at every house in the emigrants' quarter of the town, and even at the regular boarding houses; for he was obliged to mention his passenger's illness, and that was considered by every one an insuperable objection to receiving him as an inmate. As he found it impossible to conquer the scruples of the white residents, he determined to try the well known philosophy of the blacks; and was successful at the cottage of the first *blanchisseuse*, to whom he mentioned his embarrassment. After premising that the place was small, although other-

wise comfortable, and perfectly clean, he offered to conduct his passengers thither. Maria del Rosario eagerly exclaimed, "I will go with you," and the first plan he carefully removed the invalid; leaving the brother and sister on board, as the boat was too small to contain them all at the same time. In about half an hour he returned, and invited them to accompany him to their lodgings; assuring them that they would find Don Beltran more comfortably situated than the West Indians anticipated.

They followed him to the suburb inland the fort. There, on the rise of the hill leading to the plantations, a few neat white-washed cottages stood, totally differing in appearance, and style of building, from any that the eye could catch, and which the West Indians would never have suspected them to belong to landresses, unless perhaps from seeing the bamboo poles, supporting clothes' lines, in the gardens behind. The path by which they ascended, ran along the brink of a deep ravine, which was the channel for a mountain torrent in the rainy season; but was not merely a small rivulet, struggling down to the sea through large pebbles and fragments of rock. Some black women were seated on these, even at this late hour, singing in shrill chorus, and banging lustily, with small wooden beetles, the linen of their washing, that the West Indians might hear.

The skipper knocked gently at one of the largest cottages, and the door was opened by an elderly but remarkably erect negress, whose good-humoured smile, and laughing black eyes, welcomed her guests before she spoke a word. It was easy to see that she had mustered all her little energy, to do honour to her future inmates. She had dressed herself in a scrupulously clean white muslin gown, with light blue ribbands; and her shoulders were covered with a bright yellow silk shawl. Her shoes were pink satin; and her white cotton stockings would have been fusian, were it not for the open work of the elastic garters, which betrayed the same hue to the laughter of Africa. Her ear-rings were broad circles of gold, set with several ill-shaped and rather yellowish pearls; and a long necklace of gold beads, to which several pieces of Spanish coin, were attached, hung down nearly to her knees. Her hair, which was parted in the middle, and twisted into various attempts at plaiting, which projected abruptly like short horns; setting at defiance the efforts of some dozen small tortoise-shell combs, which were stuck into different parts of the *chevelure*.

Lodewyk introduced her as Mama Chepita; and informed her that he was a Dutchman, who spoke both English and speak Spanish, as most West Indian negroes can. He then took his leave, promising to return the next day to enquire after the invalid, previous to sailing. The negress kissed her fair guest's hand, and led her to a small room, which was very airy, and had red tiles. Its neatness astonished the emigrants; for on hearing Sluiker mention a landress's cottage, they had formed an idea of a miserable *ranchito*, like those they had been accustomed to see at the outskirts of their native city. The windows were, of course, unglazed, on account of the excessive heat of the climate; but they were covered with muslin curtains, of so thin a texture, as to admit the breeze from the harbour, which the cottage overlooked. The chairs were cane-bottomed, and painted in imitation of bamboo; and the table, which stood in the middle of the room, was of dark Honduras mahogany, brilliantly polished, and covered with a small side-board, covered with glass of every description, cut and plain, ranged ostentatiously in rows, from the smallest sized liqueur-glasses, to rummers and sangria-cups. Behind all, towered those tall candle-shades, which were of the same material as the tropical climate, where moths and other nocturnal insects swarm to such a degree, as instantly to extinguish an unguarded light.

Mama Chepita smiled with gratified vanity, at seeing the notice her young guests took of this piece of negro finery, which is rarely seen on the main, although extremely common in the islands. She invited them to be seated on an old-fashioned sofa, covered with a gaudy chintz, which appeared from its lustre, and the stiffness of its folds, to have been just taken out of the antique cedar chest, where it had been carefully laid by for state occasions. Maria del Rosario expressed an anxious desire to see her father, and he led her to a room, where curtains recess at the upper end of the room, where she showed her a neat couch surrounded by mosquito curtains, under which Don Beltran appeared to enjoy a refreshing sleep. In answer to the novice's enquiries respecting her father, she said, that he was recovering, but that, unless some unfavourable alteration in the symptoms should occur, it would be needless to call in a doctor; expressing at the same time great dread of the learned faculty, and hinting that Europeans could possi-

bly know nothing about the proper treatment of West Indian fevers. She also pointed to a large glass full of *brandy*, composed of various herbs, and gave the negress had detected. It stood cooling in the window, close to a jar of that never-failing specific, *manzanilla*; and the negress declared that, with these simples, she would answer for the patient's cure.

Mama Chepita then opened a drawer, in which she had laid Don Beltran's clothes, and gave the novice a purse belonging to her father, containing a few doubloons and dollars; likewise the keys of the trunks, which had been brought from the droguee by two of the crew. She showed Joaquin a small closet next to his father's, which she said was his bed-room; and led him to a room, which was a small apartment under the corridor opening into the garden, shaded by a large tamarind tree. When they returned to the sitting-room, they found the table laid for supper, and attended by a young negress, whom Mama Chepita presented to her guests, as her daughter and her servant. No parties could prevail on the hostess to join her guests. She hoped she knew her place better, than to sit in the presence of white people; and pressed them so earnestly to try the fish and tomato, and the *ochay*, that Maria del Rosario, who at first forced her to partake of some West Indian delicacies, was soon induced to wish to gratify her kind hostess. She was soon inclined to follow her brother's example, in supping heartily on them. The repast concluded with coffee, which can no where be obtained in greater perfection; after which all retired to rest, except Mama Chepita, who declared her inability to do so, as she had invited all day long, when she was to be relieved by her daughter Maria.

CHAPTER XV.

MILITARY PREPARATIONS.—THE MONKS' TRIAL.

As it became generally known that tranquillity had been re-established at Caracas, the peaceable part of the community, which had fled for safety to the neighbouring villages and plantations, returned to the capital, and employed themselves and their slaves in repairing and rebuilding the shattered houses. At the same time, large bodies of people were sent in from the country, and were employed by government, together with the soldiery, in clearing away the ruins of public buildings, and erecting temporary barracks and store-houses. The Spaniards, who were generally found in the quarters, from different parts of the united provinces of Venezuela, concerning the damage sustained through the earthquake. Although the inhabitants of the other great cities had not imitated the capital, so far as to break up into open revolt, yet the prevailing poverty and luxury had produced considerable dissatisfaction, and had cast a damp on the spirits of the superstitious;—that is to say, the majority of the population. The situation of the country was rendered still more critical, by reports that had found circulation, relative to the Spanish army at Caracas. It was generally known, that a strong reinforcement had arrived from Cadix; and it was asserted, and universally believed, that Monteverde had received positive instructions to commence a war of extermination on the infant republic.

The province of Coro, which lay between Caracas and the capital, and was the seat of the Bolívar, and his army, overtures for joining the union. It was consequently to be apprehended, that the Spanish general would find supplies there, and reinforcements, if necessary, in his march against the capital of Venezuela, which was now his only object. He commenced his operations by moving himself indefatigably to recruit the exhausted armies of the republic; and to put the dismantled fortresses, on the frontiers, in a defensible condition.

Puerto Cavello, one of the strongest of these, which was also a sea-port town of importance, was entrusted to the command of Colonel de Bolívar, a distinguished native officer, whose intelligence and activity had obtained for him a considerable share of the confidence of the patriotic government. His natural abilities, which were of a superior order, had been cultivated by a liberal education, rarely attainable by his countrymen; and by his liberal and liberal views, he was distinguished from the other countries. The garrison under his command consisted principally of volunteer corps, from his native valleys of Aragoas. The most distinguished among these was a regiment of cazadores, raised and disciplined by him. He was assisted by a detachment of the militia of the valley of Victoria; and armed, as well as clothed, entirely at his expense. The officers were all young creoles of the first patrician families in the country; and the soldiers had formerly been slaves on his plantation. They had been

freed, to the number of about twelve hundred, when Bolívar was one of the first to set an example of devotion to the cause of liberty, which was subsequently so well followed. This corps was conspicuous, not only for its high state of discipline, but also for its military equipments. It was one of the few in which regularity, in that respect, was at all attended to. The uniform was dark green, a colour well suited to the complexion of most of those who wore it; and on the front of their uniforms was first displayed the device, which was afterwards so generally adopted, of "MURRI, O LIBERTAD!"—Death, or Liberty.

The patriot army could not boast, at that time, of any native artillery officers; but this deficiency was supplied by a lucia, of foreign volunteers. As most of these were either Frenchmen, or sons of Martinique, and Santa Lucia, the term *Francos* was applied indiscriminately to all foreigners, at the commencement of the revolutionary war.

The guerrilleros, commanded by the old chief Zaraza, were necessarily objects of suspicion when bivouacked in the neighbourhood of towns and cities; for their habits of foraging, contracted while on a campaign, were rather difficult to shake off, even when among friends and allies. They were therefore detached by Miranda beyond the lagoon of Maracaybo, towards the borders of the province of Guayana. By this politic arrangement, the Venezuelan government escaped the military advantages of harassing their unfriendly neighbours, maintaining a corps of observation in front of the declared enemy, and keeping an useful and efficient, though capricious and irregular, body of men in good humour. It afforded the republicans the opportunity of being engaged in the little privileges of war, which most otherwise have been exercised at the expense of their fellow citizens, or, if, all together withheld, would inevitably have led to disgust and desertion.

Zedeno and Monagas, both of whom had previously been respectable mayor-domos or cattle farmers, and had acquired in that active capacity, considerable local knowledge of the country now about to be the theatre of war, as well as an intimate acquaintance with the genius and character of the lower orders among their countrymen, were detached from the upper plains of Barcelona, each with a large detachment of militia, and were well equipped with lances. The negro chief, Parí, (who was afterwards shot by Bolívar's order in the Plaza of Angostura,) announced to Miranda, that he was in Cumana, at the head of a large army of Pardos, both horse and foot; and that he was anxious to join the patriot forces, provided the white officers would consent to receive him and his comrades on terms of equality.

Besides these, several small corps were in motion towards head-quarters, under Bermudez, Marínio, and other leaders, whose enthusiasm and devotion to their country's cause, it might be supposed, would atone for their unavoidable deficiencies in military skill and experience. Lastly, gun-boats of different sizes were prepared in the naval arsenals of La Guayra and Puerto Cavallo, for the protection of those harbours; and the Spanish guarda-costas, which had fallen into the hands of the patriots, were sent out, and manned with volunteers of all nations; so that he was in readiness to cope with any royalist expedition, that might attempt to make a descent on the coast of Caracas.

In the midst of these preparations against the foreign enemy, the citizens forgot not to attend to the tranquillity of the interior of Venezuela, which had been so treacherously disturbed by the friars, at the time of the late earthquake. He had kept his intentions, on this subject, a profound secret. The Capuchins and Franciscans, therefore, were thrown completely off their guard; and, in consequence of the sudden conduct to be seen on the tranquil coast, had again begun to appear in public, and to go their usual rounds as mendicants, which were now more than ever necessary, to collect contributions for the repairs of their convents. Their surprise and confusion were increased, when, every precaution having been taken to guard against the recurrence of a popular commotion in their favour, the principal friars of both those monasteries were formally cited to appear before a military commission. This council was ordered to assemble in the refectory of the Dominicans, for the purpose of discussing the conditions proposed to them, and to go their usual rounds as mendicants, which were now more than ever necessary, to collect contributions for the repairs of their convents. Their surprise and confusion were increased, when, every precaution having been taken to guard against the recurrence of a popular commotion in their favour, the principal friars of both those monasteries were formally cited to appear before a military commission. This council was ordered to assemble in the refectory of the Dominicans, for the purpose of discussing the conditions proposed to them, and to go their usual rounds as mendicants, which were now more than ever necessary, to collect contributions for the repairs of their convents.

The noted capuchin, Fray Pablo Oyarzun, although not particularly designated as a ringleader, was too conspicuous of the active part he had played, not to be seriously apprehensive of the impending consequences. He therefore endeavoured to dissuade the people from joining all members of the church, as well secular as regular,

declaring their religion to be in imminent danger, from the daring and unheard-of innovation attempted to be introduced, in summoning ecclesiastics before a court composed of laymen—may, even soldiers. He hurried from his house to secretly, violently haranguing, and imploring his brethren to unite in resistance to the career of this sacrilegious citation. The secular clergy, however, felt rather pleased than aggrieved by an event, which promised to chastise the arrogance and encroaching spirit of the friars; while the Dominicans, a wealthy peaceful order, had been previously soothed by the false promises of the agitators, through fear of the consequences to their large estates. They were now therefore still more averse from any collision, direct or indirect, with the existing government.

The smaller monastic bodies, as well as those members of the convents in question, who were not included in the citation, were completely disinterested in the matter. The former derided the thoughts of identifying their peaceable and insignificant communities with those of their more important and intriguing neighbours. Many of the latter were deterred from openly espousing the cause of their brethren, by a consciousness, that they themselves were in danger of being recognised as their accomplices; and not a few secretly exulted in the prospect thus opened to them, of succumbing to the situations held by their seniors, whose rank, in their communities, had procured for them the unenvied distinction of being the principal benefactors of the republic.

The spacious refectory of the Dominican monastery was fitted up for the solemn occasion, in a style of ornament, which the friars of that order designed to be magnificent and imposing. The walls were hung with white tapestry, disposed in imitation of a tent, as was customary in the convent on solemn festivals, and the room was brodered in compartments, with representations of the principal miracles performed by their patron saint. At the upper end of the hall was a crucifix, ten feet in height, carved and painted with a minute and appalling fidelity. The lower part of the refectory was raised off, for the accommodation of the monks, by a magnificent altar, and, as soon as the court was opened, became covered with a motley assemblage of clergy, military, and civilians, in their various and distinct costumes. Their deportment, and probably their thoughts, were as widely diversified as their dress. The soldiers, although uncovered, through respect to the court, wore their hats, and their bayonets and plumes; and jingling their spurs, with an air of importance; casting, from time to time, looks of contempt and hatred on the accused monks, who sat, with downcast looks, on benches ranged along one side of the hall, from among the tables had been partially removed, to afford room to the court-marials.

The citizens, wrapped in their plain burghers' capotes, looked on with interest and curiosity at the novelty; and expressed in cautious whispers to each other, their doubts of the legality, or apprehensions of the dangerous precedent, which might be established, by the appearance of the monastic fraternity or jealousy of martial law, predominated. The friars appeared seditious to avoid making themselves conspicuous. With their heads drawn close over their pale thoughtful countenances, they sat motionless, and without the least expression, shrinking back, with every demonstration of humility as often as the glitter of lance or the clanging of a sabre on the marble pavement, announced the approach of an officer.

Silence, was proclaimed in the court; and Brigadier Cordovez, (who had been announced from La Guayra by General Ovarth to preside in Miranda's stead) first took the usual oath in the prescribed form, and then administered it to the vocales in turn; each of whom, as he swore to decide impartially, laid his hand on the hilt of his sword, and said aloud, "I swear!" The next seal first read the commission from the Junta Suprema, by virtue of which the court was assembled. He was proceeding, but was interrupted by Fray Pablo, who rose and exclaimed, "I deny the right of the Junta to give such authority: and I here protest, before heaven and earth, against the commission which is now being read, and by whomsoever convened, to try ecclesiastics!"

A pause ensued, and the eyes of all present were turned on the daring assertor of the church's privileges. His brethren of the cowl, and fellow prisoners, shrunk back, as if they were infected in his touch; and he ventured not to look up, lest he should observe any effect his protest had on the court, lest they might be suspected of

coinciding with him in the opinion he had so boldly expressed. The vocales stared in each other's faces, as if doubting whether they had heard right. The more intelligent among them turned over the leaves of that useful manual, styled *Colon de consejos*, but in vain; for there was evidently a case which the learned Spaniard, who is the oracle of courts martial, had not contemplated as likely to occur. The majority, who gave themselves but little trouble concerning the niceties of law, merely twisted their moustachios, and muttered something, scarcely audible, about the usual modest assurance of prisoners in courts martial; while the court, less ceremonious than his colleagues, half whistled, half hummed, the well known Caraqueñan song,

"El frayle de la Victoria es un padre escrupuloso!"

To the disguised amusement of his junior comrades outside the bar, the president, Don Ygnacio Cordovez, fidgeted for a while, in a fruitless attempt to be delivered of a suitable reply. At length, having consulted in a whisper the vocales on his right and left, he said, with as much solemnity as his nature permitted him to assume, "This court will not permit the authority of the Junta Suprema to be questioned; seeing it has been recognised by the unanimous vote of the Venezuelan nation. The court pronounces the protest it has just heard frivolous and of no avail, inasmuch as the crime, of which the prisoners stand charged, forfeits, of necessity, all the usual privileges, and renders them unamenable to martial law."

On hearing this decision, the members of the court resumed their judicial gravity, and regarded the baffled friar with austere looks. He sat down, and appeared to watch attentively for some fall in the proceedings of the court, which he might have seized as a pretext, and then proceeded to read the charges, which were various, but all tending to the same general accusation, of sedition, and rebellion against the republic. Fray Pablo, undismayed by his previous failure, again rose. He demanded to know, with what show of justice he and his brethren could be accused of crimes, of which those who voted themselves actually guilty of a revolt against their lawful sovereign.

"Beware, misproud and sacrilegious men!" said he, "how you persist in this mockery of justice. The present state of the republic, and Venezuela is plunged, cannot,—be assured! endure much longer. Therefore, to think what will be your doom, when the towers and lions of Spain shall once more wave over the walls of this city!"

The president strangely misinterpreted the effect which the words of the friar had produced on the court. He had been expected to produce by this address. His brethren, without the bar, both civilians and military, broke into a confused murmur of disapprobation; and the vocales called on their president to silence the audacious monk. Cordovez, who had acquired confidence from the success of his former career, desired him, as an authoritative tone, to abstain from such seditious language. Assuming him that the expressions he had permitted himself to use, would have their due weight in the decision of the court. Several soldiers were then called by the Fiscal, and deputed to have the inflammatory harangues of the prisoners, whom they confined, read aloud to the court, which their exertions had produced on the populace. All agreed, in bearing witness to the active part taken by Fray Pablo in the insurrection; and in declaring, that he acted as ringleader of the mob, which the patriot troops found assembled in the Plaza, on the afternoon of the recent attack.

When their examination was concluded, Fray Pablo objected to their testimony being received, on the ground of their being soldiers, and consequently under the direct influence of the court, which he ventured to tax with partiality. He then desired that some other body of men notoriously at enmity with the friars. He was proceeding to complain, that not a single impartial evidence had been produced, when he was thunder-struck by hearing the name of Fray Nicolas Poillio called, and seeing the portly Confessor of the jail, for the purpose of administering spiritual consolation to a prisoner, whom he understood to be under sentence of death. He had been surprised, while in the condemned cell, by that awful convulsion of nature, by which his life was placed in the hands of the confessor; for he perceived, as he escaped through a fissure in the wall, far too small to

admit of his following, and ungratefully left him there to perish, without an attempt at rescuing him.

"Is that cell," continued he, "did I pass the remainder of the day, and the entire night, without the least sustenance, (except a few cigars which I had providentially brought with me,) and in momentary dread of perishing by that most horrible of deaths, starvation. However, my good patron, Santo Domingo, the next morning early, when I was just at the last gasp, between terror and famine, a mob of *rotos* commenced removing the rubbish, which blocked up the entrance to the dungeons, with the intention of releasing some of their fraternity, who, the little devils said, he would soon be. I remember well to make myself heard, although my voice was feeble through inaction, (as it well might be, after four and twenty mortal hours fasting,) and they burst the door of my cell. But instead of expressing their thankfulness, at being the humble instruments of my rescue from the jaws of death, as it were, they ungratefully and irreverently scoffed at my misfortune. Nay, one among them,—Ave Maria!—said, with a profane oath, that he would have not hailed so hard, had he known it were a *cogote-rasgado*; but that he believed it had been his comrade, declaring that he was a still authority from Monteverde, for his attempt to bring about a counter-revolution. He made me many tempting offers, in the name of the royalist government, which he assured me, would shortly resume the command of Venezuela; but truly I am a peasant, and was not to be tempted."

"Here the Fiscal interrupted; and requested the reverend confessor to confine himself to stating what he knew concerning the prisoners.

"Assuredly, learned sir! I am presently coming to those points. At all those offices, I sorrowfully say it was Fray Pablo Oyarzun, who, instead of rebuking them for their rude deportment towards me, or attempting to divert them from their unlawful design of prison breaking, was comforting and encouraging them thereto. He also sought to lead me into party; declaring that he was a still authority from Monteverde, for his attempt to bring about a counter-revolution. He made me many tempting offers, in the name of the royalist government, which he assured me, would shortly resume the command of Venezuela; but truly I am a peasant, and was not to be tempted."

"More I cannot touch this matter; for I forthwith retired to this very refectory, which, I may say with truth, has been my abode during these days of disquiet and alarm; excepting only such hours as I passed in my cell, or in the convent chapel."

"And what was the result of this?" he asked, and the prisoners were called on for their defence. They all expressed their contrition, and threw themselves on the mercy of the court, except Fray Pablo, who declared that he gloried in the share he had taken in the late attempt; and that he would not only defend his conduct, but would braided his brethren with their peevishness of behaviour; and again menaced the court with the utmost vengeance of the Spanish army, which, he affirmed, would in a few days more be in possession of the capital. The hall was then cleared, and Cordovez called the attention of the judges to the case before them. He devoted, at some length, on the turbulent disposition constantly manifested by those two mendicant communities; and on the dangers that would result from suffering this last outrage, of which they were the main cause, to pass with impunity. The consideration of the court was specially occupied with the conduct of the prisoners. It was unanimously agreed, to sentence all the prisoners to banishment from the territory of Venezuela, for various terms, in proportion to their criminality, and rank in their respective convents. A few members at first hinted that the contumacious ringleader merited a still more severe penalty; but they were overruled. He was sentenced, that the court should mark its sense of his outrageous behaviour, by ordering him to be conducted, in irons, beyond the limits of the republic, never to return. The place selected for their exile, was the province of Coro; and an official letter was addressed to the commander-in-chief, directing he should appear there, as soon as it should be convenient, to conduct them to the frontiers."

The prisoners were then called in, and made acquainted with their sentences. It was listened to, by some of them, with the indifference natural to those who have no other interest than to live with ease; but by the rest, who relieved them from the dreadful apprehensions of death, which they had laboured during their trial. A military court, indeed, had been associated, and not without reason, in their terrified imaginations, with ideas of scaffolds and gallows; and these terrible objects, which they had often gazed at with indifference, when the subject of death was concerned, but now haunted them in all their most horrid colours.

Fray Pablo Oyarzun alone appeared unmoved; and was on the point of one more addressing the court, when Cordovez rose and hastily dissolved it. He intimated to

the prisoners, at the same time, that they were to consider the refectory as their place of confinement, until the morning, when they were to set out for their destination.

CHAPTER XVI.

BANISHMENT.—THE GUERRILLA.—A SKIRMISH.

A troop of carbiniers was in readiness, in the outer court of the convent of Santo Domingo, at day-break, commanded by Don Carlos Sepulveda, who had been selected by Miranda to superintend the removal of the banished friars. Forty mules stood saddled for their conveyance; being the usual number used by the cavalier-enthusiasts on a journey, for their steadiness and easy pace. Among them was a tall powerful *macho*, destined to carry Fray Pablo; conspicuous for an embroidered woman's sillon, which was provided for his accommodation, as his fetters would not admit of his riding like a horseman.

A crowd of the lower order of Caraqueños had assembled at the gate, from various motives, to witness the friars' departure. The females, who were here and elsewhere their enthusiastic partisans, had each prepared some offering for her confessor, of provisions, or other articles; being the only method of expressing their love. The men, among whom monks were by no means favourites, came to enjoy the discomfort of those objects of their jealousy and superstitious dread; and the children gathered round from all quarters, to lend their ever ready shout of acclaim to the novel procession. The prisoners of length, and in the light of morning, were ordered, as they began to mount in sullen silence, the clang of Fray Pablo's fetters being distinctly heard, as he shuffled across the paved quadrangle to his mule, on which he was placed by two of his escort.

"The reverend being the most audible, as the preparations for the march proceeded; and, when the banished friars reached the Plazauela, in front of the convent, those who had offerings to make, pressed forward between the files of cavalry, to kiss the hands and sandals of their spiritual guides, whom they looked on as angels; and, in the light of martyrs. Fray Pablo was commencing a farewell harangue to the populace; but Don Carlos, who had received instructions to prevent any exhibition of the sort, gave the word to proceed—and the procession moved forward at a brisk pace; amidst the shrieks of children, and the irrepressible tumult of the throng, the individuals of the order, in the dress, demeanour, and style of horsemanship, of the prisoners and their guards."

As government apprehended some danger of popular commotion, should the friars pass through any disaffected quarter, the escort was increased, and Don Carlos Sepulveda led the escort by the most unfrequented route, and carefully avoided halting in or near any populous village. On the evening of the fourth day, he arrived at the southern shore of the great Laguna de Maracaybo, just at the entrance of the valley, through which the rapid Catatumbo once itself into the lake. Leaving to his subaltern officer the management of the party, while crossing the stream in canoes, Don Carlos passed over, attended by his ordonnance; and rode down to the border of the lake, in search of a commodious spot for a bivouac, which he had upwards of an hour in quest of, before he could find one. On examining what neighbours he was likely to have near his halting place, he found a small Indian camp, consisting of eight or ten Cachirís, with their wives and children.

An old Indian, who he recognised the Cacique Pichilonezy, advanced to meet him; and cordially invited him to share their meal, being some fine bigre fish from the lagoon, which one of the squaws was stewing in an earthen olla, with wild tomatoes, and bird-pepper from the woods. Sepulveda gladly accepted this offer, which was only to leave him time for his long march. He leaved the fore despatched his ordonnance to the pass of the Catatumbo, with directions for his subaltern, as to where he was to halt; and dismounting, he joined the hospitable group. Having answered the Cacique's enquiries concerning their mutual friend Tovar, he in turn questioned the Cacique respecting his tribe. He learned that the guerrilla had skirmished, the very day before, with a column of Spanish cavalry that had appeared on the plains of Harinas. Zaraza had been compelled to fall back on the borders of the lake. There he was encamped, and only leaved him to his present exertion of being attacked by a superior royalist force, which was advancing against him.

On hearing this piece of intelligence, Sepulveda resolved to hasten to the old chief's assistance. Accordingly, when the escort arrived, he left a small detachment

with the lieutenant, to take care of the prisoners, who were now within a day's march of their destination; and set off with the main body of the carbiniers, in the direction Pichilonezy had mentioned. After a smart gallop of a couple of hours, he left the woody glades, which skirt that part of the lake, and entered on an extensive plain. At the farther end of this, the sun was just sinking behind the chain of lofty mountains, forming the eastern barrier of the province of Santa Marta.

A flight of vultures, which were wing lazily round in airy circles, pointed out the situation of the camp; and the first appearance of the savannah, which lay in the immediate neighbourhood of the guerrilla, by the numerous carcasses of cattle which lay in the long grass, half skinned, and scarcely touched by the wasteful epicures, excepting the ribs and some other choice parts. Few of their horses could be seen, for the greater part lay stretched in the luxuriant herbage of the savanna; and the riders could scarcely have been discovered, had it not been for the rows of long slender lances planted upright in the ground, whose glittering points, and fluttering banners, alone distinguished them from the tall reeds growing on the borders of the adjoining lake. It was not till the march was nearly over, and the guerrilla, the guerrilleros, that they started up, with a confused discordant clamour, from the ponchos on which they had been indolently reclining, and prepared to seize their lances. On seeing the well-known uniform of the carbiniers, they again started up, and, in the confusion of their games of cards and dice, which had been interrupted, they commenced firing. On enquiring for their general, Sepulveda was directed to the spot where he was seated with several of his subordinate chiefs, smoking his pipe, and watching with apparent interest the chances of a game at brieuen, which he was playing with a number of the guerrilleros. Zaraza welcomed the young *vide-camp*, and expressed his joy at his opportune arrival; saying that his light cavalry had been rather roughly handled, by some royalist dragoons, in a late skirmish; and that he had sent an express across the lake, to warn Miranda that he was in the neighbourhood of the guerrilla.

"I observe all your men carry carbines," said he, "which will be very useful to us in this savanna. We might as well attempt to charge in a ripe matizaf, as through this long grass; and I dare say that was in a great measure the reason why we got something worst of the Spanish army than we deserved the campaign. I could never approve of introducing fire arms among my lads; as I am convinced it would inevitably spoil them for lancers, which is the only true manly mode of warfare. But had you not better dismount your troop? they will be tired, and the horses will be weary. I would have my men, and prefer killing every one for himself, round in a herd of cows near the lagoon, which we drove with us yesterday from Los Reyes."

Sepulveda accepted his offer of provisions, but declined encamping near the guerrilla; because, not to mention the confusion which would ensue, a main body of guerrillas had already seen a sufficient specimen of their carelessness, to be convinced of the necessity of redoubled vigilance on his part; especially as the enemy was said to be advancing. He therefore ordered his men to eat themselves rations from the nearest carcasses, to collect their arms, and to leave the guerrilla, and to halt at the edge of the lake. Then taking leave of Zaraza for the night, he led his detachment of a few hundred yards in advance; and bivouached with the usual precautions observed by an outline picket.

It was late in the evening, when the guerrilla, this handful of regular troops was in front of his position; for a little after midnight, the "*Quien vive*" of a patrol, followed by the report of a carbine, announced the approach of an enemy. Sepulveda's men had scarcely started from the ground on which they lay, and mounted their horses, when they heard the trumping of cavalry, and saw the most instantly charged a squadron of Spanish dragoons, who had mistaken the carbiniers for guerrilleros. When they were close upon him, Don Carlos gave the word to fire, and a volley was delivered among them, the effect of which could not be distinctly seen; but, from the report of the carbines, and the flight of the guerrilla's horses which were seen to gallop off in different directions, it might be presumed to have done considerable execution. The loud voice of their commanding officer was heard, endeavouring to rally his disordered troops; but Sepulveda anticipated his intended movement, by ordering a charge in his turn, which he executed so promptly and effectively executed. The enemy fled in confusion; and Don Carlos, content with having repulsed them, halted his carbiniers, and waited until day-light should enable him to discover by what force his late antagonists were

There were also several groups of shipboard circle inhabitants, and foreign settlers, lounging here on their return from their morning bath. The brilliant complexion, and negligent attire, gave sufficient indications of the enervating effect of tropical climates on the constitutions of Europeans, and of their descendants for many generations. These insular fashions gave rise to the remark, that the islanders were a nation of dandies. She was on the point of expressing a wish to return to the cottage, when a tall elderly Spaniard, wrapped in a loose capote, and wearing a broad palm leaf sombrero, beckoned to Mama Chepita, who obeyed the signal with an alacrity that bespoke him to be a friend. He asked a few questions, which Maria del Roscio could not help suspecting to refer to her, as he repeatedly turned his eyes on her.

while speaking, he passed on; and the negress returned, said that her late master, Don Anselmo, had been enquiring what Caraqueñan young lady she was attending.

He said he knew you to be from Venezuela by your dress, and said Mama Chepita; "and when I told him you was my lodger, and that your father, who had just arrived from the Main, was lying sick at my house, he said he would call in the course of the day, to enquire whether he could be of any service. It has happened fortunately that we met him; for he is a wealthy planter, and though rather severe among his slaves, very charitable and generous to his equals, especially his countrymen. The poor sick gentleman may be considered the same as one, being a native of the Spanish colonies; so I hope, señora, things may turn out better for you and your father, who I am sure, if you brought you over, has told me how your father has been plundered by the pirates."

They then left the market-place; and when they reached the cottage, they found Don Beltran sitting up and conversing with the skipper, who had called, according to promise, for the purpose of wishing them farewell previous to his departure. He saluted Maria del Rosario, with all the frankness and cordiality of an old friend. Having expressed his hope that she was pleased with her hostess, and with the accommodations of the cottage, he offered to convey any letter or message for her to the Main, or, desiring, that he intended to beat out the harbour that forenoon, with the first of the sea-breeze. The novice looked to her father for permission; but he dryly thanked the skipper, and said that he wished for no sort of correspondence with that unhappy country, until it had renounced its rebellion, or should have been reduced to the armies of its lawful sovereign;—an event which he flattered himself was not far distant. His daughter acquiesced with a sigh; for she had promised Doña Gertrudes to write her a few lines, from wherever her destination might be.

Lodewyk then rose to take leave; and after hemming for a while, as if to delay, he exclaimed, "Dender! het zal zo. Zie you, my heart, I have been a very lucky trip voor you; and here you stand, medout a shot in 't locker. Hier is 't gelt you gave me for your vracht; except one doubloon dat is gone for harbour-dues, and a month's hire-rent to your landlady." So saying, he laid the doubloons and the money on a sliver of wood, and threw down the gold on the invalid's bed; and disappeared immediately. This unexpected act of generosity from a man of such unpolished exterior, drew tears of gratitude from Maria del Rosario. The hostess contributed her share of praise; declaring that, although her old friend Lodewyk lay on the imputation of being a smuggler, and there was even a report in circulation that he had formerly belonged to a still more lawless and dangerous fraternity, yet there was not a kinder hearted skipper in the drogger trade. Don Beltran assented, though rather ungraciously; complaining, at the same time, of the disagreeable necessity under which he laboured, of being obliged to a man in Sluiker's station of life.

Joaoquin now entered the cottage, and, in answer to his father's enquiries, said that he had been forming some acquaintances among the young royalist emigrants, and that he had, at the point of sailing for Cartagena, to offer their services, and had been in aid of an expedition it was understood he was about to undertake. Mama Chepita, and her daughter Martha, then spread the table with a substantial West Indian breakfast, which might have tempted far more languid appetites than those of her two young guests; and the elder negress assured Don Beltran, that a few days he would be sufficiently recovered to partake with his son and daughter.

After siesta in the afternoon, Mama Chepita announced a visitor; and Don Anselmo Urrutia entered the room. Whether it was that Maria del Rosario had been prejudiced against him, by her hostess's narrative in the morning, or that his manner and address were in reality repulsive, she thought she had been deceived by more disagreeable Gallego. He had exchanged his capote and plain morning clothes, for an antiquated full dress suit of black, in which he bore no small resemblance to the Countess's Knight of the Mourful Visage." Addressing the novice with the formality of a Spanish Hidalgo, softened by such a condemnation of air of patronage as he conceived suitable to the occasion, he paid her some awkward compliments, at which

she found no small difficulty to preserve her gravity, and enquired after the health of her father.

On being introduced to his bedside, he seated himself, and immediately entered on the subject of colonial education, reproaching the principles of the late revolutionists, in a strain of violent ultra loyalty. Don Beltran having given him to understand, that he had been compelled to emigrate on account of his devotion to the cause of the mother country, he expressed his satisfaction at having the good fortune to make his acquaintance; and began, that, as soon as his health would permit, he would honour him by visiting his plantation at Caracas, together with his son and daughter, and making as long a stay there as would suit his convenience. Don Beltran, who had always been blindly prejudiced in favour of all natives of Spain, expressed his acknowledgments in suitable terms, and was readily induced to detail every circumstance connected with his leaving Venezuela, and his passage from Los Bagres; not forgetting his unfortunate meeting with the pirate schooner, and the serious loss he had thereby sustained, which he would have nearly left him penniless. Don Anselmo made no comment on his recital, but reneged his former offers of assistance; and then took his leave, promising to repeat his visit the following day.

This interview rekindled in Peñañela's bosom all the ardour for political intrigue, that he had been his besetting sin at Caracas, and since his arrest and imprisonment at Cordoba, and he had been desired to be once more in a situation that would afford him opportunities of recruiting his scattered finances. With this view he resolved to pay assiduous court to his new acquaintance; flattering himself that, by a skillful display of royalist principles, and an exaggerated statement of his sufferings, and losses sustained, by his adherence to them, he might induce the wealthy Spaniard to interest himself, in his favour, with the colonial government; so as either to obtain for him a pecuniary allowance, or an indemnification, by means of some lucrative office, or a pension, which he had been desirous to become doubly anxious for a speedy recovery; and insisted, much to Mama Chepita's mortification, on a medical man being immediately summoned.

Joaoquin Peñañela volunteered his services to enquire after his emigrant acquaintance. He soon returned with the doctor, who had been engaged to arrive lately at Saint Thomas's in the course of a tour through the windward islands; and who, as his advertisement declared, "had been induced to postpone his intended departure for a few days, in compliance with the urgent request of his numerous and respectable patients." Having enquired into the general symptoms, and felt his pulse, pointing himself at the same time from infection, by means of a muslin handkerchief profusely sprinkled with aromatic vinegar, he retired to an open window, from whence he proceeded to deliver his opinion. In the first place, as a matter of course, he disapproved of every thing that had been done, in the way of cooling and refreshing the patient; and directed a totally different system to be adopted, by keeping him warm, and administering tonics and stimulants. He instantly gave to his son, who could make them up from his own travelling medicine-chest. Having received his fee he walked away, lamenting, (in the usual terms,) that he had not been called in sooner, and (using it was not yet too late, &c. &c.)

Don Beltran now became perfectly convinced, that he was in reality dangerously ill; so great was the weight of grave looks and oracular sentence, over the human mind. His daughter scarcely knew what to think; but endeavoured to comfort herself by the reflection, that he had, at all events, the best possible advice; while Mama Chepita, at seeing her husband, prepared to obey the doctor's injunctions, by closing the windows, and stopping sarrange for conserves. A basket full of phials soon arrived; and before night the cottage was perfumed with the ill-omened scent of musk.*

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PLANTATION—"THE SLAVES' MITS"—THE DEENA.

The consequences of the French doctor's visit were, as nature had anticipated, of a highly unfavourable kind. Don Beltran, who had been over, which the simple remedies of the negress had been nearly victo-

* The scent of this drug is abhorred in the West Indies, as being always perceived in houses where a sick person's life is supposed to be in danger, and *estimo recurso* of colonial doctors, in cases of yellow fever.

rious, was reinforced, *secundum artem*, by the inundation of drugs and stimulants, which the travelling practitioner had so unsparringly poured in, and assumed a formidable character. Nature, however, ultimately triumphed over art; and the strength of the patient's constitution, assisted by sun-bathing, and the experienced nurse persisted in secretly administering at length completely shook off the deadly infection. Nevertheless, his health had sustained so severe a shock that for several weeks he was unable to leave his couch; but his daughter's attention, through the whole of his tedious illness, was most assiduously bestowed. Mama Chepita could with difficulty prevail on her to take even her necessary rest; and no representations, nor entreaties, could induce her to leave the cottage for a single moment.

The visits of Don Anselmo, which he punctually repeated every morning and evening, were a source of considerable annoyance to Maria del Rosario. As she judged it expedient to prevent him, under various pretexts, from incommoding her father by his interminable political disquisitions, and querulous lamentations over the rebellious colonies, she was compelled to endure his visitations, herself, in the sitting-room, where he would smoke his cigarillos for hours together, bestowing all his tediousness on her, in uninteresting discussions, and unintelligible arguments. He contrived his silence, which was the natural consequence of vexation at being always interrupted, and of being flattered by so docile an auditor, he continued to do so, at her harangue in the same monotonous strain, on the duldest theme he could possibly have selected for the entertainment of a young female.

Don Beltran was at length pronounced a convalescent; and the farther attendance, which he had been obliged to be dispensed with. Maria del Rosario observed with alarm, that the necessary incidental expenses had fearfully diminished the small stock of money on which she and her family depended for subsistence. It was true that Don Anselmo invariably concluded his tedious visits with offers of assistance; but she had been so often disappointed, expressed, as to leave it in doubt whether or not they were mere words of course. Besides, she involuntarily recoiled from the idea of owing any sort of obligation to so very disagreeable a person. She therefore determined, on attempting to avail herself of the skill in embroidery, which she had been taught by her mother, in her convent, for the purpose of supplying her father's diminished funds. She took the first opportunity, when Mama Chepita had succeeded in enticing her to walk towards the ruined buccaners' fort, of mentioning her intention in a few words; and requested her hostess to inform her mother, that her needle-work would meet with the readiest sale on the island.

The negress listened with surprise to her resolution, scarcely believing it possible, that a white person could speak so compositely of work;—that bug-bear of hot climates. Perceiving, however, that her young mistress was actually in earnest, she replied with some hesitation, that she had no objection to her doing so, but that she was totally ignorant whether they had been so successful as to make it worth their while to continue it. The inhabitants of all classes, she said, were certainly fond of work; and she had observed that they were nothing but European manufacturers, and that she had thought they would consider any other good enough for them; but at the same time, she readily engaged to procure her young mistress, (as she constantly termed her), patterns of such articles as were most fashionable at the time; and the novice, having purchased the necessary materials, set herself in private to imitate, as she was so effectually so closely, and with such neatness, as to draw from her hostess exclamations of surprise and admiration. Mama Chepita had never before believed, that any thing of the kind could be made, except in the manufactures of France or England, and, having obtained permission to exhibit for sale the first specimen that was finished, returned exultingly in a short time, having disposed of it at the house of one of the principal inhabitants, where several more pieces of the same work were bespoke. This welcome success relieved Maria del Rosario of her apprehensions, and she was no longer distressed by the tediousness of the work, and the frequent interruptions she met with in prosecuting this undertaking, through her father's exceeding peevishness, and impatience of being always allowed, permitted her to make but small daily profits.

A vessel was now on the point of sailing with the

royalist volunteers to Cartagena. Don Anselmo, who had considerable influence among the emigrants of his own party, as well as interest with the merchants who had fitted out the expedition, obtained a passage for Joaquin Febuela, and gave him letters of introduction to the Spanish general, and other European, and to that part of the Main. His father, on bidding him farewell, divided with him the scanty remainder of his property, and exhorted him to distinguish himself by his zeal in his sovereign's cause; reminding him, that by that means alone he could hope to obtain preferment, and an honorable independence. His departure revived Don Beltran from a load of anxiety that had made materially tended to retard his cure. Although he fondly doted on his son, he could not be insensible to the dangers of the society into which he had contrived to introduce himself since he had obtained preferment, and of young emigrants, totally devoid of employment; whose sole resources against *envidia* appeared to be cards, dice, and the numerous gaming tables which are to be found lurking in every corner of a West Indian society.

Don Beltran's convalescence now proceeded rapidly; so that he was enabled to accept his new Spanish acquaintance's reiterated invitation to visit his estate at Caobas. On the morning appointed, two mules were in readiness at the door of Mama Chepita's cottage, with several stout negroes, whom Don Anselmo had sent to meet him. He obtained permission, and took leave of their kind hostess;—Maria del Rosario, in particular, embracing her and her daughter Martha affectionately;—and took the road leading to the plantation.

After following the course of the rivulet for a considerable distance beyond the old buccannier's fort, the travellers, instead of continuing to ascend the mountain, crossed the ravine by a slight bamboo bridge, which vibrated fearfully under their mules' tread. Being totally unprovided with balustrades, it could not be crossed without a series of trials and terrors. They then descend to the level of the sea, and then lead along a stony ridge, whose dark-coloured rocks, and arid soil, were such as might be expected in the immediate neighbourhood of some volcano. Yet this apparently barren track was shaded by tamarinds, and wild pomegranate trees; and from the crevices sprang up the cactus, and the agave. Even the cactus, besides geraniums, and towering aloes. Even the mules were compelled to pick their steps carefully along the beaten track, to avoid coming in contact with the prickly-pear bushes, guarded by the red and formidable all vegetable weapons, and associated, by deaf-bought superstition, with ideas of rattlesnakes and scorpions.

Having passed rapidly over this disagreeable part of their journey, which the sun's rays had already made oppressively sultry, the path entered a deep and gloomy ravine, shaded completely from the heat by a copse of arching bamboo, over which the majestic forest trees, from which the neighbouring estate derived its name, stretched their gigantic arms. As the path descended, the murmuring of a rivulet was heard from beneath the canes. The underwood began to be thinly scattered with wild plants, which, as the soil improved, gradually assumed the character of cultivated crops, mingled with, and were lost among, the domestic shrubs of the plantation.

The country opened into a small but fertile valley, through which ran a stream sufficiently large to turn a sugar mill, that was in full work close to the principal dwelling-house. The merry song of the field negroes resounded in chords from the heights, and the voices of which they were busily employed cutting; and droves of mules were filing past towards the mill, laden with bundles of sugar cane. In another direction were seen long rows of slaves, only distinguishable, at a distance from the track, by their white coats, by their short white drawers, employed weeding the tobacco crops; while the occasional clank of a whip was heard from the attendant drovers, in most cases by way of warning to the indolent workmen, but sometimes as a practical reproof to some incorrigible idler.

Lower down the valley, the travellers arrived at the most fertile habitation yet seen. It consisted of a high bank of the stream, out of reach of the periodical inundation to which it was subject. These huts, although built of clay, and thatched with palm-leaves, had an air of comfort about them, that might in vain be looked for in the cottages of a free European country. To them had a garden attached, small indeed, but amply stocked with vegetables for home consumption and sale; and the poultry of every description, including

numerous broods of turkeys and guinea-fowl, that swarmed around them, bore witness to the plenty enjoyed on the estate. Nearly as numerous were the little black urdies of all ages, who, in all the luxury of perfect nudity, were dabbling in the rivulet, or rolling in the dust under the plantain trees. Many of them scarcely able to crawl, through extreme infancy and lameness, lay sprawling about the pathway, apparently in imminent danger of being trampled under foot by the mules; but immediately on their near approach, they would scramble away, and retire, alternatively, under the shelter of some bush; from whence, as they peeped forth, their black eyes glared, like those of some wild animal crouching in his lair.

A short avenue, well swept and watered, led to the dwelling-house, a spacious airy building of only one story above the ground floor; being so constructed, as a necessary precaution against the consequences of earthquakes and hurricanes. These, indeed, especially the former, were far from being frequent on the island; but they were probably dreaded the more, from their making a more lasting impression, than they usually do where they are less uncommon.

Under the shady side of a broad corridor, extending round the whole building, sat Don Anselmo, with two of his friends. One of them might be easily known to be a friar; although the gray robes of the Franciscan brother above the ground floor; being so constructed, as a necessary precaution against the consequences of earthquakes and hurricanes. These, indeed, especially the former, were far from being frequent on the island; but they were probably dreaded the more, from their making a more lasting impression, than they usually do where they are less uncommon.

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The little planter had been embrowned and shrivelled by a long exposure to a tropical sky, until his face might have been mistaken for that of a mulatto. He had, nevertheless, preserved unimpaired, through the force of climate, and years of exile from all that deserved the name of civilized society, all that courtesy and devotion to the sex which Frenchmen of the old *regime* were usually supposed to possess exclusively, and by prescription. He advanced, and immediately attached himself to her, apparently secure of entertaining her, and showing his own wit and eloquence, by a series of compliments, uttered with such volubility, as to set all interruption or attempt to answer aside in defiance.

Don Beltran was next introduced to the friar, by name Padre Bernardo, whose estimable duty was that of chaplain to the plantation, and confessor to its owner and his household. But, in reality, he filled the situation of humble companion to his patron; whose pride it was his business to soothe, and whose vanity he found it his interest to flatter. While he entered into conversation with Beltran on the inexhaustible subject of the late disturbances in Venezuela, Don Anselmo despatched one of the black pages to summon the *dueña de casa*, or housekeeper, Señora Jacinta. When she arrived, he recommended Maria del Rosario to her care, with directions to show the young lady all the apartments, and to provide her with refreshments better suited to her habits than those of which he and his companions were partaking in the corridor. Mons. Rodolfe politely handed her to the door of the entrance-hall; and expressed his hope, as he relinquished her, that the dinner table would be honoured by her company.

The novice felt relieved from the embarrassment natural to her youth and inexperience, by being permitted to retire with a female of the *dueña's* dignified rank;

and examined her looks by stealth, as she walked forward in silence through the spacious rooms, which were rendered gloomy by the window shutters being closed, for the purpose of excluding the noon-day heat. She saw, with regret, that her present attendance appeared to have nothing of the motherly kindness and good humour of Mama Chepita. Her features were expressive of pride of place, and the moroseness of habitual ill-temper; evidently soured and exasperated by the commission she had just received, and which she considered as degrading her to the level of a menial. She was a *matutera terrena*; and, from the few words she had uttered in answer to her master's directions, the novice knew her to be a native-of the Barlovento provinces, either of Camana or Barcelona. Her dress, which was the dark habit of Nra. Señora de Dolores; her long tressy of black soap-berries, and the formidable tresses, which she wore twisted round her waist, proclaimed her to be a devotee of the strictest and most bigoted class.

Having conducted Maria del Rosario to a neat chamber on the first floor, opening into a viranda, which commanded a view of the mill, with the stream that supplied it, and a flower garden, she bowed, and she was about to retire; but she caught sight of the young visitor's trunk, with which a slave had followed them up stairs, and resolved to wait for a while, in hopes of obtaining a peep at its contents. For this purpose she opened it, and, unasked, at the open window, could plainly see the dress and costume of the novice, and of the novice's youth and apparent simplicity, that there was little occasion for ceremony in addressing her, she began, without farther apology, to question her as to where she was born, and how long she had been on the island; and, finding in none common, but the cloisters of a convent, than a similar spirit of inquisitiveness, Maria del Rosario was by no means surprised or offended at meeting it in a *religieuse*. She, therefore, readily satisfied her curiosity, by saying that she was a native of Caracas, which city she had left only a few weeks before, and that she was now in the convent, and that when the *dueña*, encouraged by her affability, proceeded to enquire what had induced her father to leave his native land, and, above all, to bring with him so young and delicate a female, she found it necessary to check her impertinence, by observing, in the look of a disappointed person, she could assure her, she was permitted herself to pry into her father's motives for his actions, and that they could still less concern any one else.

Señora Jacinta found that she calculated too much on the young stranger's placid deportment; and apologized for her curiosity, which she attributed to the interest she could not help feeling for the young lady. She then offered her assistance, in changing her travelling dress for one better suited to company; informing her, that she had not much time to spare, for Don Anselmo always returned at four o'clock, and she was to Caobas, then in the port. Maria del Rosario thanked her for her offer; but assured her, that she had always been accustomed to wait on herself. Nevertheless, as she could easily divine the motive that must have induced so important a personage to condescend thus far, she was not disposed to refuse the offer. She had, however, she had directed towards the trunk, even during her previous cross-examination, she good-naturedly determined to gratify her, by opening it, and transferring its contents to a chest of drawers, which the *dueña* had pointed out for the purpose.

Señora Jacinta immediately forgot her pretended fatigue; and starting up, officiously busied herself in assisting to lay by every article; opening and refolding such as particularly struck her fancy, with various comments on the present degenerate taste in dress. She observed, that the young lady's cap was not in vogue in Caracas, as waiting-maid to her late mistress, at the time of her marriage with Don Anselmo;—modes that belonged to the age of shaded sleeves, and of brocades which required no stiffening save their own embroidery; and that the according to her eloquent description, rather sublime than beautiful.

While she was thus agreeably engaged, she accidentally took up a small paper parcel, in which Maria del Rosario had carefully wrapped the professed novice's dress, that she wore in the chapel of Santa Clara, on the morning of the earthquake, and in which she also wore another dress, that had been given her by Doña Sepulveda. She had thrown it off at the suggestion of Doña Gertrudes, on her father's declaring his intention of making her the companion of his sight; and had pre-

served it as a relic of the convent, and perhaps as a memorial, both of the danger from which she had been rescued, and of her preserver. The *duña* unpinning the parcel, under pretence of shaking out any insects it might contain; and started with an exclamation of surprise and horror, on seeing the white serge *mortaja* and the sandals, with the leather belt and scapulary of a nun.

"Holy Virgin!" she again ejaculated; "has my master admitted into his house an apostate nun!—a perjured *mortaja*! I would not for worlds sleep under the same roof with a sacrilegious wretch. Nothing could avert an earthquake, or so similar heavenly chastisement. But we shall hear what the worthy chaplain, Padre Bernardo, says to this discovery."

Maria del Rosario could not avoid smiling at the wild look of horror with which the sanctimonious devotee regarded her; and half-wished to leave her in ignorance of the real state of the case. But she recollected, that the talkative *duña* was very capable of spreading reports on the island, which might be greatly to her disadvantage. She therefore undeceived her, by relating the accident which had unexpectedly prevented her from taking the veil; and so similar heavenly chastisement, a conclusive proof that she had not in reality become a member of any religious sisterhood. Señora Jacinta shook her head incredulously; owning that, when she was on the Main, all nuns were closely shrouded. But she was so much surprised at the sudden change of thought which was introduced, in that respect, into the convent, and since the country had fallen into the hands of rebels, who contemned alike king and faith. She added, that if all indeed were true that she had just heard, she could not so much blame the novice. But she expressed her sincere regret that she would take the earliest opportunity (as was incumbent on her) of offering up that vow, which, she insisted, had been already mentally taken, and were therefore as conscientiously binding, as if they had been actually pronounced before the altar.

Although the novice thought very differently from her on this head, and was intensely rejoiced at her escape from the cloister, she perceived it would be fruitless to argue the point with so bigoted an opponent. She therefore merely hinted, that the same awful visitation, which had interrupted the solemnization of the ceremony, might be again sent down in rain, saying this, she referred to her father's exhortation, from principle, to attend more to reconcile her to the idea of the novice's delaying to take the veil, than the most rational arguments that could have been used. A present that Maria del Rosario made her, consisting of a shawl of vicuña's wool, from the Cordillera, and a scapulary, embroidered and consecrated by the abbess of Santa Clara, effectually removed the prejudices she had begun to entertain against her fair countrywoman; and she curtsied out of the room, promising to send a negro girl to wait on her with refreshments.

Her first entry in the corridor, which had been interrupted by the arrival of the emigrants, had meanwhile resumed their cigars and conversation, which continued, with little intermission, until the first dinner bell summoned them to their respective chambers. When the ladies had assembled in the saloon, Don Anselmo insisted on seating Maria del Rosario at the head of the table, to her great confusion, for she had never been called on to preside in her father's house, since leaving the convent; and, while a recluse in the cloister, she had, of course, seen little or nothing of society. Nevertheless, she felt so much serious than Miranda at first anticipated. Searched had the emigrants, and the quarters, which Zaraza had dispatched, with the first intelligence of the royalists' having opened the campaign, when scattered parties of guerrillas met their appearance, in full retreat to their respective homes. They appeared, as the *caudillo*, as of their defeat on the borders of the Laguna de Maracaybo; and of their hav-

ing lost their general, either killed or taken prisoner. It was impossible to stop them; for they considered their military engagements void, from the moment of losing the chief to whom they owed temporary allegiance.

As their services were never to be confidently depended on, so their defection was of trifling consequence in the eyes of the Spaniards, who had no other example seemed likely to spread through the army. The discomfited among the troops—and they were numerous—seized this opportunity to raise a clamour, for the payment of all arrears due to the army; and endeavoured, under this pretence, to excite their comrades to mutiny. The Spaniards, however, were not so easily misled by Miranda, for the purpose of quelling the slightest appearance of insubordination, was barely sufficient to maintain a salutary dread of his authority; and it became evident to him, that the soldiers' spirits were depressed, and little to be relied on, if he persisted in his original design of remaining on the defensive. He had also received private intelligence of deputations having been sent from the nearest frontier towns to the enemy, offering to treat with Monteverde on separate terms; and he plainly saw, that vigorous measures, closely connected with the republic from finding support, and from consequent ruin, would therefore took leave of the Junta, who previous to his departure created him dictator, with the most ample authority belonging to that important situation; and placing himself at the head of the army, advanced to meet Monteverde, and to take the field, and to fight the program.

By the intelligence, he continued to receive from his aide-de-camp, Carlos Sepúlveda, who had received instructions to watch the advance of the invading army, he was led to conclude, that the Spanish general designed to force his way over the small branch of the Cordillera, which formed the western boundary of Venezuela. Under this impression, he pushed his army rapidly through the valleys of Vitoria and Maracay, and established himself at the formidable pass of the Tambo del Condor. From hence, the patriots had an uninterrupted view of the great lake, and of the open country on its eastern banks; and he perceived that the Spaniards, in their progress, in a chain of encampments, extending far to the right and left of Miranda's position. At a small hamlet, half way down the mountain, was Sepúlveda's picket of carbiniers. Their tricoloured standard, waving aloft in the breeze, was not only yet more conspicuous, for it was burntish by the late rays of the declining sun. While the Spanish camp, still lower down, was already wrapped in gloom.

Miranda, attended by his staff, rode down to visit the advanced picket; and was informed by Sepúlveda, that the Spaniards had yet made no attempt to dislodge his intentions, as to the point by which they designed to pass this mountain barrier. He had however been informed by an Indian, on whose fidelity he could rely, that numerous convoys of baggage and ammunition had passed, by night, towards the left of the Spanish line. This gave grounds for suspicion, that Monteverde's determination was to advance by the sea coast, for the purpose of attacking Puerto Cavallo. Nevertheless, the circuitous nature of this route, and the well-known difficulties attending any deviation from the ordinary line of march, were so manifestly to the injury of the Spaniards had forbidden to be removed—appeared to Miranda conclusive arguments against the probability of this suggestion. He was still farther confirmed in his previous belief, by the unanimous declaration of the guides belonging to the army; who united in asserting, that the Tambo del Condor was the only practicable pass for troops.

The next morning, however, a messenger arrived at the patriot bivouac before daybreak, to apprise Miranda, that Sepúlveda's patrols had discovered the enemy to have camped silently in the night. The mountain being so high, the detachment could not be seen, and, on reconnoitring, or detaching any portion of the army in pursuit; neither was it yet by any means certain what direction the royalists had taken. But, when the fog had risen from the valley, it was ascertained, by the stragglers seen at a distance following the line of march, and by the united testimony of the peasants, who had assembled through curiosity on the site of the abandoned camp, that Monteverde had marched rapidly to the northward.

While Miranda was deliberating, in a council of war, whether it were not an expedient to dislodge the troops of the Spaniards, and to follow them to the rear, the royalists, or to fall back on the valleys that had been left defenceless, Lorenzo Tovar presented himself at the general's tent with intelligence. He stated that the Cacique Pichileony, who had brought him a present of fish from the lake, had declared to him, that he well

knew the mountain road, by which Monteverde would probably retreat to the Caracas.

The Indian was immediately sent for, and repeated his assertion before the council; stating that he had long been acquainted with the Quebrada del Culeguita, and that it was, also well known to the Guaguviri tribe, of the short but rugged pass leading into the low country, as Venezuela. He stated that the Guaguviri tribe, whom his people were at war, had certainly betrayed this road to the Spaniards; for he had seen one of their number, in company with Monteverde and his staff, ride by a bush in which he concealed, the day after the enemy had crossed the river Culeguita, and had watched them until they took the direction leading to the pass. He also said, that, considering the early hour of the night, at which the enemy had decamped, they must certainly have reached the quebrada by day-light, and probably that the whole body had already crossed the mountains. This intelligence, which gave ground to issue in the council; and Miranda gave orders for a rapid retreat towards the valley of Maracay.

Monteverde, meanwhile, who had purposely continued encamped near the lagoon, until he had drawn the attention of the patriots to the mountain pass, and had planned his plans of attack, reaped the fruit of his stratagem, in an unimpeded entrance into the low country. Here his army was reinforced by numerous partisans, whom discontent or superstition induced to rally round the Spanish standard; and his cause was daily strengthened, by the declaration of the Guaguviri, who, neighbouring tribes, who exhorated the people every where to flow to the cause of their lawful sovereign Fernando. The most conspicuous and enthusiastic among them, was the Capuchin Fray Pablo, who had been appointed one of the chaplains of the army, in consideration of his services and sufferings; who selected the tone of a martyr to his principles. This turbulent monk eagerly seized every opportunity that offered, of invoking vengeance on the sacrilegious traitors, who had rebelled against their king, and had insulted the Catholic faith in their service; he animated the soldiers, by his fiery harangues, the patriots found themselves, at an early hour of the morning, in the presence of their opponents; who were marching in a parallel direction, and had entered the same valley by a different road. The generals on both sides issued orders for the immediate formation of the line of battle, and the Spaniards, as was to be expected, from the relative positions in which they had been so suddenly placed, to avoid coming to a decisive action, even if they had been desirous of postponing it. Little previous exhortation was necessary to animate the troops. The royalists, who were so confident in the confidence natural to an advancing army, suggested that the Spaniards, who were inferior in numbers and discipline over their opponents, whom they despised and hated; while enthusiasm, and confidence in their leader—sentiments which gained additional strength from the excitement of the impending fight—amplified stored for the deficiencies in numerical force, and inexperience in war, of which the patriots could not but be conscious.

A short time was spent in arranging the opposite armies, on each side of a small brook that wound through the course of the valley, and in manoeuvring for the possession of certain intermediate points, which, if they could not have failed to interest a mere spectator, by the beautiful display of military skill and precision, in the various complicated movements, executed chiefly to the sound of the bugle. The action was commenced by a brigade of fire, led on, on a small eminence behind the rest of the Spaniards line. Very few shots took effect, by reason of the usual mistake made by the Spanish artillery, of opening their fire when at too great a distance. Nevertheless, it mainly contributed to render the raw patriot recruits unsteady; and compel Miranda to advance to the aid of the Spaniards, and to the aid of the Spaniards. Before it had reached the rivulet, the French volunteer artillery-men, who had been detained in the rear by the bad roads, came up. Having calculated their distance more scientifically, they returned the fire, with interest and with a far superior aim, on the Spanish

Monteverde, who had designed to act on the defensive as long as possible, was highly pleased to find that his opponents had left their position, for the purpose of commencing the engagement. He permitted the centre regiments to advance, and to follow the Spaniards, to descend into the bed of the rivulet without opposition. But then, while their columns were unavoidably pinned by the winding banks, which prevented them from readily forming, or acting in unison, he charged them with the reinforcement that had lately arrived from Cadiz.

CHAPTER XIX.

INVASION—BATTLE—VICTORY.

The consequences of Monteverde's advance towards Caracas were far more serious than Miranda at first anticipated. Searched had the emigrants, and the quarters, which Zaraza had dispatched, with the first intelligence of the royalists' having opened the campaign, when scattered parties of guerrillas met their appearance, in full retreat to their respective homes. They appeared, as the *caudillo*, as of their defeat on the borders of the Laguna de Maracaybo; and of their hav-

These mustachioed veterans advanced, with their usual war-ery of "*Santiago por España!*" and drove those patriots who had gained the land, back again into the stream, which was nearly breast high in that part. Flushed with their advantage, they plunged in after the fugitives, and pursued them to the support, encouraged by the Spanish officers, for they were unacquainted with the habits of the crooks, erroneously supposed, that troops which were so easily broken could not be rallied with equal facility.

They soon discovered the fatal error, into which their overweening confidence had led them. The Venezuelans, who fought barefoot, or at most with light sandals, and unnumbered by knapsacks, waded the rivulet with ease, and ran back to the position they had left, where they were rallied without the least difficulty. The Spaniards, on the contrary, heavily armed, and encumbered with all the accoutrements of regular troops, were considerably impeded in their passage; and, when they had ascended the bank, could advance but slowly to the attack, with shoes and gaiters soaked with water. The patriots were encouraged, by their evident embarrassment, to charge them in turn. They could make but little impression on veterans, long accustomed, during the Peninsular war, to conflicts on a more extensive scale; but they succeeded in checking their progress, and in convincing them that victory was not so easily gained, as they had anticipated, over troops however inferior in weapons, who were so well acquainted with the ground.

Meanwhile, the Cazadores de Aragon and the Granaderos del Barlovento, who were stationed on the right of the patriot line, had crossed the stream lower down, under cover of the French volunteers' fire, and had carried the position which had been won by the Spaniards, in field pieces, three of which fell into their hands. Miranda immediately ordered the carbiners to cross the rivulet, and support the infantry; sending with them a body of Frenchmen, to work the guns which had been captured. The left flank of the royalists having been thus turned, the Spaniards found it necessary to abandon the position, who had crossed the brook, and to make a final desperate effort to dislodge the patriots from the position they had just gained. But the veteran Europeans had scarcely approached within range of the artillery, when a galling fire was opened on them from the batteries, and the Spaniards, as the smoke rolled away, made considerable gaps in their numbers. They advanced, nevertheless, with the coolest intrepidity, their track being marked distinctly by the killed and wounded left behind them; until they reached a level maize field, just beneath the mountain on which the guns were posted.

Here they halted, and were in the act of deploying, preparatory to ascending the heights, when the patriot regiment of carbiners, that had been just joined by a corps of lancers, galloped round from behind the hillocks by which they had been advanced, and charged the Spaniards before they had time to form square. The consequences were most disastrous, as will readily be conceived. A few royalists succeeded in gaining the bed of the rivulet, and the broken ground that they had incautiously left; but far the greater part fell victims to the patriots, who were enabled to cut off the straggling army in an evil hour introduced, and which was long carried on with unrelenting fury by both parties. In vain did they form small platoons; and, setting back to back, fight manfully for their lives. Lance thrust and sabre cut were showered on them unsparring, and without intermission, by the overwhelming force of the patriot cavalry; and, in a few minutes, the mournful cry of "Quarter, in the name of God," which had been raised in the agony of despair, by a few panic-struck individuals, who found themselves the last survivors of their band, was heard from the ranks.

Monteverde was at most instances notoriously prodigal of human life, which he was ever ready to sacrifice, where there was the most remote chance of success; but here he saw clearly, that it would be useless to protract the struggle. He therefore rapidly retired to the heights overlooking the valley; and there, as they were making, a number of his men had been surrounded, and taken prisoners by the cavalry, who had for once been satiated with slaughter, and were prevailed on by Miranda to give quarter. The patriot general then reconnoitred the fresh position occupied by the royalists, and was surprised to apprehend, that any attempt to dislodge them, must inevitably cost him a number of his best troops, disproportionate to any advantage he could possibly reap by success. He therefore considered it expedient to bivouac on the field, without harassing his troops by intermission, by the same means as they were making and fighting, with scarcely any rest or refreshment for

several days. As it was still early, he sent off the prisoners, guarded by the carbiners, who were the most trustworthy corps in the army, to Puerto Cavallo; with particular instructions to the governor, Simon Bolivar, to be vigilant in his precautions against surprise by sea and land.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CASTLE.—DESERTERS.—THE CHINGANERA.—THE CHICHITA.

Sepulveda was once more detached from his duty as aide-de-camp, to command the escort appointed to conduct the prisoners. During the early days of the revolution, treachery and breach of faith were notoriously of such frequent occurrence among men of all ranks, that it was considered a measure of common precaution, by no means unusual or invidious, to supersede any officer in an important command, by another whose patriotism was more thoroughly approved; and to reinstate the former, without any explanation being required or offered. A verbal order was sometimes sufficient for this transfer, but it was more usually notified in general orders, that "Don Fulano de Tal, Edecan, &c., would take temporary command of such a corps during the performance of some specified duty; in place of Don Perencio de Tal, who would join the staff in the interim."

It was accordingly notified, that Don Perencio de Tal, the provincial commander, had been superseded in the province, consequent on the incursion of the royalists, and the inflammatory harangues of the friars, he took especial care to march his escort with every precaution usually observed in passing through an enemy's country. About half a league to the southward of Puerto Cavallo, he was met by a patrol from the castle at the port, and warned that it would be dangerous for him to attempt entering the city. He learned, that the inhabitants had risen, the preceding day, against the troops composing the garrison, whom they had compelled to retire into the forts at the castle; and that the Spanish high commander, Don Perencio de Tal, had called the command of the patrol, furnished Sepulveda with one of his men, to conduct him by a circuitous route to the port; and, as the escort proceeded, Don Carlos questioned the guide concerning the cause of the insurrection.

He was informed, that immediately on the arrival of the news of Monteverde's having succeeded in crossing the mountains, his partisans, who were numerous in the city, had openly declared themselves in his favour. This had rendered it necessary for Don Simon Bolivar, the governor, to make some serious examples of the most dangerous of his adherents; but his decisive measures had drawn on him the indignation of the friars, who had not scrupled to recommend in their sermons to the people, that the "impertinent strippling" should be cut off from among them. Bolivar had consequently been warned, by many of the most distinguished inhabitants, against risking himself in the streets without a guard; but to no effect. The day before Sepulveda's arrival, as Bolivar was passing through the Plaza, in company with his fort-adjutant, Rivas, he was publicly pointed out as an arch-rebel, and malignant heretic, by a friar who was passing in the same direction.

Irritated at this affront, Bolivar rode up to the insolent monk, and struck him several blows over the shoulders, with the flat of his sabre; ordering him at the same time, as his peril, to retire to his convent. The mob instantly took fire at the conduct of the friar, and the patriots were obliged to retreat, but his decisive measures had drawn on him the indignation of the friars, who had not scrupled to recommend in their sermons to the people, that the "impertinent strippling" should be cut off from among them. Bolivar had consequently been warned, by many of the most distinguished inhabitants, against risking himself in the streets without a guard; but to no effect. The day before Sepulveda's arrival, as Bolivar was passing through the Plaza, in company with his fort-adjutant, Rivas, he was publicly pointed out as an arch-rebel, and malignant heretic, by a friar who was passing in the same direction.

As Sepulveda approached the port with his escort, he was informed, that the fortification was in a state of preparation for defence; as if he hourly expected an attack. The drawbridges were up; a lighted match smoked by the side of every gun; and the bayonets of sentries glittered from every part of the ramparts, where the *bandera tricolor* waved defiance to the neighbouring city. When he reached the castle ditch, he rode forward to advance his party along the causeway, which projected into a

narrow inlet of the sea, flowing round that part of the forts, and waved the standard of the carbiners. He was answered from the wall, above the sally-port; and in a few minutes the drawbridge was lowered, the heavy iron-studded gates were thrown open, and a strong guard of infantry marched off, and drew files of the squares. Sepulveda then beckoned to his lieutenant to advance; and the prisoners filed forward towards the castle, followed by the cavalry escort. The garrison guard brought up the rear; the drawbridge was again drawn up; and the gates closed with the usual ceremony.

An addition appeared to relieve Sepulveda, and signified to him the governor's orders, that the prisoners should form on the parade for his inspection. The carbiners having dismounted, as their attendance was no longer necessary, Don Carlos ranged the Spanish captives in double file along the sides of the square. There they stood, with down-cast looks, travel-stained, and some among them slightly wounded, exposed to the curious gaze, and whispered remarks, of all the idlers belonging to the garrison. The officers, in particular, crowded round Sepulveda, to enquire the news; and he was proceeding to satisfy their curiosity, when the appearance of Bolivar silenced all conversation for the present.

He advanced with hurried steps into the centre of the parade; and enquired for the officer commanding the escort which had just arrived. Sepulveda presented him with a sword, and a pair of pistols, which he bowed; and Bolivar proceeded to ask him several questions; in rapid succession, relative to the late action; repeatedly interrupting his details, by exclamations of impatience at not having been present. He then turned to the prisoners, and walked slowly along their ranks, regarding each individual with a scrutinising glance; under which, even of the sullen hard-featured Gallegos, could avoid quailing. He paused before a creole, who stood among them in the uniform of a Spanish grenadier; and having examined him attentively, said, "Well, comrade! have you forgotten me?"

The soldier, whom he addressed, faltered an attempt to reply, and remained silent. "Your memory appears to have failed you, amigo!" continued Bolivar: "let me remind you, that you served in my regiment on the last expedition to Coro, where we were victorious; and you have never been able, it seems, to find your way back to your colours. Stand out from the ranks!"

He recognised, in like manner, eight or ten more deserters; and separated them from their companions, whom he ordered to be confined in the *casa-matas*. He then turned to Sepulveda, and said, "I have not seen you since the Guardia de Prevencion, and to shoot the deserters instantly on the north bastion. The unfortunate men, on hearing this sudden sentence, turned pale; but made no sort of attempt to obtain pardon. The adjutant lingered, as if unwilling to execute the order he had received; and ventured to enquire, whether a confessor should be summoned.

"*Quatro balas a cada uno!*" vociferated Bolivar with the terrific frown, peculiar to him; "*Cuerpo de Dios!*" I will have no monks introduced into these castles. They have no business here, and I will have none of them." Puerto Cavallo, than the shaven crowns of their whole meddling fraternity are worth. If the deserters have a fancy for confession, let it be to each other, on their way to the bastion: but at your peril be it, Señor Ayudante (Coronel), if I do not hear the musketry at work within ten minutes, attend!"

As Corbalan retired with the deserters to the Guardia de Prevencion, on the opposite side of the parade, Bolivar followed him with a keen searching glance, and said in a low voice, scarcely audible even by those nearest him,—"*Coronel! I have not seen you since the Guardia de Prevencion, and to shoot the deserters instantly on the north bastion. The unfortunate men, on hearing this sudden sentence, turned pale; but made no sort of attempt to obtain pardon. The adjutant lingered, as if unwilling to execute the order he had received; and ventured to enquire, whether a confessor should be summoned.*"

He then turned to Sepulveda, and directed him to quarter his carbiners in the cavalry barracks, at the port,

* Bolivar's frown, when he was agitated by one of those bursts of passion to which he was subject, used to wrinkle his high forehead into furrows, of that peculiar horse-shoe form, described as the brand of the Redgauntlet family.

And where his frown had sighed darkly, felt, And wondering fled—and mercy sighed farewell!"

for the night; as there was no forage in the castle for the horses, and little water to spare, there being but one tank for the supply of the garrison. He at the same time expressed a wish to see him at supper in the fort, when he had seen his men comfortably established; but that he might inquire, more at his leisure, into the circumstances of the late victory. Don Carlos expressed his thanks, and ordering his carbiners to mount, left the castle with them, by a different gate from that by which he had entered; and descended by a steep narrow path immediately into the port. The streets through which he passed were dark and deserted; and, as the sound of the horses' hoofs was heard clattering along the paved streets, the doors and windows of the principal houses were hastily closed. As the uniform and standard of the carbiners were recognised, groups of females, still trembling with apprehension, crowded round the soldiers, to enquire the fate of their friends, and to learn when the enemy might be expected.

Having marched his men into the barrack, and given his lieutenant the necessary instructions, Sepúlveda strolled out to the harbour, which he found nearly empty, although usually much frequented by merchant vessels and boats. The few which still remained were lying with sails bent, evidently in readiness to go to sea on the first alarm; and several small droghers and lighters were lying close to the quay, hastily embarking merchandise of various descriptions, with which it was piled. Merchants and their clerks were seen hurrying to and fro, to their store-houses, followed by strings of peons, bending under the weight of bales and cans, when they were hastening to ship. A Venezuelan man-of-war schooner was lying at some distance, with her fore-top-sail loose, and her signal for sailing flying at the main; and several guns and wereomets, as a line in front of the mole, so as to command the mouth of the harbour.

Sepúlveda walked slowly along the sands, yet moist with the ebbing tide, until he reached the rocky promontory on which the castle stands. Here he seated himself to rest after his fatiguing march, enjoying the cool evening breeze, and the novel sight of the dark blue ocean meeting the harbour. His thoughts incessantly turned to the theme on which they were wont to dwell, during the few short intervals of tranquillity he was fated to enjoy. He was wearing his mind in fruitless conjectures, whether Don Beltrán and his daughter had wandered; when he heard a light step by his side, turned, and saw the Chingana, rustled in her damask mantle.

"Well met, Carlos Sepúlveda!" exclaimed she, before he could address her; "I come to fulfill the promise I made when we last parted; and where could I find a fitter place than this? That small black schooner, close under the guns of the castle, is the very one that conveyed Maria del Rosario from her native land."

"Then you have learned whether she is gone?" cried Don Carlos, with joyful surprise; "tell me instantly the place."

"I know it not, hermano! but you shall soon know; that is if you can prevail on the Dutchman who commands the vessel to tell you. His mildest replies to me, were, 'I asked the question, were *brujas*, and *perro montano*.' But follow me, and I will show you the bodegas he frequents."

She led the way, followed by Sepúlveda, along the beach, until they reached the quay. She there turned up a narrow lane, lined by watermen's and peons' cottages, before whose doors their wives were busied cooking fish for their evening repast. She then entered one of these, where it was crossed by an alley leading to the main street, she pointed out a corner house, which was denoted to be a *chicheria*, by the usual legend, in large ill-formed letters over the door, of

"VENIDITO, ALAYADO, Y ENZALZADO, &c."

and by a grotesque sign, painted in ochre and indigo on the white-washed wall, said to represent a broken oar. On a long bench outside the door, furnished by the owner, with its bottom upwards, sat several sailors and peons, smoking, and drinking wine and chicha out of red lacquered calabashes; while the large room within resounded to the strains of a harp, accompanied by two or three violins and guitar rattles, and by the shrill recitative of the hired singers.

The Chingana having directed Sepúlveda to enquire for Lodewyk Sluiter, he made his way, with difficulty, through the press, to the Señora of the inn, a comely zambo, whose massive gold ear-rings, and rosy with *padres* and *credos* of the same precious metal, showed her profession to be tolerably lucrative. She was so car-

nally engaged in dispensing chicha de piña^a and aguardiente, and in performing her duty as taster to each of her numerous guests, that she scarcely gave herself the trouble to attend to the question that was asked her. On seeing indistinctly Sepúlveda's mustaches and capote, through the dense medium formed by the smoke of at least a hundred cigars and churumbelas, she exclaimed in a rippant tone, "there are none of your soldiers here, Señor Militar! you may believe me," adding in an under-voice, meant only for those nearest her, "Poor fellows! their pay-day comes too seldom for them to see the inside of a chicheria!"

The revellers, standing round the musicians, turned to offer to the stranger, to whom the hostess had drawn their attention, a share of their several potations; but all made way for him in respectful silence, on seeing beneath his military cloak the light blue sash of an aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief. A whisper soon spread through the crowded room, of "Edecan del Cefe Supremo!" and reached the alarmed landlady's ears. She hastened to apologise for having mistaken "Os Merced" (him) for a soldier; declaring that she had supposed him to be a sergeant from the castle, in search of men belonging to the garrison.

"But Os Merced has undoubtedly called to taste my chicha de piña, which, without boasting, is allowed to be the best in the port; and well it may—made of the finest red pine-apple from Aragoa. If Os Merced will please to wait a few minutes, I will send him the wine. Cadete Nuyes, and Abanderado Tragon, with several other señores militares, who honour my chicheria with a visit every evening after siesta."

Sepúlveda begged permission to defer, until another opportunity, his introduction to the worthies who were employing their leisure hours as agreed; and enquired for the master of the Curazao droguer.

"*Malhaba la suerte!*" a messenger from the castle has just fetched him away to the governor, to receive his despatches for La Guayra. He will sail to-morrow with the forenoon tide and sea breeze; but if Os Merced will wait a while, I will send him the wine."

"It is of little consequence, patroncita! I shall probably meet him at the castle; if not, I will call in the morning."

He left the chicheria, cheered as he went by the revellers, who shouted "¡Viva Merced!" and communicated to the Chingana the result of his enquiry. He then stated the necessity there was for his immediately waiting on Bolívar; and expressed a wish to meet her the following morning in the same place.

"One thing more," she replied, "I have to say, before we quit the place, I warned you. Alas! the Alameda of Caracas, that, when we next met, you would be in danger of shortly becoming a wanderer from Coquibacoa. Beware of sleeping in yonder castle. When did a fort long wear the same flag that a neighbouring city had torn down? It will be known, before long, that there is no fort within, as we are wont to say. I counted the royalist prisoners who arrived this day; and they are more in number than the soldiers of the garrison. Beware, lest they win their way out of the cassa-matras with silver keys!"

She turned, and hastened down the lane, with her usual civility, leaving Sepúlveda in doubt, whether truth what he believed to be the ravings of a distempered imagination, or to laugh at the oracular tone affected by all of her tribe, when they wish to excite interest and attention in their hearers.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ADJUTANT.—BOLÍVAR.—TREACHERY.—ESCAPE.

The evening gun was already fired, and answered by musquetry from the schooner in the harbour, as Sepúlveda reached the castle. Nevertheless, the light-port gate was fortunately still open; and, as Don Carlos passed under the arched gateway leading under the ramparts, he enquired of the officer on guard, whether a foreign sailor had entered.

"He has been with Bolívar this last half hour," was the reply; and the fort-adjutant, as just before, offered to keep the bridge down until his return. It has happened luckily for you, camarada! for otherwise you would have found the gates closed for the night, and must have sought lodgings in the port!—not to mention the serious loss of a good supper at the governor's table."

As Don Carlos passed through the narrow corridor.

^a Chicha de piña, elder made of pine-apples, a common beverage in many parts of South America.

way, into which the cassa-matas open, he met the adjutant, followed by several men whom, notwithstanding the gloom of the vaulted passage, he recognised as the deserters, whom Bolívar had detected among the prisoners, and had ordered for instant execution. Corbalán started back on seeing them; but immediately recovering himself, he stepped into the open into one of the cells, which he opened with a master-key. Having locked them in, he turned to Sepúlveda with a forced smile, saying, "I am rejoiced to see that you are at last arrived, Señor Edecan. I feared you would have delayed so long at the point of departure, that you would have deprived of the pleasure of your company at Don Simon's."

Sepúlveda made a suitable reply; and turned the conversation on the deserters whom he had just seen. He expressed his surprise at Bolívar's having consented to pardon them, contrary to his repeated declaration; and complimented the adjutant on his extraordinary success, in persuading a chief so remarkable for pertinacity in all his resolves. Corbalán answered more and more embarrassed; and at length confessed, that he had spared the men's lives without the governor's knowledge.

"To own the truth," said he, "I contrived it with the assistance of the sergeant commanding the shooting party; whom I bribed to load his men's muskets with blank cartridges. I gave the prisoners a hint to fall flat, as if killed, on hearing the volley; and the picket was marched off without suspecting any thing extraordinary. I left the adjutant to do as he pleased, in so consistent a situation as that of an adjutant, who could degrade himself so far, as to tamper with his subalterns in the discharge of his and their duty. He made no remark, however, but enquired how Corbalán proposed to conceal this neglect of the governor's service; observing that, in all probability, Sepúlveda would be going by the night-metrols not finding the bodies, on going their usual rounds along the ramparts."

"Never fear!" rejoined the adjutant; "the north bastion is built on the rock overhanging the harbour; and I shall, I fancy, (should any enemy be made to land,) ordered the batteries to be thrown into the sea at high water; as used to be the custom formerly, when the Spaniards were in possession of the castle."

They reached the governor's house, just as Lodewyk Sluiter was leaving it. Sepúlveda endeavoured to question him on several points; but he made no answer, claiming, as he broke away,—"Come to myn wyhns! I'm gone, and we zal talk so-long as you zal choose."

The adjutant left Sepúlveda in the entrance hall, while he carried in the evening reports to the governor; and immediately returning, ushered Don Carlos in, whispering a repetition of his former request, that he would be careful not to allude to the deserters. He found Bolívar pacing up and down a drawing-room, commanding a view of the harbour, in animated conversation with several officers of the garrison; and occasionally referring to the reports which he had just received from his own surveys, which was spread on a side table. On seeing Sepúlveda, he welcomed him cordially, and taking his arm, continued his usual rapid walk; listening with interested attention to the details of the recent opening of the campaign.

On hearing him mention the Quebrada del Culeguri, as the pass by which Monteverde entered the low country, and which Don Carlos assured him that the guides had declared not to exist, Bolívar turned to his map, and exultingly pointed to the spot; saying, between his jest and earnest, "some future period, when I succeed to the office of commander-in-chief, I will show the Gedeas, that there is not an inch of my native land, with which I am not as well acquainted, as with my own plantation of San Miguel. Little did the Captain-General of Caracas think, when he employed me as engineer to survey the route of the southern expedition, that I was, I dreamed of nothing but the independence of Venezuela. Hoping that a correct map might be one day useful, in the event of a struggle for our rights and liberty, (which was then indeed a most visionary expectation.) I took this copy, by stealth, and in spite of every precaution to guard against the threat of the jealous despot who commanded us."

He folded it up, and deposited it carefully in the breast of his uniform; laughing as he continued: "I have ever since been my bosom friend; and was, in one instance, the means of saving me from a severe and probably dan-

gerous wound. During a smart skirmish, one day, in the province of Coro, its thick folds waving in a metal keel, which would otherwise have penetrated pretty deep, and in an awkward direction."

Supper was announced by a gray-headed soldier, who acted as butler to the governor, and was well known throughout the patriot army, for the unwearied fidelity with which he attended him, although of a very advanced age, through those arduous campaigns, which proved too severe for many a more youthful follower. He had been a confidential servant in the family of Bolívar's father, and those dearest to him had attached himself to Don Simón; and was clad, at his own request, in uniform, which, as he conceived, gave him a right to fight in the patriot ranks, near his master's son. He was, at the same time, rather pertinacious in offering his opinion on politics; and, although he firmly believed his young colonel to be the best and bravest man in Venezuela, and respected him accordingly, his affection too frequently led him to indulge in greater familiarity, than Bolívar would have endured from any other human being.

When Bolívar had taken his seat at the table, surrounded by the staff of the garrison, and other brother officers, his guests, in the usual recognition, in the affable and highly polished host, the strict and undisciplined of the field and parade. There he effected a roughness totally foreign to his domestic habits, and enforced peremptory obedience by a torrent of coarse and unadapted to the comprehension of the rude and undisciplined. Insurgent as he was, he was yet ready to deal with. In his own house, or elsewhere at times when duty did not interfere, his conversation was highly pleasing and instructive; and no one could be better acquainted with the art of making his guests pleased, at one and the same time, with themselves and him.

After supper, he encouraged a brisk circulation of the bottle; for although Bolívar was in general remarkably abstemious, he was far from being rigid in enforcing temperance at his own table. From thence cigars alone were to be had, and, as he was a devotee of the pipe, he had an unquenchable dislike to the smoke of tobacco. The guests, with the exception of Corbalán, who sat silent, and evidently in deep meditation, soon caught the lively tone of hilarity which animated their host, and the sound of the *trécula*, commencing under the governor's balcony, and slowly making its usual rounds through the castle, reminded them for the first time that it was getting late. The fort-adjutant immediately started up, and retired to collect the reports of guard and roll-call; taking with him the heavy bunch of keys, with which it was his duty to inspect the different posterns and case-mates. The guests were preparing to follow his example; but were detained by Bolívar, who insisted on their sitting still until the return of Corbalán.

"When Rivas had charge of the keys," said he, "I used to trust entirely to him, and retire to rest as usual, before I can repose so much confidence in him. Besides, we are not every day so fortunate as to receive an aide-de-camp from head-quarters, bringing good news, and some hundred prisoners. We must send back Don Carlos to Venezuela, with a favorable report of the hospitality of our little garrison, to our friends in the army."

"Thus encouraged, the company resumed their gaiety. Time was again passing unheeded in social merriment, when the old butler slowly opened the door; and having paused a moment, as if to ascertain who were present, advanced to the back of the governor's chair, where he stood until his master was at leisure to attend to him.

"Well, Tahita Felipe!" said Bolívar at length; "have my unusually late hours scandalized you? Or are you come to tell me, that I must have no more wine, as you took the liberty of assuming me not very long since?"

"No, hijo Simón!" said the old man; "but do you recollect how long the adjutant has been absent? And do you remember that he has the keys?"

"Very true, Tahita! he has certainly been rather dilatory; but he is new in office, and consequently awkward at first."

"And it is here that he is not too clever for you, hijo!" said Felipe; and added, in a significant under tone, "He is a Portenian of Cartagena."

"And what though he be, are you so thorough-bred a mountaineer as to distrust all Portenians, on the authority of the silly old song? I thought there had been more sense and less prejudice under those gray locks, amigo

Felipe! But tell me, once for all, what is it you sus-

"It is my belief, hijo Simón,—as well as that of others in the garrison, who are afraid to speak out,—that Corbalán is little better than a Godo in disguise, and by no means to be depended on in a castle so near the enemy as this is. Recollect how he interested himself to-day in the desamers?—as I heard more than one remark; and for no other reason, whether, than because they were taken in arms for the king?"

"You are so much accustomed to the manners of your late favourite, poor Rivas, (who I must own was far more likely to mistake in shooting too many than too few,) that you are inclined to spare them. You are, however, well self used at one time to intercede with General del Toro for them: although few families in Venezuela have more ample cause to execrate them than mine. Go down stairs, and tell my ordananza to search for the adjutant; and to detain him at my table with the reports."

When Felipe retired, Bolívar remained thoughtful for a short time; as if his old servant's observations had made some impression on his mind. Sepúlveda recollected the circumstance of the deserters, whom Corbalán had rescued, in a clandestine manner, from the fate they had merited. He was debating within himself, whether he ought to consider himself bound by a promise of secrecy so imprudently given, when a shot was heard in the corner of the parade, followed by a volley of musketry, and the well-known ominous shouts of "Long live the King! Death to the insurgents!"

"A thousand devils be the insurgents!" he started to his feet, and buckled on his sabre; "Felipe was right, after all; and I am a confiding idiot!"

All rushed into the adjoining room; from whence they could see the parade bench, crowded with troops in the confusion of the debate, and a disorderly mob of rotas bearing clubs, long knives, and torches, were rushing towards the Government-house. The sergeant's guard, which was stationed at the door, fired among them as they advanced, and instantly retreated into the porch, leaving the gate after them. But a tumultuous attack was made on the main-guard, and the mob, out of the impediments their own eagerness and numbers threw in their way. Bolívar comprehended at the first glance the state of the case.

"The King lives!" Corbalán," said he, "has released the Spanish prisoners, opened the main-guard, and thrown open the gates to the rotas from the city. Follow me close, camaradas!"

So saying, he hurried back into the supper-room; and threw open the folding doors leading to the viranda which overlooked the harbour. He then unbuckled his sash, and having fastened it to the railing of the balcony, set the example of descending, which was speedily followed by his guests and domestics, among whom was old Felipe. Bolívar led the way to the north bastion, which he and his party reached unobserved. Pausing there, he prepared for taking to the water, by unbuckling his sabre, and drawing his cut-throat razor.

"All will be well, comrades!" said he, "let all those who can swim follow me to that little schooner, let you just discern, about a pistol-shot off. Luckily for us, it is high tide; and there will be depth enough of water, close under the rocks, for us to drop into without danger."

All the officers, and most of the soldiers, who heard Corbalán's advice, followed him; but old Felipe, who he had heard, said, "I was born in the Corraña, and never could swim, even when a boy; so that I should run but a poor chance, were I to trust myself out of my depth at my age. Shift for yourself, hijo Simón, and never heed me. The Godos will hardly ill-treat so old a man as I, if you should. I shall have time to look off if I must see the Spanish flag flying in the place of the tricolor!"

As he advanced to embrace his master, Bolívar suddenly seized the old man in his arms, and plunged him into the water from the rock on which he was standing. Time passing in after him, he caught him before he could sink, and supported him with swimming arms, swimming actively with the other towards Ledewyk's Shuker schooner. Lights now began to appear on board several vessels, which had been alarmed by the firing and clamour in the castle. The honest Coruzao-man, who was retreating up to ledge in order to haul out of range of the guns, no sooner heard the repeated shouts of the king, and could distinguish swimmers approaching his vessel, than he began to shout, "Boom a! whoever you call be!"

Bolívar, who was by this time assisted by Sepúlveda in

supporting his old servant, found leisure to answer, "we are friends!"

"*Freunden zey je?* Slapperloot! call you it *viendlyk* to plunge a fellow into the water? I took you for a friend, and to bring light over an honest schipper and his maats?"

Then snatching a lantern from one of his men, he held it over the gunnel, and seeing Bolívar, exclaimed,—"*Duizend duizend!* he is 't kleinste kolonel—'so will ik live—'and for old vriencht's tootier! when they zal draw among them, if he have not good luck."

As the droguer's boat lay alongside, and her waist bulwarks were unshipped, the whole party found little difficulty in climbing on board; where they stood dripping with wet, and staring on each other, as uncertain what to do next. Bolívar indignately rebuked his resolution, on seeing torches appear on the bastion they had just left. He ordered the schipper to cut his cable instantly, and to haul alongside of the man-of-war, before they were perceived by the enemy on the ramparts; assuring him that his droguer would otherwise be sunk by the guns of the fort. Ledewyk, who it was not so easy to put out of his way, had a very strong objection both to cutting and slipping; and observed, that it would be a difficult matter to get another *kolk*, now that no hopes remained of being able to land at the port.

Unlike the droguer, the royalist party, which had obtained possession of the castle, was so keen in their search after Bolívar, and his officers, whom they designed to have massacred, that they found the few soldiers who had been left behind on the north bastion. These they compelled, under the most dreadful denunciations of torture, to declare which way the governor had escaped. They consequently kept a sharp look out, from different parts of the ramparts; and no sooner had the schipper raised his usual cry of "heave, melt a will, ahoy!" than a shot came from one of the long *piédroes* on the bastion, which struck the droguer's harbour lock, and travelled right through, passing out below her water-line on the other side.

Bolívar instantly drew his sabre, and cut the hawser without any more delay. A few more shots followed the first, but merely drove away some of the standing rigging. The sailors, who were in the schooner, were not content in strength for their deficiencies in nautical skill, made such strenuous exertions, that they reached the man-of-war schooner, and scrambled aboard, just as the little droguer began to settle in the water and go down. The sentry on the main-guard, who had been ordered to hear the droguer's sweeps; and was answered by Bolívar with the night parole, which he had always been careful to communicate to the men-of-war lying in the harbour, in anticipation of some such emergency as the present. He was therefore immediately recognised; and preparations were made to receive him. The captain, a creole of Barcelona, who had been promoted from a small coasting vessel to his present command, got under weigh by the governor's directions. Having swept out of the harbour, he heave to, until day-light should enable him to reconnoitre the port and castle.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SCHOONER.—REVOLUTION.—SURRENDER.

As soon as the morning breeze blew fresh enough to ensure a vessel's way, the schooner, under the Tiburon schooner stood in to the harbour's mouth, under Venezuélan colours. The moment she was seen from the castle to be rounding the point, the Spanish flag was hoisted on the north bastion, and the royalist war-cry was disseminated round the strong that lined the ramparts. The gun-boats had evidently been in the harbour all night, and had changed masters, for the red and yellow colours of Spain were flying at the mastsheads.

Bolívar saw enough to convince him of the impossibility of attempting any thing for the relief of the castle; he therefore gave the captain orders to sail, and to wear and stand out to sea again. While he was executing this manœuvre, and just as the Tiburon turned her stern towards the inner harbour, a flash was seen to issue from the nearest gun-boart, followed by a dense volume of white smoke, which floated forward over the surface of the water. It was not before the schooner had cleared the head of the heavy gun was heard, a shot spun past the schooner, bounding along the waves, so close as to throw the spray on her deck.

"By 't jumping Jonas! dat was wel gemeent!" exclaimed the captain in arguing his own escape, and the excitement of the moment; "Kyk out, kinders! you zal zie another closer aboard us directly."

The words had scarcely been uttered, when the other

gun-boats followed the example of their commanders, and with far more fatal aim. Of the five shots, two went through the sails and rigging; and the third carried away the jaws of the main gaff, which immediately swung loose by the halyards, disabling the mainsail for the time. The last struck the unfortunate creole commander dead, that moment hanging over the lee quarter, overhauling the boom sheet, and dashed him overboard. He clung for a moment, with a convulsive grasp, to the rope he was holding; and then, his gripe at once relaxing, he fell into the water, and was seen no more.

The honour of the capture was paid away through the water, that although it was not long before the gun-boats repeated their fire, all their shots dropped in her wake, without touching her. When she was once more outside the harbour, the ex-governor enquired of the seamen, who was the officer now in command of their late captain. He was informed, that the lieutenant and countermaître, who were the only subalterns belonging to her, had received permission to go ashore the preceding evening, and had not returned on board previous to the surprise of the castle and the port. Bolívar therefore took upon himself the responsibility of appointing Lodewyk Sluiker *ad interim*, until the pleasure of the Junta Suprema should be ascertained on the subject. Lodewyk received his appointment, with many thanks for the honour done him; observing, at the same time, that "it was an ill wind that blew no man good; one who was such a good drogger, and another had made way for his promotion."

Like most seamen, Sluiker was a tolerably good carpenter. He therefore set himself to work with some tools, which he found on board the schooner, as soon as she was hoisted to; and in a few hours had a gallies boat ready for hoisting on her mast. Bolívar then directed him to take the schooner to La Guayra, as speedily as possible; expressing a hope that he might be able to arrive at Caracas before the news of the insurrection at Puerto Cabello should have animated to revolt the feeble population of the latter place. He then appointed the captain of the Tiborón, that no vessel, however well she might sail, could possibly beat up to that port, against both trade-wind and current, in less than a week.

Monteverde, meanwhile, had received intelligence from the traitorous adjutant of the castle of Puerto Cabello, was once more under the Spanish flag. He immediately marched his army thither by a circuitous route, by which he completely eluded the vigilance of the patriot general. The acquisition of this sea-port was of the greatest importance to the Spaniards, as it gave them the means of supplying their stores, and provisions, were now received direct from Cartagena by water, instead of being delayed for many weeks on a tedious and hazardous mountain road, through a tract of country in which they were always in danger of being waylaid and intercepted. The Spanish lead quarters, being thus established in the city of Montevideo, re-entrained the timid inhabitants, who had been for centuries accustomed to look up to their European rulers with the deepest submission and dread, and to reverence them as the legitimate representatives of regal authority. Monteverde's emissaries busied themselves in distributing gold and silver, and calling on the creoles to return to their allegiance. He promised a general amnesty to all those who should give in their adherence, before the entrance of the royalist troops into the capital; and denounced the extremes of military chastisement to all such as should be taken in arms by delaying their submission until circumstances should have rendered the event of the struggle no longer doubtful. To this appalling threat was added the powerful influence of the friars, who openly denounced and excommunicated the patriots, as rebels, and as renegades from their holy faith; refusing confession, and absolution to all who would not renounce their heretical and damnable principles.

The populace of Caracas now rose en masse, and terrified the Junta Suprema, which was left but weakly guarded on the march of the army, into sending a deputy to Montevideo, to request for aid, and to place the republic at his disposal. Miranda received the news of this fatal measure, while he was falling back for the protection of the capital, which now renounced him, and refused to receive him within its walls. He soon perceived, from the effect which it produced on the army, that the Junta of Montevideo (for so it was called) had been lost to Venezuela. The greater part of his soldiers mustered, and deserted to the royalists by entire battalions; and many of his officers, on whom he had been in the habit of reposing the most unlimited confidence, fled to their estates, where they hoped, by submission and tem-

porary submission, to escape the impending storm. Many of Miranda's friends earnestly pressed him to follow their example; but he persisted in standing, to the very last, the hazard of the die his own hand had thrown. He was about to start for Venezuela, he was unwilling to burden any native of that country with the dangerous responsibility of concealing him; and he imprudently resolved to confide in the honour of the conqueror, by whom he confidently expected to be liberated on his parole.

His length determined, for the sake of the faithful few who still continued to share his shattered fortunes, to propose a capitulation, while it yet was in his power, and, if possible, before his adversary should become acquainted with the stratagem which he was reduced. Monteverde received the offer with a desire to treat, but hesitated in the most courteous manner. He lamented the unhappy differences in opinion, which had so long separated the inhabitants of Venezuela from their countrymen in Coro and Cartagena; and expressed his sincere hope, that a new and better organised government would speedily be established in the colonies. At the same time, he studiously avoided all discussion of the terms he designed to grant; giving evasive replies when pressed on that head. He finally postponed his answer, until he should have entered Caracas, whether he proceeded immediately at the head of his army, bringing a strong detachment of his troops, or he should return on foot.

The greatest anxiety prevailed, meanwhile, on the part of the patriot army encamped near the village of Cucuiza, respecting the intentions of the Spanish general. Desertion continued to thin the troops; and still no definitive reply was received from Montevideo, by which the army reduced to the mere skeleton of that with which he had opened the campaign. He therefore came to the resolution of disbanding it, and surrendering himself to the royalist commander-in-chief; in hopes of thereby averting from Venezuela, at whatever price, the horrors of a host of horrors.

He ordered the small remnant of his army to be formed, for the last time, in a hollow square; and addressed his troops in a short farewell harangue, in which he highly extolled their unshaken devotion to the cause of their country. He thanked them, in plain but feeling terms, for the services they had rendered; and expressed his ardent hope, that they would still be true to him, and to the cause, which he had evinced for them to the last; deeply regretting that any further efforts on their parts would now be unavailing. He desired them, as the last mark of their obedience which would probably be exacted by him as their general, to pile arms, and disarm peaceably.

He then, in the name of the patriots, the opportunity of exchanging the proscribed uniform they then wore, for the less ostentatious dress of private citizens. The soldiers were deeply affected at parting with their respected chief, and those officers, whom a common cause, and a participation of hardships and dangers, had endeared to them. Some complied with Miranda's order, and sullenly laid down their muskets. But the greater part, who felt the fondness of soldiers for the warlike weapons which he had borne through many a weary march and hard fought fight, indignantly broke the order, and again refused to lay down their arms. He bade them, declaring that no God should have it to say, that he had they surrendered their arms. Officers and men united in insisting, that the national colours, at least, should not be given up. As Miranda appeared at a loss how to dispose of them, the troops soon decided the matter by their own action, and, in the twinkling of an eye, distributed among themselves as relics; vowing to wear them concealed next to their rosaries, until they might display them, at some future day of meeting, under more favourable circumstances.

All the officers signified their desire of accompanying Miranda, and he requested them, as well for his own sake as for theirs, not to insist on showing him this hazardous mark of respect. He assured them, that it could only tend to exasperate the royalists, and would, in all probability, awaken Monteverde's jealousy; thereby disposing to impose still more onerous conditions, which perhaps he obtained. They reluctantly acquiesced in the prudence of his resolution; and, having selected a few of his oldest staff-officers to attend him, he bade the rest affectionately farewell, and took the road to Caracas.

When he reached the summit of the hill, which overlooked the valley of Cucuiza, he looked back on the spot where the rude huts of his late encampment stood; and a tear of bitter mortification stole down his cheek, on seeing the small parties of his faithful warriors, who were separating in different directions towards their native villages. He sighed deeply to think how those

veterans, who had acquired in the camp the habit of depending entirely on their officers for their daily rations, and were totally unaccustomed to provide for themselves, should be obliged to seek for food and casual relief from the peasantry, who were by no means well inclined towards them, for their subsistence on the road.

A few leagues from Cucuiza, he met with a Spanish picket of cavalry, which had been stationed there, rather for the purpose of watching the movements of the patriots, than with any apprehension of their being threatened from their diminished force. The commanding officer, who had lately arrived from Spain with the last reinforcements, turned out his guard as soon as he heard the name of Miranda; and received him with the military honours due to his rank. In answer to the patriot general's enquiry, whether he could be permitted to proceed to Caracas, for the purpose of soliciting an interview with Montevideo, the Spaniard replied, that he had received no instructions on that head. He said, however, that he would immediately dispatch a dragoon to head-quarters, with intelligence of his approach, and that meanwhile the general was perfectly at liberty to continue his journey.

He experienced a far different reception, from his own countrymen, on reaching the capital. The officer on guard at the gate, a creole who had deserted from the patriot army, and who was now in the service of the Spaniards; and ordered him into a close and crowded guard-room, where he and his staff remained exposed to the gaze of the soldiers, until the return of a messenger sent to enquire how he was to be treated. One of the Montevideo's aides-de-camp arrived soon after, with an invitation for him and his staff to visit the Spanish commander in chief at the palace, which had been so far repaired, since the earthquake, as to be rendered habitable. He also apologised slightly for Miranda's detention, saying that his general had been so much occupied by important arrangements, since his arrival at the capital, that he had had no time to ensure to give the necessary orders for his reception.

On entering the Plaza, Miranda found a crowd assembled to witness an execution that had just taken place; and saw the bodies of five unfortunate victims to the disaffected party, lying on the ground. In the middle of the square, which was erected opposite to the windows of the palace, he could distinctly see, that they were the green uniform of patriot officers; and the aide-de-camp observed, pointing to them, "Insurgents, who have been detected endeavouring to conceal themselves."

The patriot officers were drawn to the palace gate, by the trumpet of the guard which saluted Miranda; for he still wore the insignia of his rank. The mob immediately recognised their old general; but "no one bid God bless him." On the contrary, the feeble Caracacenos, who had not long since greeted him, on first meeting, with enthusiastic acclamations, now pursued him with hooting and execration; shouting loudly, that they might be heard within the palace, "To the gullews with the rebel!"

When Monteverde was apprised that his once formidable opponent had arrived, and requested an interview, he at once refused to see him, until he should have taken the opinion of his council as to his reception. At the same time, he directed apartments to be provided for him in the palace; but ordered the officers, who had accompanied him, to be conducted under close arrest to the Granja de San Carlos, where he was to remain. Miranda was called before the council of war, and required to answer, why he should not be tried as a rebel to his sovereign. Without attempting to argue the question of treason, which he readily perceived would be fruitless before his present judges, he pleaded, that the proclamation promulgated by Monteverde when at Puerto Cabello, on the faith of which, he declared, he had now come forward to avail himself of the amnesty promised therein. The council, however, decided that, by his tardiness in deferring his submission until the Spanish army had entered Caracas, he had forfeited all claim to the king's pardon.

He then appealed to Monteverde himself, as a witness that he had sent a deputy to treat for terms of surrender, a considerable time previous to his obtaining possession of the capital. Against this it was urged, as an excuse, that the Spaniards had refused to receive him, and never destined to be laid sacred, that by having disbanded his army, instead of keeping it together for the purpose of surrendering it, he had infringed the treaty into which he had entered; and that, by a fresh overt act of rebellion, in persisting to serve as a general, as if in lawful possession of the republic, he had again rendered himself amenable to martial law.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 6, NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA—AT \$3 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

Monteverde, however, either felt compunction for the harshness with which his counsellors appeared disposed to treat a fallen enemy, or, as is not improbable, was unwilling to subject themselves to the odium he would doubtless incur, by exercising unnecessary severity towards a man so much beloved by the respectable part of the community. He took a middle course, by refusing to sanction his trial before a military court in the colonies; urging the difficulty that would inevitably be found, in obtaining a cool and impartial decision, while men's minds were still under the influence of the violent spirit of party, which had so recently distracted the land. But he intimated his intention of sending him to Spain, together with some of the principal actors in the late scenes of the revolution, to be placed at his Catholic majesty's disposal. He concluded, by ordering him to be confined in a separate cell of the *casa-matas* at La Guayra, until an opportunity should offer of a vessel bound to Europe. This was expected speedily to be the case; as important despatches, relative to the fortunate conclusion of the war, were in readiness to be sent to Cadiz.

Miranda bowed to the decision of the Spanish general, as if he was well aware that death, or perpetual imprisonment, would be his fate in Spain; and solicited permission for his staff to occupy the same cell as himself. The request was peremptorily refused; and it was even hinted, that those officers would probably be tried at Caracas, as the result of a court-martial on their would be of comparatively trifling importance.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PATRIOT MAN-OF-WAR—BOLIVAR DISGUISED—CARACAS.

The *Thibron*, meanwhile, beat up along the coast, towards the seaport nearest to the capital; but, although Sluiter carried all the canvass he could crowd on her, it was evident that her progress by the land was very tedious. Nothing could alight Bolivar's impatience, when, as the vessel sailed along the shore, early in the morning succeeding each calm night, he could recognise the very points of land which she had left on the preceding evening. He paced the deck almost uninterceptedly, alternately looking out through the spy-glass for a sight of the land ahead, and angrily remarking to Lodewyk, that the schooner, formerly her captain, was performing a good sailer, but that, since she had been under his charge, she scarcely appeared to make any way through the water.

The skipper usually sat smoking his cigar on the taffrail, with imperturbable gravity; and seldom thought it necessary to make any reply to these ebullitions of impatience.

At length, on the eighth morning after leaving Puerto Cavallo, they made the harbour of La Guayra; and to their great mortification, (although they were in some degree prepared to expect it,) they saw the Spanish colours flying on the castles. As it was, of course, impossible to have any communication with the shore, Bolivar enquired of the captain if he was acquainted with any obscure port in the neighbourhood, into which they might run unobserved, and endeavour to obtain intelligence of the proceedings, and the situation of affairs in the interior. Lodewyk mentioned Los Bagres, as a creek with which he was best acquainted, in which a vessel was little liable to attract the attention of the inhabitants; for they were in habits of frequent intercourse with the traders of the coast, and accordingly received directions to proceed thither immediately.

During the passage, Bolivar disclosed to Don Carlos his intention of penetrating into the interior of Venezuela in disguise, that he might thereby be enabled to form a more correct opinion of the actual state of the country, than the friends of the revolution were now enabled to do, than if he trusted to intelligence obtained by other means. At Sepulveda's earnest request, he was permitted to accompany Bolivar, who also gave Sluiter directions to stand out to sea, after obtaining the necessary provisions, and to cruise in the offing twenty-four hours, till the expiration of which time he was to return and send a boat for them. But, if they did not appear by the second morning, he was to conclude they were taken by the enemy, and was to bear up for the island of Margarita. The old servant Felipe was

directed to deliver over to the patriot governor, at Pampatar, a case containing money and important papers belonging to the state; which Bolivar had caused to be embarked on board the schooner, the day previous to the loss of the castle at Puerto Cavallo, with the intention of sending it in safety to Caracas.

The *Thibron*, having anchored in the creek of Los Bagres late in the evening, Bolivar and his young companion proceeded to disguise themselves as mulattoes, by exchanging different articles of clothing with the seamen. When it was quite dark, Lodewyk set them ashore at a short distance above the village, and they succeeded in gaining the open country unobserved. There was little danger of detection when once they were landed; so completely was their appearance altered, by the coarse dark ruanas which they wore, over blue woolen drawers of the mountaineer cut. As for their complexion, a soldier's face rarely stands in need of any artificial stain to brown it; and, although they could not boast of the long platted locks of hair, which form the mulattoes' chief pride, their broad palm-leaf sombreros were slouched over their foreheads, so as to conceal the deficiency.

They had taken the precaution to furnish themselves with halters, before leaving the schooner; and soon caught themselves horses, which they mounted without saddles. They then galloped rapidly across the savanna of Canaveral, and reached the ravine of the *Tucupeti* just before day break. Having concealed the horses among the *culegari* canes, which afforded both shelter and pasture, they walked into Caracas early in the morning; but, judging it prudent to wait until the streets began to fill, lest suspicion might be excited by their being seen wandering about at that hour, they entered a posada in the outskirts of the city. Here they remained in the company of mulattoes and peons, who were seated on the sheepskins that had served them for beds, under the corridor of the house; smoking their churumbels, and watching with evident satisfaction the progress made by their beasts, in their way to the market, which was spread before them on undressed cow-hide.

Bolivar demanded breakfast for himself and his companion; and was ushered by the landlord of the posada into a large room full of *arrieros*, who were seated on benches round a large table, discussing huge slices of boiled tripe and fried plantains, which they were eating down with copious draughts of *chica*. A black female cook, rather scantily dressed, sat before the travellers their allowance of the substantial fare, which appeared to be so much in request; presenting the pieces of dried beef, smoking from the embers on which they had been broiled, on a large wooden spit, which she stuck in the earthen floor behind them; and rolling from her apron on the table about a dozen large plantains, roasted and slightly bruised. Their host, who ruled without a rival in the department of the collage, placed a large calabash of *chicha* into the group, before them, and then filled two capacious horns, first drinking to the health of his guests. He then seated himself near them, and proceeded to question them, (by virtue of his undisputed privilege as landlord,) as to whence they came, and whither they were bound. As had been previously concerted between them, Bolivar said, that they had just come up from the plantation of San Miguel, near Victoria, with a drove of mules laden with cacao; and that they proposed returning the next day.

"I know that plantation well," said the landlord; "it is the plantation of Bolivar of Aragon, but I suppose it has fallen into the hands of government; if it be true, as report says, that Colonel Simon was killed at Puerto Cavallo, when his rascally troops rose and delivered up the castle."

"True, or false," said an old *arriero*, who sat opposite, "the *thibron* will go to Monteverde; never fear! More is the pity, I say, to hear every day of the oldest families in Venezuela dying off, and making room for a swarm of hungry strangers, who come over from Spain bootless, and return petti-maitres."

"Softly, *mi Capac!*" said the landlord; "speak reverently of the powers that be. I will have no politics talked in my posada. Were the *alcade* to hear of it, he would soon send me an order to shut up the house."

"Why are we all *arrieros* here, are we not?" asked Caspecho, who had been partaking rather too freely of

the potent *chica* de caña: "Besides, there is no treason in saying that I like my own countrymen better than foreigners. But as you say, there is little use in speaking one's mind in these times, and perhaps too much danger. As I passed through the Plaza, late last night, I saw peons at work erecting the *cadalso*, just in the place where it used to stand; and, by all accounts, this Monteverde is the very man to find the *verdugo* employment."

Bolivar took advantage of the old man's talkative humor, to enquire what news was stirring in the capital. "Had enough, *compañero!* Besides those *carapencez*, who used to be here in garrison, and would neither let man nor woman walk the streets in peace, there has arrived a fresh importation of Spanish jail-birds, who swagger about the city as if the land were their own, and every one they meet their born slave. They have begun plundering the payasanos from the country, too, already; but they had better take care, or many of them will be taught the length of the Cerasno's knives. No longer ago than last night, as I was coming home from the *rancho deobolas*, one of the new-comers, with a sabre dangling from him as long as my bride-ribs, was looking about for mischief. So my comrade Goyo, thinking beside me, with a *bota* of *aguardiente* hanging at his saddle, he took it from him, threatening to cut him down if he said a word. Goyo looked about, and saw that there was not a Christian in the street, beside ourselves, and my standard-bearer. He quietly unlashed his officer's stirrup, which was a true Cerasno's, of heavy brass, and swinging it like a lasso over his head, struck the Goyo, who was too busy drinking to mind what he was about, one blow on the head, and no more. He went down like a balloon; Goyo picked up his *bota*; and we rode off without waiting to see whether he recovered."

"But Miranda and his army," said Bolivar; "where are they now?"

"Hua! the army has melted away like the snows on the Cordillera in summer; and no one knows where they are. Some say he intends to surrender; but if he does, he will surely either be shot, or sent to Spain. But here I sit talking while I ought to be looking to my mules. *Casero!* let me have the stirrup cup; I am for the valleys this morning."

The *arrieros* now began to load their mules, and to separate into the various districts of the country. Bolivar, having satisfied their host, walked out towards the Plaza; where they saw, by the guard which surrounded a newly erected scaffold, that an execution was about to take place. They endeavoured to retire, but were ordered back by a cordon of Spanish soldiers, stationed across the corners of the square, whose orders were to keep all those who were already in the Plaza from leaving it. Thus they effected by freely applying the butts of their muskets, and the points of their bayonets, to all such as had the misfortune to be driven too close to them by the throng.

The hum of the multitude was suddenly hushed, by the shrill notes of a warning trumpet, blown at the gates of the *Guardia de Prevencion*; and a solitary muffled drum was heard beating the dead march, as the procession slowly approached. The crowd made way before the escort, which advanced in close column, with fixed bayonets; and Bolivar saw five of his former companions in arms, between the ranks, heavily armed and attended by friars, moving with pallid cheeks, but firm footsteps, towards an ignominious death;—if that which the guttles and brave men ever bore to hear and see.

When the drum had sounded the scaffold, and before they were delivered over to the executioner, silence was proclaimed. The *Juez Fiscal* read with a loud voice the sentence of the court-martial, and a proclamation issued by Monteverde, offering a reward for the heads of several specified in the late insurgent army, who were therein spoken of. Bolivar blood boiled within him, at hearing his own name, among many others of the best and bravest in the land, denounced as that of a traitor and outlaw. He was more than once on the point of answering with his scornful defiance; but reflection convinced him,

* This anecdote is related, word for word, as it was communicated to the author by an old Huazo of Chile, who coulted in having himself performed the feat.

Powder and shot were embarked for the *Tiburon*'s guns; and a sufficient number of seamen were soon shipped, not only for her complement, but also to man the prizes she was expected to make. A party of newly raised troops having been sent on board as marines, Seaborn, who had been ordered to accompany Don Alvarado, too, resolved to accompany the expedition as chaplain; for he already began to foresee, from the experience of a few days' residence at the Government-house, that any longer stay on the island, with no other company than that of a few illiterate officers, could not fail to be very irksome. A cabin was accordingly fitted up, with every attention to his comfort, next to that of his nephew; and, having taken an affectionate leave of his sister, whom he recommended to the care of the

Margaritatos on board. Lodewyk Sluiker, who had obtained a regular commission, as captain, from the Junta Provisional, and a corresponding authority to exercise command under his orders, speedily recovered his usual good humour, which had been rather ruffled by the unlucky shot that sunk his droguer. He looked forward, with the greatest glee, to the prospect of a cruise; boasting of his personal knowledge of every creek and corner among the islands; and confidently promising to make the most novel circumstance of having a "*kapellman*" on board. Every thing being ready for sea, and the last raft of casks received from the watering place, the anchor was soon run up to the bows; and the "*Tiburon*" stood out of the river, firing and receiving a farewell salute.

The trade-wind being completely in their favour, they made Santa Domingo in three days from their moorings at Pampatar, and landed Bolivar near San Luis. Sluiker's experience, as pilot, now proved of essential service. He carried the schooner in safety through the intricate channel, to the northward of Cuba; and having passed the Anguilla shoal, commenced cruising off the point of Matanzas, in hopes of intercepting some homeward-bound Spanish merchant-man from the Havana.

It will readily be believed, that Sepulveda had not been so scrupulous of daily intercourse with his shipper, as to find out the names of none of his passengers, leaving his former passengers in the droguer. Lodewyk began to entertain great kindness for his young marine officer, whose assistance he found exceedingly useful in drilling his sailors in general to the management of the gun; and in particular, to the use of the cutlass and pistol. He was therefore highly pleased to find that Sepulveda was acquainted with Mariadel Rosario; and, as Don Carlos could not dissemble the deep interest he felt for her welfare, Sluiker, who did not want for penetration, and whose rugged exterior concealed a kind heart, soon comprehended the essential nature of the matter. Now left the cabin regularly every evening, much to the surprise and chagrin of his uncle, for the purpose of accompanying the skipper during his first watch. While Don Gabriano was wondering at his bad taste in selecting such a companion, his nephew was listening with intense attention to the sailor's confidential details of the droguer's trip to Saint Thomas; and of her being intercepted and plundered by pirates.

After a fortnight's cruise, during which the recruits became tolerably expert at the guns and small arms, the "*Tiburon*" sailed for the second time, one evening, between Las Matanzas and the Havana. Sluiker, standing on the look out at the mast head, proclaimed the welcome intelligence of a sail in sight, standing out of the harbour. The eyes of all on board were eagerly turned in the direction pointed out by the man aloft; and Sluiker, getting a spy-glass, ran rapidly up the fore-rigging to obtain a better view of the stranger. The sun was just sinking abreast of the Moro rock, and some few of the sailors, whose eyes were strong, could just catch an indistinct glimpse of a vessel, directly in the broad glare of the horizon. When the dazzle or orb had disappeared below the horizon, a single moment was plain to be seen, crossing the "*Tiburon*'s" course, and standing to the northward for the Bahama passage.

"*Ho-see!*" exclaimed Lodewyk in an ecstasy; "she carries sky-sails over yavals; and is certainly *en grot* about to board us!" He then came down on deck, and bestirred himself with unusual activity to get the square fore-sail set. This increased the schooner's walk so much, that when he had seen the ropes cleft and torn, and every man at his station, Lodewyk beckoned Sepulveda, and pointing to the foam, as it danced rapidly past over the deep blue waves, remarked, that the schooner was doing her duty, and that he should shortly call on the marines to do theirs. The guns had already been loaded, and the gunner's crew was busy taking out the tompons and priming; while, under Sepulveda's directions, the marines were ordered on the quarter-deck to prepare their muskets. When every thing was ready, the word was passed fore and aft, for all hands to lie down at their quarters; and a dead silence prevailed, interrupted occasionally by Sluiker's hoarse voice, as he issued brief directions to the helmsmen.

Don Gabriano, meanwhile, who was totally unused to sea, and who appeared to feel much personal danger as the vessel, sat on the companion, casting wild looks from time to time at Lodewyk and Sepulveda, as they paced silently up and down the weather side of the deck. At length, overcome by his apprehensions, he exclaimed every moment more importunate, he called, his nephew, and asked him a second time, "where are you, where the chaplain was usually stationed during an engagement?"—"Because," said he, "my presence is not

particularly required on deck, I believe I shall be most useful in the cabin, where I can be in readiness to meet all the unfortunate men, who will doubtless be mortally wounded in the approaching conflict."

Sepulveda turned him to the assurance that he, far from being wanted on deck, he would only be in the sailors' way; and requested him to retire below as soon as he thought proper. There was no necessity for repeating this welcome intimation. Immediately on receiving it, Sepulveda warmly embraced his nephew affectionately, entreating him to take care of himself, and to run no needless risks; and then disappeared down the companion ladder, with a celerity that bore witness to the reality of his alarm.

The twilight of the tropics had long since faded away; but the moon shone with such brilliancy of splendour, that the white sails of the chase were distinctly visible, broad on the bow. Sluiker anxiously reconnoitred her, from time to time, through a night-glass; and as often expressed to Sepulveda his apprehension, that she in the counter current of the Gulf-stream, while the "*Tiburon*" was still in the current of the trade-wind. At last, however, he announced that she had taken in her flying-kites, and stripped to her top-gallant sails; as the cautious Spaniards generally do soon after dark. The schooner then rapidly gained on her, and her painted ports could occasionally be seen, as the moon shone, and she appeared to glitter in broadsides to the rays of the moon. A few minutes more, and the "*Tiburon*" was within a cable's length of her quarter; so still, meanwhile, was every thing around, that the dash of the waves against her broad bows was distinctly heard.

Sluiker now ordered the square-sail to be taken in; the fore and main-sails to be brailed up; and the gunner's crew to cast loose and point the long gun, which was mounted on a circle a-midships. Although the sailors executed these manœuvres with all possible stillness, and with the greatest care, yet the intense eagerness of expectation, some slight noise was unavoidably made in the vessel, some slight noise was unavoidably made in the vessel, caught the attention of the watch on board the Spanish vessel. A voice immediately hailed through a speaking trumpet—"*¡Ho! la go-le-ta!—Que bu-que?*"

"*¡No!*" returned no answer, but looked along the gun, and blew out the smoke in his hand. "The vessel," he said, "was evidently some bustle and confusion on board. There was a strange ship. Several voices spoke at once, as if giving orders; and Lodewyk heard cartridges called for in Spanish."

"Keep her away, *en half point!*" said he to the helmsman; "I'll cut her tiller-ropes *deadly!*"

The captain of the merchant-man hailed once more, and threatened to fire into the schooner, if she did not immediately answer. "*Viva Venezuela!*" exclaimed Sepulveda; and "*Viva la Patria!*" shouted his men; springing up simultaneously, and standing to their guns. Sluiker at the same moment applied his mated to the touch-hole of the long gun, just as it pointed towards the ship's rudder; and, while the report still thundered along the wide waters, the chase was sent to shoot up into the air, whence he saw that her crew were attempting to box her off, but that they could not succeed in bracing the yards round. She then began to gather stern-ways. Sluiker was prepared for it, and handled the schooner so cleverly, that the ship made a stern-bow to leeward of her; receiving on her bow, a charge of round and grape shot from the long gun, and the whole of the larboard broadside.

"*Murrah!*" cried Sluiker; "give her 't weath'guns, kinder, so soon as you'll see her stern turned towards you. Luff, mated! and follow her; or we'll get on her beam directly."

The six carrones, composing the "*Tiburon*'s" broadside, were fired just as the ship's sails began to shiver in the wind. The guns were pointed too high to hull her, but some of her running gear was evidently cut; for Lodewyk, who watched her manœuvres with a practised squint, saw that she crew were attempting to box her off, but that they could not succeed in bracing the yards round. She then began to gather stern-ways. Sluiker was prepared for it, and handled the schooner so cleverly, that the ship made a stern-bow to leeward of her; receiving on her bow, a charge of round and grape shot from the long gun, and the whole of the larboard broadside.

Not a shot was fired all this time from the Spanish ship; and it was evident, from the confusion that prevailed on board her, that she was not prepared for fighting. She continued on in this manner, displaying no enemy in this part of the West Indies. After some hesitation and clamour, and just as Lodewyk was again training his long gun on her, lanterns were shown in her gun-way; and the Spanish captain hailed to say he had surrendered.

Sluiker now laid the schooner's close abreast of her; and hailed, in an authoritative manner, demanding that she should be sent him forthwith. This order being prompt-

ly complied with, he detained the men who came in the boat; and sent Sepulveda in her, with a party of marines, to take possession of the prize. He also ordered a prize-master on board, with a picked crew; and gave him directions to shorten sail to the ship's top-sails, reef fresh in the eyes, and stand on for the remainder of the night. His own boat was then hoisted out, and he went on board the stranger, accompanied by the chaplain; for as soon as Don Gabriano was certified that there was no farther danger, he volunteered to confess such of his folly as might stand in need of his good offices, as none of his own flock were so circumstanced as to require them.

The prize proved to be the *Avistruz*, bound to Cadix, with tobacco and other produce of the Havana. She had also on board what was far more german to the matter, in the eyes of the captors—a very considerable sum in dollars and bullion, consigned so far to the northward, and converted his usual thoughtless gaiety into a serious steadiness of demeanour. As soon as he had secured the ship's papers, and ascertained beyond doubt that she was a lawful prize, he confined half the prisoners under hatches; and employed the remainder of the night with his own men, to get the ship's pinnace off the booms, and launch her over the side. He then commenced loading the boats with cases of treasure, and transferring it to the schooner, accompanying every trip in person; so that, before dawn, the "*Tiburon*" was laden with merchandise and provisions remained on board the *Avistruz*.

It was fortunate for the captors, that he made such expedition. As soon as day broke, and the sea-fog dispersed sufficiently for surrounding objects to be distinguished, Lodewyk found, to his great consternation, that the Gulf-stream had set both vessels so far to the northward, that the Bahama bank was in sight under their lee, and a low uninhabited island, covered with mangroves, was within a cable's length of the prize. Every possible exertion was made to save the ship, by making sail and towing out; but in vain, as the wind was too light, that she took the ground and bled, shortly after the danger was discovered. The "*Tiburon*", drawing less water by half, had not drifted so far with the current; and, as she could make use of the sweeps, with which she was provided, she was enabled to pull out of the water. She was therefore, although a total wreck; and to save as much valuable merchandise as she could stow.

Lodewyk then sent back the Spanish prisoners, whom he had taken out of the prize; and advised the captain of the "*Avistruz*" to send his long boat to the schooner at Caba, which was within sight, assuring him that he would be in perfect safety, if he chose to remain by the ship, until pilot-boats came out, and assisted to save the remainder of the cargo. Having seen the crew of the *Avistruz* safely landed on the inlet,—which, like the rest of that group, abounded with turtle,—and having filled them with fuel, fresh water, and provisions, the "*Tiburon*" made sail for Saint Thomas's, for the purpose of selling the prize goods she had on board; Sluiker designing to proceed from thence to the island of Margarita, after watering, and refreshing the ship's company.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN AGED SWORD—EXPLANATION—RESOLUTION.

Maria del Rosario, meanwhile, was far from being agreeably circumstanced on the plantation at Caracas. She enjoyed no society whatever of her own sex, with the exception of Señora Jacinta; and the deñea, who had for many years governed with unrivalled despotism in her department as housekeeper, and was exceedinglyalous of her position, and of the influence which she possessed, without considerable uneasiness, see a young and interesting female daily seated at the head of her master's table.

Her forebodings were speedily verified; for the influence of proximity of residence became victorious over even Don Anselmo's sensibility. Instead of confining himself to the stately politeness with which he used at first to address his young guest, and hand her to and from her seat at table, he began to pay her closer attentions, such as could not be, and were not mistaken by any persons excepted, or really looked on, as indiscreet. The consequence was, that Señora Jacinta's malevolence daily increased. Although she dared not openly resent the injury which she believed herself about to sustain, in being subjected to the caprices of a young mistress, she contrived fully to indemnify herself for this compulsory forbearance, by a series of petty and indistinct exaltations in which she made it her pryer (rather needlessly per-

haps) to be delivered from forwardness and coquetry. After a few attempts to appease her, although perfectly ignorant of the cause of her ill-temper, Maria del Rosario gave up the task in despair, and applied herself to her needle-work. This innocent employment, unluckily for her, confirmed all the demon's suspicions. As her imagination was perpetually occupied with the idea of the approaching nuptials, which she considered certain, she firmly persuaded herself, that the novice would never be able to resist the demon's power, and resolve never to forgive that which she could not but consider as a manifest triumph over her.

Mama Chepita's visits, which were regularly paid every Sunday and holiday, formed Maria del Rosario's chief amusement. Attended by the kind hearted negress, she used to stroll about the woods which surrounded the plantation, or at times, seated under a spreading cooba tree near the rivulet, she would hearken with delight to the banjes and vihuelas on the lawn in front of the huts, where the slaves were enjoying their evening dance. The little Frenchman too, Mons. Rodolfe, was always at her service for a walk, when on a visit at the house. He was no less delighted with the novice's naïveté, and eagerness for information, than she was instructed and amused by his lively conversation, and entertaining descriptions of France in general, and Paris in particular, as he remembered it in the happy days of his youth. He perceived, however, that she had at once become sensible of a change in his behaviour towards her, that surprised and afflicted her, as she concluded that she must have inadvertently given him some cause for displeasure. She observed, that he now no longer offered himself to attend her, with all the pomp and gallantry of his earlier court; nor carried himself as usual, to entertain her during their promenades. On the contrary, he now left it to her to propose an excursion, and sometimes framed an excuse for declining it; or, when unavoidable, accepted it with evident hesitation and embarrassment. While walking out with her, he now talked only of the weather, and the state of the garden, and when they were joined by Don Anselmo, which frequently happened of late, Mons. Rodolfe anxiously took the first opportunity of resigning her hand, and pleaded some engagement, or business, as an apology for retiring. On these occasions, when she perceived that he was weary of her, she made high-flown compliments with which he used to address her, were a great source of amusement to the unsuspecting novice. She had not the most distant conception that a man of his advanced age could entertain a serious idea of expiating her affection; and firmly believed that the matter was a mere joke, which succeeded so awkwardly from him, were merely designed in imitation of Mons. Rodolfe's former method of entertaining her.

After tasking her memory in a fruitless attempt to recollect any thing she had either said or done, that might have given rise to the Frenchman's change of conduct towards her, she determined to enquire of himself, at the first opportunity. She put her resolution in practice that same evening. Having proposed a walk in the garden, to which he agreed after some hesitation, she mentioned, without further preface, the pleasant surprise she felt, that the Frenchman should be so kind as to enquire of her, and that she should be so much surprised that she had by no means unintentionally offended him.

Mons. Rodolfe had never felt more embarrassed, than by the novice's simplicity of manner, in this seeking an explanation. He stammered some incoherent and disqualifying sentences, about the unmerited honour she did him, and the impossibility of his being in any way offended; and concluded by hinting, as delicately as he could, something about Spanish jealousy. She had, even now, no idea that he alluded to Don Anselmo; but supposing him to mean, that her father she must be displeased at the frequency of their walks, she merely replied, that there was not the least cause for his apprehension.

On meeting her father soon after, she related the Frenchman's scruples, as an amusing instance of puerility, in a man who had been always on terms of familiarity with them, since they first met at Las Caobas. She was thunderstruck at hearing him answer, that she and Rodolfe acted with the same simplicity and circumspection towards the intended bride of his friend Don Beltran also advised her to be more reserved in future; as any indiscretion on her part might displease Don Anselmo, who had all the sensitiveness of a Castilian. She then stood, as if doubting whether she had really heard, gazing on her father with a look of

such speechless agony, that he condescended to explain to her, that Don Anselmo had some time since offered himself as a suitor, and been accepted by her, and that she was now to be married, not having previously apprised her of this joyful event, (as he considered it,) by saying that, as his mind had been made up on the subject from the beginning, he thought it superfluous to mention it, and was willing to give Don Anselmo all the advantage he might be expected to reap, from being the first to consent to the proposal.

When Maria del Rosario recovered herself sufficiently to articulate, she threw herself into her father's arms, and implored him, by her mother's memory, not to sacrifice her to a man so utterly unsuited to her in age and manners. Her father assured her, that he would devote herself to his service, and entreated, if she had become a burthen to him, and he was determined to get rid of her, that he would at least permit her to retire to a convent, in the seclusion of which she would never cease to pray for his happiness, and that of her brother. Don Beltran interrupted her, by exclaiming, that she had forgot that she no longer possessed the dowry necessary for a nun. He assured her, that she was but too happy, as a portless girl, to have met with so advantageous an offer; and commanded her, on pain of his heavy displeasure, to receive Don Anselmo as an accepted suitor.

When her father reiterated her entreaties, and declared that their host was not only indifferent, but absolutely odious to her. Her father laughed at her remonstrances, as mere childish whims; and asked, with some scorn, what notions of preference the novice of a convent could possibly have, that should prevent her from accepting the hand of any suitor, not actually deformed, whom a parent thought proper to select as her husband. Then suddenly recollecting the offer Don Carlos Sepulveda had formerly made, and forgetful that his daughter had not been made acquainted with the circumstance, he upbraid her with cherishing an affection for a man whom he had rejected; reading her, at the same time, a severe lecture on the guilt of disobedience, and the folly of love matches. In this, however, he unduly touched on a dangerous theme, and one of all the most calculated to disconcert his plans for the rejection of the Frenchman.

Maria del Rosario had long felt esteem and admiration for the son of her oldest and dearest friend, Doña Gertrudes, even while she believed him to regard her with perfect indifference. But now that her father had disclosed the secret of Sepulveda's attachment, her eyes were open to a thousand instances, in which he had all but betrayed his love; and she learned how to account for his apparent coldness, which previously appeared to her as unkindness. So delightful was the discovery, that she almost pardoned, for its sake, the hateful discussion from which it had arisen. She no longer conceived her father to be a stranger, or to be at all unconnected with Carlos and her native land. She had heard that she was beloved, and by him, whom, could she have chosen, she would have selected from the whole world.

This would have been sufficient, of itself, to insure her rejection of all other offers, however splendid, and to have made her sensible, that she was no longer to be viciously looked on Don Anselmo with dislike, she now regarded him with abhorrence; and internally resolved that nothing, short of actual force, should compel her to receive him for a husband. As surprise and agitation prevented her from answering her father, he interpreted her silence into submission to his will. He then, he took leave of her, repeating his injunctions that she should treat her wealthy suitor with affability and gratitude.

No sooner had he left her, than she retired to the solitude of her own chamber; and abandoned herself to melancholy reflections on the distance that separated her from Carlos, and the impossibility of his ever being able to leave her, as she could now look for advice and consolation. While she pondered on the world of waters that lay between her and her native land, a thought suddenly struck her, that if Lodewyk Shuiker were again to visit the island, he might be prevailed on to assist her in a second voyage to France. She was convinced that she might safely confide in him; and contented as trifling, with true youthful ardour, all obstacles which would have appeared to her insuperable but one short hour before. She was, in truth, completely changed from the timid inexperienced novice, to the no longer timid, but determined, Venezuelan maiden, who first felt

"How all the other passions fell to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embred despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy,"
when once the heart thrills with the consciousness of moral love.

Her resolution thus taken, she retired to rest, in pleasing anticipation of Mama Chepita's weekly visit, which she expected to receive the following day. Never had time appeared to her to move so slowly, as during the hours intervening before her hostess's usual time of arrival. But, previous to the wished-for meeting, a mortification awaited her, which had probably been accelerated by some explanation between her father and Don Anselmo. Her ancient suitor, having requested and obtained an interview, proceeded to declare his passion in a studied speech, to which she listened with perfect attention. Nevertheless, she reserved herself on his eloquence; he entertained not the slightest doubt of his success; and attributing to bashfulness and joyful surprise, the silence caused by contempt, and by comparisons which were any thing but advantageous to him, he kissed her hand, as customary in similar cases, and strutted away on exceeding good terms with himself.

In the afternoon, Mama Chepita appeared with her customary offering of a bouquet of flowers, from the negroes' market in the port; and Maria del Rosario, intimating that she had much to say to her in private, immediately retired to her chamber, and lodged herself in a cool retreat beneath the great Cooba tree; where Don Anselmo's gallantry had lately prompted him to order a rustic seat to be constructed.

After a long silence, during which the novice pulled to pieces the flowers she had just received, she briefly explained the unpleasant situation in which she stood; taking care, at the same time that she declared her unconquerable dislike to Don Anselmo, not even to hint at any preference she felt for another. She merely said, that as she had reason to apprehend violent measures on the part of her father, she had resolved to spend the night in the garden, and to submit to restraint, by withdrawing herself privately from the island. She concluded, by entreating her old hostess to further her design of reaching Venezuela, where she said she had friends, who, she doubted not, would gladly receive and protect her.

Her determined tone astonished the negress, who had been accustomed to see her all timidity and submission to her father's will. She answered, with some hesitation, that her dear young lady was certainly the best judge of her own happiness; and that she was at all events rejoiced to hear her resolution; and, without hesitating, she promised to assist her in any possible manner, she begged leave to enquire how she proposed to cross the sea to the coast of Caracas.

The novice then, on that head, and Mama Chepita agreed that Lodewyk, who was an old married man, with a family in Caracas, was trust-worthy. There was also little doubt, judging from his good nature and disinterestedness, that he would readily give her a passage. She promised to make every enquiry, without loss of time, among the slaves, as to the means of crossing the sea to be found; and to send her daughter Martha, the next evening, to acquaint her with the result. Maria del Rosario was now more at leisure, her mind being comparatively at ease, to listen to her hostess's domestic news and plans. She learned, with pleasure, that Mama Chepita had received, within a few dollars, the sum Don Anselmo demanded for her daughter; and she listened with interest to her resolution of leaving Santo Tomas, as soon as she had accomplished that dearest wish of her heart, and setting at Trinidad, "where she might be near poor Benios' grave."

The sound of the banjes was now heard on the slaves' lawn; and Mama Chepita proposed to her young mistress to walk down, and look on for a while at the dance, for the purpose of diverting her mind from melancholy thoughts. When they reached a small guava copse, which skirted the lawn, they perceived a number of slaves, many of whom were seated on among the slaves. They had raised a sort of triumphal arch of bamboos, covered with flowers of the scarlet fuchsia, geranium, and orange trees, under which was placed a table, spread with refreshments little inferior to those usually prepared for a dignity ball. The negroes, in clean check shirts, and

"A ball given by the free people of colour is called in the West Indies, *par excellence*, a dignity ball. The most

white cotton trousers; and the negresses in chintz gowns, and Bandanna head-dresses; were dancing with wild glee, which burst from them in spontaneous peals of laughter, as the couple reached the bottom of the set. Mama Chepta called one of her acquaintances, who was passing near the spot where they stood concealed by the bushes, and enquired the meaning of this grand display.

"*Kik!* body,"—exclaimed the laughing negress, displaying a set of ivory teeth; "Mama Anselmo giro yo feast to-day. Old master gone away, ever since young Miss promise to be him friend."

Maria del Rosario would hear no more. She turned, and hurried away from the scene of gaiety, which was now fully accounted for, shedding bitter tears of mortification; and took an abrupt leave of Mama Chepta, who in vain attempted to console her, by entreating, once more, that she would lose no time in enquiring for Lodewyk Sluiker.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ARRIVAL—THE INTERVIEW—THE FLOT.

Mama Chepta was seated, after her return to her cottage, at the frugal supper her daughter Martha had provided for her; indulging in many sage innuendoes and reflections, without however mentioning names, on the happiness of her family state, as contrasted with the misfortunes to which their superiors were exposed; when a well known voice was heard at the door, crying, "Holla! Mama Chepta! *haas ogh!*"

Martha having opened the door, Lodewyk Sluiker entered, accompanied by a young officer, whom he introduced to Don Carlos Sepulveda, and seating himself with as little ceremony as if he had left the cottage but that morning, enquired how his passengers were.

"Both well, Señor Lodewyk!" answered the negress; "But—ave, Maria purisima! what change is this? where is the drogger? and why are you masquerading under an officer's capote?"

"Masquerade, mother! *shopperoot!* this is my every-day suit now. *Ki* verloor myn drogger, and found a vechting schooner in her stead. My name zal be no more plain Lodewyk, but Captain Don Ludovico, *domer!*"

Then, lighting a long cigar, he proceeded to question Mama Chepta more closely respecting his former lady passenger; and Sepulveda had the inexpressible satisfaction of hearing her relate the whole conversation she had held that very evening with Maria del Rosario. The negress would not, however, conceal a young mistress's secret from any one else; but Sluiker was the very person in whom the novice herself had resolved to place confidence. Therefore, in her surprise and joy, at seeing him thus unexpectedly, she not only mentioned Maria del Rosario's intention of flying to the Main, but also the pressing necessity that urged her to that determination. Sepulveda could not avoid drawing a flattering conclusion in his own favour, from the novice's having resolved to seek the protection of her friends in Venezuela, as he well knew she could only mean his mother.

His enquiries, respecting the plantation at which he was residing, were so minute, and his eagerness to visit it so evident, that Mama Chepta must have been less sharp-sighted than she really was, if she had not some strong suspicion of the fact. In this she was confirmed by Sluiker's repeated exclamations, "an interesting passage in her narrative, of "Heard you that, myn vriend? We are just op 't time come. *Ki* altyd zaid that a kapeellan on board was lucky; and now, zie you! we may want him 't morgen."

The supper being over, the table a case-bottle of rum, which he had brought ashore under his boat-cloak, and desired the negress to procure materials for mixing a bowl of punch; declaring his intention of making himself comfortable for that night at least. While Martha was absent on that errand, Sepulveda, who had already made considerable enquiries into Mama Chepta's good graces, easily obtained her consent to show him the route to Caobas early in the morning; and to procure him when there an interview with Maria del Rosario. As Lodewyk persisted in his resolution of sitting up, and sending his bottle of rum, he occupied himself, by his chat, and lay down on the sofa, having first pressed Mama Chepta and her daughter to retire to rest.

At the first cock-crow, Sluiker, who had been zealously

engaged all night in a fruitless attempt to quench his thirst, and on whom the copious libations had taken no more effect, than on the capacious bowl in which they had been compounded, awoke Sepulveda according to the usual custom of the country, by a loud and audible proof of being in a sound sleep. Mama Chepta then appeared, in readiness for a walk; and having previously presented to her guest the indispensable West Indian luxury of coffee, they set out together for the plantation.

When they reached the valley, it was broad day-light; and the slaves were swarming forth to their daily labour. To avoid their observation, Mama Chepta hurried Sepulveda off the path towards the Caoba tree, where she left him seated, while she went to apprise Doña Maria of his arrival. The novice, who had just risen, saw her from the viranda, in which she stood enjoying the morning breeze; and immediately descended to the garden in expectation of hearing some intelligence about Sluiker's drogger. Words cannot express the unfeigned astonishment with which she listened to Mama Chepta's communication. She had at first, some scruples as to the propriety of meeting Don Carlos clandestinely; but the negress speedily removed them, by reminding her that she would be present, and assuring her that the young officer had brought her news of his mother, who, he said, was prostrate with the malarial fever, of "said he," "and she replied," &c. It may therefore be sufficient to state, for the information of the reader, and the better understanding of the remaining pages, that the name of Doña Gertrudis proved of the most essential service to her, in enabling her to give her guests the assurance that she had declared her resolution, previous to his arrival, seeking that lady even as far as the Main, and of trusting herself in a small drogger, to the protection of one who was nearly a stranger to her, she could frame no excuse for retracting, now that the distance was comparatively trifling, and the weather so favourable. She had no other resort, to say the least of it, more eligible. It is true, that Sepulveda did not assail her, in direct terms, with the startling word *marriage*; but it is no less true, that he more than once reminded her,—it might be unnecessarily,—that his uncle was chaplain of the schooner, and would receive her as a daughter, at Mama Chepta's cottage.

She finally consented, or rather ceased to object, to take a passage on board the *Tiburón* to the island of Margarita; with this proviso, that she was that day to make one more attempt to mollify her father. Last, however, she should find him deaf to her entreaties, and absolutely bent on sacrificing her to Don Anselmo, Sepulveda obtained her permission to return, that night, for her final answer. Mama Chepta was once more to be his guide, and to conduct him to the garden, from whence there was a winding stair-case, leading to the viranda. The negress then considered it necessary to warn them of the danger of discovery, if they prolonged their interview until the family in the house should be stirring; and they reluctantly parted, with mutual promises of punctuality to the appointed hour.

When Sepulveda returned to the port, he found Lodewyk busily employed landing merchandise from the schooner; having already found a ready sale for the greater part of the prize goods. He scarcely found leisure to speak to Don Carlos; except to whisper his wish that he might see him the next evening. The Danish governor, he said, had politely expressed a wish that the *Tiburón* might sail that very night; as he was apprehensive of being embroiled with the Spanish authorities on the neighbouring island of Puerto Rico, on which Santa Tomas was often obliged to depend for protection in case of war.

Sepulveda then went on board, and found Don Gabriano pacing the deck, in considerable alarm at his lady's absence. His nephew had acquainted him, the preceding evening, before he went on shore, that Don Beltrán and his daughter were on the island; and had begged his interest for permitting them to remain. He was in the morning, had informed him somewhat mischievously, that Don Carlos was gone a little distance into the country, to the plantation of a *Godo*, his rival; and that the chaplain's imagination had been haunted ever since, by fears of hearing that his nephew had fallen by the cullidlo of the jealous Spaniard. It was

with heartfelt joy, therefore, that he embraced him, as he stepped on the gang-way. On being informed of the particulars of his project, he readily consenting to unite him to the novice, that very night; protesting at the same time, that he had intended, and was still strongly attached to clandestine marriages, and to any thing savouring of disobedience in children. But in this case, he observed, where the parent was a declared traitor to his country, and the tutor, who he wished to force on his nephew, had acceptance, was a *Godo*, he certainly was of opinion, that he might conscientiously be assisted to escape from such tyranny.

His nephew then proposed to him to go ashore until the evening; for the ship was a scene of noise and confusion, with hoisting carls and bales out of the hold, and striking the anchor, and weighing anchor, &c. &c. He therefore adjourned to Mama Chepta's cottage, where Sluiker promised to join them, as soon as the business with which he was engaged should be concluded. The day passed tediously with Sepulveda; but evening at length arrived, and with it came Lodewyk, full of the good news he had to communicate concerning the share some of his prize money would be paid them on the captain-head, the day of their arrival at Margarita.

Don Carlos then taking him aside, enquired whether he could advance him a sufficient sum from his share, to enable him to purchase a dress in buying his daughter's freedom. Lodewyk immediately complied, and producing a large canvas bag from the breast pocket of his jacket, counted out doubloons to the required amount; taking a receipt for the satisfaction of the Junta at Margarita, to whom he was responsible.

At Mama del Rosario's call, he presented her Sepulveda with the money, in Doña Maria's name. The good negress was affected even to tears by this kindness, and struggled to kiss his hand; declaring that, notwithstanding her daughter's being free from Don Anselmo, she should still consider him the slave of Don Carlos, and that she would never see him again, until he and then wherever they might go. Sepulveda then urged her to set out immediately, and pay the money to Don Anselmo, as soon as possible, that there might be no unnecessary delay; for he advised her, knowing her design of removing to Trinidad, to take her passage in the good schooner, to which she was whence she might at any time reach the former island.

When she was gone to Caobas, Lodewyk acquainted Sepulveda with the precautions he had taken, to ensure the success of his enterprise. He had already hauled the *Tiburón* out of the mouth of the harbour, where she was lying in single file, and given orders to his lieutenant to get under weigh at dusk. When clear of the rocks, he was to heave to, and send a boat ashore with a steady coxswain, to the small bathing place at the back of the fort. From thence, two picked men of the boat's crew were to come to Mama Chepta's cottage, which he had already pointed out to them.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ELOPEMENT—THE MARRIAGE.

The sailors, two stout Margaritans, were punctual to their appointed time; and came armed, by Sluiker's order, with such *garrotes* as their countrymen use, in climbing their native mountains. Lodewyk gave each of them a dram out of his flask, by way of encouragement. He then lighted his cigar, ordered them to follow him and Don Carlos, and to give him their strong hands with the chaplain, he desired him to "stand by met 't mass-buck, for he should find it useful to be good gun-fire 't 't morgen."

The moon was of no small advantage to them, while traversing the hilly part of the road, as it enabled them to avoid the prickly-pier bushes, which would otherwise have rendered the track impassable. But when they approached the plantation, the danger of discovery was so much augmented that Sepulveda led Lodewyk and his sailors off by a direct path, and proposed to conceal them in the Caoba tree, while he himself remained in the *Tiburón*. He was, however, unexpectedly met by Mama Chepta, who informed him that she had paid the price demanded for her daughter, and that Doña Maria had desired her to thank him, in her name, for his kind attention.

At this unexpected interview, she said, with exceedingly happy, in consequence of her having been so long parted with her father. He had treated her with unusual harshness, and had commanded her to prepare to marry Don Anselmo the following day; assuring her that the chaplain of the estate, Fray Bernardo, had agreed to celebrate the marriage, if she would consent. When she was sent; on her representation, that his only wish was to

expensive refreshments are provided on the occasion; and more economy is usually observed among the sable race, than is to be seen in an entertainment at the Government-house.

promote the happiness of his disobedient and self-willed daughter.

Mama Chepita had already brought to the place of rendezvous such articles of dress and ornaments as Doña Maria wished to take with her; and she desired Don Carlos and his friends to remain at the tree, while she went alone to conduct her young mistress to him. After a short delay, she returned hastily with Doña Maria, who threw herself, almost fainting, into Scpulveda's arms for protection; exclaiming that they were pursued by some person, who had watched them as they left the garden. Don Carlos spread his capote about her, and entreated her to take courage, for no one should harm her, nor tear her from him; and Lodewyk, looking out among the trees, cried,—"Duizend duizent!—here is mynheer 't olanter himself!"

Don Anselmo advanced, exclaiming in a voice almost inarticulate with rage,—“Fine doings, Señorita de Peñañela! Your father shall be informed of these moonlight excursions. Where have you hid yourself? and where is that vile *negra tercera*, who has dared to encourage you in such unseemly conduct?”

Just as he said these last words, he issued from the gava cove, and unexpectedly found himself confronted, face to face, by Lodewyk Sluiker, whose weather-beaten features, half concealed by bushy black whiskers, had a formidable appearance at any time; but seen thus by moonlight, and in so solitary a place, were capable of terrifying a stouter heart than that of the old planter. Don Anselmo's knees knocked against each other, and he was on the point of falling to the ground in his extreme agitation; when Lodewyk, apprehensive that he might call attention to the presence of negroes' huts, as soon as he should recover his presence of mind, and suddenly threw his boat-cloak over his head, lifted him on his shoulders, as if he had been an infant, and set off with him through the wood at a rapid rate,

Seplveda, saying that Maria del Rosario was rendered almost incapable of walking, through terror and agitation, followed Sluiker's example, by raising his lovely daughter in his arms; and was guided by the sound of the ship's whistles, which were blowing from the mouth of the ravine. Here Lodewyk set his terrified captive down; and threatening to kidnap him altogether, and then to the patriots in Margarita, if he uttered a syllable, he proceeded to tie him hand and foot, with pieces of rope, and then to take him by the back of the neck, and leaving traces to carry to the boat. He then gagged him, and laid him down close to the path, under the bamboos; and Don Carlos, in answer to his remonstrances, assenting to the rage, that it was absolutely necessary, to prevent him from informing the patriots, ordered him to pick the unlucky planter, on taking leave of him, by observing, that a night's rest in the fresh air would be of service, as a specific, to cool his blood; and that his duty was to find him, when they passed that way, to take him to his work.

Maria del Rosario had by this time recovered herself sufficiently to walk unassisted; and the whole party proceeded, as rapidly as the nature of the path would permit, until they reached Mama Chepita's cottage. Martha was seated outside, in the moonlight; and immediately on seeing them descending the hill by the side of the ravine, she sprang forward to embrace her young mistress, and to thank her for her freedom.

While Mamma Chopita was busied, with the assistance of the sailors, in packing up and carrying to the boat some few articles, which she considered of too much value to be left behind, Sepulveda led Maria del Rosario to his uncle, and entreated him to unite them without further delay. The novice would fain have remonstrated against this haste; and proposed to defer the ceremony until their arrival in Margarita; but honest Lodewyk feared the danger of pursuit from the harbour, if the fugitive should unluckily be becalmed in the offing. In that case, he said, he could not answer it to the Danish Governor, if a fugitive daughter was to be found on board; although it might be totally different case, were it an obedient wife, whose duty it would then be to follow her husband.

As Don Gabriano expressed himself of the same opinion, she consented to give Scpulveda a right to protect her; and Lodewyk, after giving her away, exclaimed,—“Always zal ik zey, dat ‘t stoidig is ‘t wind, dat oed to nieman brengt.” Ik zoude be een droeger-shipper this day, but vor ‘t loss of Puerto Cavallo; and ou, *myn hartje*! een Non, but vor ‘t Earthquake of Caracas.”

THE HISTORY

OF THE

Rise and Fall of Masaniello.

AT NAPLES, A. D. 1647.

Translated from the Italian of Alessandro Giraffi, by James Howell, and reprinted from the edition of 1664.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

James Howell, one of the most learned men and copious writers of the seventeenth century, translated the following history from an Italian work, "*Le Rivoluzioni di Napoli*," written by Alexander Giraffi, an Italian nobleman, published at Venice in 1647, the very year of Masaniello's extraordinary career.

Several editions of Howell's translation appeared during his life, and another history of this conspiracy was published in London in 1729, by Francis Midon, Jr., which purports to be collected from authentic memoirs and manuscripts; but it is also a translation from Giraffi, and the writer has made frequent use of Howell's edition. In the present publication, some facts omitted by Howell have been incorporated, taken from Midon's work.

The style of Howell is peculiar to himself, quaint, and sometimes pedantic, and abounding in beautiful allusions. It has been altered and abridged in the following extraordinary narrative, in order to make it more intelligible to the readers of the present day; but the spirit of the whole has been carefully preserved. The title given by Howell to his translation, will best explain its contents. He terms it, "An Exact History of the late Revolutions in Naples, and of their Monstrous Successes, *not to be paralleled by any ancient or modern History.*"

The circumstance of a favourite opera bearing the title of "Masaniello," has made the name familiar to most ears, but few probably are acquainted with the facts of his life—to such the annexed narrative cannot fail to prove surprising and instructive. We know of no fragment of history of more absorbing interest.

" Truth never looked so like a lie,
As in this modern Historie."

THE PROEM

Naples, for the space of two hundred years, served the House of Austria with gratitude and fidelity. She accoured Alphonso I. with a voluntary imposition of carlines* upon every fire throughout the whole kingdom for ever. She added five carlines more to Ferdinand; and so by degrees it amounted to sixty-six carlines, which she pays to this day, [1647], being three millions of gold yearly.

Afterwards, even with more readiness, she supplied Charles V. in ten donatives with five millions; Philip II. with thirty, in three-and-thirty donatives; and Philip II. and IV., from the year 1628 to this day, with one hundred millions and more. Yet in order to raise those large subsidies, it was found necessary to impose many taxes and gabels upon all necessary commodities.

Pursuing the same affection towards her king, and being desirous to present him with a new donative, with regard to her own strength, in 1636, a new design was formed to put a fresh gabel upon fruits, which comprehended all sorts, as well dry as green, such as culchens, grapes, figs, apples, pears, &c., depriving her seven months of her nutriment. By making her thus at upon the ground by mere necessity, she was brought to her deplorable state, and that of the whole kingdom, she took a new resolution to disburden herself not only of this, but of all other insupportable exactions, formerly imposed; and this she did not without well-

grounded reasons. For it is clear that there is engraven in the breasts of all men by nature a detestation of slavery, and unwillingly therefore do they put their necks into the yoke of another, especially when exorbitant exactions are imposed whereby they are reduced to extreme fits of desperation. *Ad extremum runit populi exitium, cum extrema genera is imponuntur*: People run to extreme ruin, when extreme burdens are laid upon them,—as Tacitus truly taught.

Hence to come to pass, in the royal city of Naples, that a multitude of the common people, with their families, being, among other gabels, much aggrieved by that of the salt, and not being able to endure it, made often known, and that by the Duke of Calabria, and Arcos, viceroy of that kingdom, by the public lamentations of women and children : and the men of Lavinaro, and other populous quarters, as he passed through the market-place to the devotion of the most-holy mother of Carmine, in the church of the Carmelites, situated along the said market, petitioned him by the most eminent Cardinal Fiambrino, archbishop, and primate of the said kingdom of Naples. At last upon a Sunday, as his excellency was going to said church, he heard a great noise among the people, and little less than threatenings, presages of the following commotions ; and promising to take off the said gabel, he returned with such apprehensions of fear to the palace, that he would not so much as go to the church, and he could not suffer the solemn feast of St. John Baptist to be celebrated, which was done yearly in Naples, in order to prevent such a multitude of people to assemble in one place.

In the interim, the people, much grumbling and murmuring that the promised grace was delayed, set fire one night to a baracca of powder in the market-place, which burned down the toll-house where the said grace was exacted; and from day to day more pungent and bitter invectives, full of popular grievances and of fiery protests against the public officers, were fixed up in the most public places of the city. This boldness increased afterwards; and with this boldness came the report of complete success in the revolutions of Palermo, and a great part of Sicily, Messina excepted, the viceroy of which kingdom, the most excellent lord the Marquis of Velez, had taken off or moderated many gabels, and afterwards had given a general pardon for all excesses.

The people of Naples, being allured and encouraged by this example of a neighbouring kingdom, grew very impatient of their present situation, and, saying, "What are we less than Palermo?" they rose in arms. As they unite, more formidable and warlike? Have we more reason, being more burdened and oppressed than they? To arms! Time is precious: it is not good to delay. The people of Palermo, who were already becoming more public, the victory of the Neapolitans, desirous to prevent mischief, caused the six quarters or precincts of the city to assemble, viz. the fifth part of the nobility, and the sixth of the people, that some might be sent to the king, to demand the abolition of that design, though it was not so much for the satisfaction of the people, because it was prejudicial to one of the farmers, there were secret ways found out to hinder its happy effects. The viceroys, therefore, were ordered to be more severe in the house; which he did, and indeed he was; but he was not so in the streets, however, with a view to the ultimate satisfaction of the temperate way which would satisfy the discontented people on the one side, and the Neapolitan nobles, gentlemen, and merchants on the other; the latter having already received the sum of six hundred thousand crowns upon the account of the late rebellion, and eighty-five thousand crowns of annual rent.

It was now rumored abroad that some new tax was to be put upon corn and wine; on which account the enraged people protested that they would never give way thereto; but reiterated their demands to have the gabel upon fruit quite taken off, and no other put on in compensation of it. As matters were in this state, behold an occasion did suddenly present itself which made way for the total execution of the desired purpose, as it shall be clearly declared from day to day, and that with as much fidelity and truth as any pen can possibly promise upon this subject.

THE FIRST DAY.

SUNDAY, 7TH JULY. 1647

A young man about twenty-four years of age, chanced to be in a corner of the great market place at Naples, in appearance active and pleasant, of the middle stature, black eyed, rather lean than fat, having a small tuft of hair on his chin. He wore linen slops or trowsers, a blue

waistcoat, and a sailor's cap; his legs bare below the knees, and without shoes. Yet he had a good countenance, and was sufficiently bold and enterprising, as the result will prove. His profession was to angle fish with a rod, hook, and line, as also to buy fish, and to carry and retail them to those that dwelt in his quarter. Such men are called in Naples *Pescivendoli*. His name was *Tomasso Aniello* or *Anallò*, but he was commonly called, by contraction, *Masaniello*. This man dwelt in the market-place; and under the window of his house, towards the left of a neighbouring well or fountain, were the arms and name of Charles V., being very ancient, which might be ascribed to a previous reign, that he should renew and restore, as he himself would often very pleasantly observe, the privileges which that unconquered monarch granted to the city and people of Naples. It is a remarkable circumstance, that about a hundred years before the year 1647, as John Antonio relates, there was his *Historia* of Naples, when there was a commotion in the government of Don Pero de Toledo, on account of the tribunal of the Holy Inquisition which Philip II. would have introduced, another *Masaniello*, a Sorrentine, and captain of some banditti, was the first to start this tumult. From the time that he joined with the people, that insurrection was not very hurtful, nor lasted long. And if such an union had now been, so much ruin had not befallen both king and people; for what greater contagion can there be in a city, than disunion between its inhabitants? And when he was driven out, from the want of natural penetration, having observed the murmurings up and down the city, laid hold of the following occasion:—One day (which was four days before the holy festival of *Corpus Domini*) he went very angry towards his house, and passing a certain famous and famous captain, named Perone, had fled for refuge, with one of his companions, he was asked by them what was the matter? He answered in great wrath, "I will be hanged if I do not attempt to set this city right." They laughed at his words, saying, "A proper person you are to be right in the city of Naples!" He then replied, "I will be hanged; if I do not, if I had two or three of my humour, you should see what I could do." "What would you do?" asked they. He answered, "Will you join me?" "Why not?" said they. "Pledge me, then, your faith," replied *Masaniello*, "and you shall see the use of my words." They instantly pledged their faith to him, and he departed.

But he had not been long at home before he met with fresh provocation; for some of the officers of the customs having accidentally met his wife in the street, as she was carrying a small quantity of contraband flour in her apron, she had said to them, "I am going to prison, and without having the least regard to the tears and entreaties of her husband, would not let her go, till he had sold all his goods, to pay a fine of an hundred ducats, which was the price they had set on her liberty." This barbarous extortion struck so deep into the heart of the poor man, who was naturally choleric, that he immediately excited upon the means of being revenged; and considering how the people were enraged by the gabel upon fruit, he made use of that pretence, and running up and down among the fruit-shops that were in that quarter, he reached the loud shouts of "Death to the gabel!" and then to them to come in a body to the market-place, and there declare publicly to the country fruiterers, that it was in vain for them to bring their fruit to market, for they would not buy one basket till the gabel was taken off.

In the meantime, while this dissatisfaction spread through the city, and the tumult increased, Andrea Anacero, having been chosen that very day, betook himself to the market-place, where the various fruits were distributed to the shop-keepers. There all cried out to him that they would buy no more gabelled fruit; but Anacero persuaded them, that at that time to do so, was to the advantage of the city, and that to do so, was to the advantage of the city, with the assurance that it would be speedily taken off. This promise caused the tumult to cease at that time, and *Masaniello*, seeing that nothing further was done, went up and down exclaiming, *Avant Gabel! Avant Gabel!* for which some laughed at him, but others considered well his words.

About this time a great number of boys had gathered together in the market-place, and *Masaniello* approaching them said, "Say as I do; two torneses, that is, a bajocco, for a measure of oil, six and thirty ounces the loaf of bread, and twenty to the point of a loaf of wine; and five granas for a sub, nine granas for a veal, two granas the pint of wine." These words he made them repeat

various times; and being thus taught, and bearing them in memory, they cried them up and down the city, and even in the face of the vicery. He gave them, however, another lesson, which was, "Let God live! let the King of Carmine live! let the Holy Father live! let the Lady of Spain live! let there be plenty! may the ill government be removed! may the government be changed!" These and similar phrases being taught by *Masaniello* to the boys they cried them up and down, which caused much laughter and jeering at their master. But he told them, "You laugh at me now: you shall soon see what *Masaniello* can do: let me alone, and if I do not free you from what you are to be freed from, I will be hanged for ever!" This incensed their laughter; but regardless of it, he began to enlist such a number of boys, betwixt the ages of sixteen and seventeen, that they came to be above 500, and at last 3000, inasmuch that he could not only master a company, but even a whole regiment of men; then prepared himself for the approaching arrival of our Lady of Carmine, making himself commander of his troops, and giving to every boy a little cane.

Among other things during this festival, it was a custom to observe a certain ceremony, which was, that a sort of basket, called *lower* of wood, and in the midst of the great market-place, and a company of boys, who represented the Turks, used to defend it, whilst another set of lads pelted and battered it with sticks and fruit; and this drew together a great concourse of people; but it seldom ended without quarrelling and bloodshed.

On this occasion, there were assembled a vast multitude of people of the meaner sort; and although the hour was come when fruits were generally brought to the market to be taxed, and the boys were all met for the purpose of picking up such as fell upon the streets, it was not without great contention that the shop-keepers had resisted the payment of the gabel, telling the fruit-merchants that they might pay it themselves if they pleased, but as for them, they would pay none. This caused an altercation, which proceeded from words to blows, and which being told to *Zaffa Grassano*, governor of the city, who arrived there in the midst of the commotion, this *Anacero* in vain attempted to do, for both the fruiterers and the retail sellers were firm and obstinate in their quarrel; and not to displace the latter, he decided against the fruiterers (most of whom were of the lower order of tradesmen), ruling them with words, threatening to bastinado them, and to condemn them to the galleys.

Among those of Puzzuolo, there happened to be a cousin of *Masaniello*, who, according to the instructions given him, began more than any to excite the people. Seeing that he could sell his fruit only at a low price, and after paying the gabel, have hardly any thing left, he flew into a rage, and, throwing two large baskets full of fruit upon the ground, he exclaimed, "God gives plenty, and the ill government a famine! I care not one straw for this fruit; let every one take it!" Upon which all the boys eagerly ran to gather and eat the fruit. As all this fell out according to *Masaniello's* expectation, he rushed in among them, crying out, *Avant Gabel! Avant Gabel!* but *Anacero* instantly threatened him with the bastinado and the galleys, which so exasperated the people, that they began to cry out, "Death to the gabel!" and to turn upon his face. But this attack seemed too little to *Masaniello*, who hit the magistrate on the breast with a stone, and encouraged his army of boys to follow his example, which they did. *Anacero* was accordingly forced to break through the mob, and to escape as fast as he could; and reached the church of the Lady of Carmine, he embarked there in a filucca, and thus reached the palace in safety, otherwise he would have been torn to pieces, or stoned to death by the boys.

Upon this success the people flocked in great numbers to the market-place as elsewhere, and began to exclaim loudly against those intolerable grievances under which they groaned, and crying out, "Let the king of Spain live, but let the accursed government die." The tumult still increasing, *Masaniello* being followed by a multitude of boys and all sorts of loose people, some with sticks and others with pikes and antique talons from the tower of the Carmine, he leaped upon the highest table which was among the fruiterers, and with a loud voice cried, "Rejoice, dear companions and brothers: God thanks, and the glorious Virgin of Carmine, who has delivered us from our oppressors; draw near; a poor but devoted fellow, like another of Moses, who freed the Israelites from Pharaoh's rod, shall in like manner free you from all gabels that were ever imposed. A fisherman, I mean

St. Peter, reduced with his voice from Satan's slavery to the liberty of Christ, Rome herself, and with Rome, a world. Now another fisherman, who Naples and all the release Naples, and with Naples a whole kingdom, shall free the tyranny of gabels. Henceforth you shall shake from off your necks the intolerable yoke of so many grievances, which have hitherto depressed you. Nor to effect this do I care for my life, I am in pieces, and to be dragged up and down the kneels and knees of the people, and my blood in my body be drawn out of these veins; let this head dance from my shoulders by the fatal steel, and be perched up in this market-place upon a pole, I shall be contented and glorious; it will be triumph and honour to me to think, that my blood and life were sacrificed in so glorious a conquest, and that I became the saviour of my country."

Masaniello, by often repeating this and similar harangues, marvelously inflamed the minds of the people, who were disposed to cooperate with him to this effect; and as a proof of their zeal, they set fire to the house next the toll-house for fruit, both of which were burnt to the very ground, with all the books and accounts, and many of the goods belonging to the farmers of the customs, which were therein.

This tumult of the people increased in such numbers in every street, that the citizens shut up their shops, every one being astonished at the sudden tumult; and many thousands of the people uniting themselves, went to other quarters of the city, where there were large quantities, for fruit, corn, flesh, fish, salt, wine, oil, cheese, salt, and all other edible or desirable commodities, and spared not one of them. All the writings and books of entrance or issues appertaining to the said gabel, as also all the furniture, as well of the farmers as others, and all things that were there in pledge, or otherwise, such as hangings, carpets, arms, great quantities of money, with other rich moveables, were hurried into a great cart, straw, and burnt to ashes upon the streets. There was one thing remarkable during this plundering and confusion, not one durst meddle with the least piece of any commodity, but all was dedicated to the fire; it being the quintessence of the tumult, that no one durst meddle, not have a job of any thing preserved from the fury of the flame. The mob becoming still more bold and courageous, because they found no resistance or obstacle, and the number having increased to about 10,000, they made great havoc of the shops, and carried away the goods, and leaves of bread upon the tops of houses and pikes, and crying more loud than ever, "Let the king of Spain live and let the accursed government perish!"

The first army of *Masaniello*, also, consisting of 3000 boys, came to the market-place, with a piece of black cloth tied on the top, and went along the streets, and with loud roars and loud voices, which moved many to tenderness and tears, "Have compassion upon these poor souls in Purgatory, who, not being able to endure the burden of so many grievances, seek how they may escape: O dear brethren, have pity on us: O sinners, have pity on us: necessary an enterprise, and so profitable for the public good." These doleful tones they whined from one street to another, till they came at last to St. James' prison, which they violently broke open, and, freeing all the prisoners, admitted them to the society.

Being now come before the palace, and under the window of the vicery, they began to cry out again, that they would not be freed of the fruit gabel only, but of all others, especially that laid upon corn. The vicery came out to the balcony, and told them that the said gabel should be abolished, and that he desired to see the mob bowled still that they would not be relied in part, they would have the whole taken off, and they still cried out, "May the king of Spain live! and the accursed government die!" A number of them wishing to enter the palace, to notify to the vicery the reason of their grievances, the vicery immediately commanded the Dutch and Spanish guards to suffer them to pass and repress freely: but not being heard by them, some resistance was made by the soldiers, when the mob, with canes and clubs only, (a thing incredible to believe), and with loud cries, effected their entrance, and the soldiers, finding the door doubly bolted, yet by force of halberds and other instruments, they broke it open. The vicery would have been torn to pieces had not the Duke di Castel di Sangro and Don Ferrant Caracciolo previously conveyed him away, and so saved him from that mortal blow

* The word literally signifies a ring.

† These were silver or copper coins current in Naples at the time. A *bajocco*, or *bajocco*, was a copper coin,

which was intended. With a few gentlemen that were about him, the viceroy now resolved to retire into the castle, where the duchess of Arcos had withdrawn herself with her ladies, children, and relations; but, understanding that the ladies had taken up the new laws, he took a resolution to fly into the neighbouring church, dedicated to St. Louis, where there was a friary of Saint Francis of Paola. In order, however, to let the mob know that he was willing to enter into their demands, from a window in the church he gave the signal, by waving his hands, and sealed with the king's seal, wherein he absolutely took off the gabel upon fruit, and part of that upon corn. But the mob were far from being satisfied; they made signs with their hands, and cried aloud that he must come down and speak with them face to face, upon which the viceroy went to avoid exasperating them by any appearance of distrust.

In the mean time, that part of the mob who remained in the palace ran up and down with great fury, gutting the rooms every where, setting fire to sedans, tables, windows, screens, and other movables of value; yet they would not meddle with things to be found at the middle of such a tumult with the apartments of the most eminent Cardinal Trivulzio, who dwelt in the same palace.

The viceroy, having come down to the rabble, threw himself into a coach with them, which was provided at a proper place to carry him to the church of St. Louis; but so soon as he perceived by the mob, than they stopped the coach, and, opening the door, presented two naked swords at his breast, and threatened that unless he would take off the gabels, he would be put to instant death. He accordingly promised he would do so if they were quiet; but this would not serve them unless he came out of the coach, and showed himself to the people. This also he did, and then some respect was shown him; some kissed his hands, and fell upon their knees, crying out with excellent voice, for the lord of God, disburden us once of these gabels—let us have no more of them, let us live! His excellency then confirmed unto them their request, but meanwhile was devising how to escape out of their hands; for although he was honoured by such a multitude, yet he held himself not safe in such a confused mob. In order to get out of the mob, he took with him some hundred zecchins of gold, which he carried about with him for that purpose, which had good effect, though many cried aloud, "We have no need to be relieved with a little money, but to be freed from the gabels." But when the viceroy was greedy to take up the gold, his excellency got safe and out of the church, where he caused all the doors to be shut, and those of the monastery also.

The rabble perceiving this, and being greatly enraged that the viceroy had escaped out of their hands, went straightway to the monastery, and, battering down the first gate, they thought to do so with the viceroy still to be released from the gabels, and insisting that his excellency would consign them a paper in writing under his hand and seal, in which he should promise to do so. But when they found that he refused further violence to the monastery, as their numbers still increased, he opened a window, and desired them to be quiet, for he was disposed and ready to satisfy them. The incredulous multitude, however, believing still that they would be deluded, proceeded to batter down the other gate; which being done, they entered the monastery, and, while this violence was going on, Filomarino, Archbishop of Naples, being zealous in his pastoral charge for the service of God and his church, endeavoured to appease the people, in order to avoid those irrecoverable losses which he saw they would be doing to the city, made a sign to them with his hand, and they should be quiet; but the rabble, not understanding that they would have reason for the release of the gabels from the viceroy, especially those upon corn and fruits, his eminence answered them, that he would make it his business to obtain it, and so going out of his coach, he went down to the second gate of the monastery, to hinder the pulling it down; the furious rabble, who effected his purpose, for, out of the great reverence they bore to their archbishop, the fury ceased; but still they prayed that the gabels might be abolished. The bishop proceeded to bring them the instrument signed and sealed; but as the door was shut, and he was in his absence, he sent a messenger to the viceroy, desiring him to send the said instrument. This the viceroy did, desiring him to deliver it with his own hands to the people. The bishop having received the said written instrument, showed his coach, and showed the charter to all the mob, which he drew after him along Tolosa street, every one being anxious to know what it contained. But what the charter was no sooner read with a loud voice by the

bishop, but the mob cried out again that they were cheated, for that instrument contained only the taking off the fruit-gabel, and seven carlines upon wheat; but they would have divers other gabels abolished. The bishop, perceiving that nothing could be done with the rabble while in that state of ferment, and having delivered the charter to the chief of the people, retired peacefully to his palace.

The mob now ran to the great market-place, to give notice of the said charter to the rest, who were assembled there in still greater numbers; but finding that this was but satisfaction in part, it was deemed necessary, for the common defence of the faithful people of Naples, to enroll some armed men, to procure a total discharge of gabels. Returning to the palace, thousands of men and women, of all ages and conditions, went to the church and monastery of St. Louis; being resolved to burst open the doors of that part, where divers lords and ladies were, but the Spanish soldiers opposed them; and, in particular, a brave captain kept off the rabble with his sword, and the soldiers with their muskets, and divers of them were killed. In the mean while, the ladies had time to retire into the friars' cells, and the viceroy, by the help of the abbot of the convent, scaled the walls, and got into the monastery of the Jesuits, whence, putting himself in an old sedan carried by Spaniards, he was conveyed to the castle.

As soon as it was known for certain that the viceroy had escaped from the monastery, the rabble returned to the palace, resolving to disarm all the Spaniards who were on guard. But they compounded, by delivering to them drums and half pikes, and all other instruments, which they gave up with alacrity. They then went to all the other courts, and guards dispersed up and down the city, whom they immediately attacked and disarmed. They next proceeded to the suburbs of Chiaia, to the palace of Don Tiberio de Garaffa, Prince of Bisignano, who was field-marshal, and colonel-general of the battalion of the Duke of Bisignano; who, by reason of his affability, had made himself beloved by all Naples. They desired that he would be pleased to be their defender and intercessor betwixt them and the viceroy for the total abolition of the gabels, according to the favourable privileges granted them specially by Charles V. But before he could answer them, the rabble, who were then in the suburbs, came to the place where they exacted the gabel of fruit at Chiaia, set fire to the house, and burnt every thing that was in it, as they had done in other places. The rabble still augmenting in that populous neighbourhood, they sent for the duke of Bisignano, rather armies. By this time, the Prince of Bisignano came out on horseback. The lesser sort of boys put him in the middle, and he desired them to be orderly; but they called out, "Let us go to take off the gabels." He was conducted by the palace, and so along to the castle, and thence through all the public places, till he came to the great market. The prince, seeing the mob wonderfully increased to above fifty thousand persons, endeavoured to appease them; and to do this the more conveniently, he went to the church of the Lady of Carmine; and being got up in a high place, with a crucifix in his hands, he exhorted them to be quiet, and to have recourse to God, and of the most blessed Virgin his patroness, to be quiet a little, promising them by oath to obtain from the viceroy what they desired. But finding that all this did no good, he waited some time in the market, to have an opportunity of going to the ring leaders of the riot, and in order to assure them that he would do his utmost task to procure them complete satisfaction. In the mean time, other new accessions of people coming from other parts of the city, they proceeded to break open the prisons of Santa Maria d'Agnone, St. Archangelo and others; and thousands of which they began to assist, were obliged to yield and fly. The gates being then open, the rabble made all the prisoners depart, burning and consuming to ashes such books and processes against them as were found there; though some of the mob were averse to this violence, because those prisons had been in former times the place of confinement of the most virtuous persons by the Prince of Bisignano, who stated that by setting at liberty foreigners, murderers, and thieves, they would draw upon themselves great inconveniences.

They next directed their course toward the dogana or tollhouse for corn, with faggots on their backs, and fire in their hands; and the rabble, who were then drawn from their hinges, the prince not being able to persuade them, though he laboured earnestly, they entered there with such fury, that they spread fire on all sides. Nor were they satisfied till they saw all not only burnt, but stuffed to ashes: corn, with a great store of household stuff, and a great quantity of money, which the ministers

of the dogana had in bank, being either their own, or in deposit, or pawned, were consumed in the flames.

After this exploit, they went to the piazza of St. Lawrence, where the pope's soldiers, the Neapolitan, and the people began to apprehend divers fears; but a Sicilian, who appeared to be rather a devil in human shape, and one of the greatest furies that bell could hold, animated them all to battle. He reproached them with their fears; he jeered their cowardice; but the justice of heaven found him out; for he was killed from the said tower by a musket-bullet.

The Prince Bisignano, finding himself exhausted after so many hours' fatigue, and after so much mischief done to the city, and being weak and faint by reason of the heat of the season, and his own delicate constitution, now sought to disengage himself from this labyrinth of popular tumult. By a wise stratagem, he distributed the people into various quarters of the city, with strict prohibition that they should not sack or assault any one's house; which plot took; for being thus divided, he rendered impervious to a kindness which had done him good, having refreshed his spirits for a while, and befriended himself about the evening in a close chain chair into Castel Nuovo.

The report being dispersed abroad of the retirement of the Prince Bisignano, and the people, finding themselves without a head, cried out killing the Neapolitan conductor, Masaniello, who, accepting of that charge, began more than ever by sound of drum to influence the people throughout all the city and suburbs. It was now thought fitting that some religious men should go in procession through the city, not only to appease the unbridled people, but to show them that some thing was being done, those officers of the holy church were much acknowledged by the viceroy, who sent effectual relation thereof to the Conte d'Oginate, then Catholic ambassador to the court of Rome. In the mean time, the viceroy sent a message, desiring that the rabble would go to St. Lawrence church, and seize upon the gabels which belonged to the city, and sound the great bell to arms which hangs in the steeple of that church, sent thither some companies of Spaniards well armed, as also others, for the guard of the said church and cloister of St. Lawrence.

At two o'clock after midnight, the viceroy removed from St. Elmo to Castel Nuovo, which adjoins the royal palace, there being only a bridge between them. There went also thither Cardinal Trivulzio, with many officers and cavaliers; and although it seemed high time for them to think of chastising the rebels, yet the viceroy, like a wise prince, restrained his indignation, and published, that by next Monday the loaf of bread should weigh thirty-three ounces four grains, whereas before it was scarcely twenty-four ounces; and that the gabel of salt should be absolutely taken off. For greater safety, however, he ordered that additional guard; which surrounded the castle. Meanwhile, the people did not fling a whit in their former fury, but caused the bell of our Lady of Carmine to ring out thrice for arming, and consequently great companies flocked together, and divided themselves into four quarters. Some proceeded to set fire to all the out-houses of Naples, where the gabels were exacted, with drums beating before them; others remaining behind, to prepare arms for the following day, plundered the shops for swords and muskets, for bullet, fire and match. Others went among the merchants, who, without reserve, gave them all that was in their shops of arms; and because one master of a shop would foolishly have made opposition by threats, and which was worse, by discharging a mortar-piece out of a window, which killed one of them, they were so exasperated, that putting fire to his house, wherein were divers barrels of powder, thirty persons were killed, and a vast number of arms and forty-four were hurt. To prevent such a disaster in future, his excellency commanded, that all the powder in other places throughout the city should be wetted: But the unbridled mob, passing with such an impetuous rush through the streets, began to put an army in order, and procure all things necessary for the business of the following day.

THE SECOND DAY.

MONDAY, JULY 21ST, 1647.

The active and formidable preparations made by the rabble the night before had this effect, that although the

day had not yet grown clear, and the glorious sun was not come out of the womb of the vermilion morn, yet up and down the city nothing was heard but drums and trumpets, and clashing of arms; nothing seen but colours displayed, choice soldiers, burnished swords, cocked muskets, archbuzes, lances, targets: and what was more alarming, besides the citizens themselves, the country swains appeared from the neighbouring villages, armed with ploughshares, pitchforks and shovels, and ranging themselves in a military way for common defence to plough glebes of flesh, and water them with blood in the streets. The king's army, too, was armed with fire-shovels, and iron tongs, with spits and brooches, and their children with little staves and canes, encouraging the young men to battle. Now, let it be considered what such a multitude all armed could do, who being invigorated as it were with blood in their eyes, cried out, "Let the king, let the king our lord live! Let the ill government die! No gabels, no gabels! Let the dogs die, who, being transformed to wolves, have devoured the flesh of innocent lambs! Let these wasps fly away, which have hitherto sucked the sweet honey of the fees!"

With such like cries proceeding from the bottom of their throats they rent the very air, and were enough to soften the hardest marble, draw tears from the stones, and sighs from ice; they animated one another, they crowded the streets, guarded the passages, and prepared to give up their lives for the king, the king, the king, the king, and amazement, reigned in every corner. The keys were consigned from Minerva to Mars. Books were neglected, studies were abandoned, the bar was solitary, the chairs were silent, the ecclesiastics sung Lachryms, the low cased, patronages were despoiled, the judges were dumb, the judges were dumb, the judges were shut. The arsenals only were open; the pikes had got the better of the pen, force of wit, boldness of wisdom: the whole city was inflamed with martial fury. The places adjoining the great market, especially Lavina, and Solitaria, and Solitaria, and Solitaria, and Elm, were in the utmost confusion, from the dense multitude who resorted thither. Orders were given to the inhabitants of the other precincts of Naples, which are thirty-six in number, to arm in like manner, under pain of an irremissible burning down of their houses. The king's army, accordingly, for the first time, was without powder, they went to a house where it was sold, to buy some; but the sellers refusing without orders from the viceroys, they raged with such a fury, that, throwing fired matches into that house, they blew up the powder into the air, and killed about sixty persons, as afterwards appeared from the number of bodies which lay many days unburied. This happened at Porta della Calce; and it caused a shock like an earthquake through all the city; but they were not a whit disheartened at the disaster. Going in greater numbers than before, to the king's powder-house out of the city, towards Cap de Chino, they would have seized that magazine of powder, had they not been prevented by the labourers, who had put the said powder in water to prevent a similar disaster.

While the rabble made these preparations, the viceroys did not relax his wonted prudency to acquit himself of his duty, although he had retired into Castel Nuovo. He dispersed guards all along the castle, and in St. Francisco Xaviera's street, to the number of four hundred. He shut up in the royal palace for his own use about 1000 Germans, and planted at the gate 500 Spaniards, with 1000 Italian. He secured Fizzafalcone, which lies above the palace, as also the neighbouring streets, with good fortifications, making ramparts of fig-trees, and raising other trenches of earth about the gates of the old and new palace, and at the end of the street leading to the sea. He sent orders to the king's army, that a large piece of ordnance to be put at the end of every street towards the Santo Spirito, the monastery of the Dominicans, and of the Minims; another against the cross of the palace; another upon the ascent of Santa Lucia; and two others at the great gate towards the middle of the new palace. In the meantime the king's army, that another regiment of Germans had arrived from Puzzolo by order of the viceroys, they went to meet them, killed part who made resistance, and the rest, who wilfully surrendered themselves, were made prisoners, and sent into the castle. The king's army, consisting of Italians; but by order of Masaniello the latter were released, and armed for the defence of the city. The Germans he sent in derision into the castle, laden with all kinds of provisions.

It happened upon Monday morning, that the Spanish guard, for some insults they had received, imprisoned

two mean fellows; and the people, fearing they would be executed, rose up and threatened, with howlings and unusual cries, to tear in pieces all the Spaniards who were in Naples, if those prisoners were not delivered them; wherefore, to avoid such a fate, which would certainly have happened, they were yielded up safe and sound. The king's army, too, was armed with fire-shovels, and iron tongs, with spits and brooches, and their children with little staves and canes, encouraging the young men to battle. Now, let it be considered what such a multitude all armed could do, who being invigorated as it were with blood in their eyes, cried out, "Let the king, let the king our lord live! Let the ill government die! No gabels, no gabels! Let the dogs die, who, being transformed to wolves, have devoured the flesh of innocent lambs! Let these wasps fly away, which have hitherto sucked the sweet honey of the fees!"

Now seemed expedient for the viceroys to despatch by some lords of the collateral council, and of the council of state, a note unto Masaniello, as head of the mob, wherein he granted as much as was demanded the day before, which was the taking away of all kinds of gabels. But the people would not be satisfied with this, but sent notice, that they would have further contentment, viz. a restitution of the privileges granted them by Kings Ferdinand, and Ferris, and by the Emperor Charles V. all of which by public order the viceroys, the collateral, and council of state, with all the nobility, should oblige themselves to observe. They insisted further, that the people should nominate the chief clerk of the market of the city; that it should pass for a law, that no new gabels should be imposed upon the people; that the Duke of the Capo Popolo, who should be a lord by title, as he was anciently, when the Prince of Salerno enjoyed that office; that he also should be named by the people, without any dependency, or having any recourse to the viceroys for the future. They scrupled not to demand, in addition, that the Duke of the Capo Popolo should be taken into their hands, though they proceeded not very far in that proposition.

His excellency, perceiving that the mob would lend no ear to any reasonable offers of peace, judged it expedient to restore to favour the Duke of Mataloni, and Don Antonio Caraffa his brother, and to solicit their joining with others, who were ready to follow their example, and the people, and to go up and down the city with a view to restore order and quietness. This, accordingly, was done; for many lords did ride up and down the streets in divers quarters, in particular the Prince of Bisignano, the Duke of Muro, the Prince of Melfi, the Marchio of the house of Avalos, the Prince of Sant'Anna Riva, and the Duke di Castel di Sangro, Don Ferrante Caracciolo, the Prince della Rocella, the Lord Don Diomedeo Caraffa, the Lord of Conversano, with other lords, dwelling in the piazza of the great market, in which there was a great number of these lords. These lords, by their presence, and by his excellency the viceroys was very ready to give them all satisfaction; but it was answered, that they desired no more, than that the privileges of King Ferdinand should be granted to the city, which were confirmed by Charles V., who, by oath, promised to impose no new taxes upon any king's subjects, but by his success, without the consent of the pope; and even being so imposed, they should be well regulated, otherwise the city might rise up with sword in hand, without any mark of rebellion, or irreverence to the prince, for the maintenance of the law. Now, since the king's army had never since, some few of small consequence executed, have been imposed without the consent of his holiness, it was just that they should be all taken off, and that the people should have delivered up to them the original of the said privilege, which was among the archives of the city in the church of St. Lawrence. These lords and gentlemen understanding this, went back to Castel Nuovo to impart all this to the viceroys, who presently consulted the collateral council, with that of the state, as also the sacred council of Santa Chiara, to consult what answer should be returned unto the people.

In the meantime the king's army, ordered that the holy sacrament should be openly exposed in many churches, and that all persons should be invited to implore divine assistance at such an emergency. The miraculous blood, and the holy head of St. Genarro, the patron of the city, were likewise exposed, and the clergy went in solemn procession up and down the city, viz. the Dominicans, Franciscans, those of Del Carmine, the Augustins, the Jesuits, Capuchins, Teatins, and others.

On the day it was debated by the people who should be their chief, that by his authority they might prepare their address to the viceroys, and obtain what they desired; and as, among those who rode up and down the city, the Lords della Rocella were the most eminent, and had their palaces in the great market, they made over-

tures to the said lords, that they would please to employ themselves in behalf of the people, in order to obtain the restitution of their charter to which they consented. For the performance thereof, these lords went to Castel Nuovo, accompanied by many people, where his excellency commanded them to be admitted, the contrary of the viceroys, who were so importunate, expecting, not without much anxiety, an answer from the viceroys.

At the same time, and for the same purpose, the Lord Prior was sent for from St. Lawrence; and in the belief that he would be found, the multitude which accompanied him, who were so importunate, as if both he and his horse were carried on their shoulders. But the Lord Prior, knowing that it would be difficult to find it, and feigning to withdraw himself upon some business, he made off with incredible speed, and concealed himself in the church of the holy spirit. This occasioned extraordinary murmuring and discontent among the people, who thought themselves baffled and deceived by one who they expected would have been their defender and advocate. Nevertheless, some affirm that the Lord Prior, with a view to quiet them, did bring them a skin of parchment, which was signed by the viceroys, and by Charles V.; which being shown to the satrapans and council, and found to be a counterfeit, they were so enraged, that had he not fled, they would have put him to death.

The Duke de Rocella, in the mean while, returned from the castle to the great market, upon which stood by the gross of the multitude, and carrying with him a copy of the charter desired by the people; but having heard of the dangerous success of the Lord Prior, he dared not say it was the original, but told them it was a true and real copy, as the original could not be found. Hecrupen it was received at the beginning with applause; but being read and found imperfect, it raised a mighty discontent in the hearts of the people, who cried out that they were mocked, cozened, and betrayed by the said duke, as they had already been by the prior; and so filled the city with such a noise, that the nobility, enraged against them, threatening them with ruin and revenge. Having the said Duke della Rocella in their hands, they clapt him in prison in the monastery del Carmine, and appointed the bandito Perrone to be his keeper, who himself had formerly been chained in the same church, but was set at liberty by the people. This duke, however, being an ancient friend and confidant of the mob, did manage the business so effectually with the people, that he obtained the duke's freedom, obliging himself to restore him into their hands when demanded; and so the duke, who was a man of two in his palace, retired afterwards to his country house.

There was appointed to be about the person of Masaniello, as one of the principal heads of the people, a priest named Julio Genovino, who had been their elect during the government of the Duke of Osuna, and was well practiced in the affairs of the court, and had always endeavoured to advance the good of the people; and to him they added for a companion the aforesaid famous bandito Perrone. These two being joined with Masaniello, drew out a list of sixty houses of ministers of the other orders, who were to be taken up, with the firming of the gabels, and who, having enriched themselves, was given out, with the blood of the people, deserved to be made examples to future ages, by having their houses and goods burnt to the ground; which was done accordingly.

But let us proceed more orderly in the relation of these ruined palaces. The first was that of Geronimo Fattinas, one of the farmers of the corn gabel, situated in the quarter of Porta Nuovo, near the houses of the Lord Mormili. There the people having flocked with figgots and pitch, and getting into the house, they threw out of the window all kind of household stuff, and so spent the day in having great store of money, chains and bracelets, breaking the windows wider for that purpose; all of which were brought to the market-place and hurled into a great fire, where they were burned to cinders, amid huge outcries of the people.

This first act of the fiery tragedy being ended, they went next to the house of Felice Basile, who at first had been a poor baker, and carried bread up and down the streets of Naples; but having friends at court, by tampering with the gabels, in a short time he became very rich. He dwelt near St. Spirito, and so spent the day in having met, and plundered his place from top to bottom, the hurled out at the windows and balconies all the household stuff, writings and books, with other rich curiosities. There were twenty-three great trunks thrown out into the streets, some of which being broken open, contained

wondrous rich things, such as cloth of gold and tissues, with costly embroideries, that dazzled the eyes of the beholders; all of which, with a cabinet full of pearls and other precious stones, were hurled into the devouring element, without saving so much as a rag; nor durst any man take up the value of a pin, unless it were to help the throwing of it into the fire.

These two burnings lasted five hours; after which they passed to the palace of Antonio de Angelis, a counsellor, who had been elect of the people in the time of Monterrey, and who concurred with that victory in imposing many new taxes. The people, being admonished by a crowd of his friends to secure his goods and his palace from destruction, neglected their advice, because the day before they had taken down his gate only, and he imagined that there their fury had terminated. But he reckoned without his loss; his unfortunate death blinds him so, and so stopped his ears, that he would not listen to wholesome caution. Whereupon the rabble, being come before his house, they furiously entered, and finding it full of all kinds of costly furniture, even to admiration, they presently destined every thing to the fire, leaving not a jot unsaved. That which was most to be pitied was, that the pleas, writings, charters, patents, and processes of divers poor and rich men, were all consumed. There was also a library of curious books, two coaches, four beautiful horses, and two mules, all burnt; and they threw bottles of oil into the fire, to make it burn with more violence. In the last process of the fire, the people were delicate provisions, and divers chests of sweetmeats; and a boy having taken up a small piece of bacon which fell by chance, he was nearly torn in pieces by the multitude. There were 10,000 crowns in good silver burnt, besides vessels of plate doubtless. The fire of this palace was the greatest that was seen in the night; and every corner of the street was as clear as if it had been noon-day.

Thence they ran to the house of Antonio Mirabella, another counsellor, and a Neapolitan cavalier, who narrowly escaped with his life, but of whose house they left not a stone upon another. The fire of this palace was the voracious flame, which lasted above three hours.

At six o'clock they passed to the palace of Andrea Anacleto, elect of the people; but he had wisely removed his goods the Sunday before, prefiguring some violence. In furious disorder they applied to the fire, and in a short time the house, which met with a horrible flame, to the terror of the beholders, which lasted till the sun returned to enlighten the following morn.

But while the people consumed with fire the houses, goods and wealth, of those public thieves, as they termed them, they burnt the goods of the viceroys, and in so doing desire to put a period to such fearful combustions. In order to hasten an accommodation, the collateral council and councils of state and war, were assembled; and it was resolved, that his excellency should command four companies of foot to reinforce the squadron which was besieging the castle, and that the instrument was to be printed, wherein an abolition of those gabels, and a general pardon, were granted. This instrument was accordingly printed and sent into the great market, that all people beholding it might return to their homes; but it took no effect, because the pardon was not signed by him, whose speech and high birth, made the people wretched and containing divers matters subject to litigation. The viceroys, perceiving that the nobility were hateful to the people, and therefore unfit to quench the fire, but rather to increase it, now purposed to make use of two of their own private advocates, who were much esteemed by him. These were Andrea Martellone, and Onosio Pella. When the viceroys having commanded to come unto him, he committed unto their care and prudence, and that with a great deal of earnestness, the appeasing of the people, with large promises of remuneration. These men entered the city, and upon their arrival, they were met by a mob; but it produced no fruit, and having returned to the viceroys, they said it was impossible to assuage the fury of the people, unless he delivered unto them the original of the charter granted by Charles V. Upon this being fully understood by the viceroys, who, from the beginning, had been that day, and the night, in the greatest anxiety, this point, he caused all diligence to be used, that the said charter should be found out. In order to effect this, he despatched to the church of San Lorenzo some of the nobles, elect of the city, together with Don Joseph Maria Caraciolo, a person of great valour and learning, who, besides his high birth, was a singular pacificator at all times, especially at the present conjuncture, being warmly devoted to the service of his king and country. In the mean time, Masaniello made it known to all the merchants in the name of the people, and corporations of

the city, that they should instantly arm themselves for the service of the people; and in order to enforce his proclamations, a great part of his train, partly on horseback and partly on foot, proceeded to the various houses demanding arms, which were delivered up to them, both by the nobles and officers. They thus obtained possession of many thousands of archbuses, carbines, muskets, pistols, and such like arms; as also nine pieces of artillery, which one merchant had in his house, and which were given him in pawn from the court for some thousands of ducats. They took also seven cannons out of a ship, which they stowed in a great gallery, all of which they placed at the mouths of the principal streets of the city, and having understood that Mazza, a Genoa merchant, had a good store of arms, they entered his house, where they found 4000 muskets, which were distributed up and down to the populace dwelling in the quarters of Santa Maria Il Parente, then clasped torches to his house, and consumed it to the foundation.

The archbishop seeing that, notwithstanding all profers of accommodation, the disturbances increased every hour with more fury, resolved to go abroad in procession; but doubting that it would not be agreeable to the people, before he put his design into execution, he sent the Impositors of St. Paul and of the Apostles to discover how they stood affected. These, together with Don Carlo de Bologna, and Don Diego de Mendoza, being the most eminent of the secular priests, both on account of their piety and exemplary lives, put themselves into their coaches, and went to the public churches, to observe the humour of the people, the bishop having no other aim herein, than the service and satisfaction of the city; yet he wanted to know their inward inclinations. The said fathers and lords having put in strict execution what they had in charge from the archbishop, found that what his eminence had formerly doubted of, it was told them by the chiefs of the people, who yet thanked the archbishop for his pious zeal, that, touching such a solemn and extraordinary procession, they humbly advised his eminence not to do it, because the priests and lords, who they supposed to be in the procession, might do some injury, which would prejudice the reputation of the church. They prayed his eminence, however, that he would expose in the church the holy host, and order public orisons for forty hours.

The fathers and gentlemen having returned to the Cardinal Archbishop, and having said unto him what they proposed, and the answers that were made; whereupon his eminence, not thinking it expedient to put his former thoughts in execution against the will of a tumultuary people, directed the said impositors, and all heads and rectors of churches, to go to the cathedral, and there to bless the sacrament should be exposed, and public and private prayers made, to recommend unto the divine majesty the woful condition of city and kingdom; which was punctually performed every day until the death of Masaniello.

When the archbishop had despatched those seasonable orders, it being now night, his eminence retired to *Castel Nuovo*, to consult with the viceroys, whether any terms of accommodation could be proposed, that might avert the calamities that hung over the city, and give some satisfaction to the enraged multitude; who had been so long used to fire, and to the sight of blood, that they were not such sights and executions. For the better effecting of which, this worthy patriot associated with him the most illustrious the *Lcrl* Aldi, Apostolic Nuncio, at that time residing in the Kingdom. In the evening, divers other lords and cavaliers retired also to *Castel Nuovo*; as well for the safety of their persons as to consult with the viceroys, what was most proper to be done in the present extremity.

THE THIRD DAY.

TUESDAY, JULY 9TH, 1647.

The minds of the Neapolitan people being now inflamed with rage, and with a determination to destroy the houses of all public ministers, partisans of the royal court, lawyers, and farmers of the gabels; there were no longer any hopes to stop their insolence and fury.

Hence the glorious man had recourse to the people, in order to illuminate the city, before the furious people ran to the palace of one Valenzano, formerly a very poor plebeian, and who afterwards, from a petty clerk in the *Dogana*, had become a farmer of the gabel, and enriched himself with high birth, and a great weight of precious goods, both for quantity and quality, were found in his house, which were all reduced to ashes, except two boxes full of gold, found in the cupboard of a window, which were taken and deposited in the king's bank.

Hence they passed to the palace of the Duke of Calvo, towards the little gate of Santa Chiara, where all his writings and public books,—he being secretary of the state—and an infinite store of rich moveables and utensils were found, all which were burnt in two great fires, and the palace levelled with the ground. What rich coaches, sedans and coaches, with rare vessels of argent, and jewels of all kinds, were consumed in this place! There were also a great number of curious pictures found here. The profane were burnt, but some holy pieces were sent to divers churches, reserving for the fire the frames of them, although they were very gallant and rich, which course they observed in all their places. The heat of this fire was so great, that it reached to a monastery of nuns, of the order of St. Francisco, hard by, who cried out that they were all destroyed. It also included a library of books, the leaves whereof flew up aloft, and the words were audible in the air, and in places where it happened to fall upon the ground, which treated of the nobility of the ancient Dukes of Milan.

It would be tedious to describe the desolation and ruin caused by those conflagrations, with the quantity and quality of the goods destroyed. It may be merely observed, that the *just retriens* were exercised upon all those who were put down in Masaniello's list, as devoted to destruction. Among these were the palaces of many of the nobles. The owners of many of these mansions, wishing to save their property, endeavoured to elude the vigilance of the rioters, by sending their families to the convents, monasteries and convents; but Masaniello having notice of this, caused the inmates of these religious houses to deliver them up, under the pain of a similar visitation; and, not venturing to refuse, they were consigned to the rabble, who immediately searched in their monasteries, and found they were on their work of destruction, that some splendid coaches, which were discovered concealed with their horses alive, were also thrown into the flames, and consumed to ashes.

The most diligent search, in the meanwhile, was made for the charter of Charles V. in the Convent of St. Lawrence, where the archives of the city were kept; and not finding it there, the people grew more tumultuous than before, ordering every thing they found to be burnt, among which was the picture of the Spanish king, which they had formerly carried about in a mob, exposed under such a ridiculous name. Let them be damned! Let the accursed government die!" Among the bands which went abroad that day, were many women with arques on their shoulders, like so many amazons. One of them, well dressed and handsome, having the royal arms upon her breast, and a sword in her right hand, and a poniard in her left. They now declared that they would be masters of the Convent and Tower of St. Lawrence. This they demanded, because they feared its situation; inasmuch as their head-quarters in the mountain were exposed to its cannon; and as it was the arsenal of the city, by obtaining possession of it, they could provide themselves with arms and ammunition. They had, indeed, made an attempt upon it on Sunday, the first day of the insurrection, but being then few in number, they met with a great repulse, and were obliged to retire to the belly. The case, however, was now altered; 10,000 of them surrounded the place, ranged themselves in order of the battle, and prepared for an assault, by placing two large pieces of cannon before the tower, with the intention of battering it down. But the doors soon abandoned the monastery, leaving behind them only a few marching some nobleman, and about sixty Spaniards, sent on the previous evening to guard the tower, and who soon surrendered, on the conditions that their lives should be spared and their clothing preserved. Overjoyed at their success, the rioters, who were now in the tower, placed eighteen pieces of cannon, placed there for the service of the city. The former were distributed among the people, and the latter ordered to be planted at certain streets, with a sufficient guard. Masaniello then commanded the great bell to sound to arms; declaring, that he would be master of the city, and that the people should be ready to defend their rights and liberties; and to make his intentions the more plausible, he caused the standard of Spain, and the ensigns of the city, to be displayed from the top of the steeple. About this time, having notice by his scouts that some Spaniards were in the city, he sent a party of his men to march towards Naples, Masaniello despatched a party to meet them, who, after disarming them, sent them back to their former stations, and he proceeded himself, at the head of a considerable body, to stop the progress of 600 Ger-

mans, sent from Capua by the governor of that city to aid the viceroys. As soon as Masaniello approached, they laid down arms, and were led to Naples, where they were so well treated by the fisherman, that they went up and down the streets exclaiming, "Long live the most faithful people of Naples!"

While the people were thus revenging themselves on their erstwhile adversaries, the two original charters of Ferdinand and Charles, which they so eagerly desired to possess, were discovered, and brought to the viceroys by the chief elect of the nobility, and Don Joseph Caracciolo, who had been indefatigable in their search after them. The viceroys, on this discovery, sent for the archbishop, and, delivering them into his hands, with a ratification of the privileges therein contained, desired him to go to the market-place, and show them to the people; at which the archbishop rejoiced greatly, not doubting that he would be able to allay the commotions.

The archbishop was received in the market-place with the greatest reverence and honor, and proceeded to the church of the Lady of Carmine, amid the applauses of the people. As soon as he entered the church, he exhibited the original charters, which he read with a loud voice, and which seemed to be received by all as if with the greatest satisfaction. "If," said some rebellious spirits who were among them, as if they were the enemies of the devil, pretending to suspect the archbishop's sincerity, began to cry out, "Will your eminence also deceive us?" which produced such a movement, as made the archbishop apprehensive of his safety. He asked Masaniello, who stood near him, what was the excellent opinion of the most eminent sir," replied Masaniello, "the people still surmise that this charter is not the true one, and that your eminence goes about to baffle us; but I do not believe it; and I will turn against them in your defence, or kill myself, knowing well how punctually honourable your eminence is." The bishop answered, "My dear son, these privileges and charters are the very same which Charles V. subscribed, and which the people desire; but in order that you may be convinced, find me an intelligent man and I will deliver it to him, leaving it in his hands; and for a day or two, I will leave him to convince you of his satisfaction. You are my sons, as much as the nobles and the clergy. You pastor and father, I would spill my blood most willingly for my people, as also for the peace and quietness of my dear country." At these words Masaniello grew very much pleased, and with him the tumultuous people. So they sent the bishop acquainted with the names of the persons who knew thoroughly the affairs of the city and kingdom by his long experience, being eighty years old, and having been nineteen years a prisoner, during the time of another revolution which happened in the government of Osuna. He said, among others, therefore, delivered the charter to this man, that he might study and review it, which he did all the night following with most exact diligence, during the whole of which time the bishop remained in the church of Carmine. And it was by the disposition of God Almighty, and the most blessed Virgin, that this man, who in the very night thirty-six houses of cavaliers were to be burnt.

It happened, however, that while the charter was in the hands of Genovino, a whisper ran throughout the multitude, distrusting the intentions of the viceroys. Fearing that, if they dispersed, they would still feel the effects of the attacks of the viceroys, they were determined by no means given them a sufficient security in pledge for the entire removal of the gabels, they simultaneously exclaimed, that the original charter was of little value, as long as the viceroys' ratification was lame and imperfect. The viceroys, on these articles of capitulation most unwisely drawn up by some of their party, and which they had signed, and the several councils and tribunals of the kingdom. The archbishop, astonished at this new demand, could only say, that he would send to the viceroys, and ascertain his pleasure thereon. Accordingly, the prelate sent the viceroys the demand, informing him of the new demand; who, prudently concluding that it was of no use to employ force, sent a letter in reply to the archbishop, desiring him to let "the most faithful people know, that whatever articles they should draw up, would not only be signed, as they desired, but that he would do it when ratified as soon as possible by the king of Spain."

When this was announced to the people, it was some time before they could agree among themselves about the person to draw up the said articles; but at length they agreed, and the archbishop commanded that the following morning, before they were presented to the viceroys. It is said, that one of the articles proposed was, that the castle of St. Elmo should be delivered up to the

people; and that Masaniello seemed to approve of it, when Genovino stood up, and said, "that although the people might legally take up arms to maintain and defend their rights and privileges, and to the defence of the Pinacello, and several other most learned lawyers in 1547, yet they could not insist upon the surrender of the castle of St. Elmo, without incurring the imputation of rebellion." At the word *rebellion*, Masaniello, who had always protested that his sole design was to shake off the oppression of the gabels, and not his allegiance to the king of Spain, desired that no more might be said about it, for he would rather than give his consent to a demand that would make him pass for a rebel. This was no small proof of Genovino's influence with the people, which further showed, by causing one of his friends, named Ciccio Arpaia, who had been formerly condemned to the galleys for being concerned in the conspiracy against the nobility under the Duke of Osuna, to be declared elect of the people, which procured even the consent of Masaniello.

THE FOURTH DAY.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10TH, 1647.

The Neapolitan people, not satisfied with publishing upon the walls, by outward firing and combustions, the extreme disdain they had taken against the chief authors of the gabels, still ruminated in the night what further measures were to be taken in the day.

Hence it came to pass, that upon Wednesday morning, when Aurora had hardly arisen in the sun, Masaniello ordered, that upon pain of death the brigade of his life-guard, in number about 8000 persons, should repair to the palace of the Duke of Caivana, to plunder therein the said duke, notice having been received that the goods of far greater value were lying discovered. Thereupon, the soldiers, as swift as lightning, went, in obedience to Masaniello's command, and re-entered the house, where, battering down a door, they found two chambers full of the richest tapestry, with other costly moveables; these descending into the gardens, they defaced divers marble statues and fountains, grubbed up the flowers and trees, broke down the balconies, and set fire to every thing both in house and garden.

Other acts of outrage were committed; women and boys brought up to the public use of combustibles to help the flames, crying, "Though there be a great left in the houses, it will help to burn the kennels of those dogs who have imposed on us the accursed gabels." Many women brought their infants in their arms, and putting lighted torches in their hands, would make them throw the infants into the flames, crying, "These infants, and prayers," "These poor infants shall also take vengeance of the thieves for the bread they have taken out of their mouths. May the king live! May the dogs die the death!"

While the people thus evaporated their high discontents against the enemies of the public good, the lord bishop continued to negotiate with the viceroys, and in addition to the ancient charters of King Ferdinand and Charles V., confirmed by the royal collateral council and council of state, holden expressly for that purpose, he also procured a new ratification or indulgence for the people of Naples; the tenor whereof was as follows:

"Philip by the Grace of God, King, &c.

"Don Rodrico P. de Leon, Duke of Arcos.

"We, by an everlasting privilege, do grant to the most faithful people of this most faithful city of Naples, that all gabels and impositions be extinct and abolished which have been laid upon the city of Naples, and the kingdom, from the time of the Emperor Charles V. of happy memory, until this hour. Moreover, we grant a general pardon for any offence whatsoever committed, since the beginning of this present revolution to this point of time; as also, for every offence and inquisition passed that related to it."

"Given in Castle Nuovo, 10th of July, 1647.

"El DUQUE DE ARCOS.

"DONATA COPPOLA,

Secretary of the Kingdom."

These charters and privileges having been delivered to Don Joseph Genovino on the part of the people, and the former pronouncing him to be general elect of the business, seemed now brought to so hopeful a pass, that a motion was made by the viceroys for a solemn cavalcade to the church of Carmine, where all the nobility should attend him, that the capitulations of peace might be publicly read, and Genovino sung, to give God thanks for all his goodness. This being intimated to Masaniello, he consented thereunto, yet commanded the people to continue vigilant, and ordered every enrolled soldier to have his

arms ready, and not to stir from his post upon pain of death.

There was now great hope of seeing the distractions at an end. The rabble, satisfied with the vengeance they had taken, and deterred by the prospects of so many immunities and privileges they were on the point of enjoying, abated of their former fury, and even sighed after peace. But a fatal and unexpected accident entirely ruined these good dispositions, and blew up the flames of discord to a height that might be seen from afar.

At the very time when the market place, as well as the church and convent of Carmine, were crowded with an infinite multitude of people, who all waited with impatience, to learn the success of the negotiation, about 500 banditti, well armed and mounted, came into the market place, where they were received with demonstrations of joy, upon their giving out that they had been sent for by Dominico Perrone, and were come for the service of the most faithful people.

As soon as Masaniello saw them, he thanked them for their good will; and, telling them to be alight, appointed them different quarters of the city, where they should expect his further orders about; upon which, Perrone told him, he judged it much more proper to assign them a separate station to themselves, and by no means to dismount them; because, being on horseback, they would be much more ready to return to the city, if necessary. To this, Masaniello replied, that it was altogether unnecessary, and that they would be as servicable to him on foot as on horseback. But, Perrone warmly insisting upon their going mounted, and in a body, without being to give any good reason for it, Masaniello began to suspect that some dark business was going on; and, therefore, peremptorily commanded the banditti to go aloft to the quarters he assigned them, and not to stir an inch without his order. He had no sooner spoken, than a musket was fired off; which, Masaniello looking upon as the signal of some mischief, cried out, "Treason, treason! there is a plot to foil me!" He then immediately fired upon him by some of the banditti, who had slid themselves among the crowd that surrounded him; and though a bullet or two came so near to him, as to singe his shirt, yet he received not the least hurt. The people, seeing this, and that he was not to be harmed, cried out one and all, that God, and the Lady of Carmine, whose medal hung upon his breast, had protected Masaniello; then fell without mercy upon the banditti, and having killed thirty of them upon the spot, they pursued the rest into the church and convent of Carmine, whither they had fled to take refuge. The boldness of the place secured them from the people's rage; who, in the instant, turned it into a scene of blood and cruelty. No thing was to be heard on all sides, but the piercing cries of the wounded, who, whilst calling for confessors, met with the stroke of death. Two of them, were slain at the foot of the great altar; and another under the very vest where the archbishop sat, whether he had fled for safety. In short, the whole pavement was covered with slaughtered bodies; among whom were Dominico Perrone and Gregorio Perrone, the former having lost his life for being an accomplice in the conspiracy, and the latter for being brother to the former. Captain Antonio Grassano his life also; having first declared, that the banditti had been sent by the Duke of Matoloni, and Don Pede Caraffa, his brother, to revenge, by the death of Masaniello, the insult he had received from the rabble; that Dominico Perrone was privy to the conspiracy, and that the troops more of banditti were to come into the city at the close of day, who, favoured by the night, and the confusion which the death of Masaniello must necessarily create, were to fall unawares upon the people, and cut them to pieces.

One of the banditti taken alive desired his life of Masaniello, and he would discover unto him more than Grassano had confessed, which being promised him, provided his discoveries proved true, he revealed, that the night following, supposing the foresaid five hundred banditti were successful, they were to be divided into three to second them, and set fire to certain mines under the great market-place, in which was fullest of people. These mines, he said, contained fifty cantaras of powder, amounting to fifteen thousand pounds, which, being spread up and down through the bowels of the said market-place, would blow up the whole of the people then present, with the monastery and church of Carmine, inasmuch, that there would have perished, besides the destruction of the buildings, holy and profane, about one hundred and fifty thousand souls. When the mines had been set off, the banditti were to come up and down, joining with some of the gentles whom they had brought over to them, and filling upon the rest of

the common people, put all to the sword. Upon this being understood by Massianello, he ordered that with all possible diligence, those subterranean places should be searched, and upon his declaration being found true and real, he gave the prisoner his life, but with perpetual banishment from the city and kingdom. The said powder being taken up from all those places under ground, did serve the people for many days, for they had great scarcity thereof.

The rabble had now put to death one hundred and fifty banditti; and having dragged their carcases through all the streets and kennels of the city, they brought their heads to Massianello, who commanded them, together with those of Perrone and his brother, to be fixed upon poles in the middle of the city, that all the people might see executed accordingly. One would think the spilling of so much blood would atone for the greatest inhumanity, and that the people, after having sacrificed so many lives to their just resentments, would have stopped here and gone no further. But Massianello, contented with his work but half contented, so long as the Duke of Matolani and Don Pepe Caraffa were not in his power, used his utmost endeavours to find out the place that contained them; when word was brought him, that the latter was in the church of Santa Maria de la Nova, and that the former was at the castle of St. Efram, which order was executed accordingly. A squadron of armed men were immediately despatched to St. Efram, with orders to bring the duke alive or dead; but having got timely advice by a spy, he put on the disguise of a Capuchin friar, and, upon a swift courser, rode off towards Benevento.

The rage of the people was now bent against Don Giuseppe, Caraffa's friar, and four thousand persons, all armed, were sent to the foresaid monastery of Santa Maria della Nuova, where he had secured himself, as also his brother, Father Gregorio Caraffa, Prior de la Rocella, who, assisted by God for his innocence, foretold the approaching ruin which must attend their destruction. He was so terrified and conjured his brother that they should betake themselves to a place of greater security; but Don Giuseppe, not giving ear to the exhortation of the prior, yielded to his hard destiny and remained alone in the monastery. The prior having taken leave of his brethren, in his eyes, was scarce gone, when the foresaid rabble surprised the place, and rushed in with extreme rage, though for a great while they could not find him, he being hid in the secretest place of the monastery, whence he tried to give notice to the viceroxy of his desperate condition. Being at length discovered, he was seized by a sword, leaving the sole and the shoe of a poor friar, to whom he gave a good reward to go with it to the castle. But the bearer had scarcely set out before he was stopped, and searched from head to foot; and the said note being found, they fell upon him most furiously, and chopped off his head.

Caraffa hereupon lost all hopes of preserving himself, if he remained in the city; and, therefore resolved to retire to an empty house, in order to do this with less danger, he put off his friar's weeds, and apparelled himself in a secular habit. He now leaped out of a window of the monastery over against the shop of a silk weaver, and going into the next house, where a mean woman dwelt, he hid himself; and, as he was praying, he was suddenly surprised by a great noise, and a great knocking at the door, by which he perceived reward to conceal him; but the ill-natured and base woman, promising herself a greater reward from the promiscuous crew, delivered him into their hands. Having seized upon him, they dragged him along the little piazza of Ceriglio; and, notwithstanding that he promised twelve thousand crowns of good gold if they would suffer him to escape, and although some began to hearken to such a proffer, the greater number barbarously cried out, "Kill him, kill the traitor!" at which words, among those who slashed him with daggers and stilettos, Michael de Sanetti, a young fellow, who had watched the duke, and a great knight, cut off his head. The joy of the rabble upon this occasion was as great as if they had taken off the head of the grand Turk, and cut to pieces the whole Ottoman empire. They fixed the head of Caraffa upon a pike, and bore it in triumph to the market-place, crying as they went along, "Kill the traitor! Kill the traitor!" and so they did the faithful people!" The head was now presented to Massianello, who, taking it into one hand, and striking it several times with a cane which he held in the other, made a speech to it, wherein he upbraided Caraffa with his treachery and ingratitude; and, upon several occasions, as if he had been still living; then commanded it to be put in an iron grate, and nailed to a post erected for that purpose, without the gate of St. Gennaro, facing the Duke of Matolani's palace, with this inscription un-

derneath—"Don Pepe Caraffa, Rebel to his Country, and Traitor to the Most Faithful People."

This tragical adventure made different impressions upon the minds of those who were witnesses of it. The people beheld it with unspeakable pleasure and satisfaction; but the nobles were struck with fear and horror. They knew not what to think; what to expect, after such a terrible example made of one of their order, who at other times used to make the whole city, nay the very kingdom, tremble at his name. And what increased their apprehensions still the more, was that, since the discovery of Massianello's plot, he was not seen; and that he had no hand in the tumult, nor rose in arms, and joined themselves to the rabble.

In the mean time, Massianello, from a tribunal in the market-place, environed with heads and bloody carcases, was thundering against the nobility; and not satisfied with the death of Caraffa, he issued out a proclamation, whereby he declared the Duke of Matolani an enemy to the most faithful people, and promised a reward of 30,000 crowns, with the ransom of 1500 outlaws, for his apprehension. Having also grown suspicious since the discovery of the conspiracy against his person, Massianello made no scruple to believe, that it had been contrived by, or at least carried on with consent and approbation of, the viceroxy; and therefore, with a view to reduce him to such straits as should at once revenge him, and force the viceroxy to accept of whatever conditions he thought fit to impose upon him, he commanded that he should be taken to the castle, where he and his duchess, with the counsels, king's ministers, and officers of state, resided.

He commanded also, because he intended to choke them with thirst, as well as to famish them with hunger, that the aqueducts should be cut off; and, the viceroxy, having him in view, to scurry a condition, despatched a letter to the archbishop, requesting that he would make known to the people his sincere intentions towards them, and that he was a mere stranger to the practices of the banditti, and their abominable conspiracies; for proof whereof he desired them that they should endeavour to deliver to apprehend those banditti, and deliver them to the hands of the people, to do with them what they pleased.

THE FIFTH DAY.

THURSDAY, JULY 11TH, 1647.

It is well known, that what Pliny and others affirm, that the Olympians were not immortal, but that they judged like the prize in doubtful combats, not so much according to the valour of the combatants, as in compliance with the wishes of the people; and one may very naturally think, Massianello being young and of very low birth, that he obtained the triumph of general command, not so much in reward of his own merits, as in the empty breath of popular applause was blowing strongly in his favour. It appears, however, that Massianello, although a mere fisherman, or rather a fisherman's boy, had sagacity enough to uphold the high command which he had assumed. Throughout the whole of this last event of the last evening, he was which he had been so conspicuously engaged, he had conducted himself with so much wisdom and discretion, and with such rigorous justice, as to have raised a kind of admiration in the minds of all men—and particularly in that of the archbishop, who, more than any other, was surprised at the conduct of the young man, from his reign until the end of his usurped dominion. He had unspeakable boldness, which seemed wonderful to those present, and will seem incredible to the absent: not the forwardness of a plebeian, or of some abject fellow, but that of some great martial commander; and that, without any bias in his favour, he was in his posture and demeanour, in his countenance, he subjugated Naples—Naples, the head of such a kingdom, the metropolis of so many provinces, the queen of so many cities, the mother of princes, the birth-place of glorious heroes. By the impetuous judgment of Heaven, this Naples, with a people, who were in his hands, and who were so much commanded by a poor fisherman, who, within a few hours, raised an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, dug trenches, appointed sentinels, placed spies, reviewed squadrons, commanded the guilty, comforted the fearful, encouraged the bold, threatened the obstinate, and promised rewards, and marvellously incited those, who were by many degrees his superiors, to battle, to burnings, to plunder, and to death. The whole city, nay, the very Spaniards, stood astonished, that in so great,

and so confused a multitude of armed men, he could proceed so regularly in his orders, and that these orders were so punctually observed,—that he should be so observant to ladies, so respectful to holy church and her officers, suffering no outrage to be offered to them, such only as the Marquis della Nuvoa while in quest of Caraffa, and that amidst the greatest wealth, which was burned up and down, not the value of a pin should be converted to private use.

Many papers having been circulated the preceding evening, wherein inklings were given of some notable deed against the people, the first account published by Massianello, early upon Thursday morning, was, that all men should go without cloaks, gowns, wide cassocks, or such like, which was generally obeyed, not only by the common sort, but by all the nobility, churchmen, and religious orders; yea even by the canons and dignities, and that all the nobles, both the lords of the Archbishop Eleanora, Cardinal Trivulzio, the viceroxy, the apostolical nuncio, and of all the bishops residing then in Naples: And if we give credit to the relation of many of their eminences themselves went without upper garments all the while that Massianello was in the city.

He commanded also that all women, of what degree or quality soever they were, should go without farthingales, which was also obeyed; and that, when they went abroad, they should stick up their petticoats somewhat high, that it might be discerned whether they carried any arms under their petticoats, which had been done under such long robes sundry sorts of arms were brought to the banditti, and other enemies of the people. That morning, also, all the streets were intrenched, and the cannons from the magazine of San Lorenzo were brought down, set upon carriages, and placed in divers parts of the city; the companies, both foot and horse, were dispersed up and down, well armed, to be able to withstand any force.

Massianello also commanded, that all cavaliers and noble personages, under pain of death, should deliver their arms into the hands of such officers as he should command; and that all the nobles should be obliged to put up their weapons for the service of the people. This was accordingly done, although with a very bad grace; for they plainly perceived the design of this disarming, which was not only to render them unable to make any opposition, but to expose them to the mercy of the furious people, who were then in the city.

That day there was also an excise put upon all eatable commodities, regulating at what price they should be sold; and in sundry places of the city, divers pictures were set up of Charles the emperor, and of his catholic majesty Philip IV., now regnant, with the arms of the city of Naples drawn underneath; which, when the soldiers passed, they were directed to cry out, "Let the king of Spain live, and let the ill government die!" While the commands of Massianello were thus published and executed every where throughout the city, the archbishop, who from Tuesday morning had kept himself within the monastery of Carmine, to be able to negotiate with Massianello, and the other heads of the people, did not neglect to publish a true account of his own and the viceroxy's intentions, in the fervent hope that he would be able to appease this high popular fury, which every day, every hour, yea, every moment, increased with still greater rage. He sent a messenger to the archbishop Eleanora, his brother, in order to induce the viceroxy to give his assent to what was demanded, assuring him that the people were inclined towards peace, and that, therefore, it now all depended with his excellency; and that, if said assent was longer delayed, he could not but prognosticate a total and irreparable ruin to both city and kingdom. The viceroxy received this message with great satisfaction; and, to show his readiness to comply with the wishes of the archbishop, he wrote him a very affectionate letter, wherein, after demonstrating the ardent disposition which he had for the public tranquillity, and which, indeed, the late interruption alone had prevented, being felt, he declared himself willing to be guided solely by his eminence; and in proof of it that he would ratify whatsoever his eminence promised to the people, that no longer delay might take place in carrying and returning propositions and answers from one side to the other.

The archbishop, having received from the viceroxy this ample commission, held a conference with Massianello and his counsellors, Genovino and Arpaia, in the church of Carmine; and, reading unto them the viceroxy's letter, with much dexterity and eagerness he re-

all of which being brought before Massianello, he commanded that his moveables and goods should be put in a magazine near the market-place, and that he should touch the least thing, but that the money s/he should be employed to pay the soldiers.

Massianello also commanded a body of armed men to go into the country, and demolish the house of the Duke of Calabria, and to burn the furniture and goods that were there deposited; which was done. The palace of Mataloni, which was in Chaina, was also pitilessly set on fire; nay, the rabble took the portraits of his ancestors, and consigned them to the flames; first mangling them most brutally, thrusting them through with their swords, pulling out their eyes, and smug of their noses, and heads; and having returned to the great market-place, they hung another picture of the Duke of Mataloni under the body of Don Peppo Caraffa, with this motto underneath, "The Duke of Mataloni, rebel to his majesty, and traitor to the most faithful people." After this, further commands were given by Massianello to burn the goods of other officers, and particularly of the king's visitor; and this command was revoked by the effectual intercession of the Archbishop Filomarino. It was also ordered that the Regent Guffias should not the same form of dress as he was accustomed to wear, nor know why, unless it was because certain troops of horse were quartered at his house, which was intrenched round about.

They arrived in the port at that time thirteen galleys of the squadron of Naples; and the General Gianetto Doria having sent notice thereof to the viceroxy, with desire to land some men for provisions, and to seeery edifice, that he should make his address to Massianello, which being done, he immediately commanded fresh victuals, with a supply of money, to be sent to the general; but with this proviso, that the galleys should go further off from the port, and that none should set foot ashore, either soldier or passenger, nor even the general himself.

In the mean time all people went up and down the streets with as much security, and all kinds of shops were opened with as much freedom, and as little fear, both by night and day, as if there had been no soldiery at all; nor, on occasion of outrage, so great as to excite the apprehensions of fear and terror, which were imprinted in every one's heart, of the rigorous and inflexible justice exercised by Massianello.

The viceroxy, all this while, seeing himself as it were besieged in the castle, deprived of provision, and all sorts of necessaries, sent to Massianello, that if he would be might be furnished accordingly. Thereupon fifty porters were sent unto him, laden with bread, wine, fruit, flesh, poultry, sweetmeats, and all other things that were eatable.

When Massianello had, the night before, sent to the viceroxy, that he much wondered he had not sent to Cardinal Trivulzio, the said cardinal was advised by the archbishop to give him a visit; for Massianello was come now to that height, that he expected observance from every one, even from the princes of the church. Therefore, to prevent some rude affront, and to satisfy the vulgar minds are subject to offer, the cardinal went to the castle to the great market-place to visit Massianello, which he did, by giving him the title of *illustrissimo*. By the first words which Massianello addressed to him, the cardinal was laughed at, which were, "The visit which your eminence has paid me, is a great honour to me." His eminence having paid his respects to the most illustrious lordship, when he departed, Massianello commanded two files of musketeers to guard and conduct him to the castle. The Cardinal Trivulzio was accompanied by some gentlemen came from the castle, and presents to Massianello from the viceroxy, thanking him for the refreshments which he had sent into the castle; and also bringing some compliments from the duchess, who desired to know how he did, and begged that, for her sake, he would make use of what was sent. After this, the cardinal made a long and very long speech; sent him; a strange metamorphosis of fortune, and was capricious and rare, that these things will seem incredible, and mere romances to future ages, though all be a true and real story.

THE SEVENTH DAY.

SATURDAY, the 13th of May, 1647.

Massianello, already pronounced captain-general of the Neapolitan people, was advised that there was no other means so effectual as to retire to overcome and triumph over any projects against him, and to require a punctual submission, and which he so exacted, that the least act of disobedience was punished with death, as being held a capital crime. Hence, having heard, that

upon Friday night some went up and down the streets to sound the shopkeepers, endeavouring to make them come to be punished, the first thing he did at break of day, was to publish, by way of drum, that he would, upon pain of death, those seducers should be revealed; some of whom being found out and apprehended, they were hanged before those shops where they committed the offence. There were gibbets set up in other places; among others, where divers were executed that day; were discovered to have brought some letters in their shoes, which, because they were written in ciphers, were adjudged to contain matter of rebellion, or some sinister counsels and incitements to sedition.

It was told that upon the same day, there was a Prince deliary and theft committed in the palace of the Duke of Colic Cavaliero; and at first it was thought to be by some of his squadron; but after a diligent examination, it was found to be by some of the banditti, who had taken sanctuary in a little church. They were accordingly dragged out, and executed in the public market-place.

The same morning, there came before him seeking justice a poor girl whose father had been killed; and the brother of him that had killed him being there present, and the fact being pardoned, he would not take her for his wife without any delay; but the brother of marriage did not please Massianello, because the young maid abhorred it, in regard of the blood of her father; therefore he obliged the brother of the murderer to find out two hundred crowns within four and twenty hours for the young maid's dowry, and if the offence should be remitted. A little after this, a murderer was brought before him, who had been a friend to Perrone, and giving him time and confession, he sentenced him to death, and ordered that his head and his feet should be chopped off, and his body dragged up and down the streets. Another man was also brought before him.

It was intimated the same Saturday morning, that two squadrons, with seven hundred Spaniards, should immediately go abroad to find out the banditti, who, according to report, were in bands together, in divers places ready to invade the city. He also caused a proclamation to be published, that if any of the public officers should discover any such plot, they should be absolutely pardoned, provided he was not depending upon the Duke of Mataloni. He farther commanded, that all artists should work openly in their shops, and not within their doors; that if any of the public officers should follow their business, but be ready within half an hour to take arms. A message was also brought him from a cavalier, upon some business of consequence; but he answered, "I have nothing to do with cavaliers, for God hath put me here for the people;" and turning himself to the people, he said, "My people, pray for me, and preserve me well; if ye lose me, you be unto you."

The same morning there came from the country about Naples innumerable people, and, among them, many women with staves upon their shoulders, and naked on their other sides, bringing with them their children armed also with staves, and other proportionable to their years. They came all to the great market-place to do homage to Massianello, and to be redressed by him for divers grievances. But while Massianello was busied in such exercises, Genovino and Arpeja, accompanied by another of the civil officers, went to see the viceroxy in mind of his former engagement and promise made upon Thursday night, that he would come upon the Saturday following to the archiepiscopal church, with all the tribunals of the chancery, the council of state and war, with the royal chamber of Santa Chiara, and the other offices of the viceroxy, and to be of great court of the vicaria; in presence of whom, and of the whole people, an oath should be taken, to observe with all punctuality the capitulations, which oath was to be taken by the viceroxy and all the tribunals.

At the next time, the viceroxy sent two of his best horses with rich furniture, and led by two of his servants to be at the service of Massianello and his brother, who, being mounted upon them, apparelled both in cloth and silver, Massianello carried in one hand a naked sword, in the other the charter of Charles the emperor; and his brother carried a sword and a pair of gloves, and a sword to be read publicly, and to be sworn to by the archbishop of the palace. There rode in their company the elects of the people, Francesco Arpeja and Julio Genovino, besides others of the civil sort among the people. And because the multitude increased through all the streets, and entered the viceroxy on all sides, that they could not pass forward nor backward, Massianello, with a loud voice, commanded "That none should stir a step fur-

ther;" which was accordingly obeyed. They now rode to the palace of the viceroxy, with a trumpet sounding before them, where, after being shortly entertained by him, his excellency, and the councils and prime officers, accompanied them towards the archbishop's palace. First, there were many runs on horseback, and a choice troop of one hundred horse, then Massianello and his brother, after them the elect of the people, and old Genovino, who, by reason of his great age, was carried in a sedan. After these came the captain of guard to the viceroxy, and the captain of the archbishop's guard, with his pages, lacqueys, and horses, and his guard of Germans, with a great number of gentlemen and cavaliers, domestic and foreign, and surrounded with a crowd of people, who, together with the viceroxy cried out with loud acclamations, "Viva il Re di Spagna!" The bells rung in every church, they passed, which filled the hearts of all with joy and pleasure. Small and great, women and children, cried out, "Viva il Re!" but many cried out, "Let the king live, but without gabel!" and some Spaniards were overheard to cry, "Let the king live, for now he may say he is king!" In passing through the Piazza of St. Lorenzo, Massianello stayed there awhile, and with him the whole cavalcade. Turning himself to the people, he cried out with a very loud voice, "May God live! may the king of Spain live! may the cardinal Filomarino live! may the Duke de Arcos live! may the Duke de Medina live! may the Duke de the people took the word, and, with strong echoes, cried out, "Viva! Viva!" doubling and redoubling the sound with incredible exultations.

Having arrived at the archbishop's palace, and dismounted, he entered the church, being met by the archbishop, all his canon, chaplains, and officers. They then advanced to the great altar, where the archbishop being set on a throne, as also the viceroxy, and all the tribunals who were there attending, Cavalier Donato Coppola, secretary to the kingdom, read, with an audible voice, the capitulations which the people, Massianello standing all the while on foot upon the steps of the archbishop's throne, and to the astonishment of all, adding, taking away, correcting and interpreting all things as he pleased, no man interrupting or replying unto him. After the articles were read, a solemn oath was taken by the viceroxy, and all the tribunals, and by the people, to observe the said capitulations; promising also, and swearing to procure their ratification by his catholic majesty. When this was done, two choirs sung *Te Deum laudamus*; during which Massianello was observed to swell with his glory, at having attained his ends with so much facility, and without any bloodshed, he carried still in his hand a naked sword, and sent many arrogant and ridiculous messages to the viceroxy. The first was, that thereforward he should continue to be captain-general of the city. The second was, that by virtue thereof, he intended to go with a guard, and to give patents to all officers of war and arms. The third, that he would dismiss from the castle all cavaliers. These and such like messages he sent to the viceroxy separately, and there were affirmative answers brought back to each, not to disturb the ceremony with negatives; but the gentlemen that delivered these messages made an apology for himself privately in the ear of the viceroxy, for indeed most people there did blush, or laugh, or jeer, at the sudden impertinence of Massianello.

While these messages were sent, *Te Deum* was ended; then Massianello began to reason upon the good part of the capitulations, and to commend them to the most faithful people of Naples were naturally spirited and vivacious, and were so esteemed by all nations; but that they had almost quite lost their wonted magnanimity and courage, by the heavy weight of so many exactions and gabels, which were upon them, and upon their time, not by their catholic majesties, but by evil ministers, and their own associates. During this discourse he so heated himself, and protested with such a fury and excess of zeal, and the words proceeded from him so inordinately, that it would be made all the people aware that he was surprised with a kind of dumb astonishment. Having finished his discourse, he began to tear in pieces the rich dress he had on, and desired the archbishop and the viceroxy to help him off with it, saying, that as he had only put it on for the honour of the ceremony, it was now become superfluous. He then began to strip his part, he had done all he had to do, and would now return to his book and line. This proceeding seems to have been a prelude to the madness which not long after possessed him. However, being made to understand that it would be very indecent to strip in the church, and in the sight of so many people, he went away to the viceroxy, who, with all the nobility and gentry that

attended him, made a procession through the most public streets of the city, and then returned to the castle, where he was saluted with several peals of ordnance. Massaniello, having taken his leave of the viceroys, went back to his house in the market-place, though all accusations and bloods that were due from the people to the great resistor of their privileges.

THE EIGHTH DAY.

SUNDAY, JULY 14TH, 1647.

It is impossible to express the rejoicings of the people of Naples for the capitulations of peace which were signed and sworn the day before, which rejoicings ended not that day, but continued upon Sunday. The city were printed, and fired through all places of the city, and these things might be manifested to the world, and every one contended who should express greater happiness. Such a general jubilee indeed was among them, that it drew tears from many, which, falling upon the ground, made flowers of joy to spring up, which the heatness of former times had ceased to fade.

And because the beginning of this reformation, and consequently of this joy, proceeded from Massaniello, and from his stout undertakings, he was extolled with the highest praises by every one, and cried up to be Liberator of Patria, to be the saviour of his country, and the assessor of public liberty, from the tyranny and gripes of so many ravenous wolves, both in city, court, and kingdom; who, glutting themselves with the common blood of the people, increased their wealth by the poverty of others. And yet all this was effected, not by the hand of some invincible hero, but of a simple countryman, and by a poor young fellow, a barefooted fisherman. This made it far more admirable; and they attributed it to the mode to God, who chooseth the weak things of the world to confound the strong.

After the publication of the capitulations and general agreement, the exiles of Naples seemed to wear a new face, for there was no more fear of any war, or of armed combustions, and consequently no need of any armed bands, or caution for the maintenance and defence of the people from the insults of enemies. Nevertheless, it seemed expedient to the people to continue a militia, and to have a foot; and he commanded that every one should stand firm to his post: Nor was it unnecessary or superfluous policy; because the city, after so general a convulsion, could not presently recover her former health; nor, after so many conflagrations, could she be so secure the first time as to come warlike into the world.

Hence it came to pass, that the soldiers still remained up and down the city, Massaniello began to command more like an absolute master or tyrant than a captain-general. It being known on Sunday morning that four banditti had fled for sanctuary to the church of Carmine among the Jesuits, he sent a considerable band of armed men to encompass both cloister and church, whose gates being shut, the assassins made their entrance by pickaxes, so that a great hole being made in the wall, they rushed in and took one of them, chopping off his head presently, as they put it upon a stake in the public place. And to excuse him from the crime, they said that the soldiers had made those fathers, being zealous for the church immunities, had made some resistance for the preservation of those miserable men, who he so mortally wounded that he died a few days after.

Notice being also given, that within the monastery of Monte dei Delli, a great number of monks, and of the Cesar Luprano were deposited, he having two daughters who were nuns there, Massaniello commanded some captains to proceed thither, and to bring into the market-place the said goods, with orders, that if the nuns made any resistance, to threaten them with the firing of the cannon. This was put in execution, and the monks and soldiers repairing thither unbunged the gates of the religious house, which struck such a terror into them that one of them was like to have breathed her last; which, being related by a flying messenger unto the archbishop, his eminence was moved, and therefore sent to Massaniello, who, to excuse him from the crime, said that he would not do it, but that it was done without his order, and he would therefore punish those captains." This he did; for ordering them before him, they were examined, and so executed. But still he was resolved to have those goods, which were accordingly delivered to him by the nuns.

Massaniello having given strict command that none should dare to go out of the city without his express licence; and Caffarelli, archbishop of Santa Severina, having occasion to remove himself from Naples, where he then resided, to Calabria, to visit his own church, he went in a short habit, and without a cloak (such an or-

der being still in force) to the house of Massaniello, to obtain leave of him. When Massaniello beheld him, he said, "What wilt thou have, my good lord?" He answered, "That I may safely pass to my church of Santa Severina in Calabria, with your good leave." "My lord," answered Massaniello, crying at the same time, "Who waits there? For four hundred of my men go and accompany my lord as far as his archbishopric." The archbishop thanked him, saying, that he went by sea. "My lord," said he, "when let forty fluceas be provided to attend my lord's archbishop?" He was told that he had no need, because he had already taken four for the transport of himself and his family, which were sufficient, and to have more would be an encumbrance unto him, and troublesome. "Well, well; your lordship may do what you please," replied Massaniello; but he would not refuse to accept of this small bag of double pistoles," which he presented unto him, saying, "Take this, to defray the charge of your voyage." The prelate thereupon smiled, and, giving him many thanks, he refused them a good while, saying, he wanted them not; but he was constrained to receive 500, which he did for fear of hazarding his head, by denying such a capricious and frantic man; then, giving him a license in writing, he embraced him, and said, "My lord, go in safety." A little after, a gentleman of Auvers, of the family of Tufo, came to speak to him upon business of his own; and having despatched his clerk, he returned, saying, "Begone, I make thee Prince of Auvers."

That morning he commanded the house of a widow baker to be burnt, because she had made light bread. He caused also an abbot to be beheaded, called Nicholas Anetino, and three others, being dependents of Matuloni. He issued an order that no man should be a Jesuit, the carterons, the benedictines, and the friars of Mount Olivet, should pay a great sum of money for the service of the people. He commanded also to bring before him sundry rich men; and, asking them first if they were honest, and if they were, upon their knees, and before he made them answer to a writing, wherein every one bound himself to pay him so much money, telling them that he did so to observe the word given the day before to his excellency, to make a donative of five millions of gold to his majesty; towards whom, being desirous to have the word of his excellency, he had issued a proclamation, that none should go for the future dressed according to the mode of France; and repeated his former orders, that every one should have the king's arms and that of the people on his door, and that every one should tend his shop, with arms ready upon all occasions.

The same morning, Pizzicarlo, a cousin of Massaniello, went to the palace, and said openly, that he began to grow mad, and that, if he did not give over his fringes and burnings, his throat would be cut by his own friends. This Pizzicarlo had more power over him than any other, for he sent an order from any hand but his own. But Massaniello had grown odiously proud; he would order and contradict a thing at the same instant; his head had begun to turn, being mounted so high, and from a simple fisherman having become a kind of monarch; he would order a thing, and afterwards, when he who humoured him all the while, would doubtless would at last break his own neck. Hence it came to pass, that from an humble and zealous spirit, he became a fool and a tyrant, issuing such rigorous proclamations, commanding so many heads to be chopped off, so many to be put off by the ears, and so many to be sent to the gallies, and to make himself formidable. He would ride horseback alone, and make the round of the city, imprisoning and torturing whom he pleased, shutting up shops, preaching and railing against the nobility and gentry, not sparing the viceroys himself, but threatening them with the same. He would also send to the archbishop to complain that they were clapt in prison for small matters, and some were condemned to have their heads severed from their bodies. Upon which the archbishop spoke to him by way of advice; but when he saw him obstinate, he desired him at last to defer the execution of all his demands till the next day, not being fitting to shed human blood upon a Sunday, and stain the holy Sabbath with such sacrifices of cruelty. The archbishop spoke to him with candour and winning affability, and, turning his discourse to other facetious stories, he obtained of him a delay of the execution; and

to recreate his tired spirits, he wished him to go to take the refreshments and pleasures of Posilipo for awhile.

The same day towards the evening, Father Rossi, a theologian of the archbishop, went with a message to Massaniello, saying that the people might lay down their arms, for he was secure enough now without soldiers, and again recommending that his excellency should retire for awhile to Posilipo to refresh himself. This message pleased him well; and all things necessary being provided, many soldiers were disbanded, which was done without any grumbling or questioning.

A little after, Massaniello went from the market, accompanied by a great mob, to the castle, all the way about in a loose habit, having one of his legs bare, and without band, hat, or sword, but running like a madman. He was followed by a great number of his followers, and guard, that they should make no noise; so he entered, and said to the viceroys that he wished to eat, for he was ready to perish of hunger. The viceroys, looking to his servants, said, "Bring something to eat for the Lord Massaniello." "No, sir," he replied, "let us go take fresh air at Posilipo, and let us eat together here, for I have provision already." And saying this, he caused some mariners to enter with baskets of fruit. The viceroys excused himself as well as he could, because he was troubled with a great pain in the head, but said he would be very glad to give a sign to the serjeants-in-chief of the Spanish army, that his own gondola should be made ready to wait upon Senior Massaniello, who embarked himself, with divers mariners, attended at least by forty fluceas full of musicians, and other sorts of men fit to give him amusement. Many thousands of people ran to the mole of Capri, to see the serjeants-in-chief of the Spanish army, that they should come to the canons regular of St. Lateran, to draw thence such goods as he had understood were conveyed and deposited there; which was done, and taken to the market-place. As he went along, he threw pieces of gold into the sea, which the mariners picked up, and thus, during the day, he afforded him pleasure and pastime. Then he fell to eating, or rather to feasting, for he had very choice provision in the gondola; and they said, that, before he came back, he had drunk twelve bottles of wine called Lachryme Christi. The operation of that wine will be seen in the next day's work, which was wrought by Massaniello. When he returned to Naples in the evening, he gave those of the gondola and fluceas which attended him, ten measures of wheat every one.

The comedy of this day had not been complete, if the wife of Massaniello had not acted her part. About the middle of the day, she came dressed in a cloth of silver, with a chain of gold, and other jewels and gallantries, in a very stately coach of the Duke of Matuloni, which was made for the day of his marriage, and was valued at least at 8000 crowns. She was accompanied by gentlemen of the Chamber, who complied with the times, and went also richly adorned; but these were no other than Massaniello's mother, two sisters, and kinswomen of his, all fishermen's daughters! A little boy, his sister's son, bore arms upon his sleeve, which showed that his uncle was captain-general of the city of Naples. When she came to the viceroys' palace, she was met by a great number of attendants, with a guard of halberdiers, pages and lacquies, to accompany; and being brought in to the duchess, they were welcomed with dainties. The duchess presented her with a rich diamond; and the visitor-general took the young boy often in his arms, and kissed him. He was dressed in a suit of gold, sent for her by the Count of Fonseca, the grand engineer, who used to make petitions, she told him that he should tell the viceroys, that as her son feared nobody but God and his excellency, he ought to desire him to refrain from so much fine and blood.

Massaniello, being returned from his recreation at Posilipo, was so much drunk, that he could not walk, and with the heat of the sun, that he fell into kind of deluge and foolishness. He sent presently to speak with the said Fonseca, and ordered him to make divers inscriptions engraven on marble, to this effect, "Thomas Aniello of Malpigi, Prefect of the city of Naples, and the people of Naples." He also gave orders that his commands should be no longer obeyed, but only those of the Duke of Arcos.

THE NINTH DAY.

MONDAY, 15TH JULY, 1647.

If Massaniello, on Saturday when Te Deum was sung in the cathedral church, had renounced all his usurped authority and power into the hands of the viceroys, and returned, as he said and swore he would, to his former vocation of selling fish, he had deserved a statue of gold

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ADAM WALDIE, No. 6, NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—At \$5 for 52 numbers, payable in advance.

from the people of Naples, to the eternal memory of his magnanimous undertaking, brought to such a successful issue; but boundless ambition cast such a mist before his eyes, that, breaking the reigns of reason, his brain began to turn, and he committed many acts of foolishness and crime.

Yet many reasons are urged for the continuance of his command. Some say that he was willing to resign it, but that, by the instigation of his wife, and others of his kindred, he took a resolution to keep it still. Others say having heard so much of his wife, he still continued his power, because if he left it, he could expect nothing but death, being so generally hated by the nobles and gentry for having burnt and destroyed so many palaces, and put to death so many of their number. Others say, that he still continued his authority, because sense opposed reason, being allured with the sweetness of rule and power.

Yet, if his said usurped dominion had been attended with that humility, discretion and judgment, with which he began his reign, he might peradventure, have continued longer from that precipice where he tumbled in so short a time. His ruin befell him, because he had broken out into a thousand follies, which were the causes of his tyrannical deportment, and consequently of the universal hatred of the people, who for many days had depended upon him, as upon an oracle, and obeyed him as their prince and natural king.

But if one be curious to know the reason why he fell into that state, I might tell him, that it was reported a fatal drink had been given him by the viceroys, which was calculated to work upon his brain, making him odious and ridiculous to the people. This, at least, is the opinion which will be said, and that, that the foolishness and folly which befell him, proceeded from excess of vigilance, care, watchings, and not eating; for he seldom slept, and he ate much more seldom, his head being so full of thoughts, and new affairs pressing upon him continually. He was so much so, that he could not nap. The extreme joy likewise at becoming, from a poor fisherman, monarch of such a city as Naples, might have disordered a greater mind than his. Hence it came to pass, that, throwing himself upon his bed, he hardly could close his eyes; but he would suddenly rise up, and tell us, as we sat up, that he was asleep, and then let us sleep: Up, up, let us put our authority in practice." Then, going to the window, he would face the guard, and call upon them, employing them always upon some design or other, that his usurped dominion should not be idle. What marvel is it, then, all these things well considered, that he should fall into such foolish extravagancies?

On Monday morning Masaniello appeared in the market-place on horseback, with a naked sword in his hand, striking many men, and driving them before him, with great violence. While thus dominating, an old and experienced captain, called Cesar Spano, alleged that the command of Turteville's regiment might be consigned unto him, as were Germans and Walloons, which was done accordingly; but he struck and wounded the old captain, saying, "Be gone when I bid you." Turning his horse's head toward the palace, he called a private meeting with one who was said to be a spy, he suddenly, without any trial, caused him to be beheaded.

Afterwards he met the prince of Cellamare near the church of St. Joseph. That nobleman was chief master of the king's arm, a discreet and well-tempered person, and to him Masaniello desired to resign the command. If he knew any one, though he were the greatest potentate in the world, who favoured Matolani, he would chop off his head." A little after, there passed by the Duke de Castel di Sangro, Don Ferrante Caracciolo, a cavalier of high esteem in Naples, who, not using any compliment towards Masaniello, he ran a great hazard of his life; for he made him come suddenly out of the coach, telling him that a new elect was to be made over the five piazzas of the nobles; and he would publish an order, by which he deserved that degree should go decently dressed, and that he should be the seller of votes. He should retire to their dwellings barefooted; and so he dismissed him. This being done, he went to the king's stables, and there being many horses there, he said, "These are particular men's horses;" but the grooms told him they belonged to the king, and that the Lord

Carlo Caracciolo, the chief master of the horse in the kingdom, had the charge of them. He asked, "What Carlo? What master of the horse? Am not I every thing? Not acknowledging any one." And saying this, he led for himself and his friends six of the best horses; but, before he had brought them half way to the market-place, recollecting himself, he sent them back to the stables. At the same time he despatched a band of armed men to the hospital, and to the church of Zoccolanti, commanding that the goods of the visitor-general of the kingdom, Don John Ponce de Leon, should be carried to the market-place; but he returned there again, where he was told of the kisses he had given his nephew in the castle the day before; yet he told him there would now be no necessity for a visitor-general, because he himself would look well enough to the abuses of things, and to the public thieves of king and country.

After dinner he sent a peremptory order to Don Ferrante Caracciolo, that, under pain of death, and the burning of his palace, as he had not in the morning come out of his coach to do him reverence, that he should meet him in the market-place. He sent also another message to Don Carlo Caracciolo, master of the king's horse, to do the like. They answered prudently, that they would do what he desired; but holding it derogatory to their honour, instead of going to the market-place, they went to the castle to complain to the viceroys, and deplore the object and condition into which they were plunged, with all the rest of the Neapolitan nobility and gentry. Having related unto him the arrogant message sent them by Masaniello, they said they had resolved to die sooner than to live in such baseness and servitude; for it was a great stain to their reputation to suffer him to rule so over them.

The viceroys were extremely vexed to hear of such grievances; but he durst not apprehend Masaniello, as he was well supported by the infuriated people all in arms. While they were discoursing on the means how things might be remedied, an Arpaia came and told them of the castle, and bitterly complained against Masaniello. The first spoke very despitely of him, saying that he found himself every moment in no small danger of his life, even more so than he was in the time of the Duke of Osanna. Arpaia also had his mortifications; he publicly received the blows of Masaniello. All people were terrified at him, and affronted; yet they knew not how to remedy themselves, having at his devotion 150,000 men well armed, although the greater part, and the most civil, hated him, especially since the Sunday evening, on account of his inhuman cruelties. It was therefore determined, by the advice of Genovino and Arpaia, that all the people should make their addresses to the viceroys, and assure him, that they not only disliked, but hated the tyranny of Masaniello, and would not obey him any longer; provided they were assured of the observance of their privileges already granted. To this the viceroys readily consented, and promised the confirmation of them by public ban at the Piazza of St. Augustin. But a great number fearing the frowns of Masaniello, came not thither. Two resolved to chain him, and keep him in safe custody all the residue of his life in some castle, for which they were inclined to put him to death; for the things he had done for the public good; but he was gone on another excursion to Posilipo.

When Masaniello had returned from Posilipo, he went to the office of the galleys, and provided captains and other commanders for them, then he returned to the port; and thence proceeding to his house in the market-place, he threatened drivers captives to take off their heads, as also Genovino and Arpaia, because they had not attended him that day. Nay, he threatened fire to the whole city, because he perceived they had lost the former respect to the laws, and that they were wont to show him.

Being extremely hot, he threw himself into the sea-water in all his clothes; and having come out again, he began to shake his sword up and down, and do divers mad pranks; nor could any, not even the archbishop himself, bridle him, or keep him within any bounds. The vulgar of the people were now constrained to apprehend him, and place him in confinement, with a band of soldiers for his guard, in his own house.

THE TENTH DAY.

TUESDAY, JULY 16TH, 1647.

Next day, being the feast of the virgin of Carmine, a day of very great devotion among the Neapolitans, especially the common people, Masaniello, having escaped from his keepers, entered the church, which stood near the great market-place. The archbishop had scarcely entered, when Masaniello, meeting him in the face, said, "Most eminent lord, I perceive now that the people will abandon me, and go about to deprive me of my life. I desire that for my consolation, and for the good of a solemn cavalcade may be made, together with the viceroys, and all the tribunals of the city, to this most holy lady; for being to die, I shall then die contented; therefore, I beseech your eminence to send this letter to the viceroys." The archbishop calmed him, and recommended his devotion, instantly sent a gentleman to the palace with the letter to the viceroys; and going afterwards to the great altar of the lady of Carmine, he leaned there, intending to chant mass, the church being crowded with people. Upon his going up the steps of the altar, took a crucifix in his hands, and recommended himself with much tenderness to the people, that they should not forsake him after what he had done for them; narrating the difficulty of the design, the danger he had encountered, the hatred of so many thousands by reason of his fiery punishment, and the danger of his being out of the whole business into that very church. A little while after, he fell into a raving fit; accusing himself of the badness of his past life, and exhorting every one to make the like confession before the feet of his ghostly father, that God's mercy might appear upon him, and utter many ridiculous expressions of a man savouring of heresy. His guard forsook him; and the archbishop not enduring to hear him, being in the very act of celebrating the mass, he persuaded him to go away. Mass being done, he prostrated himself at the archbishop's feet, praying that he would pardon him, and that he might be allowed to advertise the viceroys that he was willing to renounce his command. This the archbishop promised to do, and caused him to be conducted to a dormitory to repose a while, thinking him worthy of compassion; so the bishop returned to the palace.

In the morning Masaniello being refreshed, had gone out into a great hall, and as he was leaning over a balcony to take the fresh air, some hardy persons rushed in, accompanied by a great multitude, who, having first entered the church of Carmine, cried aloud, "Let the king of Spain live, and let none hereafter, under pain of life, offer the colour of the crown to the King of Spain, to the cloister, under pretext to speak with Masaniello, and negotiate with him, they found him almost all alone. He hearing some crying Masaniello, the unfortunate wretch addressed those who were conspired to dispatch him. "Ye go perhaps in search of me; behold, I am here, my people." Presently, Salvador and Carlo, his two brothers, Angelo Arditzone, and Andrea Ramis, discharged their musket-shots at him; and he fell upon the earth, crying, after the first shot, "ah! ungrateful traitors!" A butcher then came in and cut off his head, which, being put upon a lance, they went into the church of Carmine, where were 10,000 people, and thence to the market-place, crying out, "Let the King of Spain live, and under pain of death, let none henceforth name Masaniello!" Masaniello is dead! Masaniello is dead! and discharging many archbishops, the common people were so affected, that the hands of those who had been before now went securely up and down, with his head upon a pole, and the boys dragging his body along the public streets, where money was thrown to them that drew him by many of the gentry, who all this while durst scarce look out of the houses, or appear abroad publicly, but who now got on horseback, and went to the castle to attend the viceroys, and offer their congratulations. The archbishop, after he had left the Carmine, had scarce reached his own palace, when the tidings of Masaniello's death were brought him, which made him also go directly to the castle, to see the hands of those who had been before now went securely up and down, the street-capitans should be in complete readiness, at the command of the viceroys, and that they should not obey any one else whatsoever. The viceroys also intended to attend the accom-

plices of Masaniello, his wife, his sisters, his kindred; who, being all made prisoners, were brought up to the castle. And because his brother Matteo was gone to the convento with some company, to take, as it was given out, the cloak of Mataloni, there were armed bands despatched thither to apprehend him, and conduct him to Naples; which was done, and he was committed to the castle; though afterwards, to please the people, he and others were set at liberty. There were armed bands sent also to take all the people, to take, as it was given out, the goods that were there deposited.

These good orders being given, the vicery was exhorted by the archbishop, and by all the nobility and ministers, to show himself publicly up and down the streets; whereupon he, mounted on horseback, and placed upon his shoulders the golden sceptre, the counsellors, ministers, officers, nobility and gentlemen, with all the tribunals, and being well guarded with horse and infantry, they went to the chief church, to give God thanks, and the most glorious protector of Naples, St. Gennaro, whose holy head and blood were taken out and placed upon the high altar, the extraordinary thanks were given for the tranquillity which was re-obtained by the death of so base a fellow, who, by the secret judgments of God, had made himself so formidable that he terrified the whole city.

From the church the cavalcade proceeded to the market-place, where the vicery did again, by sound of trumpet, confirm the privileges granted by Charles V., together with the capitulations. He was received with extreme demonstrations of joy by all the people, who loudly cried out, "Let the king live, let the Duke of Arce live, let the others add, 'let Filomarino live, the restorer of his country's peace.'" They also gave thanks to the Lady of Carmine; then returned to the castle very joyful, and afterwards every one went to his own home.

The shops were now suddenly opened, the Spanish soldiers and their arms again, the guards dispersed up and down returned to their former posts, and that in the castle was redoubled with Walloons. Every one with reverence submitted to the vicery, to whose prudence, patience, and dexterity, joined with the vigilance and indefatigable assistance of the archbishop, the preservation of the city may be attributed. The Duke of Arce, who did not strongly and industriously interposed in the business, the whole city would have been destroyed with fire and sword. This appears from a letter written by a Neapolitan cavalier, one of the greatest patriots of the city, to another gentleman, who was in Rome, and in which there is a relation made, how St. Gennaro, the protector and patron of Naples, appeared, which prognosticated peace, tranquillity and happiness, to the Neapolitan people.

On account of the treaty, many nobles and cavaliers were seen passing every day along the streets to the castle in their coaches, shewing themselves to the people, from whose sight they had carefully kept themselves before. The ladies also appeared in their former dresses, which formerly they durst not do, by reason of Masaniello's order to the contrary; yet they moderated their expenses and train, especially those who were used to gain by the gabels.

The head and foot of Don Peppo Caraffa remaining still exposed to public view in an iron grate, upon the head of St. Gennaro, with an inscription, "This is the head of Don Peppo Caraffa di Mataloni, traitor to his country, and traitor to his people." The Duke of Arce, who had the rumour gone abroad that the Duke of Sessa, who was a friend to the family of Masaniello, ventured to go boldly to the said grate, and in a commanding way, though there were 1000 soldiers present, they got a ladder, and climbing up, broke the grate with the musket-ball, and took out the head, which they carried in a silver basin, covered with a red towel, and brought it to the church of St. John de Porta, delivering it to the curate of that church, John Baptista Juliana. Afterwards they caused it to be put in a leaden box, and an authentic instrument made *ad futurum rei memorie* by a public notary, and was authorised by the court of Rome, called Don Maria de Julio.

It will be recollected that Masaniello, a little before his death, began to feel the pulses of the richest men up and down the city, demanding of them many thousands of ducats, and many more, as he gave out, to present him with a golden crown, and to give him already promised to his excellency by way of donative. That sum was to be raised out of the money found in the burnt houses, and contribution of the chief merchants and citizens of Naples, which he would have effected within a few days, but had not time to do so, therefore, it was questioned whether his death tended more to the service or disservice of Spain.

Amongst other wealthy merchants he had sent to one Gasper Roomer, a rich Fleming, who, to prevent the firing of his house, sent 15,000 crowns to Masaniello, and then retired to a house four miles out of the city, at a place called La Barra, carrying with him all the best moveables and goods he had in Naples. To this merchant he again sent Savino Converso, of the Carmine, a great confidant of his, the same Tuesday, the day that he was slain, with an order written in slight character, was to consign him to him 5000 zecchini for the service of his catholic majesty, since he had grown so rich out of good bargains he had from the vicerys from time to time. Roomer could not tell how to avoid the complying with his desire, and obey them; so he delivered so much gold in ready money, and then he went to the Duke of Arce, and to his linen, and returning to Naples, understood, as he passed a little church near the Carmine, what had happened to Masaniello. He then embarked himself in a felucca, and went away with the money to Rome; but the merchant sent spies up and down to find him out; and at last, by the help of those of his order, for he was a citier, he got no notice where he was, and recovered much of his money.

That Tuesday, in the evening, as already mentioned, was brought to Naples the brother of the said Masaniello, and committed prisoner to the castle, together with his mother, and his wife, all citizens of the city, and the Lady Duchess of Sarda. With the brother of Masaniello were brought four heads of his companions, who would not yield themselves, but make resistance with musket-shot, and nine were taken alive; the rest were mortally wounded, or put to flight.

On the next day, the Duke of Arce, Amalfi, and in the manner which he himself seemed to have anticipated, and to which he alluded at the commencement of the revolution, when going up to the market-place; namely, that what he did was for the public benefit of the city, and that, when he had finished the work, he might be slain and dragged up and down the street, or put to death, it happened right; for having confirmed the interests of the city upon Saturday, and caused their privileges and the confirmation of them to be subscribed and sworn to by the vicery and all the counsils, he was the third day after assassinated, and dragged up and down the street, and put to death, and his body cast into the ditch, and his body cast between the gates of Nolana and Capuana.*

All antiquity cannot furnish us with such another example as his; and after-ages will hardly believe what he did, and what he suffered. He was a man of a great spirit, a trampling barefoot on a throne, and wearing a mariner's cap instead of a diadem, in the space of a few days raised an army of above 150,000 men, and made himself master of one of the most populous cities in the world. And, as if fortune, that capricious jilt, had taken delight in raising a fisherman here the greatest monarch, who not only submitted to his empire that innumerable rabble that always followed him, but even that ancient and generous Neapolitan nobility itself, whose immortal exploits have filled the whole universe with their fame. In short, it may be ascribed without contradiction, that, neither the sudden elevation, nor the sudden fall, nor the noble love, were ever so much dreaded, or so soon obeyed, as Masaniello was, during his short but stupendous reign. His orders were without reply; his decrees without appeal; and the destiny of all Naples might be said to have depended upon a single motion of his hand.

Those who had made inquiry into this great and sudden elevation, of which we have the authority for the most part looked upon it as a pure and immediate effect of God's judgments, who, to chastise the avarice, pride, and the barbarity of the Spanish ministers, which were then at their highest pitch, singled out this man in this poor condition to execute his anger. Nor is this opinion wholly unfounded. We shall find that the actions and accidents of Masaniello's life, we shall find them too extraordinary and too wonderful, not to have been in a peculiar manner directed by the hand of Providence. It is reported, that whilst he was yet in the academy, the apuchins accidentally called at his mother's house, and from thence took him into his arms, and having looked very steadfastly upon him for some time, he told her, that that child should one day come to be the master of Naples, but that his government would not be a very short duration. We have already taken notice of the house, and the manner of his education, and age, time, and manner of it. But, what will raise our admiration most of all is, that he, who had never had any education, and who had always passed among those

of his acquaintance for a mere fool, was all on a sudden sent to act and to speak as if he had been conversant in politics, and the management of public affairs. And indeed, with how much wisdom did he not make and execute, in the very heat of the commotions, the most useful orders and regulations that the wisest legislators and the most experienced generals could ever be capable of? With what art and address did he not insinuate himself into the hearts of the people of Naples, and by far his superiors, encouraging the fearful, extolling the valiant, reproaching the coward, and most pathetically describing to all the miserable state of their country, groaning under the heavy exactions of proud and avaricious ministers, and animating them to revenge and redress themselves! He had, however, the good fortune of Naples, and acknowledged, that in the several conferences he had with him relative to the treaty of accommodation, he had often been amazed at the solidity of his judgment, and the subtilty of his contrivances. In short, let us but reflect upon the greatness of that enterprise which he projected, and executed for the good of his country, that indefatigable assiduity with which he applied himself to it, which robbed him of the hours of nourishment and repose, and made him dictate to seven secretaries all at one time: that just severity, which obliging him to put so many thousands of men to death, he did not think many crimes had not deserved it; but, above all, that his enormous disinterestedness, which kept him poor in the midst of such vast heaps of wealth; and we shall be apt to conclude with a certain Neapolitan gentleman, "that Masaniello seems to have been endowed with no other faculties, but such as were necessary for the execution of the divine vengeance."

But it is not just, that these reflections should make us leave the head and the body of Masaniello unburied and asunder; and, after having exposed the ingratitude of the people, in forsaking their great deliverer, it is but reasonable, that we should shew some tokens of our repentance which they expressed for it, by the pompous obsequies with which they honoured his remains. The day immediately following that of his death, several children, at the persuasion of some persons who told them "it was a shame that the corpse of him who had done so much for his country should lie in the streets, exposed to the dogs," went and fetched his body, and after they had washed and cleaned it well, carried it on a bier to the cathedral church of Carmine. At the same time, a young man, living in the market-place, called Jeronymo Dourruana, went with a company of men, all armed, to look for his remains in the corner where he found it; he brought it along with him to the same place where the body was, in order to have them joined together. This being done, it was resolved, in a general assembly of the people, who were gathered together on purpose, "that Masaniello deserved to receive the greatest honours, as head and captain-general of Naples;" and, accordingly, by his corpse, preceded by five hundred priests and religieuse, and followed by 40,000 armed men, and almost as many women with beads in their hands, was carried through several of the most public streets of the city, until it came to the cathedral church, where, at the funeral of a martial commander. As they passed by the palace of the vicery, his excellency, to conform to the times, sent eight of his pages, with torches in their hands, to accompany the corpse, and at the same time ordered the Spaniards, who were then upon guard, to lower their arms, and to salute the body with the cannon. The body brought back again to the cathedral church, and there buried; whilst all the bells in Naples rung a mournful peal, and amidst the tears and lamentations of an infinite multitude of persons, who showed so much respect and veneration to his dead, that one may say, that, by the effects of a popular superstition, the Spaniards, who had enslaved Masaniello, in less than three days, was obeyed like a monarch, murdered like a villain, and revered like a saint.

Such, then, is the history of the Neapolitans, from the first origin of their civil misfortunes and sufferings, under the oppression of the Spaniards, to the final liberation, and oppression among them; that is, to their being restored to the full possession of their rights and privileges by the fisherman-hero. Happy for them had they never been molested in the enjoyment of them, and that the public faith had remained inviolate! They would have been happy in the fate which they experienced, the most sacred, and most religious oaths and covenants, are not strong enough to bind princes or their ministers from acting contrary to their views of interest and ambition.

Not many days after Masaniello's death, the vicery made Giulio Genovino president of one of the courts of justice, and gave him, besides, several other public marks of

*See Howells's narrative concludes. The sequel is from that of F. Midon, London, 1739.

to me to show my inflexible tyrants the consequences of their persecution.

In four hours the physician returned alone with the light, Lorenzo remaining without. I was so exhausted that I felt hardly able to stand. When we were finally left no longer expecting enui; I was even vexed my tormenting spirit remained without, for since he had explained to me the use of the strangling machine, I had conceived a horror of him.

I shortly explained my situation, and what I needed. "You are badly attended, when you would get well," said he. "Write a receipt for that purpose, and bear it to the only apothecary who can prepare a dose of it for me," I replied; "Signor Cavalli has been the fatal physician who prescribed me the 'Heart of Jesus,' and the 'Mystic Town'; those words have reduced me to this." He prepared for me himself a lemonade, of which he advised me to drink copiously, and then left me. I passed the night more easily, though with troublesome dreams.

On the following morning my medical attendant returned, accompanied by a surgeon, who told me, he gave me some medicine, which I was to take at evening, and a draught; he had also obtained permission for me to sleep in the garret, where the heat was not quite so overpowering; but this I declined on account of the rats, which I feared might come into my bed. He commended my condition, and told me that he had presented to Cavalli the consequences of my reading the books he had sent me, and that Cavalli had promised to send me others; in the mean time he had brought me Boethius. I thanked him for his kindness, and he went, after leaving me some barley water to drink.

After four visits of this kind I became convalescent, and I regained my appetite. At the beginning of September I was tolerably restored; nothing tormented me but heat, vermin, and enui, for I could not read Boethius eternally. Lorenzo told me I might, while my bed was warm, and I then I swore not to read any more of the lies which consumed me with my face and hands out of the cell: this was a favour, and I employed the eight or ten minutes that was allowed me in walking violently up and down the garret; the rats, frightened at this, were not visible. On the same day Lorenzo granted me the privilege of seeing my accounts with me; there remained about thirty livres coming to me, but he gave it to him, telling him he might have masses said for it; he thanked me as if he had been the priest who had to say them. At the end of each month I repeated the gift, but I never saw any receipt from a priest; and when I afterwards asked him for the money, he said he appropriated this money to his own use.

I remained in this condition, ever nourishing the hope of speedily returning to my liberty; scarcely an evening passed without my retiring to rest with a conviction that on the morrow my freedom would be announced to me; but as I saw my hopes constantly disappointed, it occurred to me that probably a stated term was fixed for my imprisonment, and I conjectured the first of October to be that term, because on that day the inspectors were changed. My confinement would last then at the further conclusion of my term, and I was secretary, who, I had supposed, would have come to announce to me the crime of which I was accused, and the extent of my punishment. This seemed but natural and probable; but I deceived myself; for in the Camerotti's prison ever passed that is either natural or probable. I imagined that, aware now of my imprisonment, they were ashamed of their persecution, but that they still detained me in order to save their own reputations; and that they would free me at the termination of their reign, that their successors might not discover the injustice they had been guilty of towards me.

But all this and other reasoning was totally fallacious, as applied to the inquisition. Every citizen becomes guilty as soon as he is treated by this court as such. What use then to examine him? Why give him the unpleasantness of his conviction and condemnation? His confinement is his punishment; and therefore leave him hope; the tribunal judges and condemns; the culprit is but a machine, a man, to drive which through a plank only requires a hammer.

On the night of the thirtieth of September I could not sleep. My approach of my term, for I was convinced it would bring me to my bed, but I knew not, and Lorenzo brought me my food without a word. Five or six days I passed in rage and despair; I began to think that, from causes totally inexplicable to me, I was to be confined for life. This fearful thought excited a laugh, but I could not find it in my mind to free myself or perish in the attempt. "Deliberata morte ferocior," I determined,

at the beginning of November, to leave a place by stratagem where I was unjustly detained by force. This became my only thought. I resolved in my mind the means of accomplishing, what doubtless many had attempted, but none had ever succeeded in. A curious circumstance attended the success of my effort. I had had on my mood. I stood in my cell, with my eyes turned up towards the hole in the roof, and contemplated the large beam; Lorenzo had just left the cell with two assistants, when I saw the huge timber not only shake, but bend to the right and then resume its place; at the same moment I lost my equilibrium. I knew, however, I proceeded from an earthquake, and the alarmed jailers concluded the same thing. Joyful at this discovery, I remained silent; in five minutes the shock was renewed, and I exclaimed, "Another, another, great God! but I cannot stand!" The attendants were astonished, for they supposed me deranged, and fled. On reflection, I was aware that it had occurred to me, that in the destruction of the dual palace, I might effect my escape: I did not seem to doubt the possibility, that the falling building would leave me unhurt and free on the pavement of St. Mark's place! The same earthquake it was, that, on the same day, laid Lisbon in ruins.

To render intelligible my plans for escape, a description of the "loable" is necessary.

The cells for the state prisoners are on the highest story, in the roof of the dual palace; which roof is neither vaulted nor flat, but is a level, and is laid three feet square and about a line in thickness; hence the name *Blickkammern*. The only access to them is through the gate of the palace, and through those galleries which I had been brought, and in the way but through the council hall of the state inquisitors is passed. The secret alone of the key was kept, and the jailer returns it to him every morning after he has performed his service for the prisoners. This arrangement was made, because at a later hour of the day the council of ten assembled in an adjoining chamber called *St. Mark's place*. The same entrance was used to pass through an ante-room, where people in attendance on that council were in waiting.

These prisons occupy the two opposite sides of the building; three, among which was mine, towards the west, and four towards the east. The gutter on our side, also, was covered with lead, and the other with the canal "Rio di palazzo". The cells on that side are very light, and a man can stand upright in them; but it was not so with the others, which were called "trave," from the beams which crossed the windows in such a manner as to prevent the sun from the ceiling of the hall of the inquisitors, who according to the accepted law only at night after the meeting of the ten, of which they were all of them members.

I was aware of all this, and my knowledge of the locality afforded me the only hope of escape. It would be necessary to dig through the floor of my cell, but to effect this tools were required, which I had no means of obtaining, deprived as I was of all means of communication with others; all visits and writing materials were absolutely forbidden; gold to bribe the jailers I had none; and if they would have had the complaisance to let me see the wall, I could not have weighed it, as I stood sentinal at the closed passage, and before even a comrade could be let out he must give the pass word. Flight remained the object of my constant thought; and since I could derive no assistance on the subject from the jailers, I determined to persevere in my object; but I had never been convinced that there is no object a man may not attain by constantly devoting his thoughts to it.

In the middle of November I was informed, that, a new state prisoner having been taken, and being condemned to the worst cell, I was to have him for a companion. I was terrified at his surprise, and I was accordingly. Accordingly, after the third hour, I heard the drawing of bolts, and Lorenzo accompanied by his two assistants, appeared, conducting a young man, who was dissolved in tears: they shut him in with me, and left us. I lay on my bed in the alcove, so that the stranger could not see me; I was terrified at his surprise, and I was accordingly. I was not only five feet high, so he could stand upright: he looked on my arm-chain, which he concluded was intended for him, with attention; and seeing my Boethius lying on the shelf over the grating, he dried his eyes, and opened the book, but pushed it away discontentedly, finding it Latin. He was not so much more surprised at observing clothes, and on approaching the alcove he stretched forth his hand and touched me, instantly apologising. I bade him to sit down, and in this manner our acquaintance commenced. He told me he was the son of a coachman, had been valet to a count,

and had fallen in love with the master's daughter; that when the father found that she returned his attachment, and that they meditated a secret marriage, the count had exerted his influence, and got him sent here.

He was an agreeable, honest young man, but in love to desperation, and all his tears and sighs seemed vented more on account of his mistress's than of his own situation. I pitied his simplicity, and shared my provision with him, but he ate nothing; and at night I lent him my mattress to sleep on, as he could get nothing for himself in the morning. On the morrow Lorenzo brought him a mattress, and informed him that the tribunal allotted him fifteen sous daily for his provisions. I told the jailer he would always eat with me, and that he might keep the money to have three masses weekly said for his soul. Lorenzo congratulated my companion on my kindness, and gave us permission to walk every day half an hour up and down the stairs, which was not only of great use to my health, but enabled me to furnish my plans for escape, which, nevertheless, did not ripen till eleven weeks afterwards.

At the after end of this magazine for rats, I found a quantity of old lumber, on each side of two old chests, lying tumbled together on the floor; I heard the rats and writings lay before them. Among the rubbish was a warming-pan, a brazier, a fire-shovel and tongs, an old candlestick and a tin watering-pot; probably some illustrious predecessor of mine had obtained them in iron chains, and I observed that the iron bars were bolted, about the thickness of my thumb, and eight inches long; but I touched nothing: the time had not yet arrived for fixing my attention on any thing.

One morning, at the end of the month, my companion was removed from me; Lorenzo said he had been ordered to the prison, called *la Guardia*, which was in the interior of the building, and belong likewise to the inquisitors. Those imprisoned in them enjoy the privilege of calling their jailers at any time, if they want any thing. It is true, that there is no day-night, but an oil-lamp supplies the place of the sun, and the prisoners are not allowed to pass five years in them, and when they have passed five years to Leroigo. The loss of his society affected me exceedingly. Left again to myself, I again fell into dejection, but I still was allowed the privilege of walking in the gallery for a short time, and I found means to examine the place, and to see the prisoners more particularly in one of the chests I found some blank paper, paste, undressed goose feathers, and twine; the other was locked. A piece of blank smooth marble, about one inch thick, six long, and three wide, I managed to secret and convey into my cell, and I was not long to make use of it.

Eight days after Maggiorino's departure, Lorenzo told me I might expect another companion. This jailer, who was an inveterate gossip, was impatient at my reserve; and as I never gave him an opportunity of showing his discretion, he concluded that I asked him no questions, in the belief he had nothing to tell me worth knowing. This hurt his vanity; and to prove that I was mistaken, he fell into hints of many things, of which I had asked no information, respecting the prisoners and the rules of the place; he also boasted his own virtues, but they were for the most part mere boasting.

This was the first conversation he had honoured me with; it diverted me, and his information was afterwards of use to me; I also gathered from it that his folly prevented him from being baser than he otherwise might have been. I was fully aware that I might profit by this folly.

The following morning my new companion arrived, and the same scene as with Maggiorino was repeated. I now found that I should want two ivory spoons, for the first day I always had to treat the strangers.

I saw the present on my arrival, and I heard, already four inches long, imposed more on him than my stature; for though I was allowed scissors occasionally to cut my nails, I was not permitted to cut my beard; but use is every thing, and I became used to this.

The stranger was a man of about fifty, thin, and stooped much; he was shabbily dressed, and had a sinister expression of countenance. I had a reservation towards the first day, though he ate my victuals, but on the morrow he changed his system. A good bed and linen belonging to him was brought him. The jailer asked about his food, and demanded money for it.

"I have," replied Lorenzo; "than you shall have a pound and a half of ship's biscuit, and excellent water." He fetched both directly, and then left me alone with the spectre. He sighed, and that awakened my compassion. "Be not dejected," said I to him, "you shall eat with me; but you have been imprudent to come here absolute-

astounded, and mortified that he had compelled me to the disclosure. He, however, encouraged me to persevere.

The eight days quickly passed; but how unwilling I was to lose my companion may be conceived, that it was a torment to cry him to adieu at his departure. I should have offended him by the mention of it. With much toil I completed my work by the twenty-third of August; an unfortunate discovery had retarded me till then. When I had made a small hole in the last plank, I found it was right, and consequently, that it was the chamber of the inquisitors that was beneath; but I perceived that I had made the aperture just above a large cross-beam, a circumstance that I had all along feared. I was, consequently, obliged to widen the hole on the other side, to escape this. I stopped the small hole in the plank with bread, and my hand, my lamp might not be perceived, for I resolved to postpone my flight till the night before St. Austin's day, for then I knew that the great council assembled, and that therefore the Bussola would be empty, which adjoined the chamber I must escape through.

But on the twenty-fifth of August an event happened that even now makes me shudder at the recollection of it. I heard the bolts drawn, and a death-like fear seized me; the beating of my heart shook my body, and I threw myself almost fainting in my arm-chair. Lorenzo, still in bed, said to me, "What is the matter? Is it a want of pleasure, I wish you joy of the news I bring." I imagined he had brought me my freedom, and I saw myself lost; the discovery of the hole I had made would exceedingly debar me from liberty. Lorenzo entered, and desired me to follow him; I forced him to leave it, and he was only going to remove me from this detestable cell, to another quite new, and well lighted, with two windows, from which I could overlook half Venice, and could stand upright; so I was nearly beside myself. I asked for some vinegar; begged him to thank the scoundrel who had brought me to leave me, for he was Lorenzo asked me if I were mad, to refuse to exchange a hell for a paradise; and offering me his arm to aid me, desired my bed, boots, &c. to be brought after. Seeing it was in vain to oppose any longer, I rose, and left my cage, and heard him say, "I will be with you in half an hour." I was to be brought with me, for in the straw of that was my spoton bed. Would it have been possible for my toilsome work in the floor to have accompanied me also!

Leaning on the shoulder of Lorenzo, who tried by laughing to enliven me, I passed through two long narrow corridors, and came into a large light hall, and passed through a door at the left end of it, into a corridor, twelve feet long and two broad; the two grated windows in it presented to the eye a wide extensive view over a great part of the town, but I was not in a situation to be rejoiced at the prospect. The door of my destined prison was in the corner of this corridor, and the grating of it was opposite to one of the windows that lighted the passage, so that the prisoner could not only enjoy a great part of the prospect, but also feel the refreshment which the cool air of the open window afforded him; a balsam for every creature in confinement at that season of the year, but I could not think of all this at that moment, as the reader might easily conceive. Lorenzo left me and my chair, into which I threw myself, telling me he would go for my bed.

I sat like a statue; I was all my labour lost; I could only have lamented, but not to think of the future was all the alleviation I could find for my misery. I acknowledged my situation as a punishment for having delayed my escape for three days; but did I deserve to be so severely punished, for listening to the most prudential dictates of reason, and of following the suggestions of my habitual impatience?

In a few minutes, two under-jailers brought me my bed and returned to fetch my other things; but two hours elapsed without my hearing any thing further, though the door stood wide open; this was my only reflection, but I could not have no resolution; as I had every thing to fear, I endeavoured to bring my mind to that state of composure that might arm me against whatever might happen.

Besides the "Camerotti," and the prisons in the inner court, there are two more other frightful subterranean dungeons in the Ducal palace, destined for prisoners condemned to death. All judges and rulers on earth have esteemed it a mercy if they left the wretch his life, however painful that life might be for him. It can only be a mercy when the prisoner considers it himself as such; and then he must be let to die the subject, or else the intended mercy becomes injustice.

These nineteen subterranean dungeons are really

graves; but they are called "wells," because they are always two feet deep in water, the sea penetrating through the gratings that supply the wretched light that is sent to the prisoners. The prisoners do not stand all day long in salt water, must sit on a trestle, that serves him at night for a bedstead; on that is placed his mattress, and each morning his bread, water, and soup, which he must swallow immediately, if he do not wish to contend for it with large sea-eels, that infest these subterranean holes. The prisoner, who is not a criminal, remains for life, some have, notwithstanding the misery of their situation and meanness of their food, attained a considerable age. I knew of a man of the name of Boguella, a Frenchman, who having served as a spy for the republic in a war with the Teds, had sold himself as an agent also to them; he was condemned to death, but his sentence was changed to perpetual imprisonment in the "wells"; he was four and forty years of age when he was first immured, yet he lived seven and thirty years in them; he could only have been mown longer and mown, yet thought "domi vita superest, bene est," and to this misery did I now expect to be condemned.

At last I heard the footsteps of one approaching in a lowering passion; it was Lorenzo, absolutely mad with rage; foaming with passion, and with a sword in his hand, he demanded of me the axe with which I had made the hole, and insisted on knowing the shirr who had furnished me with it; and he ordered me to be searched. I stood up, threatened, striped myself, and told him to search as he pleased. He ordered my bed, in matters every thing to be examined, and when he found nothing—"So," said he, "you won't tell me where the tools are you used to cut through the floor; I'll see if you'll confess to others." "If it be truth I have cut through the floor, I shall say that I had the tools of yourself, and that I have got them from the tools of yourself." At these words, which obviously were concurred by his followers, he began literally to howl; he ran his head against the wall, stamped and danced about like a madman; he then left me; and after his people had brought me my books, clothes, bottles, and in short every thing, which he had packed up in the last of the straw of the fresh air; yet I had reason to rejoice in having escaped so cheaply; experienced as he was at his trade, he had neglected searching the under side of my arm-chair; I still possessed my titlito, on which I might rely for safety.

The heat and change of situation prevented my sleeping: early in the morning, sour wine, stinking water, staid salad, tainted meat, and hard bread, were brought me; my room was not swept out; and when I begged him for the window to be opened, I got no answer; a jailer examined the walls and the floor, especially under my bed, with an iron bar; fortunately he forgot the ceiling, for I resolved to effect my escape through the roof; but to effect this I should require co-operation, which I could not yet hope to obtain; every thing which I did could be obvious to the eyes of the jailer.

I passed a dreadful day; towards noon the heat increased so much, that I felt as if I should be suffocated; I could neither eat nor drink, for all that was brought me was spilt; perspiration, that literally dropt from me, hindered me from reaching the water that was brought me on the following day, were equally repulsive; I asked whether it were commanded that I should be killed through heat and noisome smells, but Lorenzo would give me no answer; I dipped some water in my hands, pressed water, to appear and to enable me to steb my torment, when he supposed that I was dead, I contented myself with saying, that as soon as I regained my liberty, I would certainly throttle him; he laughed, and left me without a word; I concluded that I was treated thus by command of the jailer; but I was not so treated, for my escape I was nearly overcome by the agitation of my mind and the exhaustion of my body.

On the eighth day, I demanded in a rage my monthly reckoning before the under-jailers, and called Lorenzo a cheat; he proposed for me to bring my bed, and he opened for a moment through necessity, he shut again, and laughed at my cries; but I determined to persevere in using a violent behaviour, as I had gained a little by it; but on the morrow my rage subsided, for before Lorenzo gave me a word, I had been sent me, with a bottle of good water, and a chicken; an attendant opened the window. I looked only at the balance of my account, and except one zeelin, which was

to be divided among his men, I desired the rest to be given to Lorenzo's wife: when we were alone he said to me calmly, "You have told me that you were indebted to me for the tools which you made your great opening in the floor of your cell with; but you did not therefore care to know any thing more of me; that who gave you the lamp?"

"You yourself—you gave me oil, flint, and sulphur; the rest I had already."

"That is all that you can so easily prove I helped you to the tools to break through the floor?"

"Just as easily, I got every thing from you."

"Grant me patience! what do I hear? did I give you an axe?"

"I will confess all, but the secretary must be present." "I will ask no further, but believe you; be silent, and remember I am a poor man, and have a family." He left me, holding his hands to his face. I rejoiced to have discovered something by which I could keep in awe a man to whom I was apparently indebted for my life; I knew that his own interest could keep him silent about what I had done. Shortly after, I commissioned him to buy for me the works of Maffei; he was vexed at the laying out of so much money, but he did not venture to own it, but asked what use I could make of more books, to me for the first time, he said, "I will not say so," he replied; he then promised to borrow others of another prisoner, to whom I could lend mine in return, as he assured me they should not be romances, but learned works, since there were many people of education in the prison; I agreed to his offer, and gave the Chronology of Poland to get another book in exchange for it.

In four minutes he returned with the first part of Wolf's writings; this suited me; I recalled the commission for Maffei's works, and he left me, exulting in the advice he had given me. I was not less pleased at the circumstance, that I had obtained more books, the books, as because it opened a channel for communication by writing, with some prisoner, who might aid me in my plans for escape. On opening the book I found a sheet of paper with six good verses, a paraphrase on the words, "salutemini est, salutemini est, salutemini est." I made the first of these verses, and wrote on a piece of which I had kept long, into a sort of pen, and wrote, with mulberry-juice, some verses on the same paper; I wrote a list of my other books on the last leaf of the volume; and on the reverse, under the title of the book, I wrote the words, "Admirationem, salutemini est, salutemini est." In the morning, that I had read the work, and would be glad if the prisoner could lend me another; he returned immediately with the second part; a loose leaf, which lay in it, contained the following, written in Latin.

"We have been deceived, and we are now to be rejected at the folly and avarice which give us an unexpected advantage. My name is Marino Balbi; I am a Venetian nobleman, and belong to the brotherhood of Somaschi; my fellow prisoner is Count Andreas Asquina, from Udine, in Friuli; he desires me to say that you have disposed of his box, a list of which is subscribed on the other side: we must be cautious to conceal from Lorenzo our little correspondence."

I laughed at the recommendation of caution, because the loose leaf with the list of books was no proof of it; on his list, I had written the names of the books, and had only to get it translated for him to detect us. I gathered from this circumstance that Balbi was not very discreet. After I had read the catalogue, I wrote on the blank half of the page who I was, and all I knew of the origin of my detention, and that I hoped soon to be freed; in the next book I found a letter of sixteen pages, containing the whole history of the cause of his imprisonment. I concluded from this, that he was an affected, whimsical, false reasoner, wicked, stupid, thoughtless, and ungrateful; for example, he mentioned how unhappy he would be, if he could not see me, and then he mentioned the company of the old count, and then filled two pages with jests and ridicule of him. I would never have corresponded with a man of this character, had not necessity compelled me to avail myself of his aid. At the back of the volume I found paper, pens, and pencils; I now had the means of writing conveniently. Balbi had mentioned, among other things, that Nicola was the jailer who attended him, and who told him of all that passed in the prison; that he had informed him of what I had done to the floor of my cell, and that Lorenzo had been employed two hours in getting the hole I had made repaired, and then the strictest secrecy to the carpenter and smith whom he had employed to do it. Balbi requested my full confidence as to the plan I meant to adopt, to effect my escape. I had less doubts of his curiosity than of his prudence, for his request was suspicious

But here I must pause, and endeavour to justify myself in the opinion of the reader, who may else doubt the sincerity of my religious feelings; since I could thank only the mysteries of our religion, in feigning the reason of my aversion to the religious darkness of my credulous companion at the time; and now, in endeavouring to record it; but I could not suppress this, if I intended to give a faithful account of my escape; and I conscientiously declare, that I feel no compunction at what I then did, though I do not pretend that it was a religiously virtuous action, or that I was altogether free of my will, and only because I had no better means of escape; but I confess that if it were to do again, and my freedom denied; ended on it, I could not resist the temptation of acting in a similar manner. If nature prompted me to endeavour to escape, certainly religion did not forbid me to do so; and I am not aware that any religious precept, which my very trade would induce him to betray me to his persecutors; I must therefore either paralyze his mind by my possession of fear, or—murder him, as many others, who possessed less remorse, would have done in my place; and I sincerely trust that Sordani had died a natural death, had no enemies, and no persecutors. The views of my readers should decide this to have been the least

reprehensible mode of acting, God enlighten them; their religion will never be mine; I did what seemed to me my duty, and eternal Providence did not frustrate my endeavours. Sordaci's cowardice hindered him from sharing our flight, as will be seen, so I was freed from any duty of supporting him; but had it been otherwise, I will confess to my readers, that I would not have prejudiced myself; I will even own, that on the first appearance of danger, I would have freed myself from the wretch, if I must have tied him up to a tree; as I had sworn to him that I would never know his fears, but had better otherwise, I had than I could influence his fears, which would probably terminate at the appearance of the angel and monk. "Non merita fei, chi non la serba altrui." A man is more justified in sacrificing all to self-preservation, than kings are, who maintain their right to sacrifice all to the good of the state.

At length the seventeenth hour strikes, and the angel approaches. Sordaci was about to prostrate himself, but I told him it was needless; in three minutes a piece of the plank fell at my feet, and Balbi precipitated himself into my arms. "Now your work is complete, and mine begins;" he gave over to me my stiletto; impatient to reconnoitre, I desired Balbi to remain with Sordaci, whom I was unwilling to trust alone; I forced myself with difficulty through the opening into the cell of the count, whom I embraced. I found in him a man whose presence I did not so much dread as I had supposed; he had to me, and accordingly, when I told him my plan, he asserted he had no wings, which must be necessary to descend from the leaden roof, and declared he had not courage enough to accompany me, but he would remain behind to pray for us. I betook myself to the roof, to converse with my stiletto; then, having taken hold under the lead work, and found it break easily. In less than an hour I could effect a tolerable opening; I then returned to my cage, cut up clothes, napkins, and sheets, to make a rope of; I myself fastened the knots by ropes, for one but one might have precipitated us; having got the first feet of rope, I felt satisfaction, as mine fortune circumstance often decides all, and he alone deserves success who relies solely on his own exertions for attaining it.

I bound my clothes, my silk mantle, and some linen together, and we took success to the count's cell; the latter wished Sordaci, for having been confined with me, and of now being able to escape with me. I laughed at laying aside the Tartuffe's mask I had carried for a week, in order to impose on my worthy companion; he now discovered that he had been cheated, but still could not comprehend how I could have effected my escape, in course with the pretended angel, who came so punctually to our rescue. The count's assertion, that we exposed ourselves to imminent danger, made him anxious, and coward as he was, he determined not to hazard the perilous attempt. I exhorted the monk to make up his package, while I finished the opening in the roof; at the second hour of the night it was ready. I felt, indeed, that the plates of lead were riveted to, or at least bent over the marble gutter; but with Balbi's assistance, and with my bolt, I succeeded in loosening one of the plates suddenly, so that with the help of my bolt, I could be raised up. I saw the wretch, as I looked out, the light of the new moon, and we must now wait till midnight, when she would set; for in such a night, when the serenity of the weather tempted all the world to walk in St. Mark's place, we dared not venture to be about the streets, as the moon shone so clear, and at half past thirteen the sun would rise, so we had seven hours of perfect darkness.

I told Balbi we would pass the three hours in conversation with Count Asquino, and that the former should beg him to lend us forty zechini, which would be as necessary to our success as the prison itself. If he performed my commission, and said, after some minutes, the count would speak with me alone: the poor old man represented to me that I needed no gold for my flight; that his family was numerous, and that if I should die, he would use the term, together with other excuses, to excuse his avarice. My heart lasted half an hour; I alleged excellent reasons, but these never will prosper while the world stands; for what can philosophy avail against the passions? It occurred to me, "nolenti baculus," but I was not cruel enough to put this proverb in practice, and could not but be troubled, as if he would escape with us I would bear him on my shoulders; weeping and sobbing, he asked if two zechini would be enough. I answered I must be contented with any thing, and he conjured me to promise to restore them to him, if, after wandering about some time on the roof, we should be obliged to return to our prisons. This I pro-

mised, though surprised he should imagine I should ever think of returning; I knew very well that would never happen.

We now called our companions, and brought our packages to the opening. I divided my hundred fathoms of line into two parts, and we passed the first part, and I took course over our past sufferings. Balbi already began to show the selfish glory of his character, in accusing me repeatedly of not keeping my word with him, for that I had written in my letters to him that I was certain of success, which was but no more than the case; and he scrupled not to declare, that if he had known as much as he did now, he never would have united with me in the attempt. The count said, with the caution of a man of seventy, that he thought I had much better remain where I was, for that I should certainly lose my life in attempting to descend from the roof. I gave no heed to his advice; but he still persisted in the hopes of rescuing his two zechini; he described the difficulties of climbing along the roof, and the impracticability of getting in at any of the windows, which were all guarded by iron bars, or finding a place where we might fasten the rope to; and if even we succeeded in finding such a place, he conceived we should be unable to let ourselves down by the ropes, so that one of us must sacrifice himself by letting down the other two, and then return to his prison; that further, if either of us was capable of such generosity, it then rendered to my rescue. What provoked me the most were the impudent reproaches of the monk; but as I could not hope to succeed without the aid of one at least, I restrained myself, and contented myself with saying, I was certain of success, though I could not explain all that I intended in my plan.

I sent Sordaci, who had been in silent bewilderment all this time, to see how near the moon was to her setting, he returned with the information, that in a quarter of an hour there would be no moon to be seen, but that an hour more would make it dangerous to ascend the roof. I dismissed him, therefore, on condition he would pray to St. Francis, and that he would bring all my books, with a hundred dollars, to the count; he did so; the latter offered to restore them all on my return; I observed he would never see me again. "The wretch deserves not to share in such an undertaking as ours," said Balbi. "As long as I was in the prison, I had a spark of feeling and honour in the world, and he was obliged to acquiesce in my assertion."

I now begged of the count, pen, ink, and paper, which he possessed, notwithstanding the prohibition to that effect for Lorenzo would write the letter, and I would give a dollar, or two, for the letter, which I could not read over as it was dark, and gave it to Sordaci. It began with the following appropriate verse: "Non morar, sed vivam, et narabo, opera Domini." Our lord inquisitors may employ every means to detain a prisoner in their dungeons, but they cannot detain the mind; the mind is freed by his word, he is justified in taking all steps to effect his liberation; the former justify themselves by law, the latter by nature; they do not require his concurrence for his imprisonment; he does not require theirs to his freedom. I wrote as follows:

Justine Casanova, who writes this in the agony of his heart, knows that his misfortune may befall him of falling again into the hands of those from whom he is now endeavouring to escape; should this be the case, he supplicates the humanity of his high-minded judges not to make his condition more wretched, in punishing him for his escape, than he would be by his confinement; he begs, that he should be retaken, all his property be restored to him, and that he may be confined again in the cell from which he now breaks out. Should he, however, succeed in escaping, he gives all he left behind him to Francesco Sordaci, whom the love of freedom did not inspire like himself, and who, therefore, remain-

behind, and whom Casanova begs would not attribute this present to him."

"Written an hour before midnight, without light, in the cell of Count Asquino, the 31st of October, 1756."

Cassigano, cassigavi me Deus, et mortui non tradidit me.

I gave the letter to Sordaci, with an injunction to deliver it into the secretary's own hands, who would certainly not fail in its effect, and he promised, when I was brought back, to return me every thing. Sordaci also promised to come again, and to give me back also what I had left him.

But it was time to depart, as the moon was no longer visible. I placed on Balbi's shoulder the bundle of cord, and on the other his packet, and loaded myself in the same manner; we then, dressed in our vest only, and our coats on our heads, looked through the opening I had made.

E quindi uscimmo a rimir le stelle.—Dante.

I went first; notwithstanding the mist, every object was visible enough; kneeling and creeping, I thrust my weapon between the joints of the lead plates, holding with one hand by that, and with the other, by the plank on which the lead plate laid, which I had removed, I raised myself on the roof; Balbi, in following me, grasped my hand behind, so I resembled a bundle of barthen, which he carried, and I was the couple of St. Marks, a part of the ducal palace, wherein the chapel of St. Whelf is away up this dangerous plane; Balbi desired me to stop a moment, for that one of his bundles had fallen off, and probably had only rolled down to the gutter; my first thought was to give him a push that would send him flying, but I have been enabled me to contain myself, the punishment would have fallen on me as well as him; for without his help I could do nothing. I asked if the bundle was gone? and when I heard that it contained his black gown, two shirts, and a manuscript, I consoled him for its loss; he sighed, and followed me, still holding by my clothes.

After I had climbed over about sixteen lead plates, I reached the ridge of the roof; I set myself astride on it, and the monk imitated me; our backs were turned towards the island of S. Giorgio maggiore, and two hundred yards away was the cupola of St. Marks, a part of the ducal palace, wherein the chapel of St. Whelf is more magnificent than that of any king. Here we took off our bundles; he placed his ropes between his legs; but on laying his hat upon them, it rolled down the roof, and he sent it into the water. He hooked on this as a bad omen, and complained he had now lost his hat, shirts, and manuscript; but I reminded him, that it was fortunate that the hat had fallen to the right and not to the left, for otherwise it would have alarmed the sentinel in the arsenal.

After looking about me a little, I bid the monk remain quiet till here till my return, and climbed along the roof, my dagger in my hand; I crept in this manner for an hour, trying to find a place to which I might fasten my rope to enable me to descend; but all the places I looked down into were enclosed ones, and there were insuperable difficulties in getting to the canonica on the other side of the church; yet I must descend, and I must descend I must hazard it without allowing myself to think too long on the danger; but about two thirds of the way down the side of the roof I observed a dormer window, which probably led some passage leading to the dwelling. I pressed down, and the limits of the prisons, and I thought I should find some of the doors opened out of it, or at day-break. If any one should meet us, and take us for state prisoners, he would find, I determined, some difficulty in detaining us. With this consideration, with one leg stretched out towards the window, I let myself gently slide down till I reached the level of it, that I might be parallel to the great one, and set myself upon it. I then leaned over, and by feeling, discovered it to be a window with small round panes of glass, caused in lead, behind a grating; to penetrate this, required a file, and I had only my stiletto. Bitterly disappointed, and in the greatest embarrassment, I returned, unable of coming to a determination, when the clock of St. Mark's striking midnight, awakened my fainting resolution; I remembered that this sound announced the beginning of All Saints day. When misfortune drives a strong mind to devotion, it is always the best remedy of it; that day, that bell aroused me to action, and promised me victory, laying on my stomach and stretching over, I struck violently with my dagger against the grating in the hope of forcing it; in a quarter of an hour were four of the wooden sashes broke, and my hand grasped the wood; I cut the panes of glass were speedily demolished, for I heeded not

the cutting of my hand. I now returned up to the top of the roof, and crept back to my companion; I found him in a dreadful rage, cursing me for having left him two hours; he at last thought I must have fallen over, and was about to return to his prison. He asked me what were my intentions; "you will see," said I, and he shook our bundles on our necks again, I hid him follow me. When we reached the roof of the window, I explained to him what I had done, and what I intended to do. I asked his advice as to the best mode of getting in at it; it would be easy for the first man, the second man would be a great deal more so, said I, and he said in laughing down from the window to the floor he might break a leg, for we knew nothing of the space between. The monk instantly proposed I should let him down first, and afterwards think how I should get in myself; I was sufficiently master of myself to conceal my indignation at the proposal, and to proceed to execute his wish; I tied a rope round my companion, and sitting astride of the window-roof, let him down to the window, telling him to rest on his elbows on the roof, and to put his feet through the hole I had made. I then lay down again on the roof, and leaning forward, told him to take hold of the rope fast, and to hold the rope fast. Balbi safely down from the floor, untied himself, and I drew the rope back to me, but in doing this, I found that the space from the window to the floor was ten times my arm's length; it was impossible, therefore, to jump to the floor, and to throw the rope down; but Balbi took care not to follow his absurd and selfish counsel. I now determined on returning to the great roof, and I discovered a cupola at a place where I had not been; it brought me to a stage laid with lead plates, and which had a trap-door, covered with two folding shutters. I found a fresh line of silk, and a foot ladder, and a tolerably long ladder; the latter, of course, attracted my particular attention; I tied my rope round one of the rings, and climbing up the rope again, drew the ladder after me; this ladder I must continue to put in at the window, and it was twelve times the length of my arm. I then descended the rope, and took hold of the ladder, and pushed it down to the gutter, so that one end leaned against the other, the other stood in the gutter; I drew it up to me again as I leaned over, and endeavoured to get the end in at the window, but in vain; it always came over the roof, and the morning might come and find me here, and I should be worse off than I was. I then pushed the ladder down to the gutter in order to give the ladder the right direction. This gutter of marble yielded me a resting-place, while I lay at length on it; and I succeeded in putting the ladder about a foot into the window, which did not seem to be a great deal. I then pushed the ladder to push it in two feet more; I then should only have to climb back to the window-roof, and by means of the line, draw it entirely in; to effect this, I was compelled to raise myself on my knees, and while I was doing so, they slipped off the gutter, and I lay with only my breast and shoulders upon it. I exerted myself to draw my body up again, and to lay myself on the gutter; I had, fortunately, no trouble with the ladder; it was now three feet in the window, and did not move. As soon as I found I lay firm, I endeavoured to raise my right knee up to the level of the gutter; I had nearly succeeded, when I felt the ladder slip, and I started, and I felt as it was painful. What a moment! I lay two minutes motionless; at length the pain subsided, and I succeeded in raising one knee after the other upon the marble again; I rested a few minutes, and then pushed the ladder still further into the window. Slightly experienced in the laws of equilibrium by this adventure, I returned to the window-roof, and drawing the ladder entirely in, my companion received the end of it, and secured it; I then threw in the rope and bundle, and soon rejoined him; after short congratulations, I felt about to examine the door, and narrow passage, and found it was a great deal more open than I had supposed; I raised the latch, and we entered a large hall; we felt round the walls, and met with a table, surrounded by arm-chairs. I at length found a window, opened the latch of it, and looked, with startle, down a fearful depth; I then descended at last, and found myself in a place where we had left our things, and sat down in an arm-chair, and was seized with such an invincible desire to sleep, that if I had been told it was death, I should have welcomed it; the feeling was indescribable. At the third hour the noise of the monk awoke me; he said my bed was at that end of the passage, and I was obliged to sleep; but nature had overcome me. I, however, gained a little strength by the rest.

I said, as I arose, that this was no prison, and that there must be, therefore, somewhere an exit; I searched

till I found the large iron door, and opposite to it was a smaller one, with a key-hole; I put my stiletto in it, and exclaimed, "Heaven grant it may not be a cupboard." After some efforts the lock yielded, and we entered a small room, in which was a table with a key upon it; I tried it, it opened, and I stepped into the passage, and found it was the archive-chamber. We ascended some steps, and passing through a glass-door, entered the chancery of the doge; I now knew where I was, and as in letting ourselves down we might get into a labyrinth of small courts, I seized an instrument with which it was possible to open the door, and I found I hid Balbi stuck into the chink in the door, which I made with my bolt, and worked it about on all sides, not caring for the noise, till I had made a tolerable hole; but the projecting splinters threatened to tear our skin and clothes, and it was five feet from the floor to the opening. I had chosen the place where the plank was the thinnest; I drew a chair to it, and the monk got on it; he stuck his arms and head through the opening, and I pushed the rest of him through into a chamber, the darkness of which did not alarm me; I knew where we were, and threw my bundle through to him, but left the rope behind. I had no time to aid me, on which account I placed a chair on the top of two others, and got through the aperture with my loins; I desired Balbi to pull me through with all his force, regardless of the pain the laceration of my flesh gave me. We hastened down the flight of steps, and arrived at the great leading to the royal stairs, as they are called; but these, wide as a town-gate, were, as well as those beyond, shut with four wide doors; to force these would have required a petard, and here my dagger seemed to say, "his friends posit." Last day by Balbi, calm and collected, told him that my way was done, and that God and fortune would achieve the rest for us.

Abbia, chi regge il ciel, cura del resto
O la fortuna, se non tocca a lui.

"To-day," I continued, "is All Saints day, and tomorrow, All Souls, and it is not likely any should come here; if any one do come to open the doors, I will resist; and if they do not come, we will starve, and remain here and die of hunger, for I can do no more."

Balbi's rage and desperation knew no bounds; but I kept my temper, and began to dress myself completely. If Balbi looked like a peasant, his dress at least was not in shreds, and bloody like mine; I drew on my stockings, and found on each foot large wounds, for which I used a piece of clean cloth, and a piece of silk, and a handkerchief, and fastened the bandages with thread I had about me; I put on my silk dress, which was ill assorted with the weather, arranged my hair, and put on a shirt with lace ruffles, and silk stockings, and threw my old clothes into a chair; and now looked like a rake, who is found after a ball in a suspicious place. I approached a window, and, as I learnt two years afterwards in Paris, some loiterer below who saw me, informed the keeper of the palace of it, who, fearing that he had locked some one in by mistake, came to release us. I heard the noise of steps coming up the stairs, and looking up, I saw a young man, with some keys in his hand. I commanded Balbi to observe the strictest silence, and hiding my stiletto under my clothes, placed myself close to the door, so that I needed only one step to reach the stairs. The door was opened, and the young man, as he advanced, at my appearance, and I was able, silently and quickly, to pass by him, the monk following me; assuming then a sedate pace, I took the direction to the great staircase; Balbi wanted to go to the church to the right, for the sake of the sanctuary, forgetting that in Venice there was no sanctuary against state crimes and capital offences, but at last he followed me.

I did not expect security in Venice. I knew I could not be safe till I had passed the frontiers; I stood now before the royal door of the ducal palace; but without looking at any one, or being observed in return, I crossed the threshold, and I found myself in the monk's first goal. I found there, and cried out, "another power, I wish to go to Fusina." Another gondolier soon appeared, and I threw myself negligently on the centre seat, while the monk sat on one side; the gondolai put off

The figure of the monk, without a hat, and wrapped in my cloak, might have caused me to be taken for an Englishman; but the gondolai, who were used to the custom-house than my gondoliers began to exert their strength to cross the waves of the great canal, through which the way lay, as well to Fusina as to Mestre, whither in reality I meant to go. In the middle of the

canal I put out my head, and asked the man, if in fourteen hours we should get to Mestre?

"You wished to go to Fusina, did you not?"
"No, blockhead, I said Mestre," the other rower, however, maintained the contrary, and Balbi was even absurd enough to contradict me. I affected to laugh, and said I might have erred, but that my wish was to go to Mestre. The gondoliers acquiesced; they were ready to go to England, if I required it; and told me we should reach Mestre in three quarters of an hour.

I cast a look behind us, and saw no gondola in pursuit of us. I rejoiced in this fine day, which was as glorious as could be wished, shining with the first rays of an incomparable sunrise. Reflecting on the dangers of the past night, on the place where I had spent the preceding day, and on all the fortunately concurring events, which had so favoured me, gratitude filled my soul, and I raised, in silence, my thanks for the mercy of God; overcome by the variety of emotions, I burst into tears, which relieved my heart from the oppression of a joy that seemed likely to burst it.

It is sufficient to add, that after many difficulties and narrow escapes, Casanova succeeded in eluding pursuit, and safely quitted the Venetian territory.

Arthur St. John.

PART I.

"Heu, Rocco! per cavallo,
Eja! non casua!
Jim reposit, Rocco!
Maire et cove!
Suaviter r. petamus!"—"Dulce Domini."

None but an English schoolboy can form an idea of the ecstatic feelings which attend "breaking-up." The opinion that our school-days are the happiest of our existence is true in nothing but this. The delight which we experienced in the school-days of our life, we know keenest that we feel at any period of our lives: and, probably, it is so from the very fact that those days are so little happy at other times. Who is there among us whose heart does not beat at the remembrance of the almost delirious joy in which he used to be plunged during "the last week?" and at last, when the very morning itself arrives, and he jumps into the chaise, hired weeks before, to ensure it—oh! it would be almost worth while (and it would be a heavy price) to put oneself to school again for a half-year, in order to taste the enjoyment of that brief period.

With what joyful energy used a whole choir of young voices to shout out the beloved chorus of the home song, a verse from which I have selected as an epigraph to this chapter, *Domani, domum, dulce, dulce domum!* Yes, sweet and beloved, indeed, is home! Time has not chilled us, the world has not corrupted us; as the young bird returns to its nest, so do we to our parents' arms and dwelling. And with what undoubting faith did we receive the tradition of how that song was written, and of its author's fate! The story ran, that a boy—a Wykehamist it was said—was, for his idleness and ill-conduct, expelled from school, and then, when he pleaded to be forgiven, but his friends were inexorable. Accordingly, as soon as the last chaise-fall of his companions had driven off, he retired to his solitary chamber, wrote the song, of which the above is part, and died at the end of a few days, of a broken heart. It may seem childish to record such a legend as this time of day, but the feelings which are allied to it are too vivid not to sway the heart strongly even now.

It is certain, at least, that the two young gentlemen, whose return from school has suggested the foregoing reflections, were not school boys, and then school boys enough. They were Eton boys, and the top of the school; better than seventeen and eighteen years old, and, of course, far too manly not to hold in scorn all the more juvenile associations from which such thoughts spring. Still, delighted they were. Youth, health, high spirits, ardent anticipations of the future, and a ready and pleasant conversation, and short seemed the way, as they rattled along as rapidly as dawns, promises, and double-pay could urge the post-boy.

"Get on, my lad, get on, we shall be late," exclaimed one of the travellers, getting down the front window of the chaise. "I want to get away, turning round to my companion, "to see the view from the top of the hill, and it will be dark if this fellow does not get on faster. See,

* It is in Latin rhyming verse, and consists of several stanzas.

Two years passed away, and St. John and Lady Emily had not met in the interval. Lord Missenden had gone abroad with his family, which had occasioned this separation. But, in the midst of change of scene, and severe study, and active exertion, the image of Emily Lorraine was still constantly present to Arthur St. John. It was the spur which goaded him to struggle for distinction; it was the sweetest part of his triumph when he obtained it. His disposition was keen and warm, but it was also firm and intense; his passion had been formed under the operation of the former qualities, it was retained and cherished under that of the latter. He had set all his heart upon one case, the hazard of that he involved the extremes of happiness or anguish.

Lord Mableton had left college and gone into the army, and was at this time abroad with his regiment; so that the interruption of St. John's intercourse with Lady Emily was total.

At length, Lord Missenden's family returned to England. It was the month of April, and they fixed themselves in their house in town, in order that Lady Emily might "come out." She did so: and was soon in the full whirl of that monstrous compound of selfishness and dissipation, which is called London season.

It was in the middle of June that St. John was able to get away from college, and hastening to London, the first thing he did was to hurry to Grosvenor Square.

"Is Lord Missenden at home?" he said to the powdered, fat, grumpy personage, who emerged from his leathern door, with the St. John's name on his coat, if possessing none of the other qualities, of Diogenes—

"No," said Cerberus.

"Is Lady Missenden at home?"

"No."

"Is Lady Emily?"—"He was in the act, although not strictly according to etiquette, of asking when he caught a glimpse of her bounding across the hall, and up the stairs. It was but a glimpse: but it sufficed to throw the blood into his face, and back again to his heart with a rapidity that took away his breath. He was waiting for an answer to his last question, when the porter again returned with the emphatic "No!" and, sorely against his inclination, St. John was obliged to retire in despair.

Three days afterwards a card came, with due formality, from Lord and Lady Missenden, "to request the honour of seeing you, without any delay, at dinner," that day three weeks. Not a word of old friendship or recollection; no three-cornered bill of friendship of Lord Missenden beginning, "Dear Arthur," as of yore: all was chilling, stately and exceedingly proper. Arthur could not but perceive: he twice, in the interval, called in Grosvenor Square, but the answer could be no other than the former he suffered during those three weeks, I would not, though I am a poor man, undergo for as many thousand pounds. Now, he doubted of the endurance of Lady Emily's attachment: "Surely, surely," said he, "the slightest such circumstances as these, must have broken through her resolution, and she would have given me one line, if it were really only one, to say that she was unchanged, that she loved me still. But she has been half over Europe, she has been 'La belle Anglaise' in half a dozen capitals: she has forgotten the poor fellow who was her betrothed, and she has no longer the recollection of all that had passed during that dear summer at Mableton rose upon his mind, and he would exclaim, "No!" it is impossible—that creature can never be false."

At length the day came. St. John found a large party assembled. Lord Missenden received him cordially, and Lady Missenden with the greatest and most friendly kindness. She inquired with interest about his progress at Oxford, and communicated her last news of Mableton to him; he then retired to the dining-room, and was touched and gratified at this, but his eyes were wandering in search of one, a single glance of whom was to decide his fate. But she was not present; and she entered only just before the servant who came to announce dinner. The crowd pressed forward, and they did not meet until soon as they were seated at dinner. St. John found that Lady Emily was on the same side of the table as himself, so that it was impossible for him to see her without making a marked endeavour to do so, which even he felt, at such a party, impossible. His worst feelings were at once awakened. "Was this accident, or design?" If the latter, he could not but endure the thought sufficiently to dwell on it. St. John was near the door, and, as the ladies passed out, Lady Emily approached him, and, holding out her hand, said, "How do you do, Mr. St. John?—I am happy to see you again." He fixed

his eyes full upon her, but there were cast to the ground, the blood had flushed her cheek—and her hand trembled in his: but it did not return his pressure, and it was ghastly.

Oh! how beautiful she then looked!—her form was developed—her noble countenance matured—her beauty was dazzling! He had again seen her—he had again caught her—his brain almost reeled with the excitation of this consciousness. But still he played the selfish, unfeeling, cold, calculating, and raked his heart with all the various fancies which a lover's doubts suggest. He could not but feel that, at the moment, and under the circumstances in which she addressed him, she could not say more than she did—but she might have looked at him—she might have shot the glance of an instant, to say, "I love you still."

St. John determined to have his mind set at rest at once, when they joined the ladies: but this was not so easy to do as to determine. When he entered the drawing-room, Lady Emily was at the piano, surrounded by a very young ladies, all eager to play or to sing, and all declining it. Lady Emily seemed to port Arthur to make more of all this foppery *d'usage*, than was at all necessary; in a word, as young lady after young lady came to the piano, and entreated, and persuaded to do that which she hesitated, and left some of the first, St. John perceived that he should have been driven crazed. But, at last, by dint of watching his opportunity, he found it. Lady Emily went with one of her companions to look over a book of prints. The table on which it was a room, and this left some space before her between its extremity and the wall. And to this Lady Emily was not close, so that, without any appearance of particularity, Arthur was able to come and place himself by her side. He began to converse with her about the prints, which were views of Italy, and of her travels there—overdressed, and thus left some space before her, so that he could not but be attracted to her, and he began to talk on indifferent subjects, to one with whom his soul burned to commune,—till, at last, the young lady, whom Arthur was inwardly cursing, as Mademoiselle de Trop, was suddenly called away by her mother. He was left alone at once: for before his companion had time to move, he had taken the opportunity to have taken what an effort had been necessary to force himself to calmness. "Emily!—and is all forgotten?"

She blushed a burning scarlet—she bit her lip, which quivered once or twice, as though she was about to speak; at last, she said, "Mr. St. John, this is very interesting, very wrong. I thought the time of our childhood since we met had driven the remembrance of our childish days from your mind; I thought—"

"No, Emily; no; you could not think thus; you must have known, you know, that, young though we were, the passion we felt was not childish. You must know that upon that remembrance I lived—that there has not been a thought of my mind, nor a pulsation of my heart, that from the moment we parted, to this hour, has not been wholly and solely devoted to you. You know—"

"Stop, Mr. St. John," said Lady Emily, interrupting St. John, "I must not say more. I had hoped, sir, that the follies of our childhood had been forgotten—follies which nothing but my extreme youth could excuse, and of which it is scarcely generous of you to remind me. As my brother's friend, Mr. St. John," she added, "I must not permit myself to regard you as a young man, but as a friend of my brother's friend; and you—but I must not be thus addressed again."

She walked away, leaving St. John far too much stunned by what he had heard to be able to strive to detain her.

And to what purpose should he? She had crushed his heart to a fine blow. From that moment St. John has been a miserable man.

It is scarcely necessary to trace the progression of Lady Emily's feelings. Absence, change of place, novelty of all kinds, flattery, and a fickle disposition, had, before her return to England, almost entirely erased the memory of her first love. And the few months she had passed in London had more than served to complete the work. She had seen the importance of rank, wealth, and fashionable station; her feelings, which, as regarded St. John, had in truth been the offspring only of early romance, acquiring force and an object from juxtaposition. Her feelings had now completely frozen down (for it is down) to her position as a young lady of rank. The real truth is, that she was never worthy of the affection of such a man as Arthur St. John: it was a mistake on his part from the first.

The suddenness of his dismissal was fully accounted for in a few weeks afterwards, when the Major, who had announced Lady Emily's marriage with a man whose only merits were being a peer, and possessed of five and twenty thousand a year.

The effect of the blow on such a mind as St. John's may be easily conceived. He went abroad for some time, then entered into orders, and is a most exemplary country clergyman; but he has never thoroughly recovered the effects of the events I have just narrated; for when I first knew him, which was upwards of twenty years afterwards, he was still, and I am convinced he ever will remain—a melancholy man.

My Sister Kate.

FROM THE DOMINIE'S LEGACY.

I travelled far to know her state.

And heard, and I saw.

And I envied her lot,

So I'll remain at home, content.

Until the day I see,

With a lowly graceful line,

And in country—Scrip Stanzas.

There is a low road, (but it is not much frequented, for it is terribly roundabout,) that passes at the foot of the range of hills that skirt the long and beautiful gulf or Firth of the Clyde, in the west of Scotland; and as you go along this road, either up or down, the sea or firth is constantly in your view, and the rising above you; and you are just opposite to the great, that sweep in heavy masses, or jut out in bold capes, at the mouth of the deep lochs that run up from the Firth into the picturesque highlands of Argyleshire.

You may think of the scene what you please, because steam boating has, of late years, profaned it somewhat into commonness, and defiled its pure air with filthy puffs of coal smoke; and because the Comet and all her unfortunate passengers were sunk to the bottom of this very part of the Firth; and because, a little time previous, a whole boatful of poor highland young girls were also run down in the night time, while they were asleep, and drowned near the Clough Light-house hard by; but if you were to walk this road by the seaside any summer afternoon, going towards the bathing village of Gourock, you would see a fine view of the hills, the highlands, and up the Clyde, towards the rock of Dumfries Castle, that there are few scenes more truly magnificent and interesting.

There is a little village exactly opposite to you, looking across the Firth, which is called Donnoan, and contains the burying place of the noble house of Argyll, and which, surrounded by a patch of green cultivated land, sloping pleasantly from the sea, and covering snugly by itself, with its picturesque cemetery, under the great blue hills frowning behind, lochs, from across the Firth, absolutely like a tasteful little haunt of the capricious spirit of romance.

Well, between this road, on the lowland side of the Firth, and the water's edge, and before it winds off round by the romantic seat of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, farther up, their stands, or stood, two or three small fishing cottages, which, from the hills nearly over them, from which General Brisbane used to look after the stars, or from the sea as you sailed past, look just like white shells, of a large size, dropped fancifully down upon the green common between the hills and the road. In these cottages, it was observed, the young men of the neighbourhood, who, while young, assisted them in the numerous families, and who, when they grew up, became the heads of families, and that the girls, of which there was a number were so wild in their contented seclusion, that if any passenger on the road stopped to observe them, as they sat in groups on the green, mending their fathers' nets, they would take to their heels and rise and run off like into the cottages. Now it happened, once on a time, that a great event took place to one of the cottager's daughters, which, for a long period, deranged and almost destroyed the happy domestic life which they had hitherto lived; and becoming the theme of discourse and enquiry concerning things beyond the sphere of fisher people and all their neighbours, as far as Gourock, introduced among them no small degree of ambition and discontent.

There was one of the fishermen, a remarkably decent, and dispassionate man, who lived on the opposite shore of Argyleshire, named Martin M'Leod, who had two daughters, the youngest of which, as was no uncommon case, turned out to be remarkably, and even delicately, beautiful.

But nobody ever saw or thought any thing about the beauty of Catharine M'Leod, when the Major, who was one of the growing young men in the neighbouring cottages, several of whom began, at times, to look at her with a

sort of wonder, and seemed to feel a degree of awe in her company; while her family took an involuntary pride in her beyond all the others; and her eldest sister somehow initiated her in every thing, and continually quoted her talk, and trumpeted about her to the neighbours, as if she had said "my sister Kate."

Things continued in this way as Kate grew to womanhood; and she was the liveliest little body about the place, and used to sing so divinely at the house-end, as she busied herself about her father's fishing gear, and ran up and down the beach, and took her wanderings off all the way to the Clough light-house at the point; or she would skip on the yellow sands of the sea, beyond her father's boat, when the tide was low, as he used to say, just like a water-wagtail; so that she was as well known to be as merry and as much the breaker of the bread as the fisherman who looked at her. I say things continued in this way until a gentleman, who, it turned out, was all the way from London, came to lodge in Greenock, or Gourock, or Inverkip, or somewhere not far distant; and, being a gentleman, and, of course, at liberty to do every sort of out of the way thing that he pleased, he took a manner of coming down and wandering about among the cottages, and asking questions concerning whatever he chose of the fishermen; and then it was not long until he got his eyes upon Kate.

"The gentleman," said the fishermen, used to tell afterwards, "was perfectly ill, and smitten at once about our Kate. He was not able," she said, "to take the least rest, but was down constantly about us for weeks; and then got to talking to and walking with Kate, she linking arm in his beneath the hill, just as it had been Sir Michael Stuart and my dear mother, and then he was as he used to bring her, bought in the grand shop of Ballie Macneil, at Greenock; gowns, and shawls, and veils, and fine chip hats, never speaking of ribbons, and lace edging, and mob caps—perfect beautiful."

The whole of the other fishermen's daughters became mad with envy of poor Kate, and admitted to her that they were not nearly so much liked by her father, after all, who wanted to have his daughter made a lady of; and now nothing was heard in the hamlet but murmurings and discontented complaints; every girl looking at herself in the cracked glass, that her father used to shave by, to see if she was not a little more like a gentleman. "So as matters grew serious, and the gentleman was fairly in love, old Martin McLeod, who looked sharply after Kate, behaved to have sundry conversations with the gentleman about her; and made her being appointed to be the dancing partner of his son, the fisher folk never heard of, but which were to turn her into a lady, Kate and the gentleman after a time were actually married, in Greenock new church, and set off for London, or some other grand place, to live where the king and all the great people lived, and to drink wine, and wheel about in a carriage for evermore."

During all this time, the fishermen were various opinions as to the fisher people, how that Kate never was particularly in love with the gentleman; and some even said that she was in love with somebody else, (for pretty maidens must always be in love), or at least, that some of the youths of the neighbourhood were in love with her; but that she could sell her services to any one of the fisher people, who would afford to pay for it; and that when a gentleman was pleased to fall in love, no one had a right to say him nay, or pretend to set up against him. Some of the young women, to be sure, ventured to contest this doctrine, and cited various cases from the authority of poets, and of the tales of the Clough fair, or the tulipney chase; and also from the traditionary literature of Argyleshire, which was couched in the melodious numbers of the Gaelic language; but, however this might be, the fame of Catherine McLeod's happy marriage, and great fortune, was noised abroad, accordingly, among the fisher people, that these coasts, as well as about Gourock and all the parts adjacent.

As to the gentleman, it was found out that his name was Mr. Pountney, and that little Kate McLeod was now Mrs. Pountney, and a great London lady; but what quality of a gentleman Mr. Pountney really was, was a matter of much controversy. Some of the fishermen, and some of the gentlemen, and others thought that, from various symptoms, he was not a very great gentleman—some went so far as to say he was a lord or a prince, while others maintained that he was only a simple esquire, although he might yet be turned into a

baronet knight, or baronet, like Sir Michael who lived in the neighbourhood, which the king could make him, any day he chose, by knocking him down with a sword; for it was possible the king's business to make knights and lords, and this was the way he did it. But as the fisher people, among whom Kate had been reared, did not understand what a knight meant, nor any thing of these high matters; and from the rising ambition of fisher-people, to get gentlemen as well as Kate, were much occupied with the question of the quality of her husband, her elder sister, Flora, was constantly appealed to, and drawn out wherever she went, upon this interesting subject.

Nothing, therefore, could be talked of wherever Flora McLeod went, but about "my sister Kate," and she was a great favourite, and a great talker, and a great teller of the romantic history, and happy fortune of her lucky sister, Mrs. Pountney's house in London, therefore, Mrs. Pountney's great husband, and Mrs. Pountney's coach, excited the admiration and the discontent of all the fishermen's daughters, for many miles round the romantic seacoast, and these quiet cottages under the hills, where the simple people lived upon their fish and did not know that they were happy. Many a long summer's day, as the girls sat working their nets on a knoll towards the sea, the sun that shone warm upon their innocent faces, and the breeze that blew soft from the Firth, or swept round from the flowery woods of Ardgowan, seemed less grateful and delicious, for their discontented imaginings about the fortune of Mrs. Pountney; and many a sweet and wholesome supper of fresh boiled fish was made to lose its former relish, from being counteracted by the thought of the fine wines and the gilded grandeur of "my sister Kate." Even the fisher ladies in the neighbourhood, fine, fearless youths, found a total alteration in their sweethearts; their discourse was not relished, their persons were almost despised; and there was now no happiness save in the thought of getting married, but it was less to approach to the state of grandeur and felicity so fortunately obtained by "my sister Kate."

The minds of Kate's family were so carried by her good fortune, that vague wishes and discontented feelings followed their constant mention. Flora, the eldest sister, who had been the first to begin about marrying a fisherman; and a young fellow, called Bryce Cameron, who had long waited for her, and whose brother, Allan, was once a sweetheart of Kate herself, being long ago discarded; and she not perceiving any chances of a better fortune, and as she appeared to herself as she became melancholy and thoughtful: she began to fear that she was to have nobody, and her thoughts ran constantly after London and Mrs. Pountney. With these anxious wishes, vague hopes began to mix of some lucky way to her own fortune, if she were only in the way of getting to be a lady; and at length she formed the high wish, and even the adventurous resolve, of going all the way to London, just to get one peep at her sister's happiness.

When this ambition seized Flora McLeod, she let the old people have no rest, nor did she spare any exertion to get her father to procure her a passport, or pilgrimage to London. In the course of a fortnight from its first serious suggestion, she with a gold guinea in her pocket, and two one pound notes of the Greenock bank, besides other coins and valuables, and even a little old fashioned Highland brooch, with which the gentleman loved her, and which she had begged of her mother, she ventured to intrust her, to be specially returned into the hands of the great lady when she should see her, besides a hundred other charges and remembrances from the neighbours, she set off one dewy morning in summer, carrying her shoes and stockings in her hand, to make her way to London, in the way of every thing great, and particularly of her happy sister Kate.

Many a weary mile did Flora McLeod walk, and ride, and sail, through unknown places, and in what she called foreign parts; for strange things and people met her eye, and long dull regions of country passed her like a rapid stream, and she was whirled towards the great capital and proper centre of England. After travelling to a distance that was to her perfectly amazing, she was set down in London, and enquired her way, in the best English she could command, into one of those long brick streets, or drowsy dull gentility, to which she was brought by the door of her mother's house. She stood awhile considering, on the steps of the mansion, and felt a sort of fear of lifting the big iron knocker that seemed to grin down upon her; for she was not in the habit of knocking at great folk's doors, and almost trembled lest some-

body from within would frown her into nothing, even by their high and lofty looks.

But she yielded to her curiosity, and was not so dreadfully grand after all;—not at all such as she had imagined, for she had passed houses much bigger and grander than this great gentleman's; it was not even the largest in its own street, and looked dull and dingy, and shut up with blinds and rails, having a sort of melancholy appearance. At least it was not at all equal, she thought, to many of the white stone villas by the Firth of Clyde, that sat so proudly on the hill face, opposite the sea, near her father's cottage, with their doors wide open to receive the summer air or welcome the passing traveller, and their windows gleaming in the evening sun, as if before it were the sun, and the mountains of Argyleshire.

It was strange that reflections about home, and so enhancing of its value, should pass through her mind at the very door where lived her envied sister in London! but she must not linger, but see what was inside. She lifted up, and its echo inside, smote upon her heart with a sensation of strange apprehension. A powdered man opened it, and stared at her with an inquisitive impertinent look, then slyly asked what she wanted. Flora curtsied low to the servant from perfect terror, saying she wanted to see Mrs. Pountney.

And what can you want with Mrs. Pountney, young woman, I should like to know?" said the fellow; for Flora neither looked like a milliner's woman, nor any other sort of useful person likely to be wanted by a lady.

Flora had laid various pretty plans in her own mind, about taking her sister by surprise, and seeing how she would look at her before she spoke, and so forth; at least she had resolved not to affront her, by making herself known as her sister before the servants; but the man who looked at her, with such suspicious and sly looks, and who she absolutely began to fear, from the interrogations of this fellow, that she would be refused admittance to her own sister, and was forced to explain and reveal herself, before the outer door was fully opened to her. At length she was conducted, on tip toe, along a passage, and then up stairs, under a carpet, and through a door, and then into a room, where the servant then went into the drawing-room, where sat two ladies at opposite sides of the apartment, there to announce Flora's message.

On a sofa, near the window, sat a neat youthful figure, elegantly formed, but petite, with a face that seemed to be less decorated than that the features were small and pretty, and that, as a whole, it was rich in the nameless expression of simple beauty. Her dress could not have been plainer, to be of silk of the best sort; but the languid discontent, if not melancholy, with which the female, yet quite in youth, gazed towards the window, or bent over a little sick netting with which she carelessly employed herself, seemed to any observer strange and unnatural at her time of life. At a table near the fire was seated a woman, almost the perfect contrast to this interesting figure, in the person of Mr. Pountney's eldest sister, a woman of middle age, whose face, with its wrinkles and ink warfare her, seemed busy among a parcel of household accounts, and the characteristic accompaniment of a bunch of keys occasionally rattling at her elbow.

The servant approached, as if fearful of being noticed by the old lady, who was accustomed to call Miss Pountney, and in a half whisper, intimated to the little figure that a female wanted to see her.

"Eh! what!—what is it you say, John?" cried the lady among the papers, noticing this manoeuvre of the servant.

"Nothing, Madam; it is a person that wants my lady."

"Your lady, sirrah! it must be me!—Eh! what?"

"No madam; she wants to see Mrs. Pountney particularly."

"Ah, John," said the little lady on the sofa; "just refer her to Miss Pountney. There is nobody can want me."

"Wants to see Mrs. Pountney particularly!" resumed the sister-in-law; "how dare you bring in such a message, sirrah? Mrs. Pountney particularly, indeed, who is she, sirrah? Who comes here with such a message as that?"

"You must be mistaken, John," said the little lady sighing, who was once the lively Kate McLeod of the fishing cottage in Scotland; "just let Miss Pountney speak to her. You need not mind, addressing Miss Pountney, the natural pertness of his situation now returning to overcome his dread of the *old one*!" "This young

* The following are among the works of Mrs. More, but little known in the United States:
The Indeflexible Captive, a tragedy. Ode to Dragon, Mr. Garrick's house-dog, originally published in quarto. Percy, a tragedy. Fatal Falschood, a tragedy. Florio, a tale; and the Bas Blue, two poems.

THE Way to be Happy.

FROM THE LONDON METROPOLITAN.

Cut your coat according to your cloth, is an old maxim and a wise one; and if people will only square their ideas according to their circumstances, how much happier might all be! If we only would come down a peg or two in our notions, in accordance with our waning fortunes, happiness would be always within our reach. It is not what we have, or what we have not, which adds or subtracts from our felicity. It is the longing for more than we have, the envying of those who possess that, and the wish to appear in the world of more consequence than we really are, which destroy our peace of mind, and eventually lead to ruin.

I never witnessed a man submitting to circumstances with good humour and good sense, so remarkably as in my friend Alexander Willemott. When I first met him, since our school days, it was the close of the war; he had been a large contractor with government for army clothing and accoutrements, and was said to have realised an immense fortune, although his accounts were not yet settled. Indeed, it was said that they were so vast that it would employ the time of six clerks, for two years, to examine them, previous to the balance sheet being struck. As I observed, he had been at school with me, and, on my return from the East Indies, I called upon him to renew our old acquaintance, and congratulate him upon his success.

"Yes, Reynolds," he replied, "I am very good cook; she unites the solidity of the English with the delicacy of the French fare, and, altogether I think it a *decided improvement*. Jane is quite a treasure." After dinner, he observed, "Of course you know I have sold Belem Castle, and reduced my establishment. Government has lately, but I am sorry to say, been short of commissioners, and a body of men will do that, which, as individuals, they would be ashamed of. The fact is, the odium is borne by no one in particular, and it is only the sense of shame which keeps us honest, I'm afraid. However, here you see me, with a comfortable fortune, and I am happy to see my friends, especially my old schoolfellow. Will you take port or claret; the port is very fine, and so is the claret. By the by, do you know—I'll let you into a family secret; Louisa is to be married to a Colonel Wiler—an excellent match. It has made us all happy."

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"The dinner was excellent, and I paid it the encomiums which were due to it," he said. "I am very good cook; she unites the solidity of the English with the delicacy of the French fare, and, altogether I think it a *decided improvement*. Jane is quite a treasure." After dinner, he observed, "Of course you know I have sold Belem Castle, and reduced my establishment. Government has lately, but I am sorry to say, been short of commissioners, and a body of men will do that, which, as individuals, they would be ashamed of. The fact is, the odium is borne by no one in particular, and it is only the sense of shame which keeps us honest, I'm afraid. However, here you see me, with a comfortable fortune, and I am happy to see my friends, especially my old schoolfellow. Will you take port or claret; the port is very fine, and so is the claret. By the by, do you know—I'll let you into a family secret; Louisa is to be married to a Colonel Wiler—an excellent match. It has made us all happy."

"Do not be afraid, my dear fellow—my cook is an *artiste extraordinaire*—a regular *Cordon Bleu*. You may eat any thing without fear of indigestion. How people can live upon the English cookery of the present day, I cannot conceive. I seldom dine out, for fear of being poisoned. Depend upon it, a good cook lengthsens your days, and no price is too great to insure one."

When the ladies retired, being alone, we entered into friendly conversation, I expressed my admiration of his daughters, who certainly were very handsome and elegant girls.

"They are true; they are more than passable," replied he. "We have had many offers, but not such as come up to my expectations. Baronets are cheap now-a-days, and Irish lords are nothings; I hope to settle them comfortably. We shall see. Try this claret; you will find it excellent, not a headache in a hoghead of it. How people can drink port and champagne, and horses which is delightful; it makes your spirits elastic, and you feel that the poor animals are not at hard labour. Rather than not drive four, I would prefer to stay at home."

Our ride was very pleasant, and, in such amusements passed away one of the most pleasant weeks that I ever remembered. Willemott was not the least altered—he was as cheerful as upon our first meeting, and when he was at school. I left him, pleased with his prosperity, and acknowledging that he was well deserving of it, although his ideas had assumed such a scale of magnificence.

I went to India when my leave expired, and was ab-

sent about four years. On my return, I enquired after my friend Willemott, and was told that his circumstances and expectations had been greatly altered. From many causes, such as a change in the government, a demand for economy, and the wording of his contracts having been differently rendered from what Willemott had supposed their meaning to be, large items had been struck out of his balance sheet, and, instead of being a millionaire, he was now a gentleman with a handsome property. Belem Castle had been sold, and he was now living at Richmond, as hospitable as ever, and was considered a great addition to the neighbourhood. I took the earliest opportunity of going down to see him.

"O, my dear Reynolds, this is really kind of you to come without invitation. Your room is ready, and, well aired, for it was slept in three nights ago. Come—Mrs. Willemott will be delighted to see you."

"Yes," replied he, "she is very good cook; she unites the solidity of the English with the delicacy of the French fare, and, altogether I think it a *decided improvement*. Jane is quite a treasure." After dinner, he observed, "Of course you know I have sold Belem Castle, and reduced my establishment. Government has lately, but I am sorry to say, been short of commissioners, and a body of men will do that, which, as individuals, they would be ashamed of. The fact is, the odium is borne by no one in particular, and it is only the sense of shame which keeps us honest, I'm afraid. However, here you see me, with a comfortable fortune, and I am happy to see my friends, especially my old schoolfellow. Will you take port or claret; the port is very fine, and so is the claret. By the by, do you know—I'll let you into a family secret; Louisa is to be married to a Colonel Wiler—an excellent match. It has made us all happy."

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"These are handsome horses," observed I. "Yes," replied he, "I am fond of good horses; and, as I only keep a pair, I have the best. There is a certain degree of pretension in four horses. I do not much like it, but it appears as if you wished to outstep your neighbours."

I spent a few very pleasant days, and then quitted his hospitable roof. A severe cold, caught that winter, induced me to take the advice of the physicians, and proceed to the south of France, where I remained two years. On my return, I was informed that Willemott had speculated, and had been unlucky on the Stock Exchange; that he had left Richmond, and was now living at Clapham. The next day I met him near the Exchange.

"Reynolds, I am happy to see you. Thompson told me that you had come back. If not better engaged, come down to see me; I will drive you down at four o'clock, if it will suit."

It suited me very well, and, at four o'clock I met him, according to appointment, at a lively stable over the Iron Bridge. His vehicle was ordered out; it was a phaeton, drawn by two long-tailed ponies—altogether a very neat concern. We set off at a rapid pace.

"They step out well, don't they? We shall be down in plenty of time to put on a pair of shoes by five o'clock, and then your dinnering. I am sure you will suit me, for your dinnering. Of course, you know that Louisa has a little boy."

I did not, but congratulated him.

"Yes; and has now gone out to India with her husband. Mary is also engaged to be married—a very good match—a Mr. Rivers, in the law. He has been a partner in the bank, and promises well. They will be a little pinched at first, but we must see what we can do for them."

We stopped at a neat row of houses, I forget the name, and, as we drove up, the servant, the only manservant, came out, and took the ponies round to the stable, while the maid received my luggage, and one or two porters, carrying a few boxes for the occasion. I was met with the same warmth as usual by Mrs. Willemott. The house was small, but very neat; the remnants of former grandeur appeared here and there, in one or two little articles, favourites of the lady. We sat down at five o'clock to a plain dinner, and were at-

tended by the footman, who had rubbed down the ponies and pulled on his livery.

"A good plain cook is the best thing, after all," observed Willemott. "Your fine cooks won't condescend to roast and boil. Will you take care of this sirloin? We understand you excellent. My dear, give Mr. Reynolds some Yorkshire pudding."

When we were left alone after dinner, Willemott told me, very unconcernedly, of his losses.

"It was my own fault," said he; "I wished to make up a little sum for the girls, and risking what they would have no more. I left them almost penniless. However, we can always command a bottle of port and a beefsteak, and what more in this world can you have? Will you take port or white? I have no claret to offer you."

We finished our port, but I could perceive no difference in Willemott. He was just as happy and as cheerful as ever. He drove me to town the next day. During our drive, he observed, "I like ponies, they are so little trouble; and I prefer them to driving one horse in this vehicle, as I can put my wife and daughter into it. It's selfish to keep a carriage for yourself alone; and one horse in a four-wheeled double chair appears like an imposition upon the poor animal."

I went to Scotland, and remained about a year. On my return, I found that my friend Willemott had again shifted his quarters. He was at Brighton; and having nothing better to do, I put myself in the "Times," and arrived at the Bedford hotel. It was not until after some enquiry, that I could find out his address. At last I obtained it, in a respectable but not fashionable part of this overgrown town. Willemott received me just as before.

I have no spare bed to offer you, but you must break and dine with us every day. Our house is small, but it's very comfortable, and Brighton is a very convenient place. You know Mary is married. A good place in the courts was for sale, and my wife and I agreed to purchase it for Rivers. It has reduced us a little, but I am happy to see my friends, especially my old business altogether; in fact, as my daughters are both married, and we have enough to live upon, what can we wish for more? Brighton is very gay and always healthy, and, as for carriage and horses, they are of no use here—there are *flies* at every corner of the streets."

I accepted his invitation to dinner. A parlour-maid waited, but every thing, although very plain, was clean and comfortable.

"I have still a bottle of wine for a friend, Reynolds," said Willemott, after dinner, "but, for my part, I prefer *whisky* to claret. It agrees with me better. Here's to the health of my two girls, God bless them, and success to them in life!"

"My dear Willemott," said I, "I take the liberty of an old friend, but I am astonished at your philosophy, that I cannot help it. When I call to mind Belem Castle, your large establishment, your luxuries, your French cook, and your stud of cattle, I wonder at your contented state of mind under such a change of circumstances."

"I almost wonder myself, my dear fellow," replied he. "I never could have believed, at that time, that I should be happily under such a change of circumstances; but the fact is, that, although I have been a contractor, I have a good conscience; then, my wife is an excellent woman, and provided she sees me and her daughters happy, thinks nothing about herself; and, further, I have made it a rule, as I have been going down hill, to find reasons why I should be thankful, and not discontented. Depend upon it, Reynolds, it is not a loss of fortune which will affect your happiness, as long as you have peace and love at home."

I took my leave of Willemott and his wife, with respect as well as regard; convinced that there was no pretended indifference to worldly advantages, that it was not, that the grapes were sour, but that he had learned the whole art of happiness, by being contented with what he had, and by "cutting his coat according to his cloth."

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoranda of a Residence at the Court of London. By Richard Rush, Envoy extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America, from 1817 to 1825. Octavo, pp. 460. Carey, Lea & Blanchard, 1833.

One would think, since the reception of this work, that all the accounts which we hear of the bitterness and hatred between the English and Americans are more fables. It has met with great success, and the publishers have exhibited no small discernment in spending about four times as much paper and printing as the solid bulk of its contents really required. They knew it would sell, and they have not been disappointed.*

It possesses many valuable and peculiar characteristics—it is, for example, the production of a gentleman in the most enlarged sense of the term, and of a man of high official rank. It comes from one of a political party, generally in opposition to England, and, therefore, unfit to praise, or contentedly to hear praised, that country. It comes from one who evidently enjoyed associations with those portions of English society, into which probably no other American official, except Mr. King, and certainly no private American gentleman ever yet entered; and it has received from all quarters, and all parties, the praise which its discreet, sensible, and instructive contents really deserve. Mr. Rush has made his work agreeable. He had it in his power to render it very philosophical, disquisitorial and dull, and he has had the wisdom to abstain from any such displays. He has had the good taste to treat subjects of a familiar nature so lightly, and yet so fully, as to avoid even the tinge of common-place. No suspicion of egotism or of a love of personal display can attach upon him; and one feels, in reading his book, that though he saw and heard what in one sense might be called much better things than he has set down in print, yet those better things

being much more known, or the knowledge of them much more easily attainable, he has had the sound discretion to fill his book with scenes of which we had no correct idea; and perhaps in developing the traits of the highest and best society in the world, to lead to improvements in certain particulars in our own.

Few men were more capable than Mr. Rush, to make his way, and attract the respect, or what in mere matters of society is of more importance, the good will of those with whom he was cast. His own talents and manners, not to speak of the immense advantage which was given to him in the sterling and brilliant qualities of one to whom he so delicately, and yet so proudly alludes, would have secured those much desired entrées, seldom opened to the dull, the inelegant, or the undeserving; and the name of his father, than which none can be more admired abroad, and none more worthy of admiration anywhere, formed a particular claim to consideration. But, in addition to this, his sagacity, his discernment, his knowledge of the world, and generally his *bienveillance* were of more value to him than wealth, or rank as a diplomatist. In a society so complicated, so conventional, and so arbitrary as the English, these were his passports.

Mr. Rush's work, as it unfolds the real state of society, and the dispositions of the higher classes of England, must have its effect in dispelling many of those miserable prejudices which many well meaning persons entertain in respect to that country; and much of that bad taste which as it is perceptible in our own society, is derived from the vile novels which we so eagerly read. To take the word of many virtuous but not over discerning persons in this country, a nobleman or gentleman of England, is a compound of all the basest, lowest, and most filthy vices—of the most brutal, unmanly qualities—of the most grovelling ignorance and uneducated stupidity—while their society is a scene of falsehood, luxury, cheating, and crime, con-, to which the whole world presents no resemblance. These people never stop to think of the absurdity of such opinions respecting a country of which the morality is our standard—from which we imbibe almost all our ideas of municipal, and of moral rectitude—of which the credit, in every sense, is the most extended and most unquestioned in the world—the laws the most wisely, vigorously,

and impartially administered—the value of man most accurately ascertained—the state of society such that the millions who are gathered together in a space but little exceeding that of the state of Pennsylvania, exist without bloodshed, rapine, or crime of a proportionably greater quantity, and absolutely of a less frightful character than our own country; a condition which the mere nature of man would render utterly impossible, if transgressions were not at once invariably punished. These things, which it can be no discredit to admit, but is a great dishonour not to realise in this land, are never considered by them; but, on the contrary, their opinions are founded on the slang of such vulgar and disgraced hack pamphleteers, as the Cobbetts, the Hunts, and we had almost said the Benthamites—we certainly may say the Benthamites. And as to the bad taste to which we have alluded, as drawn from the novels of the day, how can it be otherwise, while such despicable and emulcinate productions as the *Exclusives*, *Sydenham*, *Fitz-george*, *Almacke*, *Ecarte*, *Crockfords*, *Falkland*, *Paul Clifford*, &c. &c. without number, are read, as presenting a picture of society, and a model of gentlemen. We venture to say, and have some reason to believe that in good society in England, all but the last named novels are unknown, and these contemned. Lord Sidmouth says, in conversation with Mr. Rush, that Lord Chesterfield's letters are scarcely known, and not regarded in the class of society for which they were intended, for that the principal objects of education in that sphere were truth, courage, and the maxims of Christianity. All of these novelists, Mr. Bulwer in particular, outrage every one of these objects. Mr. Bulwer has written in a powerful style for a class in his own country, which, from an ill-directed love of popularity, and perhaps from political motives, if he be, as we do not believe he is, capable of such remoteness of plan, he intended to mystify, and in this he has succeeded. But we doubt very much whether he, or any of these, looked so far as to mystify the good people of this continent, and particularly the intelligent classes, in which, however, they have been completely successful. These books are reprinted, and they are almost the only books which are reprinted, in this country. They are bought, (and they are almost the only books which are bought, except in both cases, merely professional works), and

* The whole could have been printed in the Circulating Library for 20 cents. Retail price of the book, 33 25.

read among us as if they were works of genius—as if they were full descriptions of any conceivable state of society—or, as if they were the productions of any other than some imaginative but vulgar attorney's clerk, or of some drivelling, but money making bookseller's hack.

They describe exactly the coats, waistcoats, and pantaloons of their heroes, and make some effort to give an idea of the walk and manner of a gentleman in the street, where alone the authors see such characters; but as for the conversation, the style of thought, the intercourse, the habitudes of gentlemen and ladies, who, after all, must be very much the same every where—un gentilhomme est toujours gentilhomme—in all this they fail completely and ridiculously. Who can avoid to see the difference between this class and that of Devere, Tremaine, Arlington, and a few others? It is wonderful they have not been found out yet among us. Most people, however—perhaps the majority of those who read them—find therein about the same kind and same degree of interest and wonderment, as in their earlier years they experienced in the *Oriental Tales*, or Jack the Giant Killer. We are inclined to think that none other can tolerate them.

Here, however, is a gentleman of sound taste, knowledge of the world, and a high sense of personal dignity, who resided for many years in the highest class of English society, in familiar association with those characters who, and whose similars, are known only traditionally to the novel writers. He does not appear ever to have found in them one of those traits which are so much developed, and to our shame be it spoken, so much copied in this country. Instead of the insolence of rank, whether disguised in coldness, or exhibited in arrogance, he found simplicity and ease, an utter forgetfulness of self, entire absence of personality, either good or ill natured; conversation the most various, instructive and delightful, and splendour of equipage, sustained by talent and power, of which it was the fit ornament—not the sole claim to consideration, or exhibiting only the successful cupidity of the possessor. He found men of great distinction in politics, war, or literature—of eminent titles, of unbounded wealth—forgetting each his peculiar attribute or source of admiration, except as to remember it might immediately or remotely contribute to the present pleasure or general welfare of the community; but he does not appear to have seen the trappings of nobility envied and emulated by people whose sole fitness to lead or influence society, is founded upon the pecuniary ability which they have derived from a lucky speculation, or a successful run of practice. This book must be understood by full quotations from it.

* January 20. Dined at Lord Castlereagh's. The company consisted of Lord and Lady Castlereagh, the Earl of Westmoreland, Lord Melville, Lord Mulgrave, Mr. Willsley Pale, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Burghersh, the ambassador of France and his marchioness, the Austrian ambassador, the Portuguese ambassador and his countess, the minister plenipotentiary from Bavaria, the Marquis Grimaldi of Sardinia, and a few others. Of the foregoing, some were strangers, to whom, as to myself, it was a first dinner.

Our names were announced by servants in the hall, and on the landings. The company had chiefly assembled when we arrived. All were in full black, under the court-mourning for the Princess Charlotte. I am wrong—one lady was in white satin, a singularity that would have been painful to remark, but that she had a degree of ease and dignity enabled her, after the first effusion, to turn her misfortune into a grace. Salutations were

in subdued tones, but cordial, and the hand given. Introductions took place at convenient moments. Before eight, dinner was announced. The dining room was to the floor with the drawing rooms. As we entered it through a door-way surrounded by a hanging curtain that drew aside, the effect was beautiful. A profusion of light fell upon the cloth, and as every thing else was in white, the effect was covered and wined in ranges of silver coolers, the whole had an aspect of pure white. Lord Castlereagh sat at the head. On his right, was the lady of the French ambassador, with whom in going in to dinner, he had led the way. Lady Castlereagh was on the side, half way down. On her left, was the lady of the United States, and between the ladies, between the duke and the Earl of Westmoreland was my wife, who came in upon the arm of the latter. Opposite, was the lady of the Portuguese ambassador. She entered with the French ambassador, and sat next to him. I was between Lords Melville and Mulgrave. The former gratified me by the manner in which he spoke of the United States; the latter, of the conduct of President Monroe, who was minister in England when he was secretary for foreign affairs. He had never found him, he said, conciliatory in business, whilst steadfast in his duty. Being near to these two noblemen in coming in, I paused to give place to them, having, as the cabinet minister, no doubt, in French matters plenipotentiary on these occasions; but they declined it, and I went first; Lord Melville remarking, "We are at home." There were twelve servants; the superior ones not in livery.

"The general topics related to France, and French society. The foreigners spoke English; nevertheless, the conversation was nearly all in French. This was not only the case when the English addressed the foreigners, but in speaking to each other. Before dinner, I had observed in the drawing room, books on the tables. As many as I glanced at, were French. I thought of the days of Charles II., when the tastes of the English all upon the model of France. Here, at the house of an English minister of state, French literature, the French language, French topics, all were around me: I add, French entrées, French wines! I was unwilling to believe that the parallel to the days of Charles II. held throughout. (By my longer residence in England I discovered, that the English classes were not ready to copy from the French what they thought good, that the same classes in France, to copy from England. As regards language, the difference is striking. There is scarcely a well educated person in England, who does not speak French, whilst thousands among the best educated in France, are ignorant of English. In the competition between the great nations, this gives England an advantage. It is no answer, that French is the language of intercourse in Europe; the Frenchman may repose upon this, for not acquiring the English; but it cannot take from Englishmen the advantage of being at home in both languages. Equally have the English the advantage of travel. They go in great numbers to France; while few of the French, comparatively speaking, visit England.

"Soon after nine, the ladies left table. Before ten, the gentlemen followed. The company broke into groups, and I found, though the coffee and the coffee was handed. In one, was a full length likeness of the Prince Regent, by Lawrence; in another, the celebrated portrait of Charles I., by Vandeyck, presenting three views of his face; scattered about in all, were articles of virtue or munificence. Of the latter, were vases of ornate porcelain, and other memorials, such as presented to Lord Castlereagh by the crowned heads of Europe, after the treaties of Paris and Vienna. I had no conversation, for which opportunities had not been before offered. The Austrian ambassador told me, that his court had appointed Baron Sturmer consul general to the United States; the more, as foreign commerce had become an object with Austria. I replied, that my government would receive the information with satisfaction. This was the first public offer sent by Austria to the United States, and laid the foundation of commercial relations that had not before subsisted between the two nations. I remarked, that the commerce between them was doing well. He replied, "For a beginning," he replied. I added a hope, that the flag of the United States might find admittance into that sea; but it was a point on which he was not prepared to speak. To Lord Castlereagh, I expressed the pleasure I had derived from making the acquaintance of the French ambassador, and his marchioness. He then spoke of the duke. He said, that his achievements in war were known; but that his ability in coun-

cil, his caution, his conciliation in dealing with the complicated arrangements of the continent that had followed his battles, were not so much known; these formed not less a part of his character, and had gained for him, perhaps in a higher degree than centered in any other individual in Europe, the confidence of his cabinets and sovereigns.

"The Prince's lordship said, that the Prince Regent would probably be in town by the middle of February, and that I might then expect my audience of reception. "At eleven, I came away. The servants were at their stations, and passed the call for my carriage, as when we were announced; forms observed towards all the company."

* January 31. Dined at the Earl of Westmoreland's, at his residence, Grosvenor square. Forms, were as at Lord Castlereagh's. The party was small—Sir John Lady and Lady Anne Besset, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson of Baltimore, the Danish minister, and some members of Lord Westmoreland's family. The cheerful manner of his lordship promoted conversation. Much of it related to England. Duelling was spoken of. His lordship said, that among private gentlemen in England, he only met, that a person from this class had been engaged in a duel. He said, that in a club, composed of gentlemen, there would be a scrutiny, and unless it appeared that he was not quarrelsome, he would be in danger of rejection; but that, if he had been engaged in two, he believed he would certainly be black balled. His lordship did not condemn duelling. He only meant, that on occasions of it in private life there were so few in classes where the restraints of good manners prevailed, that he whose misfortune it was to have two duels on his hands, would find gentlemen shy of him as an associate in such institutions. It was upon this, he grounded his opinion. His lordship's urbanity and good evening very pleasant, and it was not until a late hour that we got home."

* March 4. Went the evening before last, to a party at the Duchess of Cumberland's, St. James's palace.

"This is among the oldest buildings in London. It presents on the street, a fortress-like aspect. To what extent it was intended for defence, is not clear, but it is an irregular pile. But the very confusion in its plan, with its antiquity, and the sentinels pacing day and night about its purlieus, minister to the fancy, making amends for its want of good architecture. So say some, who are accustomed to the sight of edifices that go far into the side of the hill, and the ingenuity which seeks back into their first feelings. I remembered this palace, historically, as the one from the windows of which George III. showed himself to the people when rejoicings were going on for the capture of Quebec.

"We drove under a gatehouse leading to a paved court yard. Here we alighted down at the entrance to the Duke of Cumberland's apartments. Directed by servants who lined the way, we passed up to the rooms of entertainment. The company was not very large. In a rich arm chair at the opening of a wide doorway between two of the rooms, sat the Prince Regent; on the other side of the Duchess of Cumberland, on the other the Marchioness of Salisbury, and the Duchess of Devonshire stood. When we entered, all were listening to music. Members of the royal family, cabinet ministers, the foreign ambassadors, with their respective ladies, and others, formed the groups. I observed among the lord chancellor, Sir Walter Scott, and Mr. Canning. On the music, there was no conversation. The Duchess of Cumberland, spoke kindly of my country, and individuals belonging to it; particularly Mr. and Mrs. Adams, whom she had known at the court of Berlin. The duke talked to me of the United States, embracing in his enquiries, language; with regard to her, for, if at all, we felt a little strange in idiom or pronunciation from the parent stock.

"I had introductions to several persons. Whilst in conversation with the Earl of Hardwicke, a gentleman stood within a few paces of us. I did not know him. He was trying to find you every evening in London. Erskine, this man, had commenced my acquaintance, and was trying to find me. There was no one in England of whose fame I had often heard, or whom I

more desired to know. He continued:—I had a letter for you from my brother the Earl of Buchan, but you made me carry it so long in my pocket, that I lost it; it had no secrets; it was only to congratulate you on your arrival; he was long a correspondent and friend of your father's, and wants to transfer his feelings to you, there all; so you can write to him as if you had received it." I assured him of my gratification at meeting his acquaintance, and made due apologies for the omission on my card. He enquired for President Monroe, Mr. Pinckney, and others; said he had always loved the United States, and hoped to visit them yet, as he was an old sailor, and could nothing for the storm. Such was his sprightly spirit. He must have been seventy, or near by; but, as Sir Francis Burrett said of him, he illustrated the fable of youth peeping through the mask of age. It was a treat to see so much genius with so few wrinkles; such a social glow from one whose powerful eloquence had been felt by the English nation, and helped to change, on some fundamental points, the English law. He sauntered about with me, and looked at the paintings. There was a full length of George II., another of George III., and one of Henry of Scotland; a "royal judge," he feared, but very pretty. We entered a room, at the extremity of the suite, where was a table set out with golden vessels, fruit, and other light refreshments; to which those went who were inclined. At one o'clock, we came away. The music was by professional performers. Not only the first musical talents of England engaged for private entertainments of distinction, but the best from Italy, France, and other parts of the continent; the Fodors, the Pastas, the Ambrogetti, the Catalanis, who may always be seen in London."

"April 3. Dined at Earl Bathurst's. Earl and Countess Bathurst, the Duke of York, the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of Montrose, Lord Lyndoch, Mr. and Mrs. Villiers, Mrs. Rush, Sir Henry Torrens, General Maitland, Mr. Goulburn, and a few others, were the company."

"Conversation turned upon the United States; their climate, government, productions, steam boats, and other topics. On a question respecting the width of a river, in the United States, I was at a loss; on which one of the royal dukes put me right. Both of them were of our constitution. They asked how the Senate and Supreme Court were modelled, not well perceiving the line between the national and state authorities in matters of judicature. I endeavoured in a few words to explain, which however was not exact, to do in a few words; and it was no place for dissertation. The colonisation society was spoken of, and its objects approved. Lord Bathurst expressed a hope that it might select a better place on the coast of Africa, than England had done in selecting Sierra Leone; which was known to have proved unhealthy. Enquiries were made as to the amount of our slave population, the ratio of its increase, and others bearing on this subject. I answered them with an admission of the general evil of slavery in the United States; but added that there were great mitigations, in the good treatment of the slaves. To this my exceptions, I said, were rare, and scarcely known at all, among the better classes of our southern states. The effect of good treatment was, to diffuse in a large degree content and happiness among the slaves. Conciliatory sentiments towards the United States ran throughout all the conversation."

"The table, at one hour passed in the drawing rooms, where conversation was continued. All gave precedence to the royal dukes; whilst from them, there was urbanity to all."

"June 6. Dined at Mr. Canning's, at his residence, Grosvenor Lodge, near the city. We had a very changed party by cards. The latter part of the evening, during which he was secretary for foreign affairs, brought me into much intercourse with him, personal and official; but this was the first time I had met him, except at levees and drawing rooms. To the space he received in public estimation, I could be no stranger. He received his guests cordially. The group which sat in his house were not extensive, but very neat, and shut in by trees. All was seclusion, the moment the gates closed; a common beauty in the villas near London. The drawing rooms opened on a portico, from which we went out upon a terrace, where the most sumptuous lawns which Johnson, speaking of Pope's poetry, likes to velvet; and we had the soft twilight, which the season lasts so long in England, and sets off verdure to such advantage. 'You see,' said Mr. Canning, 'how we prize your plants,' pointing to some rhododend-

rons; 'you must be fond of horticulture in the United States, from the specimens we have in your flower-beds.' I said it was a growing taste with us, but that we had much to do before we should equal England in this respect. 'And we in England,' he said, 'are behind Holland, and I believe France, in flowers.'

Dinner was soon announced. Mr. and Mrs. Canning, the Marquis of Stafford, Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower, the Spanish ambassador, his duchess, the Neapolitan minister and his countess, my wife, Mr. Chinnery, and some members of Mr. Canning's family, made the party. Mr. Canning sat at the head. His quick eye was all round the table; his aim, to draw out others, rather than converse himself. Occasionally, he had touches of plebeian gaiety. Mr. Pinckney, of Maryland, formerly minister from the United States. 'I once,' said he, 'had a skirmish with him about language, but he worsted me; I said there was no such word as *influential*, except in America, but he convinced me that it was originally carried over from England.' Lord Stafford had been in America, so we good a word they ought to bring it back. 'Yes,' said Mr. Canning, 'it is a very good word, and I know no reason why it should have remained in America, but that we lost the thing.'

"I returned to the suite of rooms. When we came out from dinner, some of the company were pastime in turning over the leaves of caricatures, bound up in large volumes. They went back to the French revolutionary period. Kings, princes, cabinet ministers, members of parliament, every body, figured in them; in England, in caricature, for five and twenty years; and need I add, that our accomplished host was on many a page! He stood by. Now and then he threw in a word, giving new point to the scenes. It is among the contradictions of the English, that, shy and sensitive as the higher classes in many respects are, perhaps beyond any other people, they are utterly indifferent to these kind of attacks. Their public men also, except the few from private life, and you meet with persons of opposite parties mingling together as if nothing divided them."

"He asked who were our favourite authors in the United States. The English, I said. But among the English? Johnson, Dryden, Addison, or Swift? Opinions varied, I said; Johnson had his admirers; but I asked, that after five and twenty, our readers for the most part came round to the others. They were his favourites, he said. Next he asked, is not Junius liked? Generally he, I said; I had heard of a young gentleman in Philadelphia, who transcribed all his letters, in the hope of catching his style. He made no comment; but I thought I saw that he would not be disposed to recommend a young friend to take that trouble. From the Spanish ambassador I had every civility, notwithstanding the pamphlet."

"I was my first dinner at Mr. Canning's. Many and agreeable ones followed. I saw Mr. Macintosh said of him in debate, that he had incorporated in his mind all the elegance and wisdom of ancient literature. It was a high tribute from a political opponent and competent judge. Both were first rate men, as well by their own merits as the most elaborate cultivation, and both disciplined by an adventurous preparation in great political and social sciences; Macintosh universal and profound; Canning, making every thing bend to parliamentary supremacy; the one, delivering speeches in the House of Commons for the philosopher and statesman to reflect upon; the other, winning in that arena, daily victories. Both an admirable power to charm in society; the one various and instructive; the other intuitive and brilliant; Macintosh, by his elementary turn, removed from all collisions; Canning, sagacious as well as logical in debate, and sometimes also allowing his wit to trespass in the former field; but, in private circles, bland, courteous, and obliging. Let me add that both were self made men; enjoying by this title, the highest political consideration and social esteem in the most powerful and brilliant circles, hereditary and otherwise, of the British empire."

"We shall return to this work in a future number."

American Ornithology, or, Natural History of Birds inhabiting the United States not given by Wilson. By Charles Lucian Bonaparte. Vol. IV. Philadelphia, Carey & Lea. London, John Miller.

The present volume contains fifteen specimens very elaborately finished by Lawson, and amply

sustaining his high reputation in that branch of his art. The plate containing the Florida gallinule and the yellow rail is especially superb. The typographical execution is imposing, though not so far in advance of previous volumes as seems due to the rapid improvement, in the art.

The author himself suffers by comparison with his predecessor—his descriptions being recitatory, heavy, and full of technical disquisition; running tills of scientific distinction with every author who has misplaced an ill-marked species. There is all the difference between his notices and Wilson's, that may be discerned in two portraits of the same beauty—one by a feed painter and the other by the glowing pencil of a lover.

Obscurities, if not contradictory at least puzzling, sometimes occur, scarcely pardonable in a fifteen dollar volume pretending to much scientific enlightenment—speaking of the Florida gallinule, the red-faced cock of Browne, he says "Those that migrate travel by night; owing to their short rounded wings, composed of falcate feathers, their flight is *slow and limited*, and by no means rapid, so that they only have recourse to it in the last extremity, when it is performed with the legs hanging down, in a way peculiar to themselves. * * * Their flight is, however, *rapid, when elevated and fairly started*," &c., p. 155.

History of the Indian Tribes of North America: Folio, with coloured plates. Edited by Colonel McKenney.

This great national work is now in press by Messrs Key & Biddle. Having seen some of the portraits only, we must defer a critical notice until the letter press is ready, when we shall speak of it more at large. A few general observations will exhibit the scope and object of the work.

The design embraces, besides the history, biographical sketches, and anecdotes of the principal chiefs, accompanied and embellished with one hundred and twenty portraits from the Indian gallery in the department of war at Washington. Every thing that can throw light upon this curious people will be collected from authentic sources. The portraits will be exact likenesses of those they represent; their costumes will be preserved, including the various devices resorted to by the natives of the forest for ornamenting their bodies with paints, feathers and wampum, &c. A vocabulary of the languages spoken by the various tribes, upon an improved plan, will be given at the end.

The public are familiar with the name of Colonel McKenney, under whose particular supervision, as chief of the Bureau of Indian affairs at Washington, that interesting gallery of portraits was painted. He has had the advantage of personal intercourse with the various northern and southern tribes, and his manuscript will undergo the revision of a gentleman high in the estimation of his countrymen for talents and accurate knowledge. There can therefore be little doubt of the excellence of the entire production.

Mr. H. S. Tanner has issued No. 6. of his New and Elegant Universal Atlas, a work which has, deservedly, found favour with the country. The present number consists of five maps, executed in the best manner; of the State of Missouri, the Territory of Michigan, Territory of Arkansas, Russia in Europe, and Sweden and Norway.

VARIETIES.

A good resolution.—The Albany Daily Advertiser, one of the best papers in the country, holds the following language in relation to our stand in regard to puffing:

"Here is a redeeming touch at last, and it is indeed time that some change should be made in the system of universal 'puff,' which has become so fashionable with nearly all the newspapers. The public are beginning to find out the trick, and however slow they may be to accept the fact, the publishers will discover that this indiscriminate praise deceives no body. It is very hard we know to take the urgent personal appeal of an old and steady subscriber and advertiser for an innocent puff, but it would be better for all parties if there was a reform in this matter. As to the leaders, it is especially necessary, because the readers rely at all upon the declared opinions of a journalist, they may be thereby induced to purchase a valueless book—and if they do not so rely, what is the use of a puff. The Mirror has set a good example in this business, which as to books we have resolved to follow, otherwise it may. We are set down our foot—we puff no more—praise where praise is deserved we shall readily accord—and alike condemnation."

Some time ago a schooner got aground between the Demerara and Essequibo rivers; she lay in the mud for several tides, and at last was noticed by a pilot cutter, the master of which boarded the schooner; and found half the crew asleep; the others were coolly roasting plantains. "Why don't you lay out a warp and try to get your vessel off? if it comes on to blow you will be lost," said the pilot. "We no care, suppose lost," replied Quaro; "massa schooner, massa nigger—all massa's loss."—*Alexander's Transatlantic Sketches.*

The royal government of Spain has ordered a bust of Cervantes to be placed in front of the house he inhabited at Madrid.

One of the celebrated Obelisks of Thebes has reached London.

It is said of Bayle that he read much by his fingers; meaning that he had the art of distinguishing that which is most curious and important in a book without the trouble of a regular, minute perusal. Such an art is particularly desirable at an era when the press is incredibly prolific.

It is remarked that "it is much safer, in general, to speak of the contents of books positively than negatively, as the latter requires that they should first be read." Hence so much general praise of books.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Statutes of Ohio, in 3 vols., super royal octavo, are in press at Cincinnati, by the Publishers of the American History, Science and Literature, by James Hall. The first volume to be published next month.

The Western Monthly Magazine continues to reach us regularly, and occasionally furnishes a rare article.

Mr. Rennie, author of *Insect Miscellanies*, *Architecture of Birds*, &c., has a work in hand, on the *Habits of Birds*, and a second on the *Faculties of Birds*.

Dr. Horsefield is busily employed in preparing the third part of his elaborate work on the lepidopterous insects of Java.

Swainson's Ornithological Drawings, illustrating the system of nature, is the title of a new work, by the industrious Mr. Swainson. It is the result of many years' study, and preparatory accumulation of materials.

It contains a series of colored drawings, in monthly numbers, each containing five quarto plates. A printed volume will be furnished at the termination of the series. The first series is comprised in the *Fauna Borealis Americana*, described, but not figured in the *Fauna Borealis Americana* of Dr. Richardson and Mr. Swainson. The whole undertaking will embrace 1000 plates, to be completed in a few years.

Mr. Bakewell has published in London, the fourth edition of his Introduction to Geology, considerably enlarged, with an additional chapter, containing a review of the prevailing theories of geology, as supported by existing phenomena. We should be pleased to see this edition republished in this country.

Dr. John Gould is about to publish, in London, an entirely new work, on the birds of Europe. The author, in his prospectus, considers that the birds of Europe have been less illustrated, and are proportionally less known, than those of other parts of the world. He proposes that his work shall fill up this inequality.

LONDON.

Mr. Madden, author of *Travels in Turkey* has just published in London, a new work, entitled the *Infirmities of Genius*.

A treatise on Astronomy, by Sir John Herschel as the *Advocate* of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia.

A second edition of McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary.

A treatise on the Violin.

The Private Correspondence of Dr. Franklin has been published in London, in 2 vols. 8vo.

Memoirs of Mrs. Inchbold, by J. Boden, are announced by Longman.

Cooper's new novel, the *Headman of Berne*, is announced by Bentley. Also, England and the English, by Bulwer.

Sketches of England by the Baron D'Haussey, ex-minister of Charles X.

Sketches of the author of the *Subaltern*, called Allen Breck, in 3 vols.

The Americans; by an American in London, signed C. Colton, is slightly noticed in the *Literary Gazette*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS

PUBLISHED IN LONDON, THIS WEEK OR NEXT.

Tales for an English Home, by G. M. Sterne, 12mo.—Fleming's Views of the Lakes of Scotland, Part II.—Church Reform, 8vo.—The Causes of Respiration, by J. Carson, M. D. 8vo.—Brown's Conchologists' Text Book, 12mo.—Rennie's Alphabet of Angling, 18mo.—The Complete Greek and Latin prose Poems, 8vo.—Edinburgh Cabinet Library—No. 4 and Abyssinia, by G. M. Russell.

New American Publications.

The Jurymen's Guide throughout the state of New York, and containing general matter for the Lawyer and Law Officer. By Chas. Edwards, Counselor and Attorney at Law, New York.

In press, The American Universal Geography, for schools and academies, on the principle of analysis and comparison, illustrated by copperplate and stereotype maps, by Rev. J. M. Blake, A. M.

The third number of the National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans, of which the portraits are executed by J. B. Longacre, is ready for delivery to subscribers.

The Historic Tales of France from the earliest period of the Conquest of Charles X., a good compilation for the use of families and schools.

The Gentleman and Lady's Book of Politeness and Propriety of Deportment.

A selection (in the original French) from Madame Guizot's Tales for Young Persons. In this department, the works of Madame Guizot, in France, deservedly a reputation similar to that which those of Miss Edgeworth enjoy in Great Britain.

Mr. Tanner has just published a new edition of his large sheet Map of the Canals and Rail Roads of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and the adjoining states.

The *Encyclopedia Americana*, No. 2.—On the adaptation of external nature to the physical condition of Man; principally with reference to the supply of his wants, and the exercise of his intellectual faculties. By John Kidd, M. D. F. R. S. &c.

Godolphin, a novel.

Travels of an Irish Gentleman, in search of a Religion, by the Rev. J. H. Rogers, with illustrations, by the editor of Captain Rock's Memoirs, in 1 vol. 12mo.

Collins and Hannay of New York, have commenced what they call, for the sake of a name, "The American Library of History." The two first volumes contain, a History of the Florentine Republic, and of the Republic of Venice, by Lorenzo L. de Ponte, Professor of Italian Literature in the University of the city of New York.

Nos. 3 and 4 of the Theological Library contain, Luther and the Lutheran Reformation, by J. Scott, A. M.

The first number of the Law Review is now before the public, and is well patronised.

The Stolen Child, by Galt.

Burrow's Reports, in the Court of King's Bench, 5 vols. complete in 2 vols. being the second from the fourth London edition, edited by J. P. Hall, Esq.

Continued Reports in the Court of King's Bench, 2 vols. in one; being the second American from the last London edition, edited by J. P. Hall, Esq.

Five numbers of the Christian Library have been published. They contain:—A Memoir of Robert Hall, by Olynthus Gregory, L. L. D. F. R. A. S. Prof. of Divinity in the Royal Academy.—A History of the Reformed Religion, in France, by the Rev. Edward Sneyd, M. A. late Fellow of Sidney College,

Cambridge.—The Life of Wm. Cowper, Esq. by Thomas Taylor.—The Testimony of Nature and Revelation to the Being, Perfection and Government of God, by the Rev. Henry Fergus Dunfermline, author of a part of Lardner's Cyclopaedia. The sixth number was issued on the 15th of this month, and contains Viller's Essay on the Revolution, with an introductory essay by the Rev. Doctor Miller, of Princeton.

The Christian Library is continued, with the above, for £1 25 per annum. Very good and very cheap.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The editor acknowledges with pleasure the following contribution from a close observer of nature, who it is hoped will continue his valuable labours. Similar papers, provided they are short and pithy, will be acceptable.

Ducks hatched under a hen receive instruction from her different from that they would learn from the parent duck, and in different mode of precocious is very apparent in them, from that exercised by chickens hatched by a hen. Last summer I permitted a pet hen to hatch in a room I daily occupied. The chicks seemed to break the shell nearly at the same time, and protruded their heads from the breast of their mother with the first thing they generally saw. When I approached the nest the fowl uttered a sharp cry by which every voice was stifled, all glanced eagerly at me, but not a sound was emitted by one of them. After stopping to witness this effort, I advanced still nearer, when the hen gave a hoarse guttural note, and every head disappeared instantly, and each chick nestled for security, and was hidden, beneath the parent. The difference in the tone of the cry was very distinguishable, but that upon the first appearance or suspicion of danger, so short a time after birth, the chicks should understand a language of the mother fowl, appeared to me a subject worthy of consideration.

This knowledge was instinctive, that is, certain cries of the mother caused certain sensations in the chicks which induced distinct, definite and decided action in correspondence with the intention of the parent fowl.

There was no previous experience to inculcate the intelligence of the sense of the mother, without hesitation or doubt, immediately after birth, for I heard the first cries of the embryo birds.

This spring, one of those same chickens now grown up, came to lay in the same corner of my room where it was hatched, and several of the brood showed similar inclinations, although they were carried from a part of the nest, and made the observations which I stated above, and were not permitted to frequent it where they had left the nest. I allowed one of them to lay in a section of an improved beehive, in the same spot where it was born, and when she showed a disposition to sit, duck eggs were placed under her instead of her own.

When the young ducks were hatched I narrowly watched their behaviour, and found by their manner, that they were perfectly ignorant of the meaning of the sounds uttered by the hen, and of the peculiarities of language by which she enticed them to feed, or warned them of danger. Her cries did not excite in them those feelings which the mother duck would so readily comprehend by chicks. It was only by the experience of the ducklings, and careful instruction of the foster-parent, that they became aware of her intentions. The coincident effects of language and of food, of signs and of shelter soon taught them to know and appreciate her wishes.

Ducks hatched by ducks instinctively understand the language of their own kind, like fowls, but they are taught another tongue, by the same means we are instructed in a strange language, however refined may be its extent. This is a trifling matter, but I think it a curious trifle, offering a very singular analogy. Dogs are made to comprehend the language of their masters, and if the master is a Frenchman or German, the dog must be addressed in German or in French to understand the orders given. Horses learn to know the intentions of their owners by a language of tones or cries, and the same is the case with the various animals, as the fowls, with the masters and among different nations, Pigs, elephants, parrots and sheep, all exhibit similar faculties. The ancients have characterised the language of animals by many beautiful and sensible images, to understand which we must know and observe the peculiarities of the natural character which abounds in the life of our world.

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Rudiments of Natural Knowledge, presented to the youth of the United States, and to emigring foreigners. By a Citizen of Pennsylvania. 12mo. pp. 320. E. L. Carey & A. Hart. 1833.

We regret that the author of this volume, who studiously conceals himself, should have spent so much time to so little purpose. He tells us at the outset, that "retaining very little recollection of the formal rules of grammar, partially studied in his youth, he does not presume to claim exemption from occasional error, &c." And twice informs us that he was indisposed during the course of printing! Now this is exactly the kind of book-making for youth that is not wanted. Grammar is admitted to be very useful in this art, and the young should at least have good models; while "enquiring foreigners" will look for good English. It is a misfortune to be sick—no body doubts that; but people should never be indisposed when they are making books—alias they never should make books while under the doctor's care. They cannot get about comfortably with an inkhorn and pen, while suffering from a painful affection, and are compelled to give hearsay information. It was no doubt on this account that the author of the "Rudiments" has informed us, that the water at the Fairmount works is delivered into large excavations, dug-out by immense labour, upon the top of an eminence." p. 324. If we are not mistaken the principal reservoirs are any thing but excavated.

Probably the two following consecutive paragraphs were written, the one before, the other after an attack of fever; they amount to the same thing, and can in no other way be accounted for.

"The numerous, if not unnumbered tribes and nations, which, in those early days of our intercourse with them, were spread over the whole region, from the northern lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic shores to the Mississippi, have with few exceptions disappeared."

"Many populous tribes, inhabiting along the sea coast and tide waters, have dwindled away,

before the white population, and become extinct."

If there is any difference between the natives above enumerated, it is a difference without a distinction. Those from the *Atlantic shores* to the Mississippi have disappeared while those along the *sea coast*, (query? the Atlantic Sea) have dwindled away, and become extinct. But we cannot dwell upon such matters. We searched in vain for a new idea, till we came to page 244, where will be found chapter 39, headed, "The Eagle map;" soon we pounced upon the thing itself, and a very pretty map it is. But first let the author give his own history thereof.

"The first sudden impress of the form of the figure upon his attention, was under a combination of peculiar circumstances. A map of the United States happened to hang upon the wall of his apartment, upon which a dim lamp light was reflected. The effect of the light, in the particular position in which it was accidentally placed, seemed, as reflected from the various foldings of the map, to cast a shade over the state of Maine, and to mark a kind of separation between it and the adjoining territory. The close connection of this state, as, always, under a common view, necessarily combined with the great general ground plan of the Union, he conceives to be the principle reason why the notion of the figure has not before been apprehended.

"On its first presentation, he was disposed to discard the idea, as merely a sportive play of the imagination, unworthy of notice. The figure, however, once impressed, could not be effaced from the imagination; but was ever afterward in view when his eye happened to glance on a map, till he was at length induced to give the subject a share of consideration, regarding its possible usefulness and moral bearing."

Here again we see the sick chamber. The dim night lamp, and the peculiar circumstances, shadow forth little else than a sleepless night, when the imagination could have free scope for "sportive play."

Boston is under the lower mandible; Portland at the top of the upper (imaginary) beak. The eye, with a red iris, takes in Rutland and Windsor, Vermont. The breast is the Atlantic coast, from which the Indians have disappeared and dwindled away. The legs are in Florida, and the claws are catching Green Turtles in the Tortugas. The wing coverts extend complacently to the Rocky mountains; they are fastened on at Lake Erie, and make a very respectable ornithological display. The tail and vent are properly suspended over the Mississippi, which is appropriately discharging into the Gulf. The body, light; its under feathers are rufous; feathers

on the whole outline cinerous; claws greatly enlarged and hybrid. The species not figured by Audubon.

To conclude the map—in the language of the author:

"The citizens of Maine, it is presumed, will not be offended at the impossibility of comprehending their department in the Union, within the regular form of the figure, when we assign to it the appellation of the cap of liberty, attached to the eagle's head.

"It is contemplated to issue, simultaneously with the present volume, proposals for publishing by subscription, an eagle map of the United States, upon a large and liberal scale; to be executed by the ablest artists in a superior style; and intended to furnish an appropriate ornament, to decorate our halls of legislation, judicature, literature, and science, with the library of the retired gentleman, the office of the lawyer, and the retreats of the farmer, manufacturer, and merchant. It is conceived that the ornament would be likely to be viewed with peculiar interest and gratification, because of the circumstance of containing, in correct proportion, a representation of our beloved country."

Some curious definitions will be found at the close of the volume; viz.

"*Attorney at Law*, a lawyer qualified, and employed to manage suits before a court of judicature."

We apprehend there are many with that honourable cognomen who are neither qualified nor employed!

"*Scire Facias*. A writ embracing a complex state of law proceedings, beyond the purpose of the present chapter to explain!"

In conclusion we wish it were in our power, particularly as it is a presentation copy, to recommend the book; but as that cannot be, we can only commend the author to the care of some of our good Philadelphia physicians, and wishing him better health, and spirits for his next ride on the eagle's back, take a respectful leave.

Memoranda of a Residence at the Court of London. By Richard Rush, Envoy extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America, from 1817 to 1825. Octavo, pp. 460. Carey, Lea & Blanchard, 1833.—Second notice.

Having in our last given free scope to the feelings engendered by the perusal of Mr. Rush's book, we cannot do better than to furnish some additional extracts. The author describes well the growth and appearance of the

great Babel, which has been said to have "gone out of town." The shops of the gold and silversmiths, and the admirable system of civility in all the stores and warehouses, strike an American forcibly. The purchaser is thanked with as much apparent sincerity for a penny expended in snuff, as if he had laid out small (American) fortune in splendid gewgaws.

"I went to England again on a short visit in 1829. An interval of but four years had elapsed; yet I was amazed at the increase of London. The Regent's Park, which, within the same time, was one of the towns, disclosed nothing but lawns and fields, was now a city. You saw long rows of lofty buildings, in their outward aspect magnificent. On this whole space, was set down a population of probably not less than fifty or sixty thousand souls. Another city hardly smaller, seemed to have sprang up in the neighbourhood of St. Pancras' church and the London University. Belgrave square in an opposite region, broke upon me with like surprise. The road from Westminster bridge to Greenwich exhibited for several miles compact ranges of new houses. Finchley common, desolate in 1819, was covered with neat cottages and villages. In whatever direction I went, indications were similar. I saw nothing of Carlton terrace, for Carlton house was gone, or of the street, of two miles, from that point to Park Crescent, surpassing any other in London, or any that I saw in Europe. To make room for this new and varied street, the old one had been pulled down, which no vestige remained. I could scarcely, but for the evidence of the senses, have believed it all. The historian of the decline and fall of the Roman empire remarks, that the description composed in the Theodosian age, of the many stately mansions in Rome, might almost excuse the exaggeration of the poet; that some common streets, and some of the palaces, of each place was equal to a city." Is the British metropolis advancing to that destiny? Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and other provincial towns that I visited, appeared, on their smaller scales, to have increased as much.

In the midst of it all, nearly every newspaper that I opened, rang the changes upon the distress and poverty of England. Mr. Peel's bill banishing bank notes under five pounds from circulation, had recently passed. There was great clamour. There is always clamour at something among this people. Prices had fallen. There was said to be a dearth of money, and a consequent *over-production of goods*. I have since seen the state of things at that epoch better described perhaps, as the result of an *under-production of money*. Workmen in many places were out of employ. There were said to be fourteen thousand of this description in Manchester. I saw portions of them walking along the streets, and of them had struck for wages. I asked how they subsisted, when doing nothing. It was answered, that they had laid up funds by joint contributions among themselves whilst engaged in work. In no part of Liverpool, or its extensive environs, did I see pauperism; the paupers for that entire district being kept within the walls of the pauper hospital; in the same way I was informed there were fifteen hundred. I passed through the vale of Cheshire; I saw in that fertile district, in Lancashire, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Warwickshire, Worcestershire, appearances of widespread prosperity, in the lands, houses, canals, roads, public works, domestic animals, people in every thing that the eye of the merely transient traveller took in."

"January 7. Went through temple Bar into the city, in contradiction to the west end of London, always called town. Passed along Fleet street, Ludgate-hill, St. Paul's, Chancery, theoultry, Cornhill, and other streets to the Strand, and then to the Bank, the Royal Exchange, Lord Mayor's house, Guildhall, Ludin house, the Excise buildings. If I looked with any feeling of wonder on the throngs at the west end, more cause is there for it here. The shops stand side by side, for entire miles. The accumulation of things is immense. It would be more correct to say, that the purchasers for them all, until you consider what multitudes there are to buy; then, you are disposed to ask how the buyers can all be supplied. In the middle of the streets, coal wagons and others as large, carts, trucks, vehicles of every sort loaded in every way, are passing. They are in two close files, the great lines going reverse ways, and reaching farther than the eye can see. The horses come so near to the foot pavement which is crowded with people, that their hoofs,

and the great wheels of the wagons, are only a few inches from the people. In this manner the whole procession is in movement with its complicated noise. It confounds the senses to be among it all. You would anticipate constant accidents; yet they seldom happen. The great pressure, and the great number of people, the universal sense of danger if order were violated, prevents its violation. I am assured that these streets present the same appearance every day in the year, except Sundays, when solitude reigns in them. I must notice as before the dress of the people. A large proportion of the working classes; yet all were well clothed in the best things that I could see. All looked healthy; the men to be remarked in parts of the city where they live in perpetual crowds by day and sleep in confined places, and can only be accounted for by a healthy climate in combination with cleanliness. The custom house and black forest of ships beyond the water bridge, I saw by a glimpse. There was enough to show, that the Thames was choked up with vessels and boats of every description, much after the manner that I beheld Champsade and Fleet street to be choked with vehicles that move on silver."

"I went into two shops. One, a silversmith's; that of a Frenchman, on London street. Outside it is plain; you might pass by without noticing it; but, on entering, the articles of silver were piled in heaps, even on the floor. Going further into the building, the masses increased. In a room upstairs, there was part of a dinner service, in course of manufacture. The cost of an entire table varied from thirty to fifty guineas. In the next storied, according to the number of pieces and workmanship. Sometimes it was much higher. A candelabra for the middle of a table, had just been finished for a customer, at fifteen hundred pounds. A dress sword for another customer was shown. The cost was four thousand guineas. Minor specimens of work might be mentioned, including a pair of snuff boxes, set with a profusion of diamonds. The proprietors were extremely civil; for I gave trouble only through curiosity. If you purchase but a pin for a few shillings, they return thanks; if you do not incline to take it away yourself, they readily send it to you, no matter how small a part of the town. The next shop was Shepherd's, of cut glass, near Charing Cross. There too I had civility from the proprietor. In place of speaking of his wares, I will relate what he said of the Emperor Alexander. His imperial majesty it seems, when on his visit to England with his family, had been so much pleased with the wares, that he had given an order for a magnificent list for one of his palaces. The pieces arrived in St. Petersburg. Immediately a ukase issued, prohibiting the future importation of cut glass into Russia. Whether the emperor most desired to encourage the home manufacture, or to retaliate a war, or to change the gratification of his imperial taste by keeping it exclusive, were questions that I had no right to propound.

"Of all the sights, the one in the middle of the streets spoke to me most of causes and effects. Being afterwards in Paris, I saw more of a general beauty, and brilliancy, in the Bois de Boulogne, the Palais Royal, the Rue Rivoli which looked into the Tuileries through golden tipped palisades, and a few other places, were not to be matched by any thing I saw in London. But their compass was small, and soon exhausted. The space between Northumberland street, Devonshire street, Portland place, and others, more of the operations that proclaim civilization of capital, more of all that laid at the roots of commerce at home and throughout the world, more of all that went to the prolific sources of riches and power, than I was able to discover in going about Paris, again and again, in every direction. I saw more of the cause, than Paris; but the bustle of business seemed to abound in the English metropolis in a proportion tenfold greater than its superior size.

"January 19. I have taken a house. It is situated in Marylebone parish, north of Oxford road, as I hear the latter called by some, probably from its having been an open road within their recollection. Now, it is a quiet street, and the house is the quietest and the best in London. North of it, lies a part of the town that even from any I have hitherto seen. The streets are generally regular, but with some handsome deviations. All are of good width, some a hundred foot and more. Many of them, as Harley street, Wimpole street, Baker street, Devonshire street, Portland place, and others, present noble ranges of houses so built as to give them a metropolitan aspect. Through some of the streets, you look, as through a vista, into the verdant scenery

of the Regent's Park. This commences almost at the point where the buildings, which are lofty, end; so that you seem to step at once into the country. An air of gloom hangs over these streets, from the dark brick of which most of the houses are built, or which coal smoke gives them the case. It may add with nearly as much effect to the beauty of the scene, as it does to its so I may speak of a town district of more than a hundred thousand inhabitants. You hear little noise beyond the rumble of equipages, beginning at two o'clock, abating in the evening, and returning at midnight. Its quietness and the number of rarely furnished houses to be hired in it, are probably the inducements for its being much chosen by the foreign ambassadors for their residence. I found that the Russian, Austrian and French ambassadors, had here fixed their domiciles. Every house has its area, enclosed with iron palisades topped with spikes. The front door steps are all of brown stone, and are generally topped in the same manner; so that the eye traced in all directions long lines of bristling iron work. If you add, that on the broad pavements of flag you perhaps saw nobody before noon, unless a straggling servant in morning livery, or a butcher's boy with tray in hand issuing here and there, and a few straggling tradesmen, you will have the characteristics of this region when I first beheld it. There is another town district a mile or two east, made up of well built streets about Russell square in that direction, that had an appearance somewhat similar. It contained I was told another one hundred thousand inhabitants. London, however, showing a vast variety of circles, and a vast metropolis, as Gibbon's memoirs, is an astonishing and perpetual spectacle to the curious eye; each taste, each sense may be gratified by the variety of objects which will occur in the long circuit of a morning walk."

"Of the part I have been describing in its external aspect, I have not a complete conception without a great number of the houses were to let, and I went through them. From the basement to the attics every thing had an air of comfort. The supply of furniture was full, and more or less costly, according to the rent. The staircases were of white stone. The windows were of the best glass, and the staircases, the passage or passage was without carpeting. In many instances, libraries made part of the furniture—a beautiful parlour. The rents varied from four hundred to a thousand guineas a year. In some of the squares of the west end, I learned that the rent of a furnished house was as high as that of an unfurnished one. The cost of the first class with the abundant and sumptuous furniture to suit, are not to be hired at all. These, belonging to the nobility or other opulent proprietors, are left in the care of servants when the owners are away. The house I took was in Baker street, at four hundred and fifty guineas a year. The policy of my government being to give to the public, even at the expense, the latter act but in union with this policy in having their establishment small. It is not for those honoured by being selected to serve the republic abroad, to complain. Nor, with the English, do I believe that the consideration attaching to foreign ministers, is dependent on the splendour of their establishments. These may be, and sometimes are, in the persons of the representatives of the imperial and royal governments of Europe, they are still so much below the wealth of the home circles in London, as to be no distinction, supposing distinction to be sought on that ground. It is not the splendour of the establishments, but the liberality of expending with the ample accommodations by which the many who possess them live surrounded, incline their possessors to regard such official strangers, as objects, rather than agents, of hospitality. It may be otherwise in capitals on the continent, but this is the general relation, wherein the diplomatic corps holds its position in London, the result of its own state of manners as well as its riches."

The following account may surprise some of our readers. The *freedom of election* is remarkable:—

"The general election for a new house of commons being in progress, and the hustings at Covent Garden open, I said, when about to leave Lord Castleknagh, that I intended to go there. If you can wait a few minutes, said his lordship, I will go with you; I want to vote. I replied, that I should be happy to go under such auspices. At the hustings, Sir William Sturt was added. At the moment Sir William Sturt was announced, and I took my leave, finding my own way to the hustings. They gave a repulsive picture of an English election. Sir Murray Maxwell was the ministerial candidate;—

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The following work was announced in London on the first of June. Mr. Cresson is known to many Philadelphia friends, as the Editor of the *Register*, and as the Preservation of the American Colony of Free Negroes. By Wm. Innes, Minister of the Gospel. With a copious Appendix, from materials furnished by Elliott Cresson, Esq.

Thomas Dick, L. L. D. author of the *Christian Philologist*, the *Philosophy of a Future State*, of *Religion*, &c., has a work nearly ready, "On the Improvement of Society by the Diffusion of Knowledge; or, an Illustration of the Advantages which would result from a more general dissemination of rational and scientific information among all ranks; illustrated with Engravings."

The popular author of *Sayings and Doings*, has in press, "The Parson's Daughter," in three vols.

Narrative of Voyages undertaken to explore the Shores of Africa and Arabia, and Madagascar. Performed in H. M. S. *Leven* and *Baracotta*, from 1822 to 1831. By Capt. W. F. Owen, R. N. By command of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, in 2 vols. with numerous plates, is soon to be published by Mr. Bentley, successor of Colburn.

Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman's Catalogue of Second-hand Books for 1833.

A Tale, understood to be from the pen of Miss Knight, author of *Diana*, is now ready for publication, entitled *Si Guy de Lusignan*.

The National Gallery of Painting and Sculpture, in monthly numbers, and in the best style of outline engraving on steel.

Delaware; or, the Ruined Family a Tale, in 3 vols. in printing for Robert Cadell, Edinburgh; and Whittaker & Co. London.

The Report in full from the Select Committee of the House of Commons, on the Extinction of Slavery throughout the British Dominions. 1 vol. 8vo. p. 584, closely printed.

Characteristics of Goethe, from the German of Falk, Muller &c., with notes original and translated, illustrative of German literature, by the translator of Prince Puckler-Muskau's Tour.

Turkey and its Resources, by David Urquhart, Esq. The Harpers have at length announced the concluding volumes of Cunningham's lives of Painters and Sculptors, and the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the history of Charlemagne, an excellent work. Abercrombie on the Philosophy of the Moral Feelings—Russell's Life of Oliver Cromwell—Russell's Nubia and Abyssinia—Redding's Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea—Tyler's Lives of Scottish worthies.

Peter Hall of New York has published, *The Life and Adventures of Dr. Dedimus Dackworth*, A. A. Q.; to which is added the *History of a Steam Doctor*. 2 vols. 12mo. By the author of a *Yankee among the Nullifiers*.

The same publisher has in press, *Alphabet of Betsy*, for the use of beginners, by James Kenzie, M. A. Professor of Theology, King's College, London. Revised and corrected for the use of American Schools, by A. Clark, Principal of the Female Department of Mechanic's School, N. Y.—An *Encyclopædia of Useful Knowledge*, in our yearly 8vo. volume, by Rev. J. L. Blake—*Meadows' French and English Pronouncing Dictionary*, with a selection of idiomatic Phrases, by George Folsom, A. M.

"A Treatise on Roads, in which the right Principles to be followed are explained and illustrated by Plans, Specifications and Contracts, made use of by Thomas Telford, Esq., on the Holyhead Road." By Sir Henry Farnell, Bart. 1 vol. 8vo. with plates.

Mr. Pettigrew is preparing for publication, a complete and entire History of Mummies of men and animals, both natural and artificial, from the earliest period to the present time, including the various processes of embalming adopted by the ancients. He will also give an account of the various idols, emblems, and superstitions, and paganism, that have been found enclosed in Mummies. The whole will be illustrated by numerous plates, representing Mummies of all kinds in their several states and conditions.

Mr. J. G. Lockhart is, we understand, writing a Life of Crabbe, the rural poet, founded on the most interesting materials known to his biographer. The work, by Thomas Pettigrew, is to precede a new edition, with illustrations of the poet's works, upon the same plan as the poems and prose of Lord Byron, which are now nearly brought to a close.

New American Publications.

The *Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*, edited by Doctor Hays. Lilly Wait, & Co. have in press Dr. Copland's Dictionary of Medicine, an admirable work, which will be published entire for five dollars.

The Harpers have just republished, in a thin duodecimo form, the London edition, "Observations on the Professions, Literature, Manners, and Emigration in the United States and Canada, made during a residence there in 1832. By the Rev. Isaac Fidler, for a short time Missionary of Thornhill on Yonge street near York, Upper Canada." It is a work to which we ascribed any publisher would be willing to put his name. We shall exhibit specimens of its monstrous absurdities next week.

Journal of the Franklin Institute. Vol. II.—No. 6. Mr. Nourse of Washington has published, in a neat volume, "A Fac Simile of Washington's Accounts," which is so exactly imitated as not to be distinguished from manuscript. Mr. Nourse presents to the public as Commander-in-Chief during the revolutionary war, (he kept in his own hand writing, a minute account of his expenses, which were submitted to Congress and allowed. It is a fac simile of this original document, which is so exactly imitated as not to be distinguished from manuscript. Mr. Nourse presents to the public.

A new edition of Leupner's Classical Dictionary, by Professor Anton, much improved.

Example, or Family Scenes. The Whigs of Scotland, or the Last of the Stuarts; an historical romance of the Scottish Persecution, in 3 vols. 12mo.

Reveries, or Memoirs of the Fairfax Family, in 2 vols. 12mo. is in press in this city. Also, *Service Afloat*, and *Silvio Pellico's imprisonment in an Italian dungeon*.

Kidd on the Physical Condition of Man, being part second of the *Bridgewater Treatises*.

Vol. IV. of Bonaparte's *Ordnance*.

John Hopkin's *Notes of Political Economy*.

Messrs. French & Perkins have for sale, the following *New Religious Works*:—Fuller's *Complete Works*, 2 vols. 8vo, new edition.—The *Life of the Rev. T. T. Thomason*, D. D., late Chaplain to the Hon East India Company, by the Rev. J. Sargent, M. A.—The *History of the Blessed*, considered as to the particular of their state, their recognition of each other, and its difference of degrees, musings on the Church and her services, by Richard Mant, D. D., Lord Bishop of Down and Connor.—*History of Jacob*, for children and youth; and *History of the Bible*, adapted to families. Exposition in families, Sunday Schools and Bible Classes, by the Rev. H. Gallaudet.—*The Mother at Home*, or the principles of Maternal Duty familiarly illustrated, by John S. C. Ebbott, pastor of the Calvinist Church, Worcester.—*Memoir of Julius Charles Rieu*, from the French of Frederick Monod, Jr., with introductory remarks, by the Rev. Alexander, D. D.—*Memoir and Select Remains of William C. Bushnell*.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Sir—I was gratified to observe you were willing to devote a small space to contributions on natural history. Permit me to abridge from London's invaluable Magazine a short anecdote from one of the contributors, who says that from early youth he recollects a tame bird, which he kept in a cage, and which he used to put under the top of the handle, where that lever bends, and is joined to the piston by a swivel. The only entrance the bird has is close over the handle, where the slit runs a little higher, to allow it to rise above its fulcrum. This pump is used every hour; and is always accompanied by a violent vibration, and a great deal of noise, and the bird is kept in a state of great excitement, yet it sits on, quiet and unmolested. If the handle be lifted up, and she is peeped at longer than she likes, she merely puffs, blows and snorts at the curious intruder. The quantity of moss carried into this uneasy receptacle would twice fill the crown of a man's hat; and once the bird is peeped at, she will sit on the handle, she exerts an act of reason, by placing small sticks or props; a material this bird never uses in her regular architecture. When the young are hatched, the parents feed them constantly, entering through the small aperture; as the callow brood comes to days of indiscretion, they will sometimes crawl to the top of the handle and fall on the surface of the water, and so get ejected through the spout!

If every one would describe the curious facts which come under their immediate notice, we should have a great mass of curious and valuable information.—E.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our friend in New York is informed that the announcement in the *Commercial Advertiser* had not escaped our notice. The editor of that generally correct print, probably had it from such undeniable authority as the following: "Why, Mr. So-and-so told me, who heard from Mr. Such-a-one, who had heard from Mr. What's-his-name, who said it came from What-d'ye-call-him, who repeated it after Mr. Thingumbob, who saw it in Mr. I-don't-know-who's letter." The assertion would not have been hazarded in Philadelphia, and is most unequivocally without the slightest foundation.

Mr. Elliott's North of Europe will be read with interest by all who appreciate good writing, and valuable information. It occupies about six pages of the ensuing number of the "Library," and will be followed by an admirable review of Silvio Pellico's narrative of his imprisonment; Madame Dard's account of the shipwreck of the *Medusa*, with the sufferings of the Picard family on the coast of Africa; translated from the French, and never published in America, is in progress.

Those who wish their volumes of the Library neatly bound can have them attended to by leaving the numbers at this publication office.

The second number of the *Bibliothèque Française* is unavoidably delayed a few days, owing to the temporary absence of the proprietor.

The *Tales of Romance* noticed two weeks since were delayed at the binders. It appears we received an early copy.

LONDON BOOKS.

The following London books, among others recently received, are for sale by the subscriber:—

The Port Admiral, a novel, by the author of *Cavendish*.

Travels of an Irish gentleman in search of religion, by Thomas Moore, Esq.

The Tyrol, with a glance at Bavaria, by Henry D. Inglis, author of *Spain in 1830*.

The Stolen Child, by Galt, being the 4th volume of the *Library of Romance*.

Six Weeks on the Loire, with a peep at La Vendée, with plates.

Polish Tales, by the author of *Hungarian Tales*, 3 vols.

Silvio Pellico's Narrative of his imprisonment. Myler of Burgundy, a novel in 3 vols.

Fader's United States, &c. &c.

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PROSPECTUS.—The very general approval bestowed by the public on the *Serial Circulating Library*, has induced the subscribers, at the suggestion of numerous ladies and gentlemen, to publish a new series of the *Library*, in a similar plan.

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

"He Anthroposopos, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen understood."

Observations on Professions, Literature, Manners and Emigration, in the United States of America and Canada, made during a residence there in 1832. By the Rev. Isaac Fidler, for a short time Missionary of Thornhill, on Yonge Street, near York, Upper Canada. New York, J. & J. Harper, 1833.

We are astonishingly fond of music, and could not help consequently being extremely captivated by the surname of the author affixed to the above book. Fiddling being a delightful recreation, especially as performed by *professional and learned men*—it is not matter of marvel that we should acknowledge largely our obligations to the author for the entertainment he has afforded us. Any thing less than the most profound obeisance to the Rev. gentleman, would but ill repay the many laughter-giving scenes, and ludicrous observations to which he has introduced us in these 240 pages. Three months, certes, in the bustling city of New York, furnish an *observing* traveller with ample means to develop American characteristics; and of these Mr. Fidler has availed himself fully for his purpose—the making of a book, that should repay him the expenses of a voyage across the Atlantic. He has been exceedingly industrious; for in the compass of one short year, he voyaged to America (i. e. to New York), thence to Boston and back; to the Passaic Falls, to Canada,—when he delivered several refreshing discourses— and, via New York, home. All this he has done, in despite of steam boat quarrels and cholera, of domestic unhappiness (which he very touchingly deplores) and high priced lodgings, of American ignorance, and Yankee impostures; and crowned the unexampled feat, by being converted from a downright radical to a thorough loyalist, in the interim. Surely, a man of this calibre is every way competent to expose to the world the enormities of free institutions, and the hopeless state, present and future, of all who are so besotted as to persist in inhaling a republican atmosphere. It is, we presume, on this account, that his spicy "observations" have been selected

for republication in this country—on the same principle as a certain new periodical addresses itself to the patriotism of Frenchmen, by an introductory opening with a work of ultra tory character.

Having said thus much of the capacity of the Rev. author, and given him due credit for purity of motive and intention (for we are bound to believe his assertion, that he is utterly hopeless of *preference in England*), we are sorry that we cannot speak in laudatory terms of his style. So much acuteness of observation, and shrewdness of remark, should have had a rather more piquant dress; but Mr. Fidler is the counterpart of Shakspeare's traveller, who sold his own land to see other people's, he has lost his vernacular in acquiring Sanscrit; and verily he hath *had* his reward—in the overthrow of certain sciolistic pretenders, with whom he contacted in Boston, and elsewhere; upon which passages he dwells with a delightful complacency, proof against even his domestic infelicities.

"Had I not been well able to penetrate into the den of the Bostonian lions, and to estimate its profundity and extent, I might have quitted that celebrated place, with the erroneous impression, that it contains at least one extraordinary linguist. But I must confess, that it appeared not a little amusing that every thing of literature in the States, with which one grapples, dwindles into mere pretence, and vanishes into air. I observed, when in the Cambridge library, a copy of Dr. Wilkin's Sanscrit Grammar, and found its pages free from the finger marks of transatlantic students. May it long continue so, and be a true index of university intelligence, where it has been so carefully preserved. Whilst literary honours and emoluments are so sparingly dispensed, there is no fear of its derangement or disfigurement."

Since the memorable period of Mr. Fidler's visit, Cambridge has shown herself more liberal in dispensing "literary honours," and we may yet hope some of the "emoluments" will be given to our author, who, by his own account, could so ably fill the chair of a new professorship. He has already *walked* Spanish, and there is no knowing the extent of his knowledge as a linguist.

It appears, from our author's own showing, that being "kept back in his fortune, and disappointed in his aims," in his own country, these fully competent to make any flesh and blood "dissatisfied with the government," he bent his steps to America, as a golden fleece worthy of plucking, where he arrived in high

hopes of disposing of his Sanscrit to a handsome profit.

During his hitherward voyage, he received many shrewd and well remembered ideas on the subject of American illumination, from a worthy tallow chandler, who was his fellow passenger, and to whom he acknowledges he owes no small share of enlightenment on the institutions and characteristics of the country. Whether this was one of the worthies who are spoken of as coming to this country with "*flaming* pretensions," we are not prepared to say; but assuredly, much of the bias of Mr. Fidler's after observations may be traced to the soaping he received from his fellow voyager. The notions here imbibed, were certainly not in the way of being washed off by the first essay at living in New York. It seems he had to pay for boarding and coals: things he could have had for *money* in England—the deduction from the servant's conduct appears to us *non sequitur*; and the lodging house fully shows what company suited Mr. Fidler.

"The first business we had to attend to on landing, was seeking lodgings. For two rooms, badly furnished, three meals a day, and water to drink, I paid twenty-one dollars a week. Myself, my wife, and two children, with a servant, constituted the members of my family. Fire and candles cost us four dollars a week; and would have cost double that sum had we continued longer at that house. Our landlady informed us that, from the price of fuel, she could not supply us with fire for less than one dollar a day. We had but one fire-place, which, had we submitted to such exaction, would have cost, in four months, nearly £25 sterling.

"We afterwards rented unfurnished apartments, which allowed us to be more private than any boarding house in New York admits of. It was our intention at first to take an entire house; but on finding that one of any respectability would cost from one to two hundred pounds a year, we contented ourselves with lodgings. For unfurnished lodgings, in most parts of the city, more is demanded than for furnished lodgings in many parts of London. It required some time to arrange things necessary for our convenience, which imposed more exertion and less comfort than we had been accustomed to. Our servant in the mean time left us. She had been ascertaining the value of a dollar, and how many made a pound; and most probably conceived that she could obtain more elsewhere. On making inquiries at the house where we had previously boarded, we found that the mistress of it had seduced her from us. This is so universally the practice as to be no matter of surprise. But as the former, with three of her family and domestics, died of cholera, and our servant returned to England six months before ourselves, I shall make no further animadversions. The servant appeared to be dissatisfied with America and its people.

"The person at whose house we had taken lodgings, was an Englishman, a painter, who informed me that he had lived some years in Liverpool; but from the heavy weight of robes, fiddles, and taxes, he had not been able to gain a living. He still had a shop there, and intended to return if the Reform Bill should pass. He so often spoke with contempt and bitterness of kings, nobles, priests, and taxes, that it was evident at once under what denomination he might be classed. He was a radical, a gambler, a frequenter of Tommory Hall, and of the lowest society. I blushed to think that such a person and myself should have entertained similar sentiments on such a subject. He had gone to America to improve his condition, but had not found that improvement realised. He hated, and cordially rallied the American people, their manners, and the prejudices they entertained against the English. His wife, a most industrious woman, told us, that had her husband been industrious and careful, they might have saved money, and been independent, but that they could, with the same means, have been much more comfortable in Liverpool."

Being settled in a dwelling, the next care was to secure a congregation. In this, our author was not fortunate. His testimonials were not sufficient to overcome the fastidiousness of the American clergy, and he was annoyed with stories of adventurous wolves in sheep's clothing, that nauseated him of seeking preferment in the American church; but his necessities were crying and his lady grew unamiable—so he turned his thoughts to school keeping. Many hopeful schemes were suggested to him for instituting an accumulative process of this sort—but none that seemed in tune with his pretensions. He could not vend his Sanscrit, and was in the condition of a trader who has invested all his capital in one sort of stock: finally, he was candidly told by a gentleman, that if he wanted to live by it, "he had better go back to England."

His attention was then directed to common school keeping, in pursuit of which he met with abundance of adventure, as well as insight into the dispositions of American youth, who he soon discovered had reversed the old fashion, and exercised despotism away over the teacher. Our author seems to have been as little inclined to submit to the government of American youth, as of the English authorities. He has treated us to several episodes illustrative of the manner in which silly urchins kept their teachers at bay, and describes at large a conflict between a young friend of his and a host of scholars, rivaling, in sublimity and horrors, the battle of the frogs and mice.

In New York, Mr. Fidler met with one Englishman who had operated successfully in a literary way in this country. Having been over-reached in a trading concern, and spent all his money, he immediately issued proposals for publishing a book, and carried his operations to such an extent, as to collect 25,000 subscribers in the course of a single year, and actually realised in a short time, 600 pounds sterling, with which he set up a school! The methods by which he wormed his good success out of the gullible inhabitants of the States, are exceedingly characteristic, and his ingenuity and worth meet with extreme favour from his reverence, who was reminded by this man's modesty of Mr. Abernethy.

The abuse, to which the "poor Irish" are subjected in the states, furnishes ample theme on which to enlarge upon the selfishness of the American character—it not only appears that they are subject to an alien regulation; but they

are even compelled to labour for their living. His first hint on this subject was derived from the tallow chandler.

"There must," said I, "be frequent openings for foreigners, in a country which increases so rapidly in population. Professions being neither very lucrative, nor very honourable, Americans will not be very eager in striving for them." "In that," said he, "you are completely mistaken. There is as much contention for such professions in England, and even more. Swarms of scholars pass through the colleges of the New England States every year. These spread themselves over every part of the Union; and, being generally poor, refuse nothing that is offered them. They crowd into every profession, and are ready to become schoolmasters, or doctors, or lawyers, or clergymen, as occasion offers. They do every dirty work that foreigners are expected to contribute largely towards the improvement of their country. These build their houses, and perform such offices and labours, as the native Americans will not stoop to. The poor English and Irish dig their canals, make and repair their roads, clean out their sewers; and, do every dirty work that foreigners can supply all the professions from themselves. If any professional foreigner has a chance of succeeding in one, it is the English physician. Gentlemen of either profession had better stay at home."

"The Irish are, perhaps, the most useful people in all America, and not only enter the houses as domestics, but perform every drudgery which Americans can impose upon them. I think the natives of our sister island must be a meritorious and warm hearted race. They certainly appear to advantage abroad, as persons upon whom one can depend with confidence. The one we had in the place of our false English girl, was a faithful and deserving creature. She would have accompanied us into Canada had we been certain of making any stay. I do not wonder that Americans wish to impress them with the notion that they are free and independent, to obtain in return a voluntary slavery, which these destitute emigrants prefer. Yet the Americans, whose country this degraded people is improving, regard and speak of them frequently with the greatest contempt, as unfit for any thing but the most menial offices."

It often appeared surprising that every arrival of vessels from England brought fresh emigrants, who complained of having no vote for members of representation at home, yet crowded to a country which hates them, and dooms them to the disabilities of an alien bill. I could refer it only to that blind fatuity which seems to pervade a considerable portion of the English, and impels them to court and flatter a people, between whom and themselves there exists a mutual repugnance, and whose manners it is impossible for them ever to admire or adopt.

"Perhaps the desire in Americans of inducing people to migrate, and to submit to the low offices, has obliged them to adopt the present distribution of refugees with a favourable idea of their great advancement in arts and sciences. They certainly have the most remarkable confidence in their attainments, and the greatest show without reality, that I ever witnessed. Appearance without reality is almost as useful for Americans to the present distribution of England, as reality itself, and much more easily attainable. The redundancy of talent and industry in England, must find some field for operation, and America expands her arms to receive them. But she holds out privileges in her outstretched hands very different indeed. Her right hand offers the prospect of a new country, and every thing which a fruitful country can afford, and her left hand the longings souls of Englishmen, the tares of dispossessed. This is not in itself wonderful. The wonder consists in this, that these Americans should be able to exercise so much delusion over men, whose skill is superior to their own. Yet these who do not know how to prize the elevation of their country, are content to bend in subservience to an inferior people. The English mechanics have generally served a long apprenticeship, whereby they become proficient in their business, and this proficiency of their expenses with the long apprenticeship and pretence. The Americans hate long apprenticeships, and are accordingly in the pursuit, but have discovered an admirable substitute, in rendering subservient to their interest the greater skill of poor emigrants, and thereby gaining public and private wealth from foreign sinews. This forms side of the many good points of the American character."

"There were some Irish families along the road, who expressed their pleasure at the sight of a person from the old country. Their kind and open heartedness was so different from the heartlessness of some I spoke to, that their very conversation, and the inquiries they made, were indescribably gratifying. I was grieved to find that in America the Irish are generally poor. The Americans have much labour to execute, and find in the old country men. The ready instrument. They have discovered the blind side of that open heartedness, and by copious libations of whiskey, and a little cajoling, have led them completely as they wish. The Americans are truly sharp-sighted."

By the time our author has gotten this far into a knowledge of America, his radicalism has suffered a sensible abatement—he is fully prepared to return to his proper allegiance, speaks with thorough contempt of the French revolutions—praises in fulsome terms the beauty and advantage of an aristocracy, and winds up with a fervent prayer to be shielded "from the brutal outrage of a republican mob, and from democratic vengeance!"

His delicate sensibilities were much shocked by the manner in which houses are exposed to indiscriminate entrance, at renting time, in New York; however, it afforded him opportunity of eliciting the character of the ladies of our country.

"It is almost impossible for a stranger, who has occupied lodgings and wishes to escape imposition, to avoid such intrusion into his private rooms. We suffered this ourselves, and therefore speak from experience. Many American women, we were told, occupy much of their leisure time about this period in prying into the abodes of foreigners, to see if they are respectable, and to see if their private rooms are furnished. Americans could not have invented any more disgusting and inquisitorial, or which gives a reader access to the privacies of strangers."

The following promiscuous gleanings exhibit alike Parnassus P.'s, shrewdness, information, disinterestedness, and charity.

"Fires [in New York] are chiefly confined to houses built of wood, which, from frequent conflagrations, are fast diminishing. When a wood house, in some districts of the city, has been pulled down or burnt, the city inspectors require that a house of brick, stone, or marble be erected in its place. It was told that many wood buildings, when favourably situated for business, and upon long leases, are annually burnt down by some secret incendiary, employed by the landlord. He finds, in such case, that it is his interest to accomplish this; and his tenant's goods and stores are but slight impediments to the fire. The ground lots have, in some situations, increased so much to render the purchase of a lot, of no importance. The wood house once burnt down, the tenant finds himself obliged either to build a fire-proof house, or to evacuate his lease. In either case the landlord is a gainer."

"At the present time, most of the preceding winter, the thaw and floods brought our arrival, and damaged the canal so much that it required great repairs. Many men were employed on it. The American canal, like most of their works not executed by Englishmen altogether, is not so substantial as might be wished, and requires constant repair."

"Most of the moderate preachers in Canada are from the States, and have a double object; they ostensibly minister in sacred offices, but secretly and effectually disseminate principles destructive of the present order of affairs. They are striving to accomplish in the British provinces what American skill and prowess have unavailingly effected in America. They are the establishment of republican institutions and plans of government. Persons from Ireland, residing in the States, more than once assured me, that much of the money transmitted from America to Ireland, was in the hands of the States, and several others of his political friends, were in the pay of Americans. Yet so despoiled is Canadian industry to American cunning and dishonesty, and so apprehensive are Canadians of yankee imposture and deception, that republican attempts have hitherto met,

"A place where the lower and more restless orders meet to discuss political and religious questions, and not a few of whose frequenters, as I am informed, are professed atheists."—p. 17.

* Truly one of the greatest benefits of republicanism yet discovered.—Ed.

and I hope always will meet, with most signal and triumphant opposition."

"The mission he held was included in one of greater extent, which his lordship offered to my acceptance. Its length extended from Newmarket to Young's shire, a distance of about sixty miles. I stated to his lordship that I had not been on horseback for almost ten years previous to entering Canada, and that my powers of walking were not adequate to such journeys. I said," replied his lordship, "have performed much greater journeys than the one proposed to you, on foot and unattended. I was a missionary for thirty-five years, at a period when the country was in a less civilized state, and when greater self-denial than is required of you was unavoidably imposed on the preachers of the Gospel. That is not part of my life's diocess which I have not visited, and travelled with my wife. Biddle, my sole companion and only solace, under my arm. What therefore is proffered to your acceptance, is not to be compared, in labours and privations, to what has been experienced before you. But make you shrink from the undertaking, I have another offer to make you. The gentleman on Yonge-street, to whom you called, offered you a house. To this provision I will add from my private income one hundred pounds annually; for I do not know that the sum will be refunded me; but the people of that village have often applied to me in the most distressing manner, and I have never had so favourable an opportunity of gratifying them."

"I was told that a person in the States, who is dissatisfied with his surname, can easily have it changed to another more suitable to his taste and inclinations. I was of a subject of this kind sometimes, and the information I obtained was this, that a person, on taking up his citizenship, needs only to go to a particular office appropriated to this purpose, and having selected another appellation, get it registered as his family cognomen, whereby he and his children may be designated as such. This, if true, must render the genealogies of families extremely difficult to trace. I confess that it is very accommodating to persons of dubious character, to whom a change of surname must be a great consideration. I never loved my musical name, and the next time I voyage to the States I may choose to have it altered."

We come at length to the serious considerations connected with this publication; and must express our deep regret that any American publishers should have deemed it their interest to assist in the dissemination of such a heterogeneous and ill-digested mass of absurdity and misapprehension. The *esprit du corps* of the English clergy must feel humbled at seeing such garbled puerilities and prejudiced statements, as those issued by this living libel on the respectable body of which he professes to be a member. Such a work is calculated to produce more mortification to the sect, on both sides of the Atlantic, and have a more pernicious tendency, than the severest philippic that might be uttered, or that could be concocted, however systematically, in this country, inducing many to apply the defects of the individual to the class. Though with slight hopes of proper application and improvement, we yet recommend to the author the following extract from Rush's Memoranda:

"A country is not to be understood by a few months' residence in it. So many component parts go to make up the grand total, where civilisation, and freedom, and power, are on a large scale, that the judgment gets perplexed. It pauses for re-examination. It must be slow in coming to conclusions, if it would be right. Often it must change them. A member of the diplomatic corps, an enlightened observer, said to me a few days ago, that at the end of his first year, he thought he knew every well; when a second year had been gone by, he began to have doubts; and that now, after a still longer time, his opinions were still more unsettled than ever. Some he had changed entirely; others had undergone modification, and he knew not what fate was before the rest. There was reason in his remark. If he had not been a Tory, I would have said, that his good judgment in appearing to have at present no judgment at all."

The Life of William Cowper, Esq. Compiled from his correspondence and other authentic sources of information; containing remarks on his writings, and the peculiarities of his interesting character, never before published. By Thomas Taylor. 12mo pp. 277, with a portrait. Key & Biddle. Philadelphia, 1833.

An excellent book, which we have no hesitation in recommending to the attention of all classes; no one can read it without improvement to the heart. It is decidedly the most satisfactory life of the poet. Where the author differs from Mr. Hayley, he adduces good and sufficient reasons, and entirely convincing. Cowper is one of the few genuine British poets whose whole works are free from objection; if asked to select one English writer to form the heart and taste, we should choose the author of the *Task* and of *John Gilpin*. Mr Taylor proves, we think, that it was impossible that religion should have been the sole cause of his frequent depressions.

This edition is elegantly printed. We are only fearful a sufficient number of copies have not been struck off.

"Much has been said of late respecting the writings of Addison, but can the writers forget how much of that author's periodical essays are open to the very objections they urge against other publications? and can they point out any expurgated edition?"

V A R I E T I E S.

"When a critic examines the work of any of the masters in poetry or painting, he may sometimes examine it by an idea of perfection in his own mind which neither that nor any other human work will ever come up to; and as long as he compares it with this standard, he can see nothing in it but faults and imperfections. But when he comes to consider the rule which it ought to hold among other works of the same kind, he necessarily compares it with a very different standard, the common degree of excellence which is usually attained in this particular art; and when he judges of it by this measure, it may often appear to deserve the highest applause."—*Dr. Adam Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments.*

From Cruikshank's Sunday in London.—And in the gray of the Sunday morning, at the sound of the matin-bell, the gin temples open wide their portals to all. The gin temples, gin was to be found only in by-lanes and blind alleys; dirty courts and nooks, yclept dram shops; but now, thanks to the enlightened and paternal government of 'the first captain of the age,' gin is become a giant demi-god—a mighty spirit, dwelling in gaudy god-beflattered temples, robed in his honour in every street, and worshipped by countless thousands, who desire that his shrine their health, their strength, their money, their minds, their bodies, wives, children, sacred home, and liberty. Juggernaut is but a fool to him!—for the devotees of Juggernaut do but put themselves in the way of being crushed to death beneath his chariot wheels, and are put out of their misery at once; but the devotees of the Great Spirit Gin devote themselves to lingering misery—for his sake they are contented to drag on a degraded, nasty existence—to see their children pine, dwindle, and famish; to steep themselves in poverty to the very lips, and die at last poor, snaking, bed-ridden, grating, and paupers! Sunday is especially devoted to the worship of this great spirit, and when the early Sabbath bells announce the arrival of that day, then do the 'lower orders' begin to shake off the heavy slumbers of the midnight pay-table, and wander forth in maudlin unwashed muds to the temples of the Great Spirit Gin; and there, sir, you may see them, the ancient and the infant of a span long; old men, maidens, grandmothers and grandfathers, fathers and mothers, husbands, wives, and children, crowding and jostling 'like so many maggots in a grease-pot, and sucking in the portions of the spirit with the flaming priestesses of the temple dole out to them in return for their copper offerings."

Tom Dibdin, the only surviving son of Charles Dibdin, and the author of more than two thousand com-

dies, operas, farces, pantomimes, and songs, including "Mother Goose" and "Don Giovanni," the "Heart of Midlothian," the "Death of Abercrombie," and "May we ne'er want a Friend nor a Bottle to give him," is going to publish "The Last Lays of the Last of the Three Dibbins," in one volume, octavo. This ingenious author, who during a long life, has contributed so largely to the "stock of harmless pleasure," now makes his final appeal to the public. Surely, as he is in want, he will be patronised.

Last summer a geographical journey through the south-eastern parts of Siberia was undertaken by Mr. Fedorow, at the command of the emperor of Russia, who has appointed a sum of 22,000 rubles to defray the expenses. Still more important results are anticipated from the three years' journey about to be undertaken by the state councillor Fias, secretary to the academy of sciences. His route is from Petersburg to Peking, through eastern Asia.

An English novel, published with the title of "The Champion of Virtue," could find no readers. It afterwards passed through several editions under that of "The Old English Baron."

France.—The late M. Lemontey, left at his death, a great work on the History of France, during the 18th century, which the imperial government, in imitation of the suspicious and inconsistent policy of the imperial government, prevented from appearing. The manuscript, at the author's death, was sealed up; the revolution of July broke the seals, and this work, which has been long expected, will soon make its appearance. A very powerful interest attaches itself to this publication, as the author, by means of ministerial authorisations, was allowed to draw his materials from different depots of the national archives, as well as the foreign ones to which the French victories afforded him access.

When reason, feeling, and conscience are ill at ease, to fall back on sensual indulgence is a remedy, it is to take a roll in the gutter, by way of a medicated mud-bath.

The last number of the North American Review has a laboured article recommending Mrs. Child's children and cookery books. The article on the education of the blind, though not very judiciously written, is, it is recorded of the father of Fletcher, the novelist, that he was long continued in the post of judge in the London Police Court, after he became blind; and that he knew the voices of more than 3000 of the light-fingered gentry, and could recognise them at once when brought in. Again, it is said, that he was a man who executed very good busts, by feeling the faces of persons, and imitating them. "There is in our neighborhood, a young man who accomplishes, every year, long journeys on foot and alone, going from Massachusetts to Maine." The whole article on the subject is very able. The Review comes boldly out against Filology, praises Cushing's Spain, the author having been a valued contributor. Of Madame de Staël it is said, "it is probable had she been more fortunate in domestic life, she would have been less exclusively devoted to literature, and would have sought for happiness in the true destiny of woman."

THE MOTHER.

"It may be autumn, yea, winter, with the women; but with the mother as a mother, it is always spring."—*Sermon by Rev. T. Cobbet, at Lynn, Ms. 1656.*

I saw an aged woman bow

To a young man as he came

Time wrote in sorrow on her brow

And mid her frosted hair

Hope from her breast had torn away

Its roosting, each'd and dry;

And on the pleasures of the gay

She turned a joyless eye.

What was it that, like sunbeams clear,

On her wan features run,

A pressing love her bosom earned, as

I named her absent son?

What was it? Ask a mother's breast,

Through which a fountain flows,

Perennial, fathomless, and blest,

By winter never froze.

What was it? Ask the King of kings,

Who hath decreed above,

That change should mark all earthly things,

Save the mother's love!

L. H. S.

Science.—Sweden has agreed to a request of the Russian government to co-operate this summer in an accurate survey of the coasts of the Baltic, and establishing

a chronometrical connection among the observatories of Petersburg, Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Altona.

Captain Alexander, in his Transatlantic Sketches, tells the following apocryphal story:

"The pistons and cylinders of the forcing pumps were laid in a horizontal position, though at that time they were upright, but then the expert engineers could make them work to any effect. One day a plain looking Yankee, from the eastward, with his hands in his pockets, was seen to look at these vertical cylinders for some time, when the engineers were calculating how they could improve them. At last Jonathan guessed that he knew how to improve them, and make them pump up an abundant supply of water, but the chief of science only laughed at him, save one who took him aside and asked him what was his notion of bettering the cylinders and their mode of working. 'Oh! but I'm not going to tell you that,' said the Yankee.—'Perhaps you'll answer it,' answered the engineer, 'if I promise you ten thousand dollars should you fail to succeed?' 'Why, in that case I might tell you how to do the trick, just write me out a contract, will you?'—'It was written out,'—'Lay the upright cylinders on their sides.' It was done, and the effect was miraculous, affording, at that time, another proof of the great mechanical genius of the New Englanders."

Many of the habits of birds are rendered singularly servicable to man. No sooner has a hunter in the fur countries slaughtered an animal, than the ravens are seen coming from various quarters to feast on the offal. The experienced native, when he sees from afar a flock of ravens, wheeling in all circles round a point of his countrymen, well provided with venison, are encamped on the spot; or that a band of wolves are preying upon the carcass of some of the larger quadrupeds; and pushes on briskly, in the certain prospect of having his wants supplied. In Lapland, and other countries where no equities abound, the natives employ the hawk and swallow and martin, and place small pots about their houses for these birds to build in, as a return for the destruction they cause among their most annoying and venomous insects. In America, the purple martin (*Hirundo purpurea*) is also encouraged, by hundreds, to rear its young about the various buildings of agriculturists; but for a different purpose. No sooner does the hawk make its appearance in the vicinity of a farm, to the danger of straggling poultry, than the purple martin, ever on the watch, give notice of the intruder by vociferous notes of alarm. The whole party of martins instantly assemble; and, in common voice, assailed on all sides, is actually exposed to mob till driven from the spot.—*London's Magazine of Natural History.*

COMMUNICATION.

Sir, you complain of puffing books—

"The true in this we've sinned;

Yet, sir, in puffing, should you find

How should we "raise the wind?"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Captain Owen, who commanded the expedition sent out by the British government for the purpose of exploring the coasts of Africa and Arabia, and who was employed on this important mission no less than nine years, is personally preparing for the press a narrative of the incidents that occurred during the interesting voyages which proved so fatal in their consequences to many of the interesting individuals who accompanied it. It has been regretted that no authentic history of these voyages, fraught with so much interest and importance, has as yet been given to the world; but Captain Owen alone could be expected to possess all the means of furnishing a satisfactory account of them. The work (to be called "Narrative of Voyages to the coasts of Africa and Arabia") will be published under the authority of the principal commanders and Admirals, and illustrated by numerous plates and charts.

An association of literary men is about to publish a series of Manuals of the literature of the West, and particularly of Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, Great Britain, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden. The most remarkable passages will be translated. The first volume, which contains the history of Italian literature, with extracts in prose, by Dr. Genthe, was published at Magdeburg last year. It contains 507 pages in 8vo. The Manual will be devoted to the Italian poets.

The Typographical Society of Milan has just published an Almanack, with the title of "The Adventures of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland," in which the most remarkable incidents in the life of that unfortunate

princess are sketched in a lively style, and with considerable critical discernment.

Died recently, at Rome, Filippo Invernizzi, the editor of Aristophanes. Among his papers were found materials for a new edition of Apollonius Rhodius, for the basis of which he had adopted the text of the edition of Valart, which he has hitherto imitated MS. of the Vatican. On this edition he had been engaged for many years, as appears from his correspondence with many foreign scholars. The whole materials are now in the possession of Petrucci, the bookseller, in Rome.

An Italian version of Niebuhr's History of Rome is being printed in Rome, in 2 vols. under the title of *Storia di Roma*, and has already begun to undergo the strictures of the learned of that country, which is most interested in the subject of the work. We rather think it will give rise to a voluminous controversy south of the Alps.

An original historical novel recently appeared at Madrid, in 2 vols. under the title of *El Conde de Castelforz*, and has been favourably noticed in the Madrid Gazette. The author, Don Patricio de la Escosura, is an officer in the artillery of the royal guard.

Dr. Siebold's long promised work on Japan has been announced as likely to make its appearance very speedily. A new tragedy by Niccolini will shortly appear, under the title of "Louis the Moor," the subject of which is an episode from the history of that Duke of Milan of the house of Sforza, who cuts so distinguished a figure in Ranke's well known historical work on that subject.

The Rejected Address has lately been issued with a new title, being the 18th edition.

A posthumous work by the late M. Davids, author of the Turkish Grammar (whose death at the close of that publication we deplored) is announced, to be edited by his mother: it is a Lecture on the Philosophy of the Jews, delivered about two years ago.

New American Publications.

The life of William Cowper, by Thomas Taylor. The Bondman, a tale of the times of Wat Tyler, being No. 4, of the Library of Romance. We have not taken it up yet, nor have we seen any notices of it from those who have read it.

Tales and Conversations, or the New Children's Friend. By Mrs. Markham.

The Mother at Home, or the principles of maternal duty familiarly illustrated; by John S. B. Abbott.

The Select Journal of Foreign Literature No. 3. A very new number.

American Quarterly Observer, conducted by B. B. Edwards. No. 1. A religious periodical.

Contents of the North American Review. No. 80. Madame de Stael. Education of the Blind. Ptolemy. Cushing's Spain. De Beaumont and De Tocqueville on the Penitentiary System. Works of Mr. Child. Vaughn's Memorial to the Stewarts. The Union of the States. Franklin's Familiar Letters.

The Law Summary; a Collection of Legal Tracts on subjects of general application to business. By B. Oliver.

A Memoir upon Staphylography. By Alexander E. Hossack, M. D. New York, J. & S. Harper. 1833.—This Memoir has been published at the request of the Medical Society of the City and County of New York, before which it was read on the 8th of April. It relates to a new and ingenious mode of performing an operation for the cure of the Bladder, remedying a defect frequently before mentioned in the signatures for the union of the separated parts. An engraving accompanies the memoir.

The Premium, a Present for all Seasons. It is made up of selections from the works of English and American writers of the nineteenth century.

A concise view of the rise and progress of the Homœopathic Medicine, by Constant Herring, M. D., translated from the German by Dr. C. F. Matlack, is the title of a pamphlet just published in this city, by the Hahnemannian Society.

Mr White, of Richmond, has published in a handsome volume the collection of the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society. These should be welcomed everywhere as good first fruits—an earnest of valuable contributions and exertions.

The following works are in press in this city, or are announced. Transatlantic Sketches, by Captain Alexander. Men and Manners in America, by the author of Cyril Thornton. Society and Manners in Great Britain, by the author of the last. A new volume of a visit to the South Seas. Deloraine, a novel, by Godwin. The Premium, a present for all seasons, 24mo. The Parson's Daughter, by Theodore Hook.

Memoirs of Wellington, 2 vols. 12mo. The Modern Cymon from the Jean of Paul de Koch; 2 vols. Not calculated for this market. The Last Man, by Mrs. Shelly, 2 vols. 12mo. ditto. Miss Lee's Canterbury Tales, an old book revived. Herschell's Astronomy, being a part of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia. Woman, the Angel of life, by Robert Montgomery. Musical Sketches of the United States of North America, abating religion, temperance, and able societies. Young's Analytical Geometry. Young's Trigonometry. Mackintosh's History of England, 8vo. edition. Southey's Naval History of England. Report of the French Commissioners on the Penitentiary System of the United States.

Life of Dr. Burney. A handsome octavo edition of Madame d'Arbaly's life of Dr. Burney is in press in this city. Notwithstanding the egotism and vanity of the author, we have strong testimony from numerous readers, that her production has afforded them great pleasure. The anecdotes are new and extremely entertaining. Literary readers unite in liking the book, though they dislike its dress.

The narrative of Madame Dard, commenced this week, and which will be concluded in our next, cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers. The touching simplicity of the language, though it may have lost something in translation, is still preserved with sufficient accuracy.

The extensive circulation which this periodical enjoys throughout the whole union, and the contiguous British possessions, renders it peculiarly adapted for bringing into notice Advertisements of Books, and periodical announcements.

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PROSPECTUS.—The very general approval bestowed by the public on the "Select Circulating Library," has induced the subscriber, at the suggestion of numerous friends and persons to publish a Periodical in the French language on a similar plan.

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The editorial department will be under the control of gentlemen familiarly conversant with French literature, and who will exercise the most critical judgment in the selection of books. The number just published shows the size of the paper, and the type, and the quality of the paper, and each number will be stitched in a handsome cover.

ADAM WALDIE.

No. 6, North Bridge-street, Edinburgh.

TERMS.—La Bibliothèque Française is published three times a month, making thirty-six livraisons yearly, each livraison containing sixteen pages (impair octavo, two columns on a page, printed in French, and the title in English), and is sold at the end of the year. Remittances of five dollars or upwards may be sent at the expense of the proprietor, if made in bank notes or per in Philadelphia.

ture, then I would say, better remain in ignorance for ever, than hazard the wreck of your mind to the perils, or admit into your heart the elements of destruction.

"But while you carefully avoid all works, which are fitted, in any degree, to corrupt the principles, or sully the purity, of the mind, I would have you select those, which, on the whole, are best adapted to increase your stock of useful knowledge and practical wisdom. In the wide range of elegant literature, there is a great variety of authors, which will at once enlighten your understanding, improve your taste, and exert an influence upon your heart favourable to virtue and piety.

"It is an error, against which you should be on your guard in the selection of your readings, to confine yourself exclusively to books of a particular kind. The effect of this would be to corrupt your taste, to destroy the proportion which exists among the various powers of your mind, and, as the case may be, to expose you to serious inconvenience and mortification. That you may avoid this error, endeavour to be conversant with those authors who have been most conspicuous in the various departments of literature. Such a course will be likely to give you a correct taste, at the same time that it will impart a general consistency and vigour to your intellectual character.

"Though I have no wish that you should be an enthusiast with regard to poetry, I would still have you, in some degree, familiar with the best poets both of ancient and modern date. The immortal works of Milton, Cowper, and Thomson may be read with great advantage to the heart as well as to the understanding. But there are others, usually associated in the same cluster of poetical genius, who, however exquisite their poetry, cannot be safely recommended as guides to youthful virtue. Much of the modern poetry, I am sorry to say, is chargeable with the same immoral tendency. Byron, with a genius in which he excels, whether of ancient or modern days, can lay claim, has clouded his brilliant and beautiful conceptions with the dark hue of infidelity and moral death; and so long as his writings last, they must stand as a monument of a noble intellect prostituted to the worst of all purposes—that of corrupting and destroying his fellow-men. Moore, with less of genius than Byron, has written, for the most part, for no better purpose; and it were far worse than a waste of time to employ yourself upon his productions."

"If I should point you to the finest model of female manners which has ever been my privilege to observe, and one which will compare with the most perfect models of this or any other age, I should repeat a venerated name, that of Mrs. Hannah More. It was my privilege, a few years ago, to make a visit to the residence of this distinguished lady, and to witness the scenes since regarded as among the happiest incidents of my life. At that time she numbered more than fourscore years; but the vigour of her intellect was scarcely at all impaired; and from what she was, I could easily conceive what she had been when her sun was at its height. Her countenance was rather small, but was a specimen of admissible symmetry. In her manners she united the dignity and refinement of the court, with the most exquisite urbanity and gentleness which the female character in its loveliest forms ever exhibited. She expressed me continually with a sense of the high intellectual and moral qualities by which she was distinguished, but still left me as unconstrained as if I had been conversing with my beloved child. There was an air of graceful and unaffected ease, an instinctive regard to the most delicate proprieties of social intercourse, a readiness to communicate, and yet a desire to listen, the dignity of conscious merit united with the humility of the devoted Christian; in short, there was such an assemblage of intellectual and moral excellences beaming forth in every expression, and look, and attitude, that I could scarcely conceive of a more perfect illustration of human character. I rejoice that it is the privilege of all to know Mrs. More through her works; and I can form no better wish for you than that you may imbibе her spirit, and walk in her footsteps."

Poems—Narrative and Lyrical. By William Motherwell. Glasgow, 1832.

This is a small volume of beautiful poetry—rich in thought, and harmonious in versification. The author clothes the conceptions of a lively imagination, in a bold yet correct style of expression—imparting a freshness and originality

of very superior claims. By the public prints, *Jeannie Morrison*, a beautiful ballad, has been pretty generally spread through the country, and some other pieces by the same author. Some of the poems and songs are in the Scottish dialect, but the majority are in English. We subjoin an English song; but the author, like all other Scottish poets who have written in their native dialect, seems most at home when it is the medium of expression.

HE IS GONE! HE IS GONE!

He is gone! he is gone!

Like the leaf from the tree;

Oh! down that is blown

By the wind o'er the lea.

He is fled, the light-hearted!

Yet a tear must have started

To his eye, when he parted

From love-stricken me!

He is fled! he is fled!

Like a gallant so free,

Plumed cap on his head,

And sharp sword by his knee;

While his gay feathers were stirred,

Surely something he uttered,

He at least must have uttered

A farewell to me!

He's away! he's away

To far lands o'er the sea—

And long is the day

Ere home he can be;

But here's for his prances,

And thronging lances,

Sure he'll think of the glances

That love stole from me!

He is gone! he is gone!

Like the leaf from the tree;

But his heart is of stone

If it ne'er dream of me!

For I dream of him ever:

His bi-coat and bawber,

And long-sword, oh! never

Are absent from me!

VARIETIES.

The press groans under the burthen of weak, and clumsy, and fantastic trash.—*Last Quarterly Review*

The ladies have always some pretty little manufacture on hand; twenty years ago they were shoemakers;—then came the era of book-binding; at present, authorship is the thing. To have contributed to an Annual or a Court Journal is no distinction at all. Even a volume of lyrical poems is thought hardly more of than an embroidered cushion, or a night cap. It was in the days of their great grandmothers. There are probably present at every drawing-room of Queen Adelaide's, half a score beauties, or *c-dévot* beauties, whose names have been blazoned on the title page of a three-toned book, or at least on the advertisements of its publisher; and, to crown all, we have a monthly magazine avowedly edited by a young and lovely member of one of our noble families.—*Ibid.*

Translating.—When the patient was first taken out for distilling from the quarter loaf, by collecting the spirit which evaporates during baking, a baker, whose honesty or science (we don't know which) was less than his mother wit, stuck up in his window, "brend with the gin in it." Translating is in this respect not very unlike baking. The world has been some six thousand years in discovering that a great part of the spirit necessarily escapes in the process, and that, of two rival methods, the one that professes to preserve the spirit most, runs the greater chance of being awkwardly and but half performed.—*Last Edinburgh Review.*

Rice Glue.—An elegant cement may be made from rice flour, which is at present used for that purpose in China and Japan. It is only necessary to mix the rice flour intimately with cold water, and gently simmer it over the fire, when it readily forms a delicate and durable cement, not only answering all the purposes of common paste, but admirably adapted for joining together paper, cards, &c., in forming the various beautiful and tasteful ornaments which afford much amusement

and employment to the ladies. When made of the consistence of plaster or clay, models, busts, bas-reliefs, &c., may be formed of it, and the articles, when dry, are susceptible of a high polish, and very durable.

The grasshopper is of the same species as the cricket, but his notes are not so powerful, if we can believe what is related by the ancients of this delicate creature, as a race of musicians they must have greatly degenerated. Plutarch tells us, that when Terpaner was playing upon the lyre, at the Olympic Games, and had enraptured the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, a string of his lyre broke, and a cicada, or grasshopper, immediately perched on the bridge, and, by its voice, supplied the loss of the string, and saved the fame of the musician. In Surinam, the Dutch call them lyre players, because the sound resembles those of a vibrating wire. Americans, who consider this creature as the emblem of fleecy, ever young and immortal, the offspring of Phobus, and the darling of the muses. The Athenians kept them in cages, for the sake of their song, and called them the nightingales of the nymphs. As in the case of birds, the males only sing; hence Xenarchus used to cherish their happiness by their having single wives.—*Gardner's Music of Nature.*

The Press Power.—There is something remarkable in the manner in which the power of the press—the Fourth Estate—has been recognised by the two rival despots of the East. Both the Grand Seigneur and the Pacha of Egypt, in different ways, have recognised the legitimacy of the periodical press. In a speech from the throne, the Sultan acknowledged the services of the editor of the Smyrna newspaper, and permitted that functionary to address him *vis a vis*, after the manner of a royal representative, in a set speech. The Pacha of Egypt has sent over to Europe for the editor of a newspaper, as he used to do for steam engines and spinning jennies, and has assigned him a salary equal probably to that of one of his best generals.

London Society of Antiquaries.—Mr. Hudson Gurney in the chair.—Communication was read from Mr. Adamson, secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle, on the discovery of a large quantity of coins, to the number of about 8000, of various Saxon kings and archbishops of York, from about the year 808 to 850, found in digging a grave about seven feet deep in the churchyard at Hexham, in Northumberland. The vessel was broken by the spade, and several of the coins lost; many more were distributed in the neighbourhood, before the rector heard of the discovery; he, however, succeeded in recovering about 7000; and after some doubts as to the right of ownership, all claimants agreed to present them to the British Museum. They are mostly in high preservation, and several of them were described by Mr. Adamson. Drawings were exhibited of the vessel and its cover, with some minor details.

Mutton and mutton.—It is odd enough that a sheep when dead should be so mutton, all but its head; for, while we ask for a leg or a shoulder of mutton, we never ask for a mutton's head; but there is a trait which changes its name still oftener; grapes are so called when fresh, raisins when dried, and plums when in pudding.

Encouragement of the Fine Arts in France.—A royal brig has been despatched to Civita Vecchia to convey M. Horace Vernet to Algiers, and await his return. He is employed on a mission by the government to point out some of the actions between the French and the Arabs. Thus at once encouraging the arts, perpetuating the national glory, and producing a lasting incentive to valour and patriotism. This is true policy; and as wise as it is liberal.

A Hint.—He begins sometimes who begins to instruct mankind at eighteen. The judicious will probably be of opinion that in eighteen years man can scarcely learn how to learn; and that for eighteen more years he ought to be content to learn; and if at the end of the second period he still thinks that he can impart any thing worthy of attention, it is at least early enough to begin to teach. The fault, however, if it were a fault, was to be imputed to the times, and not to the individual, as the numerous precocious effusions of the day attest."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Quire Pen.—The following is from an English newspaper advertisement:—"Patent machine for teaching arithmetic for use of schools, and among especially of private families, by John Tyrell, Esq. & Co. Complete in a handsome mahogany box, price 16s.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

PUBLISHED IN LONDON TO THE LATEST DATE.

A Treatise on Astronomy, by Sir John Herschel, being the 42d volume of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, fep. 8vo.—A Memoir on the Advantage and Practicability of Dividing the Stricture in Strangulated Hernia, by C. A. Key, 8vo.—A Pocket Companion in a Tour round the Isle of Wight, by W. Kidd, with 420 engravings, 2 vols. 12mo.—Readings in Poetry, small 8vo.—The Crusaders, by T. Leighton, small 8vo., with 12 Views.—The Abbess, a romance, by the author of the "Domestic Manners of the Americans," 3 vols. post 8vo.—Valpy's Shakespeare, with Illustrations, Vol. VIII. 12mo.; Classical Library, Vol. XLII.; Cicero, Vol. I. 12mo.—Norriën's Historical Account of the Origin and Progress of Astronomy, with plates, 8vo.—Miss Edgeworth's Novels and Tales, Vol. XIV.; Fensinger, 12mo.—The Library of Robinson, Vol. VI.; The Slave-King, 12mo.—Win. Goode, on Modern Claims to Gifts of the Spirit, 8vo.—Rev. Francis Goode on the Better Covenant, 8vo.—Simson's Works, the 4th and concluding portion, Vol. XVII. to XXI. Galatians to Revelations, Claude's Essays, Indexes, &c. 8vo.—The Mother's Manual, or Illustrations of the Principles of Economy, by F. T. with plates, royal 8vo.—The Parson's Daughter, by the author of "Sayings and Doings," 3 vols. 8vo.—Bridgewater Treatises: Rev. Thomas Chalmers on the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man, 2 vols. 8vo.—Heeren's Historical Researches concerning the Asiatic Nations, 3 vols. 8vo.—The Young Man's Friend, 2 vols. 8vo.—Political Unionist's Catechism, by Junius Reilivius, 18mo.—Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. XVII. Gil Blas, Vol. II. 12mo.—Woman, the Angel of Life, by Robert Montgomery, 8vo.—The Young Enthusiast in Humble Life, a simple story, 18mo.—Bach and other poems by M. J. Chapman, 18mo.—Domestic Architecture, by James Goodwin, 4to.—The Mysteries of Time, or Barnwell Cave, a poem, 8vo.—The Origin and Progress of the Malignant Cholera in Manchester, by Henry Gaultier, 8vo.—A Teacher's Lessons on the Creation, with a Catechism, by Charles Barker, 18mo.—A Teacher's First Lessons on Religion, by Robert Hall, 8vo.—The Romance of the Christian Ages, 2 vols. post 8vo.—The Repellers, by the Countess of Blessington, 3 vols. 8vo.—The Shelley Papers; Memoir of P. B. Shelley, by Captain Medwin, with Original Poems, &c., 16mo.—Memorials of Felix Neff, by T. S. Ellery, 18mo.—Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann, edited by Lord Dover, 3 vols. 8vo.

New American Publications.

Alphabet of Phrenology.—A short sketch of that science, for the use of beginners, by H. T. Judson, M. D.
Indian Wars of the West.—containing biographical sketches of those pioneers who headed the western settlers in repelling the attacks of the savages, together, with a view of the character, manners, mœurs, and antiquities of the Western Indians, by Timothy Flint. Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, in 2 vols. 12mo., an extremely amusing work.
Waverley Anecdotes, illustrative of the Incidents, Character, and Scenery described in the Novels and Romances of Sir Walter Scott.
The Slave King, from the Bag Jargal of Victor Hugo, being Vol. 6 of the Library of Elzevir, translated by William Godwin, author of Caleb Williams, &c. 2 vols. 12mo.
Polyesian Researches, during a residence of nearly eight years in the Society and Sandwich Islands, by W. Ellis, in four vols. 12mo. We have before us, the two English editions of this valuable work, and have read the narrative with pleasure. All who have seen, or are interested in the missions, &c. of the South Seas, will find Ellis's Researches useful additions to their stock of knowledge.
Also, No. 13 of the Boy's and Girl's Library of useful and entertaining knowledge, containing part of the Young Christian's Sunday Evening.
Nicklin & Johnson have published No. 19 of the "American Jurist and Law Magazine."

COMMENCEMENT.

July 25th was the forty-first annual commencement of the University of Pennsylvania. At 10 a. m. a procession was formed at the College buildings, agreeable to a programme published the day preceding, with the addition of the trustees of the Girard College, who were invited to attend and take part in the exercises. The proceedings of the day were laid in the Hall of the Musical Fund Society, according to the following

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Prayer by the Provost.

Music.

The Greek Salutatory Oration, by John McKinley.

The English Salutatory Oration, by Jas. C. Hulme.

Music.

The Influence of Chivalry on Modern Manners, by Norton Johnson.

On Roman Character, by William Gilpin.

Music.

On Greatness as an object of effort, by John F. Hoff.

On the Rise of Eminent Men, by Warwick B. Freeman.

On the Importance of Mental Science, by William T. Otto.

Music.

On the Fallibility of History, by Aubrey H. Smith.

Dignitas Jurisprudentie—Latin Oration, by Frederick W. Mayer.

Music.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was then conferred on the following named members of the senior class of the Collegiate Department:

John M. McAuley
John McKinley
Frederick W. Mayer
James C. Hulme
William W. Smith
William T. Otto
Aubrey H. Smith
Norton Johnson
John F. Hoff
William Gilpin
Warwick B. Freeman
William H. Ashurst
Edward C. Biddle

Robert C. Clark
James L. Cole
Randall Earl
William E. Evans
Kingston Goddard
John W. Hoffman
Charles A. Ogden
Israel Pemberton
Charles E. Pleasant
Samuel L. Smith
John W. Wallace
William Wain

The degree of Master of Arts was then conferred on the following graduates of three years standing:

William D. Baker
Richard A. Gilpin
William R. Johnston
Horn K. Kneass
Theophilus A. Wylie

The degree of M. D. was conferred on James G. Turpin, John Carter, and James L. Bunch.

Music.

The Valedictory Oration, by John M. McAuley.

Finale.

For sale, at the office of the Select Circulating Library, The Rambles of a Naturalist, by Dr. Godman, handsomely printed in 12mo., and done up in coloured muslin.

The extensive circulation which this periodical enjoys throughout the whole union, and the contiguous British possessions, renders it peculiarly adapted for bringing into notice Advertisements of Books, and periodical announcements.

To meet the views of all classes of Advertisers, the following reasonable terms have been fixed:—

Annual Literary Advertisers, (each advertisement not to exceed 15 lines nonpareil) including the "Library," \$15 00
Single advertisement, for first insertion, 75
For every succeeding insertion, 25
and in proportion for longer advertisements.

Reciprocal favours readily granted to other respectable advertising sheets.

Communications and books for the editor of the Journal of Belles Lettres, and of Waldie's Select Circulating Library, left at the publication office, will be attended to.

This enables a teacher, without any trouble, and with very little knowledge of arithmetic, to keep his pupils, however numerous, constantly employed. And from the plain, intelligible, conspicuous, and novel manner in which the sums are exhibited, the pupils are attracted to the study of this very important branch of education."

We recommend its early importation to America, where teaching by a patent machine, without any trouble, would suit admirably with some people.

The *Largely*, a new periodical, is thus offered for sale in London.—The *Lawyer*—Price one penny.
Poetry.—An elegant volume of poems by Greenville Mellen, is about to be published by L. W. Wait & Co., being the Martyr's Triumph, Buried Value, and numerous minor pieces. The two we have named will be found, we think, to possess a character exceedingly interesting to the public and creditable to the accomplished author. Both are founded on fact; the latter upon the memorable avalanche in the Notch of the White Flint, which occurred a few years since. Mr. Mellen, having passed several months in that vicinity, has made himself perfect master of both the history and scenery of that singular spot, and has wrought them into a story of thrilling interest. All the travelling parties which go in that direction this season, should consider this volume an indispensable *cade memento*. An annual, a distinguished member of the French Academy has published a work, entitled *Reminiscences of a Sexagenarian*. He carries his narrative down to the death of Louis XVIII. Few men of his country have had opportunity of seeing more in both the political and literary world in France.

A memoir of Roger Williams, from the pen of Professor Knowles of the Newton Seminary, is nearly ready for publication. The author has been furnished with abundant means of making a complete work.

LONDON.

An anonymous note advises us that a Life of Edmund Kean, with extracts from his correspondence, is in immediate preparation, under the superintendence of Mrs. Kean.

Dedicated by permission to the king (and by subscription), a History of Mammies; the whole will be illustrated by numerous plates, &c.; by T. J. Pettigrew, P. R. S. &c.

The popular legend *Der Freyschutz*, or the Free Shot, from the German of A. Apel.

Village Belles, a novel.

History of the Manufacturing Population, its Manners and Habits, &c.

A Guide to an Irish gentleman in his search for a religion.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, LONDON.

Mr. Faraday on a new law of electric conduction.—On the preceding evening a philosophical investigation of this law was read at the Royal Society. On the present occasion, a popular view of it and its consequences was laid before the members of the Royal Institution. The new law governs many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of substances, which, hitherto, have been considered as non-conductors of electricity of a low tension (as that of a powerful Voltaic battery) whilst they remain in the solid state, but, with very few exceptions, instantly become excellent conductors when rendered fluid; they then undergo decomposition. This fact, as regards its generality, was first observed in water, which, the moment it is frozen—provided none be left in contact with electricity—becomes an insulator of voltaic electricity. It was found that oxides, chlorides, salts, &c. being naturally solids, are non-conductors, but become when frozen good conductors and decomposed. It has been imagined that water was essential to all cases of electro-chemical decomposition, but it is not so; on the contrary, water is nearly the none is left in contact with electricity—becomes an insulator of voltaic electricity. It was found that oxides, chlorides, salts, &c. being naturally solids, are non-conductors, but become when frozen good conductors and decomposed. It has been imagined that water was essential to all cases of electro-chemical decomposition, but it is not so; on the contrary, water is nearly the none is left in contact with electricity—becomes an insulator of voltaic electricity. It was found that oxides, chlorides, salts, &c. being naturally solids, are non-conductors, but become when frozen good conductors and decomposed. It has been imagined that water was essential to all cases of electro-chemical decomposition, but it is not so; on the contrary, water is nearly the none is left in contact with electricity—becomes an insulator of voltaic electricity. 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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Indian Wars of the West; containing Biographical Sketches of those Pioneers who headed the western settlers in repelling the attacks of the Savages, together with a view of the Character, Manners, Monuments, and Antiquities of the Indians. By Timothy Flint. 12mo. pp. 240. Cincinnati, 1833.

We always welcome with pleasure a book from the pen of Mr. Flint when it relates to the valley of the Mississippi—there he is at home, and free to expatiate on what he knows. It is wonderful what an advantage it is to an author to be acquainted with the subject he attempts to write upon. Mr. Flint has not always this to boast of when he manufactures a book; witness his late Lectures on Natural History, in which he revives sundry ancient doctrines long since exploded, such as that horse hairs turn into real snakes, and snap at the hand that planted them, and so forth. He who considers merely his pocket, who cultivates his talents only for profit, is little fitted to deserve the rewards of fame. The laurel of the Muses is in worldly gains, indeed, too often a barren laurel. Of the west Mr. F. writes *con amore*, from the heart, and rarely fails of conveying information and gratifying his reader, notwithstanding his want of the last polish, and his *aggravations* of language. The present volume is just such as we should expect from its title and authorship. Indian warfare is a fruitful theme, almost without a regular historian; beyond the mountains events of great pitch and moment have followed each other in such rapid strides, that there has scarcely been time to take breath; hold the mirror up to a settlement in the form of a book or a newspaper paragraph, and before the book could be bound, or the mail fairly reach the geographer, every feature would be changed. In 1795 Cincinnati contained 500 inhabitants; in 1831, 30,000. The population of the valley itself was estimated in 1790 at little more than 100,000; at present it is rated at four millions; a million more inhabitants than the thirteen good old United States, when, at the commencement of the revolutionary war, they threw down the gauntlet in

the face of the parent country, then the most powerful empire on the globe.

Were our space greater we could profitably occupy it with numerous extracts, but we must be brief. Of Colonel Boone there is a tolerable biographical sketch. Byron has condescended to sing of this nondescript western hero in such strains as these:—

"Of all men, saving Sylla the man-slayer,
Who passes for in life and death most lucky,
Of the great names which in our faces stare,
The General Boone, backwoodsman of Kentucky,
Was happiest among mortals any where," &c.

Boone will long be the hero of western story, and when marble theatres occupy the site of the Indian wigwam, will rise from his resting place to strut his hour upon the stage, the theme of tragic poets. The anecdotes of Indian surprises, fights, and captivities, differ little from former versions, but the account of the destruction of the Natchez tribe may be new to some of our readers. A trivial misunderstanding led to the most disastrous results, aided by the overbearing character of M. de Choptart, the governor, who ordered the natives to clear away some huts to make room for a town, with a threat of destruction if not obeyed.

"The Indians dissembled; and remarking 'that the corn had just come out of the ground, and that their hens were laying their eggs, and that to abandon their villages at that time would bring famine both on them and the French,' requested delay. All that they could obtain of the haughty commandant, was to delay until autumn, on condition that each should bring a basket of corn, and a fowl, as a tribute for this forbearance. The savages met, and held councils in private; and the unanimous result was, to make one final effort to preserve their independence and the tombs of their ancestors inviolate. The Chickasaws, the allies of the English, and the natural enemies of the French, were invited to take part with them in their meditated vengeance upon the French. The Chickasaws eagerly consented; but by the treachery of one of their women, probably in the interest of the French, were deceived as to the day, and did not arrive until after the blow was struck. The massacre of the French was arranged to take place on the time when the Natchez should be admitted among them, to pay their tribute of corn and fowls. M. de Choptart was warned by a woman probably attached to some Frenchman, of their approaching doom. But the evil star of the French prevailed, and the commandant, instead of arousing to caution, punished the informer.

"The fatal period for the breaking forth of the smothered vengeance of the savages came. The last day of November, 1729, the Grand Sun, with his warriors, repaired to the fort, with the promised tribute of corn

and fowls. The soldiers were abroad in perfect security. The savages seized the gate, and other passages, by which the soldiers were excluded from their arms. The garrison was filled with warriors. The houses in the town were occupied, by previous concert, at the same time. It was a general massacre. None were spared but the slaves, and some of the women and children. Such was the horror and contempt of M. de Choptart, that the chiefs would not kill him, and he was slain by one of the meanest of the Indians. Of seven hundred people, scarcely enough survived to carry the tidings of destruction to the capital. All the forts, settlements, and inhabitants on the Yazoo and Washita shared the common fate of massacre and the flame.

"Consternation at first pervaded the capital. But the French soon put every engine into operation, to retaliate. The Chickasaws, thinking themselves mocked by the Natchez, in being deceived as to the time when the blow was struck on the French, in resentment, for not being at the massacre of the French, were ready to join the latter, to extirpate the Natchez. Fifteen hundred Chickasaws joined themselves to a detachment of French troops aided by cannon. The Natchez had fortified themselves; but on the appearance of this formidable force, and the discharge of the cannon, they humbled themselves to sue for peace. They offered to restore the French prisoners in their possession, and forsake their country for ever. M. de Lubaix, anxious to save the prisoners, consented to put off the attack until the next day, provided that the prisoners were given up. The following night they deserted the fort, in a silence so profound as not to disturb their enemies. They crossed the Mississippi, and ascended Red River to a point not far from where Natchitoches is now situated. The French pursued them, headed by M. de Ferrier, with cannon. They had fortified themselves; and in their last fastnesses they fought with the desperation of men who were ready to die. They sallied out, and attempted to cut their way through the besieging force in vain. It was useless to contend with the strength that surrounded them. The women and children were enslaved at home; and the males were sent as slaves to St. Domingo. Thus utterly perished the once powerful tribe of the Natchez."

A single additional anecdote and we must close the volume, commending it to the public as more able than most similar productions.

"An amusing incident which occurred in a second Indian expedition against Wheeling, serves to break the gloomy uniformity of these chronicles. The house of Colonel Zane, outside of the fort, contained a supply of ammunition, and was garrisoned by seven or eight persons, male and female, beside his own family. He was determined to maintain it. The savage army approached, and before firing upon the fort, demanded the surrender of the house. A brief and well directed fire was the reply. The women, as usual, moulded bullets, charged the guns, and handed them to the men, enabling them to fire with so much vivacity, as to cause the assailants to recoil. By night, they attempted to fire the house. A savage crawled to the

kitchen, and while waving a brand in the air, to kindle the fire so as to communicate it, received a shot from a black man, which sent him yelling away. An incident which promised the savages success in the end, operated in favour of the besieged. A small boat from Fort Pitt, bound to the Falls of the Ohio, loaded with cannon balls, put to shore at Wheeling. It was steered by one man, who, though slightly wounded, reached the fort. The boat of course fell into the hands of the savages. They had balls in abundance, and a single cannon would have enabled them to batter down the palisade. Necessity with the red as the white race is the mother of invention. A hollow log was procured with a cavity of calibre as nearly fitting the balls, as they could find. To render the new piece of ordnance safe, they adopted the ingenious expedient of applying chains obtained from a blacksmith's shop hard by, and strongly twisted them around either end of the wooden cannon. It was then heavily charged, and pointed to wards the palisade. Their imaginations presenting the walls battered down, and themselves entering to apply the tomahawk and scalping knife, they applied fire. Like the overcharged gun of Hudibras, the wooden mischief blew into a thousand fragments, killed a number, wounded more, and left the survivors staring with mute astonishment at the folly of meddling with the inventions of the white men.

"Erasperated to frenzy, they returned from the discomfiture of the log cannon to the assault of the house. A deadly fire again compelled them to retire. Meanwhile, the ammunition was failing, and unless a supply could be obtained, the house must yield. It was proposed that some one should make a sally among the savages, and bring from the fort a keg of powder. Though the enterprise was forlorn, volunteers offered to assume it. A young sister of Colonel Zane, who had just returned from a boarding school in Philadelphia, was of the number. When reminded of the advice of *feigning and force*, which will not succeed here over her, the heroine replied 'that the loss of a woman would be less felt.' Arranging her dress for the purpose, she bounded towards the fort. The besiegers under their native impulses, stood wrapt in admiration, and only exclaimed, 'a squaw! a squaw!' When arrived at the fort, Colonel Sals Zane, who in mute astonishment at the tale of balls, and the contents of a keg of powder, bound it round her waist, and sent forth his fair and admirable kinswoman on her glorious errand. The Indians discovering the object of her mission, were no longer chained into inaction by the daring of the white squaw. But she escaped unscathed through a whole volley of balls, and reached the fort in safety. A party soon after relieved the fort, and raised the siege."

A volume printed at Maysville, Kentucky, has lately been laid on our table; Cincinnati furnishes many in the course of the year; she now has a daily paper, a review, and in fact every thing and more, than was possessed by the Atlantic cities at the time of the revolution. We are almost afraid to look forward to another fifty years.

Landreth's Floral Magazine, No. 4, has just been presented to us, and it affords us pleasure to remark a continued improvement in each successive issue. The Floral Magazine is decidedly the most elegant publication of the kind we have ever had in America, and its scientific and horticultural details also entitle it to respect and patronage. In the present number a merited tribute is paid by the editor to Dr. Charles Pickering, Librarian of the Academy of Natural Sciences, for his aid in familiar botanical descriptions. It is most justly remarked of that gentleman, "that although he has but just entered the vestibule of life, he has already penetrated far into the temple of science." We know of no single individual who has amassed so large an amount of information in the varied departments of science, and it is gratifying, when there is so much fulsome adulation abroad, to pay a tribute to retiring merit.

The embellishments of the Landreth's work

show an improving state of the arts, which it should be the aim of Americans to encourage. They are coloured plates of the Magnolia Obovata, Peonia Moutan, Lonicera Flexuosa, Amayllis Purpurea, and Azalea Indica.

From the London Literary Gazette.

Sketches of the Court of England: Horace Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1833. Bentley.

Few writers have afforded the world more entertainment than Horace Walpole; so much indeed, that we might well imagine the mine, however rich, to have been exhausted. How delightfully we are disappointed! The present work, for an abundance of wit, of anecdote, of historical and political information, and of every thing which can render a publication of its kind equally valuable and lively, is, we had almost said, superior to any even of Walpole's preceding volumes. The period comprised is from the year 1741 to the death of George II.,—a period of deep interest, over all the events of which this correspondence throws a light illuminating the most important affairs, intrigues, and changes; and shading the brilliancy of humour and satire upon the lesser matters connected with personal adventure, the court, the manners of the times, and the thousand trifles which, when touched by so masterly a hand, reflect the very form and pressure of the age.

Altogether, we have not seen a more delicious book; nor can we commend a greater enjoyment to our readers, than the quiet study, in one of these warm days, or the more social evening retreat, and the pages of Walpole's letters to Sir Horace Mann* for their recreation. As for extracts, we do not know where to begin; and unless we quoted the whole production, we are sure we should not know where to end.

In honour of the author's talent, we will commence with some examples of his shrewd observations of life and pregnant style. How neat are the following turns of expression!—

"The parliament does not meet till the first of December, which relieves me into a little happiness. * * *

"The other night, at the opera, Mr. Worseley, with his peevish face, half smiling through ill nature, told me (only mind!) by way of news, that he heard Mr. Mann was dead at Florence! How kind! To entertain one with the chit chat of the town, a man comes and tells one, that one's dearest friend is dead! I am sure he would have lost his speech, if he had any thing pleasurable to tell. If ever there is a metempsychosis his soul will pass into a vulture, and prey upon carcases after a battle, and then go and bode at the windows of their relations." * * *

Of a person much disliked, who had met with a misfortune, Walpole writes;—

"He is more to be pitied, because nobody will pity him."

Again:—

"Fools prey upon one, when one has no companion to laugh them off."

"I never found that people loved one another the less for living asunder."

* Sir Horace was the English resident at Florence, with whom Walpole had formed a most intimate friendship, staying with him above a year, just before this correspondence commenced.

† This commendation will equally extend to the former volumes. Those who have not yet "found out" those charming letters, have a treat in store which we heartily envy them.—Edo.

The following we copy for their wit, drollery, or anecdotal amusement:—

"Sir John Germain was so ignorant, that he is said to have left a legacy to Sir Matthew Decker, as the author of St. Matthew's Gospel.

"Old Marlborough is dying—but who can tell! last year she had lain a great while ill, without speaking; her physicians said, 'she must be blistered, or she will die.' She called out, 'I won't be blistered, and I won't die.'

"In this age we have some who pretend to impartiality; you will scarce guess how Lord Brook shows his: he gives one vote on one side, one on the other, and the third time does not vote at all, and so on regularly. * * *

"Lady Sundon is dead, and Lady M*—disappointed; she, who is full as polite as the Lord Hervey, had made herself an absolute servant to Lady Sundon, but I don't hear that she has left her even her old clothes. Lord Sundon is in great grief: I am surprised, for she has had fits of madness ever since her ambition met such a check by the death of the queen. She had great power with her, though the queen pretended to despise her; but had unluckily told her, or fallen into her power by some secret. I was saying to Lady Pomfret, 'To be sure she is dead very rich!' she replied with some warmth, 'She never took money.' When I came home, I mentioned this to Sir R. 'No,' said he, 'but she took jewels; Lord Pomfret's place of master of the horse to the queen was bought of her for a pair of diamond ear-rings, of fourteen hundred pounds value.' One day that she wore them at a visit at old Marlboro', as soon as she was gone, the duchess said to Lady Mary Wortley, 'How can that woman have the impudence to go about in that bribe?' 'Madam,' said Lady Mary, 'how would you have people know where wine is to be sold, unless there is a sign hung out?' Sir R. told me, that in the enthusiasm of her vanity, Lady Sundon had proposed to him to unite with her, and govern the kingdom together: he bowed, begged her patronage, but said he thought nobody fit to govern the kingdom but the king and queen. * * *

"Churchill [General C—, a natural son of the Marlborough family], asked Putney the other day, 'Well, Mr. Putney, will you break me too?' 'No, Charles,' replied he, 'you break fast enough of yourself! Don't you think it hurt him more than the other breaking would?' * * *

"I was last week at the masquerade, dressed like an old woman, and passed for a good mask. I took the English liberty of teasing whom I pleased, particularly old Churchill: I told him I was quite ashamed of being there, till I met him; but was quite comforted with finding one person in the room older than myself. The duke, who had been told who I was, came up and said, 'Je connois cette poitrine.' I took him for some Templar, and replied, 'Vous! vous ne connoissez que des poitrines qui sont bien plus usées'; it was unluckily put. The next night, at the drawing room, he asked me, very good humouredly, if I knew who was the old woman that had teased every body at the masquerade? We were laughing so much at this, that the king crossed the room to Lady Hervey, who was with us, and said, 'What are those boys laughing at so?' She told him, and that I had said I was so awkward at undressing myself, that I had stood for an hour in my stays and under petticoat before my footman. * * *

"You will laugh at a comical thing that happened the other day to Lord Lincoln. He sent

the Duke of Richmond word that he would dine with him in the country; and if he would give him leave, would bring Lord Bury with him. It happens that Lord Bury is nothing less than the Duke of Richmond's nephew. The duke, very properly, sent him word back, that Lord Bury might bring him, if he pleased. I have been plagued all this morning with that sort of unlicked antiquity, Prideaux, and his great boy. He talked through all Italy, and every thing in all Italy. Upon mentioning Stosch, He replied, I asked if he had seen his collection. He replied, very few of his things, for he did not like his company; that he never heard so much *heathenish talk* in his days. I enquired what it was, and found that Stosch had one day said before him, that the soul was only a little glue. I laughed so much, that he walked off; I suppose thinking that I believed so too."

George II.—"At last the mighty monarch does not go to Flanders, after making the greatest preparations that ever were made but by Harry the Eighth, and the authors of the grand Cyrus and the illustrious Bassa: you may judge by the quantity of napkins, which were to the amount of nine hundred dozen—indeed, I don't recollect that ancient heroes were ever so provident of necessities, or thought, how they were to wash their hands and face after a victory. Six hundred horses, under the care of the Duke of Richmond, were even shipped; and the clothes and furniture of his court magnificent enough for a bull-fight at the conquest of Granada. Felton Hervey's war horse, besides having richer caparisons than any of the expedition, had a gold net to keep off the flies—in winter!"

This is worthy of a modern exquisite in the guards or hussars.

"I remember a tutor at Cambridge, who had been examining some lads in Latin; but in a little while excused himself, and said he must speak English, for his mouth was very sore.

"Princess Buckingham" is dead or dying; she has sent for Mr. Anstis, and settled the ceremonial of her burial. On Saturday she was so ill, that she feared dying before all the pomp was come home: she said, 'Why won't they send the canopy for me to see? Let them send it, though all the tassels are not finished.' But yesterday was the greatest stroke of all! She made her ladies vow to her, that if she should lie senseless, they would not sit down in the room before she was dead."

After going out of the commons and fighting a duel with Mr. Chetwynd, whom he wounded—

"My uncle (says Walpole) returned to the house, and was so little moved as to speak im-

* Catherine Duchess of Buckingham, natural daughter of King James II. by the Countess of Dorchester. She was so proud of her birth, that she would never go to Versailles, because they would not give her the rank of princess of the blood. At Rome, whether she went two or three times to see her brother, and to carry on negotiations with him for his interest, she had a box at the opera distinguished like those of crowned heads. She not only regulated the ceremony of her own burial, and dressed up the waxen figure of herself for Westminster Abbey, but had shown the same insensibility on the death of her only son, dressing his figure, and sending messages to her friends, that if they had a mind to see him lie in state, she would carry them in a conveyance by a back-door. She sent to the old Duchess of Marlborough to borrow the triumphal car that had carried the duke's body. Old Sarah, as mad and proud as herself, sent her word, "that it had carried my Lord Marlborough, and should never be profaned by any other corpse." The Buckingham returned, "that she had spoken to the undertaker, and he had engaged to make a finer for twenty pounds."

mediately upon the *cambrick bill*, which made Swinny say, "That it was a sign he was not ruffled."

"There has happened a comical circumstance at Leicester house; one of the prince's coachmen, who used to drive the maids of honour, was so sick of them, that he has left his son three hundred pounds upon condition that he never marries a maid of honour!"

"Lord Chesterfield says, "that if we have a mind effectually to prevent the pretender from ever obtaining this crown, we should make him Elector of Hanover, for the people of England will never fetch another king from thence."

Detlingen.—"The maiden heroes of the guards are in great wrath with General Ilton, who kept them out of harm's way. They call him the confectioner, because he says he preserved them."

The Catholic Faith.—"I must tell you a *bon-mot* of Winnington: I was at dinner with him and Lord Lincoln, and Lord Stafford, last week, and it happened to be a maigre day, of which Stafford was talking, though, you may believe, without any scruples: 'Why,' said Winnington, 'what a religion is yours! they let you eat nothing, and yet make you swallow every thing! * * * We are not good at hitting off anti-miracles, the only way of defending one's own religion. I have read an admirable story of the Duke of Buckingham, who, when James II. sent a priest to him to persuade him to turn papist, and was plied by him with miracles, told the doctor, that if miracles were proofs of a religion, the protestant cause was as well supplied as theirs. We have lately had a very extraordinary one near my estate in the country. A very holy man, as you might be, doctor, was travelling on foot and was benighted. He came to the cottage of a poor dwager, who had nothing in the house for herself and daughter but a couple of eggs and a slice of bacon. However, as she was a pious widow, she made the good man welcome. In the morning, at taking leave, the saint made her over to God for payment, and prayed that whatever she should do as soon as he was gone, she might continue to do all day. This was a very unlimited request, and unless the saint was a prophet too, might not have been very pleasant retribution. The good woman, who minded her affairs, and was not to be put out of her way, went about her business. She had a piece of coarse cloth to make a couple of shifts for herself and child. She no sooner began to measure it but the yard fell a-measuring, and there was no stopping it. It was sunset before the good woman had time to take breath. She was almost stifled, for she was up to her ears in ten thousand yards of cloth."

A worthy lord mayor furnishes some droll stories, *ex. gr.*:

"Yesterday we had another hearing of the petition of the merchants, when Sir Robert Godschall shone brighter than even his usual: there was a copy of a letter produced, the original being lost; he asked whether the copy had been taken before the original was lost, or after! * * *

"This gold chain came into parliament, cried up for his parts, but proves so dull, one would think he chewed opium. Earle says, 'I have heard an oyster speak as well twenty times.'"

"Hearing of a gentleman who had had the small-pox twice, and died of it, he asked, if he

died the first time, or the second? If this is made for him, it is at least quite in his style."

Mr. Hook's new novel "The Parson's Daughter," is among our last London works. We made a desperate attempt to read the three volumes, but stuck fast in the early part of the first. The following is a lively extract enough, but we had thought the race of marrying daughters and matronising mothers had been all *hang* by public opinion long ago.

"Nobody could imagine, who did not know, the state of effervescence into which this brief answer of Lord Weybridge threw the whole family. More like fates than graces, the three daughters of Lady Gorgon had been, first, one, then the second, and, lastly, the third, dragged about to every possible place—balls, concerts, parties, dinners, fêtes, *déjeuners à la fourchette*, and *déjeuners dinatoires*. They had acted in private theatres—stood and sat in *tableaux*—been all over the continent—at all the best watering-places, in the best seasons. Two of them had been down in the diving-bell at Plymouth—the third had volunteered an excursion in a balloon;—Mary-Jane had given the loyal horsemen troop of yeomanry a standard, worked by her own fair hands. The heads of all the three had been examined by Deville; they had climbed poles, and swung on sticks under Captain Cress—they all painted and lithographed—all spoke six living languages, and understood three dead ones—they all sang—and all played—and all danced—and all did every sort of curious work—and they all of them stuck prints on boxes with varnish—and all understood conchology, and ichthyology, and epatology, and botany, and chemistry—and all had admired all collected autographs—and they all admired Pasta—and they all delighted in Switzerland, and adored Paris—they all loved yachting, and they all idolised the lakes—they were all enthusiasts, and all sympathetic in their tastes. But with all this, the romantic period of Lord Weybridge's arrival in London, presented what they had been in the beginning—the three Miss Gorgons."

VARIETIES.

A manufactured mermaid was recently exhibited in New York. It was seen by many; and the best of the joke was, that hundreds believed it a mermaid.—It was enclosed in a kind of glass case or box. The Commercial asks, with all simplicity of soul, if there may not be a hoax in the case?—to which the Nantucket Inquirer replies that it must certainly be in the case, if any where.

A London paper tells an amusing story of a "stout gentleman," who, in order, to go travelling comfortably while travelling, took and paid for two inside places for Liverpool, but unfortunately forgot to specify the precise local situation, and, to his chagrin, when he attended at the hour appointed, he found two gentlemen seated, at the front and the other at the back; and the proprietors of the stage-coach, seeing two places left, though not on the same side as intended. The stout gentleman insisted that he had a right to have the places together; and, refusing to travel by the coach, took a chaise and four horses, and travelled alone. He afterward sued the proprietors, but was not-suited.

Dr. Willis tells us, says Dr. Burney, of a lady who could hear only by the constant hearing of music; so that her husband hired a drummer as her servant, in order to enjoy the pleasure of her conversation. The husband must have possessed extraordinary ears, if he could hear equally with or without the drum. The lady must have wanted the drum of the ear.

Formation of a musical ear.—The formation of the musical ear only by the constant hearing of musical sounds, soon learn to appreciate them, and treasure up the merit of giving the first lesson in melody; for we learn from the lives of eminent composers, that early fondness for the art may be traced to the ditties of the nursery.—Gardner's *Musical Nature*.

It is more sharpened by intercourse with the world; judgment, by meditation.

Good Translations.—In the foreign news of our journals on Monday, we observe that at Antwerp, on the 21st of May, a mob, "beaten and annihilated" two members of the Society *La Loyauté*,—one of whom, Mr.

Ghesland, is "very ill" in consequence, though "not considered to be in danger;" and at a review of his troops by Don Miguel, "wherever his majesty passed the crowd, the acclamations were such that it was hardly possible to walk!"

Irish die of it! "If you meet a peasant on your journey, and ask him how far, for instance, to Baltimore, he will probably say it is 'three short miles.' You travel on, and are informed by the next peasant you meet that it is 'five long miles.' On you go, and the next will tell 'your honour,' it is 'four miles, or about that same.' The fourth will swear, 'If your honour stops at three miles, you'll never get there.' You come to a town, and ask your next enquiring what that place is, he replies, 'Oh, please your honour, that's Ballinrobe, sure enough.' Why, you said it was more than three miles off! 'Oh, yes, to be sure and certain, that's from my own cabin, please your honour.' We're no scholars in this country. Arrah! how can we tell any distance, please your honour, but from our own little cabins! Nobody but the schoolmaster knows that, please your honour."

To gain a correct acquaintance with human nature, it is necessary to move in a public or extensive sphere. A more limited circle of observation conduces to greater minuteness and accuracy. A public mode of life is favourable to a knowledge of manners; a private, to a knowledge of character.

General and immetaphorical reading is not without its advantages, and seems preferable to that which is limited, however select or systematic.

The generality of men have no ruling passion, but spend their days in a kind of passive existence, and are borne on unconsciously by the tide of life. A ruling passion requires mental energy, of which most people are destitute.—*Hore Otiose.*

Solitude is adapted to give a knowledge of character; mixing with the world, to draw out or to modify character.—*Ibid.*

The addition of studies, so far from weakening the mind is a powerful means of promoting its energy and growth. We seldom meet with persons of vigorous understanding, whose range of thought has been confined chiefly to one department.—*Ibid.*

Taking Time by the Hindlock.—The agricultural reporter of a Munster paper gives the following directions for sowing clover: "Good warm weather should be chosen, at the latter end of last month or the commencement of the present." A little farther on, speaking of the spring show of the Horticultural Society, this florid writer says—"The splendid collection that appeared on that occasion excited the feelings of gratification for supreme to be readily forgotten."

Egyptian Newspaper.—A journal is now published at Alexandria, under the title of *Misr Wakaesi* (Egyptian News). The vignette of this paper, in opposition to the Ottoman Crescent, presents half a sun, shining forth from behind a pyramid, on the side of which stands a flourishing palm tree. On the left of the vignette are these words—"Printed at the office of the *Divan of Events in the Royal Castle*." This paper, which is in the Arabic and Turkish languages, gives no political news, but is confined to civil and military subjects, which have merely a local interest.

Mr. Harrison lately read before the Paris Academy of Sciences a paper on a new instrument, called *Sphygmometer*, to which he ascribes great importance. It is intended to measure the beatings of the heart and arteries. He contends that the ordinary judgment by the pulse is not sufficiently sure, or rather that it is quite uncertain without his instrument.

The Board of Trustees of the College, Annapolis, have established a professorship of *Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology*, and appointed Dr. J. T. Duce of Baltimore to fill the chair.

There are two vacant Professorships in the University of North Carolina, which will be filled on the first Monday in September next—one of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, with the salary of \$1,000.—The other modern languages, salary \$750. Letters must be addressed post-paid, to Charles Manly, Raleigh.

Puffs Erroneous.—A few days ago, Mr. Robert Montgomery, whose new poem on "Woman," is at present undergoing cross-examination, sent a note to a well-known editor in the *Street* to the following effect:—"Dear Sir, I trust you will oblige me with a few puffs for my Woman." The note was directed Mr. Strand; and was delivered, through the ignorance of the Mercury, into the hands of a pastry cook of the same name in the same street. He also dealt in puffs, like (and yet not like) his name-ake; but feeling at a loss as to the quantity required, and, moreover, under-

standing that the said Mercury had no cash wherewith to pay, he at once indited the following reply:—"Mr. — begs to thank Mr. R. Montgomery for his order, shall be happy to supply his woman with any number of puffs as soon as money is sent." We are indebted to the Mercury for this candid and candidly signed C. Literary Union, and who states that he has in his possession the original note of the bard.

Leds Mercury.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Russia.—The Russian Chamberlain, Demidov, in order to promote the interest of literature and science in his native country, has resolved to set aside, every year, till his death, the sum of 30,000 rubles, to be awarded in sums of 5000 rubles, to such writers as shall have enriched Russian literature, during the preceding year, with some work of distinguished merit.

The Academy of Science will decide on the merits of the proposed works. M. Demidov has also, by a subsequent act, confirmed the 30,000 rubles for the same purpose for twenty years after his death, and added a further sum of 5000 rubles, for the printing of the M. S. that may be judged worthy of the prize. Should this latter sum not be sufficient for its object, the emperor has engaged, at the express request of the honor, to make up the deficiency from the public treasury. This is a most noble and patriotic act on the part of M. D., and the emperor's participation will do him lasting honors.

Mr. William Burke, Director of the Richmond Seminary, Virginia, has published an edition of *Rudimen's Latin Grammar*, with important additions from the best authorities. This is a new Grammar, in fact, and certainly an improved one.

The American publishers think they have discovered that *Godolphin* was written by Bulwer. We presume they may be mistaken.

The addition of the West India slave contrasted with that of the infant slave in our English factories; with illustrative engravings, by Robert Cruikshank.

On Man; his motives, their rise, operation, opposition, and results, by William Bagshaw Clerk, M. A. Travels in the United States of America and Canada: a few notices of the geology and mineralogy of those countries, by J. Finch, Esq. C. M. Nat. Hist. Soc. Montreal, &c.

An abridgment of the Rev. Gilbert White's Natural History of Selborne, without the omission or alteration of such passages as are unadapted for the perusal of children and young persons.

The Life of Samuel Drew, A. M. author of "Treatises on the Immortality and Immortality of the Soul," &c.; with selections from his correspondence and unpublished papers, is announced, by a member of his family.

Mr. Andrew Picken, author of the "Dominie's Legacy," is preparing for publication, traditional stories of his family, and legends and traditions of his family history; with notes historical and biographical.

A new work is announced by Lady Morgan, to be entitled *Dramatic Scenes from Real Life*.

Messrs. Key and Biddle have put to press a second edition of Rush's Memoranda of a Visit to the Court St. James with observations and corrections. We understand that the first edition is nearly exhausted.

Conrad Blessington, a tale, by a Lady. Captain Alexander's Transatlantic Sketches will appear immediately.

Mary of Burgundy; or the revolt of Ghent, by Mr. James, author of Henry Masterion, Richelieu, Darnley, &c. &c. &c. is preparing for publication, traditional stories of his family, and legends and traditions of his family history; with notes historical and biographical.

"We cannot hesitate in calling this decidedly the very best romance that Mr. James has produced. The mystery and interest are alike well sustained."—So many new books have been pressed on our perusal, we find it difficult to discharge them all.

The list of American publications this week is small. The travelling and bathing season is almost over, when the previous activity of the press will be again visible.

A Panorama of the Falls of Niagara is among the present sights of London; it was executed by Mr. Burford who painted that of Mexico, now here. The artist is to be charged for his purpose was Table Rock; some one has lately proposed to build a new table, which falls should be made of glass! but neither panoramas, descriptions, nor engravings can convey an accurate idea or reach the sublimity of the scene.

The new work "Characteristics of Goethe" will be noticed in our next.

J. & J. Harper announce Montgomery's lectures on poetry and general literature for speedy publication; also Lady Morgan's Dramatic Scenes from real life, and Delaware, or the Ruined Family, Characteristics of Goethe, Memoirs of Mrs. Inchbald, and the Repellers by the Countess Blessington.

Legends of the Rhine, by the author of *Highways and Byways*, 2 vols. 12mo., is nearly ready for delivery by Carey & Hart, who have in press:—

Tom Cringle's Log, second series, 2 vols. 12mo.

The Man-of-war-man, by the author of "Tom Cringle's Log," 2 vols.

The Contrast, by the author of "Matilda," 2 vols. 12mo.

Peter Simple, or Adventures of a Midshipman, 2 vols. Memoirs of Marshal Ney, 1 vol. 8vo.

Blake's Conversations on Botany, coloured plates, 1 vol. 12mo.

The Invisible Gentleman, by the author of "Charley the Fatalist."

The Subaltern in America, 1 vol. 12mo.—nearly ready.

The Way of the World, by the author of "De Lisle," 3 vols.

The Naval Officer, 2 vols. 12mo.

Mothers and Daughters, 3 vols.

Frisoart and his Times, by the late "Barry St. Leger."

New American Publications.

Military Memoirs of Field Marshal, the Duke of Wellington, by Captain Moyle Sherer, author of *Recollections of the Peninsula*, &c.—Little calculated for the reader; it will find few readers.

Jay's Thoughts on Marriage, illustrating the principles and obligations of the Marriage relations, arranged from the works of the Rev. W. Jay.

The Slave King, from the Bug Jargal of Victor Hugo, 1 vol. 12mo.

In our last number a new octavo is announced under the title *Exposition des Principes du Gouvernement Republicain, tel qu'il a été perfectionné en Amerique*. Exposition of the Principles of Republican Government, as it has been advanced towards perfection in America, by "Achille Murat, citizen of the United States, and former Prince Royal of the Two Sicilies." But this new work, entitled *England and the English*, is about to be issued by the Messrs. Harpers, of New York.

Miss Lucy Aikin's *Reign of Charles I.* is in press in this city.—Her Memoirs of the reigns of Elizabeth and James II. are among the best historical compositions of the age.

An Elementary Treatise on Mechanics, translated from the French of M. Bouchardat, with additions by Edward H. Courtney, Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, at West Point, 1 vol. 8vo.

A small pocket volume containing a map of the U. States, and a Directory upon a sheet describing the present host and routes in their respective states, and their distances, &c. &c. has been published by G. S. Williams at New Haven.

A literary history of the Bible, by Dr. Townley.

The Life and Adventures of the Chevalier will occupy two or three more numbers of the "Library." Sure we are, that those who get into the spirit of it in the pages of the present week, will not consider it space illy occupied. We have rarely met with a person who had recently read the two neat duodecimo volumes of Constable's Miscellany, containing it, who did not pronounce it, on the spur of the moment, one of the most interesting and fascinating productions they had ever perused. It is only necessary to see the author's preface, to be induced to follow him in his romantic story.

Elliott's Letters from the North of Europe have been most favourably received by all our readers, whose opinion we have had an opportunity of ascertaining.

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

We have received from London "*Characteristics of Goethe*." From the German of Falk, Von Muller, &c. with notes, original and translated, illustrative of German literature. By Sarah Austin." 3 vols. We have given it an attentive perusal, and confess it has grievously disappointed us. As the public is promised an American edition, we shall content ourselves for the present with making a few extracts without entering upon a formal review. The translator in what she admits is rather a long preface says:—

"On the one hand there has sprung up an impatience of all purely didactic works. It seems to be generally admitted that nobody now reads the great teachers of philosophy or morals. On the other, as people are unwilling to relinquish the appearance of learning, they require of weavers of fiction to weave into their works such shreds of information as may suffice to keep up the agreeable illusion of the acquisition of knowledge. Children are trained in this confusion of ideas. Labour, and the high duty and condition of life, and art, its purifier, consolator and charm, are both debased; the one is regarded as an enemy to elude; and the other as useless, trifling, if not pernicious in itself, but conveniently lending itself to the cheat. It is true that a work of art may be made to inculcate a *moral* (as it is vulgarly called), or to teach a scientific truth, just as the Apollo Belvidere might serve as a tailor's block—but are these the Aims of Art?"

Goethe speaks. "Our scientific men are rather too fond of details." They count out to us the whole consistency of the earth in separate lots, and are so happy as to have a different name for every lot. That is argu; that is quarte; that is this, and that is that. But what am I the better if I am ever so perfect in all these names? I want to know what it is that impels every several portion of the universe to seek out some other portion, either to rule or to obey it, and qualifies some for the one part and some for the other, according to a law innate in them all, and operating like a voluntary choice. But this

is precisely the point upon which the most perfect and universal silence prevails."

Again.—"The number of real discoverers is small, especially when one views them consecutively through a few centuries. Most of what these people are so busy about, is mere repetition of what has been said by this or that celebrated predecessor. Such a thing as independent, original knowledge is hardly thought of. Young men are driven in flocks into lecture-rooms, and are crammed, for want of real nutriment, with quotations and words. The insight which is wanting to the teacher, the learner is to get for himself as he may. No great wisdom or acuteness is necessary to perceive that this is entirely a mistaken path. * * * If I were to write down the sum of all that is worth knowing in the various sciences with which I have employed myself throughout my life, the manuscript would be so small that you might carry it home in your pocket in the cover of a letter. * * * Euclid's Elements still remain an unrivalled model of a course of scientific instruction. In their perfect simplicity, and in the necessary ascending gradation of the problems, they show us how all sciences should be entered upon and pursued. What enormous sums have been squandered by manufacturers in consequence of false notions of chemistry! Even the technical arts are very far from being as far advanced as they ought to be. This book and closet knowledge, this wise-being and wise-making, out of quires of stuff, copied from hand to hand, is the sole cause why the number of really useful discoveries is so small."

Prior Bacon, if called again upon earth, is supposed by Goethe to express his surprise that the world had made so little progress in discovery, and might be expected to take his leave in the following words:—

"What you have effected in the course of so many centuries, is truly not so very considerable. Bestir yourselves better. I shall now lay me down to sleep again, and at the end of four hundred years more, I will return and see whether you too are still asleep, or whether you have made greater progress in any branch of science!"

The whole production is a failure, as regards any possibility of increasing the fame of Goethe, at least in America. Of 1019 pages, 350 only are text, the remainder being notes! The 96

pages of the former in the third volume contain some little matter of interest, of which we avail ourselves in a general way.

The present production is only the forerunner of the true work. Goethe has left memoirs, the most interesting part of which, still unpublished, will appear before long. This great man, susceptible to a high degree, soon found he would be the sport of passions which would have poisoned and shortened his life, had he not early acquired the habit of *opposing labour and study to affliction and regret*. There is much contained in that brief sentence; occupation is the great secret of content. Goethe ceased to write original works when in trouble, a thing impossible in the hour of real suffering; but he resumed the task of observation and enquiry, and sought the consolation he needed in the contemplation of the wonders of nature. Possessing in a singular degree the talent of collecting interesting facts of every kind, and of relating them in a piquant manner—endowed with an imagination as noble as it was poetical, he enlivened his conversation with every thing he had seen or heard, and delighted to draw from this abundant source the information he wanted, if not for work, for recreation;—for no sort of topic was uninteresting to him; nothing was above or below his universal mind; any one was sure to be heard with interest or at least with indulgence, who could tell him of a new fact; or rather, as he would have expressed it, could clothe what was old in a new garb, for, in his eyes invention was only the reproduction, or resurrection of ancient truths. The habit which Goethe had contracted of extracting the utmost possible from every person, and from every instant, led him always to see each of his visitors alone. He reserved his most animated conversation for a *tele-a-tete*.

After the death of his son, and the loss of his friend and patron the Duke of Weimar, he almost entirely gave up those evening parties, in which he used to receive all who wished an audience, and fixed an hour on Sunday for a sort of *reception* for foreigners, &c. It was in the society of his daughter-in-law and grand-children that he was the happiest; he got them about him in all his moments of leisure, and received the caresses of the children with tender delight. His daughter-in-law had almost entirely withdrawn from society, that she might

devote all her evenings to him, and accompany him in his walks. She read to him, amused him by her original and lively conversation, and nursed him with filial care; she found her reward in the value he set upon her attentions, and in the perfect confidence he reposed in her. She, too, brought her tribute to the vast spoils with which Goethe enriched his thoughts.

Goethe's own memoirs we shall look for with anxiety; on turning over the pages of the present volumes again, we cannot but express our surprise that any editor who had read the book should have praised it as some have done in London; but this is easily accounted for by the well known fact that book publishers own the periodicals for the purpose of puffing their publications.

From the London Literary Gazette.

Walpole's Correspondence.—Second notice.

We resume our pleasant task upon these delightful volumes, and trust that our readers will enjoy some portion of our gratification in continuing to peruse the extracts which we have endeavoured so to arrange as to convey an idea of the variety and interest of the most interesting pages. The Scottish rebellion of 1745, it may be supposed, supplied curious material for the correspondence carried on by Walpole; and we shall recommence with a few quotations from the second volume, relating to that memorable occasion, and the last prescribing the execution of Lord Kilmarnock at Balmerino.

"The young pretender, at the head of these thousand men, has got a march on General Cope, who is not eighteen hundred strong; and when the last accounts came away, was fifty miles nearer Edinburgh than Cope, and by this time is there. The clans will not rise for the government: the Dukes of Argyle and Athol are come post to town, not having been able to raise a man. The young Duke of Gordon sent for his uncle, and told him he must arm their clan. 'They are in arms.' 'They must march against the rebels.' 'They will wait on the Prince of Wales.' The duke gives a passing; his uncle pulled out a pistol, and told him it was in vain to dispute. Lord Loudon, Lord Fortrose, and Lord Panmure, have been very zealous, and have raised some men; but I look upon Scotland as gone! I think upon what King William said to Duke Hamilton, when he was extolling Scotland: 'My lord, I only wish it was a hundred thousand miles off, and that you was king of it!'

Sept. 13.—'It is certain that a sergeant of Cope's, with twelve men, put to flight two hundred, on killing only six or seven. Two hundred of the Monroe-clan have joined our forces. Spirit seems to rise in London, though not in the proportion it ought; and then the person most necessary for every thing to check its progress: when the ministers propose any thing with regard to the rebellion, he cries, 'Pho! don't talk to me of that stuff! Lord Granville has persuaded him that it is of no consequence. Mr. Pelham talks every day of resigning; he certainly will, as soon as this is got over—if it is got over. So, at least, we shall have a rest; and then the Duke of Argyll, a whither old Marquis Tullybarrine sent to bespeak dinner; and has since sent his brother word that he likes the alterations made there. The pretender found pineapples there, the first he ever tasted. Mr. Breton, a great favourite of the southern Prince of Wales, went the other day to see Duchess of Argyll, and happened not to know that she is parted from her husband; he asked how the duke did! 'Oh,' said she, 'he turned me out of his house, and now he is turned out himself.'

"I must tell you a ridiculous anecdote: when the magistrates of Edinburgh were seeking houses for the duke, they came to Mrs. Maule's, brother of Lord Emsay, and a great friend of the Duke of Argyll. The maid would not let them go into one room, which was locked, and, as she said, full of arms. They now

thought they had found what they looked for, and had the door broke open, where they found an ample collection of arms and accoutrements!

"Whatever disaffection there is to the present family, it plainly does not proceed from love to the other. *
"Oct. 11.—'The castle of Edinburgh has made a sally, and taken twenty head of cattle, and about thirty head of Highlanders.'

"I came from town (for, take notice, I put this place upon myself for the country) on the 10th inst. I was not at it but had two persons come to me directly who were at the next house to the scaffold; and I saw another who was upon it, so that you may depend upon my accounts. Just before they came out of the Tower, Lord Balmerino drank a bumper to King James's health. As he came out, he was in a blue coat, and a white waistcoat, and his hair unpowdered in a bag, supported by Forster, the great Presbyterian, and by Mr. Home, a young clergyman, his friend. Lord Balmerino followed, alone, in a blue coat turned up with red, his rebellious regimentals, a fannel waistcoat, and his shroud beneath; they leaped and followed. They were conducted to a house near the scaffold, the roof forwards had benches for spectators; in the second Lord Kilmarnock was put, and in the third backwards Lord Balmerino; all three chambers hung with black. Here they parted! Balmerino embraced the other, and said, 'My lord, I wish I could suffer for both!' He then turned to the duke, and said, 'I am now to die, and then asked him, 'My Lord Kilmarnock, do you know any thing of the resolution taken in our army, the day before the battle of Culloden, to put the English prisoners, to death?' He replied, 'My lord, I was not present; but since I came hither, I have had all the reason in the world to believe that there was such order taken, and I heartily thank the government with the order.' Balmerino answered, 'It was a lie raised to excuse their barbarity to us.' Take notice, that the duke's charging this on Lord Kilmarnock (certainly on misinformation) decided this unhappy man's fate! The next now pretended is, that it would have come to Lord Kilmarnock, not to have given order taken, and I heartily thank the government for the patent for which he was immediately drawn into the rebellion, after having been staggered by his wife, her mother, his own poverty, and the defeat of Cope. He remained an hour and a half in the house, and shed tears. At last he came to the scaffold, certainly much terrified, but with a resolution that prevented his behaving in the least meanly or unlike a gentleman.

He took no notice of the crowd, only to desire that the baize might be lifted up from the rails, that the mob might see the spectacle. He stood and prayed some time with Forster, who wept over him, exhorted, and encouraged him. He delivered a long speech to the sheriff, and with a noble manliness stuck to the recantation he had made at his trial; declaring he wished that all who embarked in the same cause might meet the same fate. He then took off his bag, coat, and waistcoat, with great composure, and after some trouble put on a napkin cap, and then several times turned round, and was executed. He long shivered, with a white apron, out of tenderness concealing the axe behind himself. At last the earl knelt down, with a visible unwillingness to depart, and after five minutes dropped his handkerchief, the signal, and his head was cut off at once, only hanging by a bit of skin, and was carried in a scarlet cloth by four men, and was carried to the gallies, where it was wrapped up and put into the coffin with the body: orders having been given not to expose the heads, as used to be the custom. The scaffold was immediately new-strewn with saw dust, the block new-covered, the executioner new-dressed, and a new axe brought. Then came old Balmerino, mounted the scaffold, he read the inscription on his coffin, as he did again afterwards: he then surveyed the spectators, who were in amazing numbers, even upon masts of ships in the river; and pulling out his spectacles read a treasonable speech, which he delivered to the sheriff, and said the young pretender was so sweet a creature, that he would have excused him, had he followed him; and, lying down to try the block, he said, 'If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all down here in the same cause.' He said, if he had not taken the sacrament the day before, he would have knocked down Williamson, the lieutenant of the Tower, and then he would have taken the sacrament, and asked the headsman how many blows he had given Lord Kilmarnock; and gave him three guineas. Two clergymen who attended him coming up, he said 'No,

gentlemen, I believe you have already done me all the service you can.' Then he went to the corner of the scaffold, and called very loud for the warder, to give him his periwig, which he took off, and put on a night cap of Scotch plaid, and then pulled off his coat and waistcoat and lay down; but being told he was on the wrong side, ran round round, and immediately gave the signal for taking up his arms, and he was giving the signal for battle. He received three blows on the neck, certainly took away all sensation. He was not a quarter of an hour on the scaffold; Lord Kilmarnock about half a one. Balmerino certainly died with the intrepidity of a hero, but with the insensibility of one too. As he walked from his prison to execution, seeing every thing new to him, and full of hopes, he cried out, 'Look, look, how they are all piled up like rotten oranges!' My Lady Townshend, who fell in love with Lord Kilmarnock at his trial, will go nowhere to dinner, for fear of meeting with a rebel-pie; she says, every body is so bloody-minded, that they shall rebel; the Prince of Wales, whose intercession saved Lord Cromartie, says he did it in return for old Sir W. Gordon, Lady Cromartie's father, coming down out of his death-bed, to vote against my father in the Chippendale election. If his royal highness had not countenanced inveteracy like that of Sir W. Gordon, he would have no occasion to exert his gratitude now in favour of the rebels.

We proceed to select from the amusing miscellanies of which the volumes are so full.

"I have a good story to tell you of Lord Bath, whose name you have not heard very lately, have you? He owed a tradesman eight hundred pounds, and would never pay him; the man determined to prosecute him till he did; and one morning followed him to Lord Winchester's, and sent up word that he wanted to speak with him. Lord Bath came down and said, 'Fellow, what do you want with me?' 'My money,' said the man, as loud as ever he could bawl, before all the servants. He bade him come the next morning—and then went to see him the next Sunday the man followed him to church, and into the next pew he leaned over, and said, 'My money; give me my money.' My lord went to the end of the pew; the man too—'Give me my money.' The sermon was on avarice, and the text, 'Cursed are they that heap up riches.' The man groaned out, 'O Lord!' and pointed to my lord, who did not see him; he persisted so much, and the eyes of all the congregation, that my Lord Bath went out, and paid him directly. I assure you this is fact."

We pass forward to A. D. 1751; and continue our entertaining selections.

"The Duchess of Marlborough is Lady Mary Wortley's son, whose extravagances have made so much noise; his parts are not proportionate, but his expense is incredible. His father scarce allows him any thing; yet he plays, dresses, diamonds himself, even to distinct shoe-buckles for a frock, and has more snuff-boxes than would suffice a Chinese idol with an hundred noses. But the Duchess paid for his education, and was brought from Paris in an iron wig; so literally would you not know it from hair—I believe it is on this account that the Royal Society have just chosen him of their body. This may surprise you; what I am now going to tell you, will not, for you have long known her follies. The Duchess of Queensberry told Lady Diana Egerton, that she was going to make a ball for her; she did, but did not invite her; the girl was mortified, and Mr. Littleton, her father-in-law, sent the mad Grace a hint of it. She sent back this card: 'The advertisement came to hand; it was very pretty and very ingenious; but every thing that is pretty and ingenious does not always succeed. The Duchess of Queensberry, who is her house being unlike Socrates's, his was small and held all his friends; hers is large, but will not hold half of hers: postponed, but not forgot. Unalterable.'"

"News.—'The only thing talked of, is a man who draws teeth with a sixpence, and puts them in again, as a shining proof of his power; and he is so sure of it, but because I have long been persuaded, that the most incredible discoveries will be made; and that about the time, or a little after I die, the secret will be found out of how to live for ever—and that secret, I believe, will not be discovered by a physician.'"

OF Astley, a painter, who had returned from Italy, Walpole says, neatly enough.

"He has been so long in Italy, that he is now as he has, like all other English painters, only laboured to get reputation; and then intends to daub away to get money."

VARIETIES.

In the new Life of Roscoe, by his son Henry, it is stated that the plan of the Liverpool Athenæum originated with Mr. Edward Rogers, and not with Mr. Roscoe, as generally supposed. The latter was an active member, and devoted much of his time and attention to the selection and arrangement of the library.

It is high time more attention was paid in these States to the formation of reading clubs, Athenæums, &c. The advantage they confer as to self-education, we need spend no words in enforcing it. Five dollars pays for the Select Circulating Library, (which is very good reading, and enough for some people), but five dollars, put into a club, will procure the reading of every periodical of merit in the country, with some foreign journals and books.

Colonel Hamilton, in his Sketches of Men and Manners in America, about to be published here, says: "Popular as the president may be, he would not probably find one of his constituents whom any amount or emolument would induce to brush his coat, or stand behind his carriage!" The colonel must have visited in the very best society; witness the following:—

"I shall now give an instance of the estimation in which wealth is held in this commercial community. At a party a few evenings ago, the worthy host was politely assailing me in relation to the more prominent individuals who composed it. Unfortunately he considered it necessary to preface each repetition of the ceremony with some preliminary account of the pecuniary circumstances of the gentleman, the honour of whose acquaintance was about to be conferred on me. 'Do you observe,' he asked, 'that tall thin person, with a cast in his eye, and his nose a little crooked? Well, that man, not three months ago, made a hundred thousand dollars by a single speculation in tallow. You must allow me to introduce you to him.'"

"The introduction passed, and my zealous cicerone again approached with increased importance of aspect. 'A gentleman,' he said, 'worth at least half a million, had expressed a desire to make my acquaintance.' This was gratifying, and, of course, not to be denied. A third time did our worthy entertainer return to the charge, and before taking my departure, I had the honour of being introduced to an individual, whose name was stated to be still more opulent than his predecessors. Had I been presented to so many bags of dollars, instead of to their possessors, the ceremony would have been quite as interesting, and perhaps less troublesome."

Politicians.—Any official underling, said Voltaire, would be able to overreach Corneille and Newton in business, and yet your politicians imagine themselves men of genius.

Brevity.—Henry IV. liked a brief reply. He once met an ecclesiastic, to whom he said, "Whence do you come? Where are you going? What do you want?" The ecclesiastic replied instantly, "From Bourges—to Paris—a benefice." "You shall have it," replied the monarch.

Literary Entertainments.—I knew a person, says Menage, who occasionally gave entertainments to authors. His fancy was to place them at tables, each according to the size and thickness of the volumes they had published, commencing with the folio authors, and proceeding through the quarto and octavo, down to the duodecimo, each according to his rank. If this mode were followed now-a-days, newspaper editors, the only folio men, would sit at the head of the table, and Sir Walter Scott at the foot, an arrangement not likely to be put in practice.

There is much logic in vogue, which might be termed the art of talking unintelligibly on subjects we know nothing about.

Modern books are not written for posterity. An au-

thor may be compared to a cook at a large hotel—he is to get up a dinner for the company, from which they will rise without ever wishing to return to it again till a new fire and new dishes are again hatched up.

Many words in the English language are likely to lose their former meaning. We speak of "eminent and distinguished men," "great authors," "successful artists," and so forth, and apply them for our own purposes to people unknown beyond the alley they live in.

A Gascon, on an old broken-down horse, crossing the Pont-Neuf at Paris, met a gentleman upon a beautiful steed. "I will lay ten louis," said he to the gentleman, "that I make my horse do what yours won't do." "Well," said the gentleman, looking contemptuously on the Gascon's horse, "I take your wager." The Gascon immediately lifted up his horse, and tumbled him over into the Seine. The gentleman, confounded at this catastrophe, paid the wager.

In Milton's Comus, his Lycidas, and the poems L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, which have been justly termed two noble efforts of the imagination, he has left us specimens of cheerfulness chastened by good sense, of acute feeling, and correct taste, on every topic which can fairly be esteemed a subject for the display of those excellencies in Comus. The eye of the reader throughout encounters nothing but brilliancy; the violet-embroidered vale; pansies, pinks, and lilies; beds of roses and hyacinth; the primrose and jessamine; the turquoise and the emerald; rocks of diamond; the twilight meadow; bowers and shades; alleys of cedar, and groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

The taste of a writer is, in a great measure, decided by his book; and it surely is little less than justice on the reader's part to presume, that he who with his pen supports the cause of decorum and rectitude, is at least the friend of both, and of the true interests of his fellow creatures.

In a state of excessive happiness or misery, books are of little or no use; in the former condition, the mind is too much elevated; in the latter, too much depressed. But between these extremes are many degrees of sensations, and every one fond of reading, can remember periods of cheerfulness and vexation, during which a book has proved a most welcome visitor.

It is related of Roscoe, in the life just published by him, that in his youth he was in such humble circumstances as to be employed to carry potatoes on his head to market for sale. In this and other laborious occupations, he passed many years of his life, devoting his hours of relaxation to reading. An example which teaches us, that no sphere is so humble, but that such knowledge may be acquired as will raise us to better companionship.

The following horrible story is related in Taylor's life of Cowper. John A—, Esq., a young gentleman of large fortune, who was passionately fond of cock-fighting, came to his death in the following awful manner:—He had a favourite cock, upon which he had won many large sums. The last bet he laid upon it he lost, which so enraged him, that he had the bird tied to a spit, and roasted alive before a large fire. The screams of the suffering animal were so affecting, that some gentlemen who were present attempted to interfere, which so exasperated Mr. A—, that he seized the poker, and with the most furious vehemence, declared that he would kill the first man who interfered; but in the midst of his passionate exertions, awful to relate, he fell down dead upon the spot; Cowper was so deeply affected by the circumstance, that he wrote a poetic obituary on the occasion, which was inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine for May, 1789.

Dr. Jeremy Taylor quaintly says, "Celibacy, like a

fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweet-ness."

The Abbess, Mrs. Trollope's new novel, is thus prohibited in the London Literary Gazette:—"An improbable set of incidents, wire-drawn in a most Procrustean style, and with many very objectionable passages. There is an inherent coarseness, disagreeable in an answer, but unpardonable in a female." A just criticism, as the three volumes on our table attest.

At a late meeting of the London Society of Arts, the thanks of the society were voted to Mr. J. Bedford of Leeds, for his method of preventing the calcareous deposit from hard water from adhering to the inside of steam-boilers.

Dr. Arnott's Elements of Physics, or Natural Philosophy, written for universal use, in plain, or non-technical language, has just been voted for republication in America. Somebody says of it, "A school where to read this book with as much avidity, as if it were a treatise on witchcraft or legerdemain;" and Sir J. Herschell calls it "a useful and excellent work."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In 1823 the French government sent out to the Moravia, a delegation of savans and artists from different classes of the Institute. The object was to visit the country, travelling through it in all directions, to study and making drawings of its localities, monuments, and ruins, and attending to its geography and geology, and natural history. The result of their labours is to be given in a series of *l'Expédition Scientifique en Moravie*. Nine *livraisons* of the portion relating to the physical sciences, have appeared under the superintendence of Colonel Bory de St. Vincent; and the whole of this part will probably be completed in the course of the present year; forming three thick volumes in quarto, with a folio Atlas of plates and maps. "The work rivale in its execution the most magnificent of the kind." The parts already published contain views designed by M. Baccuet, and admirably lithographed by M. de St. Aulaire, as well as plates of natural history; and this portion of the work will be furnished with a Map of the Moravia on six sheets, drawn from triangular measurements.

One of the greatest undertakings of its kind is now publishing at Paris, with the title of *Voyage pittoresque et romantique par Ch. Nodier, Auteur et Caillez*. It is intended to contain views and descriptions of all the ancient monuments of France; and the work, which is comprised in sixteen volumes in folio, with plates of two thousand lithographic prints by the best artists. The portion relating to each province, according to the old division of France, is sold separately. That of Franche-Comté (1 vol. price 500 fr.), that of Normandy (2 vols. 700 fr.), and that of Auvergne (3 vols. 900 fr.) are completed. The text accompanying the plates, it is said, "unites historical truth with the interest of a romance."

Count Alexander de Laborde is likewise proceeding diligently with his work entitled *Considérations sur la France, sous le rapport chronologique, géographique, et statistique*. It is to be comprised in forty-five numbers, of which thirty-six have appeared. The work is separated into three divisions, "one relating to Roman antiquities, another to Gothic, and the third to those belonging to the period of the revival of the arts in western Europe." "The engravings are of an excellent answering to the character of so great an undertaking."

The *Iconographie Contemporaine* depuis 1789 jusqu'à 1820. Paris, has lately been completed in thirty-five large folio. It contains portraits very well lithographed of more than two hundred distinguished individuals, principally French, with fac-similes of their handwriting. The favourable reception of this work has led its publisher to commence another of a similar kind, under the title of *Iconographie Française*, comprehending the kings, queens, and distinguished individuals of France from the year 1780. It is to be completed in fifty-five numbers.

The *Iconographie instructive, ou Collection des Portraits des Personages célèbres de l'Histoire moderne*, par Jany de Maney, is also publishing periodically at Paris. The portraits are engraved on steel, and accompanied with biographical notices.

The last volume of the *Encyclopédie moderne, ou Dictionnaire abrégé des Sciences, des Lettres et des Arts*, in twenty-four volumes, appeared the last year at Paris. The first volume was published in 1824. The editor, who is also the publisher, is M. Courtin. The articles were to be ably written by some of the most dis-

tinguished men of France. It is principally occupied in giving the history of the progress of knowledge since the end of the eighteenth century.

We have seen proposals for publishing the following work by the book-seller, J. S. Merliu:—*"Polyglotte Américaine, ou Collection des Grammaires et Vocabulaires des Langues et Dialectes des deux Amériques; publiée par M. Henri Tardieu."*

The proposed vocabularies and grammars (it is said in the proposals) "of the languages and dialects in America, are, without doubt, among the rarest books of those which it is most difficult to procure. The greater number of these works have been printed in America, and a few copies only have reached Europe. Nearly the whole of the editions of those published elsewhere have been sent to America for the use of the mission, and most of the volumes have been destroyed. If sometimes an amateur succeeds in obtaining one or two, it is with much trouble and expense; and but few are to be found in the most considerable libraries. The great scarceness of these works, which are notwithstanding so necessary to those engaged in the study of the character of nations and of languages, has led us to believe that a re-impression of them would be favourably received. We have, in consequence, determined to undertake it without any view to personal advantage, but solely with reference to the interests of science; and shall regard it as a sufficient reward, if we succeed in affording facilities to a student to which access is at present almost barred. We request all literary men of our own country or foreigners, to point out to us any works, printed or in manuscript, with which they are acquainted, in public libraries or in the collections of individuals. We are ourselves about to take a journey to Spain, to make the necessary researches in that country."

We trust that some American scholar will open a correspondence with us, and send us the names of such information as may aid him in his undertaking.

In the *"Bücher für literarische Unterhaltung,"* for last November (p. 1367), the authorship of the *"Mémoires de Madame du Barry"* is ascribed to M. Amédée Pichot, the editor of the *"Revue de Paris."* That worthless book has been translated into English, and published (1830, 1831), as four volumes of a collection entitled *"Autobiography."*

The publication of the new edition of Stephens's Greek Thesaurus, now circulating at Paris, and of the new Anglican novis additionibus etc. The number, which have appeared are said fully to answer the expectations which have been raised. The impression, it is stated, is clear and correct. The work is recommended by its cheapness, as it is calculated that the cost will be only about \$70.

Key & Biddle have received and put to press, The Life of William Roscoe, by his son, Henry Roscoe.

It is stated that Miss Edgeworth is about to give the world a new novel.

Some of the life of the late Commodore Bainbridge, as embraces the period down to 1815, has been written by the Hon. H. S. Dearborn, of Massachusetts, and the residue will be prepared by Dr. Harris of this city.

Among the new London works on our table, is a duodecimo, entitled, *The Americans*, by an American in London.—Mr. C. Colton. It is a zealous and spirited defence of the Americans against the charges of Captain Bland Hall, Major de Meade, and other emigrants. He examines the weight of their testimony, and skillfully uses Mr. Stuart's to render more evident the improbability or absurdity of several of their statements. Too much of the volume is given to the topic of *Reviews and Camp Meetings*, of which Mr. Colton is an earnest apostle; but in what is otherwise well styled, and contains a smart review, but not abated, the champion whom the most sagacious and enlightened of his countrymen would have preferred.

We have prepared a review of this work for the Journal.

William L. Mackenzie, Esq., editor of the Colonial Advocate, of York, Upper Canada, whose expulsion from the house of assembly of that province has occasioned so much employment in the press, has just published in London, a thick duodecimo, entitled, *Sketches of Canada and the United States.* The work is very desultory, and relates chiefly to Canada with political objects. Mr. Mackenzie has made a kind report of our republican institutions, habits, and statesmen. He has been, for about a year and a half, on a political mission to the British Government as representative of the *Liberator* of Upper Canada.

New American Publications.

Tales and Novels of Maria Edgeworth, (18 vols. bound in 3.) Volume 6, each volume containing two fine engravings.

An Elementary Treatise on Mechanics, translated from the French of M. Bouchardat, with additions and emendations, designed to adapt it to the use of cadets of the United States Academy, by Edward H. Courtenay, professor of natural and experimental philosophy in the Academy.

Family Library, No. 58.—The Philosophy of Moral Feelings, by John Abercrombie, M. D.

Carey, Lea & Blanchard have just issued an English translation by Dr. Francis Lieber, of the Report on the American Penitentiary System, which the French commissioner, Messrs. de Beaumont and de Toqueville, made after their government on their return from the United States. Those gentlemen must be remembered by a great number of our fellow-citizens, as indefatigably active and highly intelligent in the prosecution of their important errand, and possessed of moral qualities which assured a faithful representation of facts and conclusions. It is uniformly the character of their report; and their labours—from the concern which every civilised community has in the main subject—are of more or less consequence for the whole civilised world.

A new and neat duodecimo, published by Messrs. Pierce and Parker of Boston, with the title, *The Teacher*, is a manual for the moral instructor in the instruction and government of the young, and intended chiefly to assist young teachers in organising and conducting their schools. The author is Mr. Jacob Abbott, late principal of the Mount Vernon Female School, Boston.

A new edition of the Philosophy of the Human Voice, embracing its Physiological History, together with a System of Principles, by which criticism in the Art of Elocution may be rendered intelligible, and instruction definite and comprehensive. To which is added a brief Analysis of Song and Recitative. Second edition, with additions, by James Rush, M. D.

An Address delivered before the Literary Societies of Fayette College, at Easton, Pa. July 4, 1833, by Joseph R. Ingersoll.

Tales and Conversations, or the New Children's Friend, by Mrs. Markham, author of the Histories of England and France; in two small volumes.

No book heretofore printed in the "Library" was quite so unsuitable to send out in parts as Prince Charlie. The interest of the story is so great that the generality of readers cannot wait patiently; there is a great difference between the strong interest created by fact and fiction.

We have received a file of the Canton Chinese Register down to the 16th of March inclusive. This journal is edited by a young Philadelphian engaged in extensive mercantile operations there, and conducted with ability. Its size is the same as this journal, which we actually give away—price of the Register twelve dollars per annum! The editor is very severe on the article "China" in the *Encyclopædia Americana*. He remarks that "it unfortunately appears to have escaped revision, and has in consequence made its appearance teeming with errors and absurdities." The annexed extract from the Register possesses interest.

"The press of the East India Company is distinguished as having sent forth the large dictionary of Dr. Morrison, and some other works connected with China. Here are preserved the costly Chinese types of many sizes and descriptions, which were used in these books; constituting perhaps the most perfect printing office of moveable Chinese types now in existence. The founts of Chinese characters in the college are very full, and the men employed in the printing employ figures, or making substitutes for those which are worn out for, owing to the very great variety of characters which are indispensable to the printing of the most trifling Chinese work, it is in many cases found necessary to cut the letters as the work proceeds, so as not to multiply the number of each uselessly. The Chinese process is very different from that of Europeans, and may

at some future time be brought more particularly into notice. Of late, a method has been discovered of stereotyping a plate of Chinese letters, casting it of the proper height, and then sawing them apart. This is a great improvement, and may possibly supersede the present mode, which is only a very imperfect attempt which have been made to cast each separate part of the complicated characters separately, in order to produce the proper combinations which constitute the individual words. Little has ever been done in this most laudable scheme, owing to the very great expense attending it, and in consequence of the limited number of persons with whom it has been made with the language of the country. Latterly, however, the degrading spirit of the Chinese scholars appears to have revived a little, and it is possible that among the endless revolutions of caprice and fashion, it may one day be our fate to see the Chinese language brought into more general notice. M. M. Klaproth, Neumann and Remusat, if we may judge by their critical sagacity and perseverance, are doing no trifling service to the cause of Oriental philology; while in the Celestial empire itself, M. Klaproth's rival, Dr. Morrison, and some others, are proceeding rapidly in their researches respecting the language and literature of the country. In other parts of the world, the Chinese are gradually becoming, are slowly winning their way into the mysteries of a language the most anomalous of any in existence, yet used perhaps more generally than any other;—that is by a greater number of nations and greater amount of individuals: in China, Cochinchina, Siam, Japan, Corea, Loo-choo, &c. &c. besides being the vernacular of countless myriads of Chinese settlers in all parts of the East. The press of the East India Company has been used occasionally to print Chinese documents solely—much to the annoyance of the authorities—but with the exception of the dictionaries, &c. to which we have referred, and the issue of the *Canton Miscellany*, it has done little to advance the commercial intercourse and the convenience of the factors. From the Portuguese establishment, and from a smaller one which was carried on under its sanction, little beyond religious dissertations and sermons have ever appeared.

Notwithstanding the very severe regulations which bind the native press, and the total absence in them of any thing that could be considered as commensurate to a free government,—notwithstanding the Chinese are well aware that in the *Canton papers* and publications no reserve whatever is used in condemning their laws, policy, customs, and every thing which is counter to our foreign prejudices,—notwithstanding the publication of arguments in favour of a constitutional monarch to the editor of the "Great Emperor,"—no notice is taken, by the native authorities, of the incursions of the "red-headed savages," unless they appear in the Chinese language. An attempt was made some time since to get up a lithographic Chinese paper, and a single sheet of indifferent execution, and still less commendable taste, was prepared. It contained European news respecting the revolutionary movements of the French, and, we understand, other topics of more injurious selection for the opening number of a work intended for people who are quite unable to understand that a revolution or insurrection can be any thing but a *rebellion*, and therefore to be met and opposed by the force of their subjects. To people so debased in their political feelings, the benefits of newspapers and extended information would avail nothing; they could not be excited to resistance by the operation of mere moral causes, though they might be driven to it by personal inconvenience and suffering."

Flying Fish.—Beyond 22° of latitude, our travellers found the surface of the sea covered with flying fish, (*Exocoëtus volitans*), which sprung into the air to a height of twelve, fifteen, and even eighteen feet, and sometimes fell upon the deck. The great size of the swimming-bladder in these animals, being two-thirds the length of the body, as well as that of the pectoral fins, enable them to traverse the air a space of twenty-four feet horizontal distance before falling again into water. They are incessantly pursued by dolphins while under the surface, and when flying are attacked by frigate birds, and other predatory species. Yet it does not appear that the body of any of them is ever taken to avoid its enemies; for, like swallows, they move by thousands in a right line, and always in a direction opposite to that of the waves. The air contained in the swimming bladder has been supposed to be pure oxygen; but Humboldt found it to consist of ninety-four parts of azote, four oxygen, and two of carbonic acid.—*Narrative of Humboldt's Researches.*

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

Records of a Voyage on the Western Coast of Africa, in H. M. S. Dryad, and of the service on that station for the Suppression of the Slave Trade, in the years 1830, '31 and '32. By Peter Leonard, Surgeon, R. N. Edinburgh, 1833. pp. 270.

Much as projects of benevolence towards the greatly abused children of Africa have at different times agitated the public mind in this country, and keenly alive to their amelioration as are the feelings of a large portion of our community, it is much to be doubted whether any thing like full information of the present actually existing atrocities of the abominable traffic has yet been placed before the public eye. Accurate intelligence on this point reaches the American shores in limited amount and of doubtful credit. Zealously engaged in the discussion of the means for the amelioration or extirpation of slavery at home, perhaps our attention is too little directed to its more aggravated evils on its native coasts. An acute casuist might raise a question, founded on the barbarities and miseries recorded by our author, whether any benefit could result from the transportation of the blacks now among us to their native Africa. The sufferings and cruelties they are subjected to there, far exceed any conception we are able to form from our knowledge of their condition in this country. It is not the object of this paper, however, to moot such a point; nor in any mode whatever to extenuate the ills of involuntary servitude. Among the black doings of mankind of any age—this, of deepest dye, can never receive a shadow of countenance from us. As Americans we may proudly say that the evil has been inflicted on us against our earnest remonstrance, and the disposition to clear our skirts of the iniquity was manifested coevally with the birth of our institutions.

The task now undertaken is to lay before the public some brief abstracts, rather than a review of Mr. Leonard's publication, which it will be

observed is the most recent account, and one of deep interest. The limits allowed us preclude a synopsis of his book—which would, besides, be an undertaking more heartily to be desired than readily achieved. He has been placed in a situation, eminently favourable to the acquirement of accurate and thorough information on the subject in hand, and he displays a clearness of perception, and an uncompromising spirit of rebuke, rarely combined in the writer of so unpretending a volume as that to which he has affixed his name. His employment as a surgeon in a ship engaged actively in the suppression of this nefarious commerce, while it gave him ample leisure for observation, could not fail to impart to his narration a considerable share of vivacity consequent upon the *esprit du corps* engendered by his vocation: hence the unsparing character of many of his comments upon the inefficiency of the present means allowed the naval officers of Great Britain for the extinction of the trade; as well as his severe philippics against certain other powers, whose lukewarmness in the cause gives rise to many of the existing horrors. But however we may hesitate to go all lengths with him in his feelings, his ardent expressions, and apparent straight-forwardness of purpose, go far to extort the credence of all who happen to scan the pages of his little volume. He gives us an unvarnished tale, and has well attained the principal objects for which he published:—to make known the horrors of the slave trade on the western coast of Africa; to expose some of the defects of laws and treaties having for their object the suppression of the disgraceful traffic; and to point out the additional sufferings entailed upon the wretched African in consequence of these defects. Without any pretence to learning or embellishment, he has confined himself simply to a plain statement of the observations made during his voyage, in the hope of adding "some little to the general acquaintance with the state of Western Africa."

Sierra Leone is a small peninsular tract of country, between the eighth and ninth degrees of north latitude, and thirteen or fourteen of west longitude; bounded to the northward by the river of the same name, on the southern bank of which is now situated the British colonial settlement Freetown. The appearance of this place is picturesque and pleasing, and the huts of the liberated negroes scattered about the suburbs,

and surrounded by the rich fruit trees of the tropics, make a gay and delightful impression; but the climate is eminently insalubrious to European constitutions. Freetown consists of several districts, inhabited by Europeans, Nova Scotia settlers, Maroons from Jamaica, discharged soldiers of the West India and African regiments, natives, and liberated Africans. The market place is crowded with liberated African females, squatted on the ground with their baskets of fruits, nuts, &c. displayed before them, and their naked, woolly-headed, sable cherubs playing around them in all the unalloyed satisfaction of negro heedlessness and childish absence of care.

There are two government schools here for the education of black children of every sort: containing in the male school 385; and in the female 264 pupils. Upon a close inspection of these, no difference could be discerned between the children of the liberated Africans and the others. The lights and shades of intellect seemed to bear much the same proportion among them as among the children of labouring classes in Great Britain; and their progress under the system of education appeared to be very rapid.

The trade of the colony employs about fifty thousand tons of shipping, annually. Since the suppression of the slave trade in its vicinity, the system of enlistment under the banner of a chief, for protection, has ceased; industry has been fostered; and every description of improvement has made rapid progress among the surrounding native tribes.

But the beneficial influence of the colony does not extend to a very great distance; Mr. Leonard's first trip was to a slave mart off the river Gallinas, about one hundred miles south of Sierra Leone. During the cruise several vessels were met, fully equipped for the embarkation of slaves, but not having any on board, they could not be detained. This is justly considered by our author one of the chief hindrances to the extinction of the traffic. The slaver, perfectly aware of this reservation in his favour, lays off and on the coast until his entire cargo is collected at the depot, when he runs into the shore, usually at night, takes all aboard at "one fell swoop," and is off by daylight too often out of reach of pursuit. Were the cruisers empowered to detain vessels fitted up for the trade,

some approach to its suppression might be speedily expected. In this excursion they met the Plummer with a Spanish schooner of 180 tons, having on board *five hundred and four* slaves, taken on board at the Gallinas river.

The slaves thus retaken are liberated and provided for at Freetown; yet even here they are not always safe from the merciless fangs of the slave merchant. At the time of the return of the Dryad from her cruise to Gallinas there were no fewer than *twenty-eight* persons in jail, awaiting their trial under the accusation of decoying the liberated Africans from home, and selling them to the slaves. It will hardly be credited that, even in a colony founded for its suppression, and maintained at a vast expense of life and treasure, numerous persons have been discovered deeply engaged in the diabolical traffic—men holding, in some instances, respectable stations—and that vessels have been fitted up for the trade by residents of the colony, destined to carry it on in the rivers immediately adjacent! We know not whether most to admire the effrontery or the destitution of principle here displayed. A schoolmaster had recently been tried for selling some of his pupils. The Plummer on arriving from the river Pongos informed that there were upwards of a hundred Africans recently liberated and located at Sierra Leone, then detained in the vicinity of that river in readiness to be re-shipped, and again submitted to the horrors of a slave ship. The factory where these wretches were lodged was kept by one Joseph, whom the authorities have long been in vain endeavouring to bring to justice. Not long since his majesty's ship *Favourite* boarded a French vessel full of slaves, several of whom spoke some English, and were no doubt persons who had previously been liberated and settled at Sierra Leone. The existing arrangements with France did not authorise her detention. One individual was found in a captured slave vessel who had been kidnapped from the colony three times before, and released from as many slave ships by successive recaptures. His case proves the long existence of this practice, as more than five years elapsed from his first to his last liberation. There are even found those in the colony who receive the liberated children as apprentices and then dispose of them to the dealers—at least the inference is strong, as the children frequently disappear, and no account is ever had of them after. In many cases it has been found that their masters have sold them to the Mandingoes, by whom they are again disposed of to the regular slave agents, who collect large cargoes for vessels lying in the adjacent rivers. Children have been entrapped even during the day at Freetown, and eventually carried down the river and sold. To such an extent has this been carried on, that the negro population amounts to but 17,000, although there have been liberated within the last ten years 22,000; and this in the face of the fact that the births have been to the deaths as seven to one; which should have raised the population to 30,000.

Atrocious as these acts are, they yield in horrors to the cruelties frequently perpetrated on board the slave vessels. The crews of these ships, formed of the outcasts of every nation, retain not one vestige of humanity. Every gentle feeling of our nature is laid prostrate at the call of self-interest, and philanthropy shudders at the expedients resorted to for the purpose of screening those engaged in the traffic from the conse-

quences of discovery. A slave was boarded off the river Gallinas, but allowed to proceed on his appearing that she had no slaves on board. It was afterwards ascertained that there was one female slave in the ship when the boarding vessel was despatched; but the captain, determined to preserve his vessel, had the unhappy creature lashed to an anchor, and *lowered to the bottom!* thus preserving himself by an act of almost unimaginable atrocity. In another recent instance, as we learn from Mr. Leonard, a Spanish slave being hotly pursued by a British cruiser threw overboard one hundred and fifty of her wretched cargo, in order that when taken she should not have the evidence of her nefarious character about her. This vessel was subsequently condemned on the evidence of two of the blacks who were picked up, nearly exhausted, by the pursuing vessel; but the mass of those thus consigned to the waves, perished.

Nor is it alone in extreme cases that the poor African is subjected to cruel treatment. The ordinary miseries of a slave ship would appear to be unendurable by any thing bearing the shape and constitution of humanity. In order to cover the risk of losing an occasional cargo, the low narrow vessels are crowded to suffocation with the subjects of their commerce, who are supplied with the least amount of food and water that will sustain existence. Our author thus describes the sufferings of the cargo of a Spanish slave brig, with 496 on board, captured after a hot engagement by an English tender.

"Crowded to excess below—frightened by the cannonading—without water to drink, the allowance of which is at all times scanty—and almost without air during the whole of the engagement—death is ready born to make frightful ravages among them. In two days from the period of capture thirty of them had paid the debt of nature. One hundred and seven were placed in the wretched hole called an hospital, or *Ferret*, where every day still added one or two to the fatal list from privation, terror, and mental affliction. The rest, little able to undertake the voyage, were sent under the superintendence of Mr. Bosanquet, mate of the tender, to Sierra Leone in the prize, for adjudication by the Court of Mixed Commission there. Immediately after the vessel was secured, the living were found sitting on the heads and bodies of the dead and dying below. Witnessing their distress, the captors poured a large quantity of water into a tub for them to drink out of; but, being unused to such generosity, they merely imagined that their usual scanty daily allowance of half-a-pint per man, was about to be served out; and when given to understand that they might take as much of it as often as they felt inclined, they seemed astonished, and rushed in a body, with headlong eagerness, to dip their parched and feverish tongues into the refreshing liquid. Their heads became wedged in the tub, and were with some difficulty got out—not until several were nearly suffocated in the process. The vessel then fell on the deck, and was lapped and sucked up by a most frightful engorgement. Jaws were also obtained, and the water handed round to them; and in their precipitation and anxiety to obtain relief from the burning thirst which gnawed their vitals, they madly bit the vessels with their teeth, and champed them into atoms. Then, to see the look of gratification which the wretched unfortunates put on, after the vessel from which, by their pining eyes, they seemed to have drawn such exquisite enjoyment! Only half satisfied, they clung to it, though empty, as if it were more dear to them, and had afforded them more of earthly bliss, than all the nearest and dearest ties of kindred and affection. It was a picture of such tender misery from a natural want, more distressing than any one can conceive who has not witnessed the horrors attendant on the slave trade on the coast of Africa, or who has not felt, for many hours, the cravings of a burning thirst under a tropical sun."

It is to such misery as this, that from sixty to eighty thousand of the children of Africa are subjected annually, that being the computed number of the victims of the traffic. Nor are

they alone tortured by the cupidity of the slave dealers. Life is held so cheap, and their moral turpitude is so excessive, that the most dreadful cruelties are inflicted upon their unoffending captives. A frightful instance of this occurred on board a schooner afterwards captured by the Plummer. One of the female slaves, with a chastity of demeanour and a purity of heart that would have done honour to the most exalted state of society, had indignantly repulsed the disgusting advances of the master of the schooner, until the wretch, foiled in his execrable attempts on her person and furious with disappointment, murdered his unfortunate victim with the most savage cruelty, the details of which our author does not venture to give. Yet these miscreants, even in the event of their vessel being captured, generally escape with impunity. The English authorities are compelled to turn them over to the courts of their own country, and they very rarely bring them to punishment.

We must take leave for the present of Mr. Leonard with one or two characteristic extracts with regard to the climate of the African coast, yet not without awarding to this book the praise of being the best work on Africa which has appeared since the travels of the Landers, giving more information of the present condition of the coast, than a dozen quartos of speculation—

"To the westward of Freetown a level, damp, uncultivated piece of ground, of considerable extent, covered with almost impenetrable jungle, presents the most flagrant specimen of deficient circumspection on the part of the colonial government. With the number of liberated Africans imported annually, nothing would appear to be more easy than the draining and clearing of this swampy spot, and the vicinage of mangrove and swamps, so as to impede the formation of those exhalations so destructive to health. The climate is variable. There is, even at this dry season, frequently suspended over the site of this semi-paludal district, a white, filmy, tenuous haze, so dense in the morning that every thing which it envelops, although it does not extend so far as the tops of the trees, is nearly hid from the sight, disappearing or existing on the meridian, and gradually collecting and condensing again as the influence of the sun becomes weaker and evening approaches. This can be nothing else than the noxious vapours elicited by the action of the sun's rays from the moist soil and the decaying vegetation. In reference to the climate of the interior, and the earth's surface, the following anecdote of Commodore B— and Sir Niel Campbell then governor of Sierra Leone, related to me by a friend on whose veracity I can implicitly rely, deserves to be recorded. I must premise, that it occurred during the rainy season, when these exhalations are more dense than at present. Sir Niel Campbell, who had been landed on the morning of the 10th inst., and was about to go on board, was invited to invite the commodore to breakfast at 10 o'clock, who excused himself by saying that he made it an invariable rule on the coast of Africa not to land before ten. The messenger went on shore, and speedily returned with another message from the governor, saying that as his baggage was anxious to see the commodore, he had put off breakfast until ten, and that he had gone to take a ride in the interim. There was no refusing this; and the cautious officer inquired in what direction Sir Niel rode. "To the westward," was the reply. "Then," said he, "I shall perhaps be able to show you why I do not leave the ship before the day is well advanced." The road which the commodore had taken was at that time nearly parallel with the beach, by King Tom's Point, and only a short distance from it. Commodore B— took the aide-de-camp to the gangway, and after looking a little time, pointed out to the governor's course by his hand, and then, in the distance, a road was distinctly visible, waving over the sheet of mist which covered the ground, himself and his horse being completely enveloped in it. The young soldier expressed great astonishment at the singular phenomenon, and said he was sure that no one on shore was aware of the existence of so dense and dangerous an vapour. Not long after this Sir Niel Campbell fell a victim to the climate.

"Temperance in this climate is imperatively necessary. Abstemiousness and excess are alike injurious. In imitation of Sir William Temple, every man ought to limit himself to three glasses of wine during dinner—viz. "one for himself, one for his friends, and one for his enemies," and reflect from food as little complicated as possible. It is most necessary to guard against repletion, but if one is determined to gorge himself, let it be from a single dish. If from a variety, he only aids the undertaker by driving so many nails in his coffin. Temperance, regularity of the bowels, and a cold shower bath,—to wit, two or three buckets of salt water thrown over the body, morning and evening—will do more to preserve health in this climate than all other precautions put together.

"By the by, mosquitoes, these most annoying of all the maddening pests of tropical climates, are by no means numerous at Sierra Leone. The colonists of Gambia boast of the superiority which their climate possesses over Freetown. The Sierra Leoneans can only brag of having fewer mosquitoes. 'That is easily accounted for,' say the men of Bathurst, 'the climate of Sierra Leone is so bad that nothing can live in it not even a mosquito!'"

Since the foregoing was in type, we perceive that the work is in process of publication by Mr. E. C. Mielke of this city. It will be read with avidity and instruction.

The Bible Companion, designed for the assistance of Bible classes, families, and young students of the scriptures, illustrated with maps and engravings. Revised and adapted to the present times, with an introduction by Stephen H. Tyng D. D. Philadelphia, 1833, p. 264, Edward C. Mielke.

The title of this little work sufficiently explains its object. It "will be found," says the editor, "a useful companion for the attentive reader of scripture. It embodies a large amount of such information as is most desirable for his purpose, and he will find much collected for him in its several chapters, that it would cost him much time and labour to gather for himself." The frontispiece is a copy of Martin's celebrated picture of the crucifixion, engraved admirably by a very promising artist Mr. W. Keenan, to whom, in his particular style of art, there are few equals in this country.

Evidences of Christianity, by Thomas Chalmers, D. D. with remarks by John Abercrombie, M. D. F. R. S. Philadelphia, 1833, p. 216, E. C. Mielke.

This work has been prepared for the use of schools, by adding a copious set of questions; but it is a work which may be profitably read by every one. Its value being generally known and highly appreciated, it only remains for us to commend the style of this neat edition, which is well adapted to the purpose named, and will beyond doubt have an extensive sale.

The new life of Mrs. Inchbald, by James Boaden, of which we have a large and expensive London copy, is like most of the productions of that author, very unprofitable reading, and is a literary production of very small value. His previous work, the life of Mrs. Jordan, was a total failure, and this will not survive much longer. He tells little that is new of Mrs. Inchbald—dwells foolishly on her theatrical career, and certainly does not add to the good character of his heroine: We have found nothing worth quoting.

Mary of Burgundy, Mr. James's new novel, we have found great difficulty in pursuing to its close, and discover it to have been labour lost. It is worthless in every respect.

A gentleman, enjoying in his arm chair the luxury of devouring such books as he pleases, very naturally concludes, that the works he prefers would give pleasure to others. Let him publish a Circulating "Library," and he will soon discover the immense difference of tastes. We have had Wacousta considered as a disjointed mass, and again placed above any of the *Waverley novels*! The task of reading and selecting books for such a publication as the "Library," is a work of more labour than many are willing to allow, or seem to be aware of.

Robert Chambers, author of the interesting Narrative of the Chevalier's adventures and attempt to regain the throne of his fathers, is probably the most successful literary caterer of the present day. He publishes in Edinburgh, *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, *Chambers's Historical Newspaper*, and *Information for the People*. Of these three periodicals, he issues about 150,000 copies. He most happily combines sound judgment with good taste, and his illustrations and explanations of many of the important questions now agitating the public mind in Great Britain are truly admirable. "A work, conducted with as much talent and adapted to the affairs of this country, is still a desideratum. The superficial measure of his sheet is not one half that of many of our hebdomadals, but in one number there is more instruction conveyed than in any six of these lumbering masses of incongruous hotch potch. *Quantity* appears, with too many, to be the primary object. A person about furnishing a house, or his wardrobe, may go into a second hand, or old clothes store, and furnish by the gross, but where would be his satisfaction or advantage? In furnishing the mind, are good materials not of still greater importance?"

Can the region of good sense and taste not be made as extensive as that of folly and nonsense? Is it nature or habit that makes us prefer the trifling gossip—the nauseous sentimentalism of the *Iseadoras*, the *Orlandos*, the *Delias* of our weekly sheets to the instructive essay on natural history, or the delightful rambles of a man of science and good sense? Can any taste remain so depraved as to wander over the former barren, while the latter rich pasturage is exhibited and open? Can rank and gaudy weeds be preferred to refreshing fruit, or the chaff be chosen rather than the grain?

Education, says Roscoe, is the proper employment, not only of our early years, but of our whole lives; and they who, satisfied with their attainments, neglect to avail themselves of the improvements which are daily taking place in every department of human knowledge, will, in a few years, have the mortification to find themselves surpassed by much younger rivals. It is, he continues, by the union of the pursuits of literature with the affairs of the world, that we are to look forwards towards the improvement of both; towards the stability and foundation of the one, and the grace and ornament of the other.

It is a too frequently forgotten truth, that it is to their own exertions that individuals must look for their improvement in taste, in literature, and in science, and that here, as in other cases, he who wishes to excel, must be the architect of his own fortunes.

The facilities enjoyed by the American States, of each forming its own internal regulations, render them peculiarly suitable for mooted questions where experience alone can decide, and for setting the example to other nations who act in larger communities, and whose motions are consequently slower. It is by means of this facility, for instance, that the various experiments on prison discipline, now in the course of trial, will result beneficially.

Contempt is not a thing to be despised. It may be borne with a calm and equal mind, but no man by lifting his head high can pretend that he does not perceive the scorns that are poured down upon him from above.

We must all obey the law of change. It is the most powerful law of nature, and the means perhaps of its conservation. All we can do, and that human wisdom can do, is to provide that the change shall proceed by insensible degrees. This has all the benefits which may be in change, without any of the inconveniences of mutation.

The Japanese laws ordain, that a man must sooner die of hunger, than touch without the consent of the owner, a single grain of rice which does not belong to him, even though he find it in a deserted field or mansion.

Vegetable aliment, says Dr. Cullen, as neither distending the vessels, nor loading the system, never interrupts the stronger action of the mind; while the heat, fulness, and weight of animal food is adverse to its vigorous efforts.

Lord Collingwood, in his beautiful letters to his wife, remarks, "I have lived long enough in the world to know that human happiness has nothing to do with exterior;" and in another epistle, he thus alludes to the education of his daughters: "How do the dear girls do? I would have them taught geometry, which is of all sciences in the world the most entertaining; it expands the mind more to the knowledge of all things in nature, and better teaches to distinguish between truths and such things as have the appearance of being truths, yet are not, than any other. Their education and the proper cultivation of the sense which God has given them, are the objects on which my happiness most depends. To inspire them with a love of every thing which is honourable and virtuous, though in rags, and for contempt for vanity in embroidery, is the way to make them the darlings of my heart. They should not only read, but it requires a careful selection of books; nor should they ever have access to two at the same time; but when a subject is begun it should be finished before any thing else is undertaken. How would it enlarge their minds if they could acquire a sufficient knowledge of mathematics and astronomy to give them an idea of the beauty and wonders of the creation! I am persuaded that the generality of people, and particularly fine ladies, only adore God because they are told it is proper and the fashion to go to church; but I would have my girls attain such knowledge of the works of the creation, that they may have a fixed idea of the nature of that Being who could be the author of such a world. Whenever they have that, nothing on this side the moon will give them much uneasiness of mind.

Do not mean that they should be stoics, or want the common feelings for the sufferings flesh is heir to; but they would then have a source of consolation for the worst that could happen."

Sheridan once observed of a certain speech, that all its facts were invention, and all its wit, memory; two more brilliant, yet brief distinctions perhaps were never made. Mr. Pitt compared the constant opposition of Sheridan to an eternal drag chain, clogging all the wheels, retarding the career, and embarrassing the wheels of government: Mr. Sheridan replied, that a real drag chain differed from this imaginary drag chain of the minister in one important essential; it was applied only when the machine was going down the hill. There appears to have been quite as much wit exercised in finding out things that differ, as in hitting upon those that resemble.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In press, Sturms Morning Communion with God; or, devotional meditations for every day of the year, translated from the original German.

The Infant's Annual or a Mother's Offering, with ten coloured engravings.

In press, The Evidence of Christianity; being the personal narrative of a British Naval Officer during the late war.

Also, Life and Adventures of the Chevalier Charles Stuart, and History of the Rebellion in Scotland, in 1745-6. By Robert Chambers, author of Traditions of Edinburgh, History of Scotland, &c.

«Chalmers on the Evidence of Christianity;» and «Dr. John Abercrombie's Remarks on the Nature of Testimony, and on the Argument derived from the Commemorative Rites of Religion,» have been printed in a single small volume, and prepared with a set of questions calculated to bring out the sense of the text in a manner adapted to the use of schools, for which the whole work is intended.

The London New Monthly Magazine pronounces Choron's *Principes de Composition* to be the richest and most comprehensive treatise on Music, which the world has seen.

A volume of Poems by Granville Mellen, beautifully printed, has been published by Boston by Lilly, Wait & Co.

At a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of the Sciences, M. Cuvillier read a memoir stating numerous cases of complete success in the operation of *Lithiotry*, within the two years past.

LONDON.

Sayings and Doings at the Tremont House has been re-published in London, and is highly lauded in one of the Literary Gazettes.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS

PUBLISHED IN LONDON TO THE LATEST DATES, CONTINUED.

MARSART'S Dialogues sur les Beaux Arts, 12mo.—Ritson's Ancient Popular Poetry—Two expeditions into the Interior of Western Australia, by Capt. C. Sturt, 2 vols. 8vo.—Some Account of the English Stage from the Restoration in 1660 to 1830, 10 vols. 8vo.—The Condition of the Negro Slave contrasted with the Infant Factory Slave, with Cuts by R. Cruikshank, 18mo.—Rev. A. Murphy on the Elementary Principles of the Theories of Electricity, Heat, and Molecular Action, Part I. (on Electricity), 8vo.—The Dream, and other Poems, by Mrs. Lenox Conyngham, 8vo.—The Homœopathic Medical Doctrine, or Organon of the Healing Art, translated from the German—Tales of the Tombs, a Series of Anecdotes, 8vo.—Robert Carswell's Pathological Anatomy—Magrath's Letters from Canada.—The Infirmitates of Genitæ, by R. R. Madden, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo.—The Original Legend of Der Freyschutz, from the German.—MacDonald's Narrative of a Voyage to Patagonia, 8vo.—Ritson's Robin Hood, 2 vols. 8vo. 2d ed. Ritson's Letters and Life, by Sir Harris Nicholas, 2 vols. 8vo.—The Chronology of History, by Sir H. Nicholas—4th vol.—Lardner's Cyclopædia.—Three weeks in Palestine and Lebanon, 12mo., with plates.—Cruikshank's Sketch Book, 4to.—History of Priestcraft, by W. Howett.—Hodge's Portugal in 1832, 2 vols. 8vo.—Cornelius Agrippa, a romance of the 16th century, by R. MacKinnon.—Dudley's Annual Register for 1833, is just completed.

New American Publications.

The Contrast, a novel by the Earl of Mulgrave; author of Matilda, and Year and No, a tale of the day. Rather above the ordinary cast of novels.

Captain Alexander's Transatlantic Sketches will be ready for publication in a few days.

The second edition of Rush's Memoranda is nearly ready, with additions and corrections.

The two of Rush's popular lectures, already favourably noticed by us, has just been published by Messrs. Key & Biddle. It is elegantly done up in muslin, and the contents attractive.

The Life of Roscoe, by his son, has been published in Boston, instead of Philadelphia as announced. It is said the American publishers paid fifty guineas for the story. The work has been prepared from the London copy for next week's issue.

Mr. H. S. Tanner has issued No. 7, of his new Universal Atlas, which truly deserves and has obtained sig-

nal favour throughout the United States. Among the maps comprised in the present number is one of China Proper, recommended by important additions and amendments. The able geographer has availed himself of some recent and authentic information in the Chinese Repository published at Canton. He has been enabled to introduce into his map five new provinces, and to correct the limits and orthography of the others; and therefore as these maps are represented in antecedent maps. The limits of China Proper have been greatly extended towards the west. Mr. Tanner has specified the portions of territory and the tribes that have been annexed. Other changes in the divisions of the country are likewise noted; and this map of China is thus advantageously distinguished from every other with the existence of which we are acquainted.

Mary of Burgundy, or the Revolt of Ghent, by the author of Philip Augustus, Henry Masterton, &c. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings, by Dr. John Abercrombie, of Edinburgh, a pious and metaphysician of the highest eminence. It gives us pleasure to see that this able treatise has been stereotyped by the Messrs. Harpers, of New York, as part of their excellent Family Library, which has now reached the 50th number.

The same publishers have issued No. 15, of their Boys and Girls' Library of Entertaining and Useful Knowledge. The present number consists of «Sketches of the Lives of Distinguished Females» by an American lady, written with a view to the moral and mental improvement of girls.

Pedro of Pennafior, or the New Gil Blas, by Henry D. Inglis, author of *Edwin in 1830*, &c.

Legends of the Rhine, by the author of *High Ways and By-Ways*, in 2 vols. 12mo.

CONTENTS.—The Legend of Ruprecht's Building; The Three Foretellings; A Year of Joy; The Lady of the Cold Kisses; The Double Doubt; The Curse of the Black Lady; The Prisoner of the Palace; Countess Kunsig; The Tragedy of the Trenches; Heidelberg Castle; The Orphan of Cambray; The Legend of the Wolf's Brew. A work which will please invertebrate fiction hunters. Though politely favoured by the publishers with a copy, this all we can say for Legends of the Rhine.

Dr. Inglis, author of *Edwin* have just republished in an octavo volume, The Testimony of Nature and Revelation to the Being, Perfections and Government of a God, by the Rev. Henry Fergus. The general tenor and scope of the work may be inferred from the title. The author has entered the same field of labour with Paley, Ray and others, who have written to direct the human understanding to the language of nature, illustrated by Revelation. But while he has occasionally taken an argument from his distinguished predecessors, he has on the whole, given a work of much originality, of power and persuasion, and one that commands itself to those who are fond of philosophical and metaphysical research.

Connor & Cook's edition of the Works of Sir Walter Scott, has advanced as far as the 12th part, volume 3d.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS, LONDON.

Mr. Gardner on the construction of maps. The advantages and disadvantages of several extant projections, and the purpose for which each is best adapted. The lecturer then gave an account of the method of triangulation, which is now illustrated by reference to the survey of Ireland. Mr. Gardner will illustrate the projections by means of a twelve-inch globe, with the meridians and parallels of wires. Another novelty was a large map of the two hemispheres, the one reversed, so that each showed the antipodes of the other; it is remarkable that very few countries have land for their antipodes; and that few which have it are almost opposite to South America. It is singular also, that a diameter nearly in the plane of the equator has the centre of the volcanic ridge of Sumatra at the one pole, and that of the Andes at the other. The coral isles of the South Sea are the antipodes of the great African continent, and what with land at the other extremity, and next to it, some curious balancings on the diameters arise. The original of Barlow's globe was in the room. The recent discoveries in magnetism show that it must have more connection with the physical state and changes of the globe than has hitherto been allowed. Mr. Gardner's discourse was listened to with great attention by a very numerous assembly.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Questor is forming a Library, and says he is very industrious in reading the newspapers to ascertain what English books are to be republished here—further the deponent says that very many books are announced, that is, positively asserted to be in press by the booksellers, which he omits to order from London, but the American edition never appears. As many persons no doubt are similarly disappointed, a brief explanation of the announcing system may be useful. By a mutual understanding among the trade for their common benefit, and to prevent issuing simultaneously two editions of the same work, and thereby depreciate both, the publisher who first announces that he has received and put to press any new book is entitled to print it if he chooses. Thus the traders are eager to advertise every publication received from London. Books are announced as in press before they leave the ship in which they were imported; before the announcers know a word of their contents, or mayhap the size or the author. Thus almost every thing received is promised to the public, and many valuable productions which prove too thick, too good, or too heavy for the announcer are not published—no other publisher daring to touch them without liberty. Such are the facts—the result is that the public are disappointed—books are issued slowly or otherwise at the option of this new kind of patentism, and many excellent ones never see the light. The Memoirs of Lavallette, printed by us early in the first volume (old series) of the Library was an example—it was announced by a publisher who never printed it and who would allow no other person to do so. Pedro of Pennafior, or the new Gil Blas, by Henry D. Inglis, is an example of the delay system. So that Questor need never delay his London order, unless he ascertains that the book he wants is «in press» from some other source than the newspaper announcement.

This system bears some resemblance to that practised in South America in the mining districts, where a mine belongs to the first who publicly denounces it in presence of the *Padre* of the district,* but it does not resemble it in one important particular—to retain possession of a mine it is provided by government that it shall be worked, or another denunciation may take place. Now by the conventional rules of the booksellers, an announcement of a foreign work is as good as a copy right, except with a few who are denominated *pirates*! In the Circulating Library, we are bound by no such trammels; if we were, the publication might cease at once. We have taken up and issued numerous good books which had been neglected to be published; they were overlooked principally because it is another most reprehensible but almost universal practice with many, to publish without having read a book—the contents is the last thing thought of—a practice which has given an advantage to our publication of no small moment, and one on which we honestly believe it still increasing and unprecedented patronage is principally founded.

* See Ward's Mexico.

Erratum.—In last week's Varieties, the misplacing a point altered the sense of a paragraph so as to make it unintelligible. In 25th line, second column, the period should be at excellencies, and it will read «In Comus the eye of the reader,» &c.

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life of William Roscoe, by his son, Henry Roscoe, 2 vols. 8vo. London, J. Cadell, and Edinburgh, W. Blackwood, 1833.

These volumes have given us much pleasure. Though not throughout of such general interest for all American readers, the portraiture of a self-made man here so pleasingly set forth deserves at our hands more than a passing tribute, and we devote to-day as much space to the subject as our limits allow. The volumes are mainly composed from the materials found with Mr. Roscoe's papers, among which his extensive correspondence with eminent men in both hemispheres has been copiously resorted to, as the principal source of information. The son, in the concluding chapter, has modestly pointed out, for the benefit of others, a connected view of his father's character, and the result of those great principles by which his life was governed. We have already stated his humble origin; he lost his mother at an early age, and then with few useful associates was employed by his father in gardening; afterwards placed as an apprentice to a bookseller, his ambition led him to be articulated to an attorney, where his attachment to reading and poetry must have prevented that strict attention to law studies, which is requisite to eminence, though he devoted much of his time to business. His poetical effusions at that age evince talent, and a mind of no common mould.

His time of servitude passed, he was admitted to the bar, and formed a partnership. He soon married for love, and appears to have made a manly resolve to attain independence, as the only sure road to tranquillity. His love of art, however, induced expense, and his savings were not considerable. This ardour for elegant pursuits led him to be very active in the establishment of a "Society for promoting Painting and Design" at Liverpool, where he delivered lectures, and extended his acquaintance with artists—formed a magnificent collection of prints, contributed to Strutt's "Dictionary of Engravers," and deeply interested himself in the con-

dition and prospects of the African race, then a prominent national topic, and whose welfare he ever had at heart. For his publications on the subject he received the thanks of the African committee.

He soon took a part in politics with lively interest, though his motives were unmixed with any views of personal advantage or distinction. The French revolution engrossed his thoughts for a time, and he was on the opposite side of the question from Mr. Burke, whose opinions he attacked with ridicule in a ballad, entitled "The life and wonderful achievements of Edmund Burke," from which we quote a stanza or two.

"Full tilt he ran at all he met,
And round he dealt his knox,
Till with a backward stroke at knox,
He hit poor Charley Fox."

"Oh, have you seen a mastiff strong,
A shivering lap-dog tear?
Then may you judge how Edmund did,
When claw'd by Charles, appear?"

The state of public feeling in England, is well set forth by our author, but we can only trace the leading features of the biography.

Retiring to his study, Mr. Roscoe now determined to write a *Life of Lorenzo de Medici*, which after long research was published, and immediately became extremely popular; it was simultaneously translated into Italian and German, and reprinted in Philadelphia. Mr. Roscoe, more charmed with the muses than his profession, abandoned the latter to cultivate his acquaintance with the former, and retired to his books and to the enjoyment of that leisure and popularity he had secured by his talents; a third edition of *Lorenzo* was soon required by the public demand. This success induced another trial of authorship, and *Leo the Tenth* was published under the favourable auspices of former popularity; it too was translated into Italian and German, and republished here. Both works retain their places as standard literature.

He was soon after elected to parliament, where his speech on the African slave trade made a powerful impression, and he took a prominent part in the debates of the house. He was nominated a second time without his concurrence, and refused the employment of Deputy Lieutenant of his county, to which he was urged by the Earl of Derby. He continued to

exercise his vigorous mind on the various great topics of the day, and successfully led public opinion, by the publication of pamphlets calculated to promote correct views of national affairs; surrounded by warm friends, and happy in the most extended fame, the house of Roscoe was the resort of all who were so fortunate as to have it in their power to obtain an introduction—how many Americans will long cherish the remembrance of his bland manners, and open hearted hospitality! He resumed his literary studies, and materially assisted in preparing the materials of the *Life of Burns*—was an active member of the African Institution, and was undoubtedly in possession of all that could make life happy or desirable.

In his elegant retreat at Allerton Hall, he commenced the study of bibliography—corresponded with Dibdin, and wrote papers and poems, answered letters from all parts of the world, was elected member of numerous societies in Europe and America, formed a valuable acquaintance with the celebrated Mr. Coke of Holkham, whom he visited, and whose very rare and extraordinary library he catalogued for him, including his manuscripts, &c. But a melancholy period was arriving. Change in commerce brought a period of bad times, and the banking house in which Mr. Roscoe was a partner, became greatly embarrassed and failed. Mr. R. was entrusted with winding up its affairs, and he fondly hoped he could have paid every farthing, but was disappointed—his great library was obliged to be sold: his friends however purchased and presented him with such books as he knew would be most valuable to him. The bulk of the remainder was presented by others to the Liverpool Athenaeum. One great Italian picture of Leo X. was purchased by an unknown person, and presented after the sale anonymously to the broken fortune owner, and very many proofs of strong attachment which must have affected his heart, were exhibited. Ten or twelve thousand dollars were actually subscribed and placed at interest for his use, and he appears to have again been comfortably situated, gaining both money and reputation by his pen; the subject of prison discipline, as is well known, attracted a large share of his attention; he corresponded with numerous gentlemen in this country, in order to obtain information. A creditor now put him to some trouble, and he

was obliged to keep within doors for months. This difficulty vanished, and Mr. Roscoe was enabled, by the produce of his pen, to make himself comfortable in the latter part of his life, retaining his warmest sympathies for the good of his fellow man, and deeply interested in public institutions. His time was much occupied in superintending new editions of his works, and other literary employment; adding to the delightful hours of domestic happiness for the absence of which nothing can compensate a due attention to the education of his children, all of whom were so fond of literature, poetry, and the fine arts, as to become companions.

"Bolany became a very favourite study and amusement, and he at last sunk into the arms of death, exclaiming "some people suffer much in dying; I do not suffer." In the highest and best parts of his character, he is open to the imitation of all—in his integrity and sincerity; in his attachment to freedom and truth; in his earnest endeavours to do good; in the purity of his public principles; in the beauty of his private life; and in his serene submission to the will of God. Having summed up in brief, the particulars of the life of Roscoe, we extract from his Memoirs, the following very curious account of a human phenomenon now living, which has no equal in the records of philology. The book referred to, will be found in the Philadelphia Library, with the likeness attached, No. 5610, octavo.

"Nearly at the same time with the Illustrations of the Life of Lorenzo de Medici, the little memoir of an extraordinary person appeared, under the title of a 'Memoir of Richard Roberts Jones, of Aberdaron, in the county of Caernarvon, in North Wales, exhibiting a remarkable instance of a partial power and cultivation of intellect.' This most singular person, who is still living, and who continues to display a love of learning and an extent of erudition, seldom exhibited within the walls of schools or universities, united with a want of common sense amounting almost to idiocy, and a squalor and wretchedness of appearance of which a common mendicant would be ashamed, was first introduced to the notice of Mr. Roscoe, in the early part of the year 1806. The impression which his extraordinary appearance and acquisitions made upon Mr. Roscoe at this time, is described in the following letter to Dr. Parr, who had unfortunately left Allerton just before the appearance there of the Welsh scholar:—

"Your letter found me in conversation with one of the most extraordinary beings that ever occurred to my notice—a poor Welsh fisherman, as ragged as a colt, and as uncouth as any being that has a semblance of humanity. But beneath such an exterior, is a mind cultivated not only beyond all reasonable expectation, but beyond all probable conception. In his fishing boat on the coast of Wales, at an age little more than twenty, he has acquired the Greek, the Hebrew, and the Latin languages, has read the *Iliad*, *Hesiod*, *Theocritus*, &c., studied the refinements of Greek pronunciation, and examined the connections of that language with the Hebrew. He reads Latin with the greatest facility, and translates it either into Welsh or English. I asked him if he knew Italian? Yes, he could read it. I spoke to him in French, he answered me, and we carried on our conversation in that language.

"He is well disposed, modest, truly pious, and intelligent, but in his exterior motions of the body like no other creature on earth. He has just entered the room with a wallet of books in all languages, and on my speaking to him, he saluted me with a sort of courtesy, instead of a bow. Yet, the expression of his features speaks his mind; and if shamed and docked, he might not appear so trifling as at present. He knew I left the country, where he says he is persecuted,

and threw himself upon our benevolence, of which he thinks he had some proof, on one of his visits here with some fish. What I shall do with him I know not; but I have promised him help and protection, which he shall have; and if I had I can assist in rendering the very extraordinary talents with which God has been pleased to endow this humble child of indigence useful to himself or others, I shall have no small pleasure in doing it. If, on further experience, I find him as deserving as he seems to be at present, I shall most probably take advantage of your friendship, and introduce you to your advice respecting him. At present, I assure you I think it one of the most extraordinary circumstances that ever fell in my way; but as first impressions are often incorrect, and I have yet seen but little of him, I will trouble you no longer respecting him at present, than to request your kind permission to mention him to you again, should I find him entitled to your advice and favour."

"This extraordinary being was immediately taken by Mr. Roscoe under his protection. His rags were replaced by decent clothing, and a comfortable bed was prepared for him, at night. So little, however, was he accustomed to the usages of civilised life, that instead of getting into the bed, he crept under it. Such, also, was his attachment to the squalid habits in which he had lived, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could be persuaded to submit to those ablutions which were absolutely necessary to render a near conversation with him agreeable, or indeed safe. One of Mr. Roscoe's first objects was to provide him with some employment to which he had been accustomed, and upon enquiry, it appeared that he had been brought up to the occupation of a *saunter*. The sequel is thus told in the memoir.

"A recommendation was given him to a person who employed many hands in sawing, and Richard was put down in the saw pit. He accordingly commenced labours, and proceeded for some time with a fair prospect of success. It was not long, however, before his efforts relaxed, and grew fainter and fainter, till at length he fell on his face, and lay extended at the bottom of the pit, crying out loudly for help. On raising him, and assisting him to the surface, the foreman appeared that he had laboured to the full extent of his strength, when, not being aware that it was necessary he should also move forward his feet, and being quite breathless and exhausted, he was found in the situation described. As soon as he had recovered himself, he returned to the person who sent him, and complained loudly of the treatment he had received, and his being put under ground. On being asked, why he had represented himself as a *saunter*, he replied that he had never been employed in any other branch of sawing than *cross cutting* the branches of timber trees when fallen in the woods in Wales."

"Other attempts were made to discover a suitable employment for Richard, but in vain. He was placed in the office of a printer in Liverpool, where it was supposed his complete knowledge of the dead languages might render his services useful; but his inaptitude for business, and his inattention to the common decencies of personal cleanliness, soon terminated the engagement. At Allerton, many persons of distinguished learning had an opportunity of witnessing the extraordinary attainments of Richard Roberts, who never failed to leave an impression of the singular powers of his intellect upon their minds. It was during the visit of Mr. Coke and Dr. Parr at Allerton, in the year 1815, that the following incident related in the memoir, occurred:—

"One of his friends happened to have a party to dinner, several of who were persons of considerable literary disquisition; when, by the misunderstanding of a message after dinner, the door opened; and to the equal surprise of both the host and his guests, Richard entered the room, his whole dress and appearance being grotesque in the highest degree. The curiosity of the company was excited; and, after the mis-

take to which his introduction was owing had been explained, he was asked several questions in French, to which he gave ready and correct answers. The conversation was then changed to Italian, in which he acquitted himself with equal readiness. To this succeeded an enquiry into his knowledge of Latin and Greek, in which languages he read and translated some passages to the satisfaction of the persons present. One of the party then proceeded to examine him more particularly, when the following dialogue occurred:—

"Q. As you seem to have made no little proficiency in languages, may I tell me what means you take in acquiring a language?

"A. It is according to what the nature of the language is.

"Q. How would you set about acquiring a modern language?

"A. If it was Spanish, for instance, I would take a vocabulary of the language, and examine what words correspond with, or resemble the words in any other language with which I was acquainted; as, for instance, the Latin, French, or Italian; and those words I would strike out of the vocabulary, learning only such as were the original or peculiar words of the Spanish language; and then, with the assistance of a grammar, I should soon be able to attain a knowledge of that language.

"All the party admitted, that this was a most judicious and excellent method; and Richard withdrew, with expressions of approbation from all present."

"It was on a previous day, during the same visit, that Richard had an interview with Dr. Parr, who immediately plunged into the darkest recesses of ancient learning. The refinements of the Greek language, and the works of the critics who had illustrated it, were entered into, and gradually the conversation changed to the Hebrew, its peculiar construction and its analogies. Here Richard had evidently the advantage; and after an attempted inroad into the Chaldee, the doctor rather precipitately retreated, leaving a token of his liberality in the hands of the poor scholar. Richard being afterwards asked what he thought of the learned person with whom he had been conversing, replied, 'He is less ignorant than most men.'"

"Many are the singular and amusing anecdotes recorded of Richard in this memoir, which concludes with a short comparison between the subject of it, and the famous Moses Mendelssohn and the learned Magliabaci. The portrait of Richard prefixed to it, is from a drawing by Williamson, formerly a portrait painter at Liverpool, of considerable ability. The plate is etched by Mrs. Dawson Turner, of Yarmouth, whose efforts in this branch of art have excited so much admiration amongst her friends. The following letter to Mr. Dawson Turner, relating to this plate, contains an anecdote highly illustrative of Richard's habits and peculiar turn of mind:—

"I had the pleasure of receiving your kind favour of the 18th July, enclosing an impression of the etching of my Welsh friend by Mrs. Turner, for which I cannot sufficiently express my thanks. The likeness is admirable, and it is impossible that any person who has seen him, should not immediately recognise it; and the execution of it is beautiful beyond what I could have thought it was in the power of the needle to produce; so that it may be ranked among the happiest of Mrs. Turner's works. This etching has confirmed me in the idea, in which I hope Mrs. Turner will agree with me, that there is no finer study of a man's simplicity in the countenance which is highly interesting, and which, I am certain, will attract the attention of the public, and be the chief cause of any advantage which this poor child of adversity may derive from the memoir.

"With respect to the inscription to be placed under it, I must give you a singular anecdote. A day or two after I received the etching, Richard called, as he is in the frequent habit of doing, and I showed it him, and asked him if he knew it, when, after some strange turns of his head from side to side, he said, 'It is none

portrait! I then told him I wished him to give me an inscription of his name, &c., to put under it; when, suddenly opening his waistcoat, he began to unwind from around his body, a piece of white calico, at least five or six feet long and three broad, at the top of which there appeared, in large letters inscribed by himself, 'Verbum Dei Libertas,' and towards the bottom the following inscription:—

"R. Johannis, Cæsarvonensis, Lingue Hebrææ professor, Rabbi Nathan unus de Discipulis, et veritatis libertatis que indignissimus Martyr."
"This seemed to me the more extraordinary, as he had not the least idea of his head being engraved or any such inscription wanted, nor am I satisfied that it would be proper to adopt the above; but on this you shall hear again from me."

"The profits of the Memoir were employed in supporting the subject of it; and this little fund was increased by the contributions of some benevolent persons, to whom the publication was the means of making him known. The money thus raised, however, has since been exhausted; and Richard, who is still residing in Liverpool, pursuing his learned occupations with an unceasing zeal, is supported, in scanty comfort, by some of his charitable friends."

The volumes of Mr. Roscoe's life contain many specimens of his poetic talent of no mean order. We copy a short sonnet creditable to his head and heart.

SONNET BY W. ROSCOE, ON THE NEAR PROSPECT OF DEATH.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."—Job xiii. 15.

God of my life, my hope, my fear,
In whom alone is all my trust,
I feel the closing hour draw near
That gives this fainting frame to dust.
Like the tired hart at bay I stand,
Thy toils have compassed me around;
I wait the death stroke from thy hand,
And stoop resigned to meet the wound.

Yet one fond wish still warms my soul,
To thee in humbler hope expressed,
That, ere the final shadow roll
To close me in their final rest,

Thou wouldst some worthier aim inspire,
Some living energy impart,
Some holier spark of purer fire
Rekindling in my dying heart;

That when, removed from grief and pain,
This fragile form on earth shall lie,
Some happier effort may remain,
To touch one human heart with joy;

One nobler precept to bestow,
One kind, one generous wish reveal,
To bid the breast with virtue glow,
To love, to pity, and to feel;

To soothe the ills it cannot cure,
The sufferer's injuries redress;
And through life's varied channels pour
The living stream of happiness.

Then, though in cold oblivion laid,
Some secret beam of heavenly glow
May pierce the dark incumbent shade,
And warn the dust that rests below.

This mouldering form, from God that came,
An instrument at his command,
Waits silent yet, through all its frame
The impulse of its Master's hand.

Smite, Lord! this frame shall own thy power,
And every trembling chord reply;
Smite, Lord! and in my latest hour,
This falling frame shall sing with joy!

The Martyr's Triumph; Buried Valley; and other poems. By Grenville Mellen. Dedicated to Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. pp. 300. 12mo. Boston 1833. Lilly, Wait, Colman and Holden.

The first thing that strikes us about this book,

is its beautiful and novel cover; it is done up in a new style of mottled muslin very pleasing to the eye. The paper is excellent, and when to this is added, the poetical contents of no ordinary kind, we have a whole admirably adapted for a present, or to ornament a parlour table. Mr. Mellen has been known rather as an occasional contributor to annuals than by any lengthened effort. In the present volume we have his best pieces collected, and in the uncommon dearth of poetry we know of nothing more likely to be successful. The verse is flowing and graceful, and free from the namby pambyisms of the periodical press, on which young ladies and gentlemen are founding a false taste. The author has established a reputation which this volume will tend to perpetuate—he has been fortunate in his selection of a printer, who has done full justice to his merits in the style in which the work has been brought out. The following we select both for its brevity and beauty:—

STANZAS TO ONE BEREFT.

I.

The heart that has not known the hour
When Grief could bid it bow,
Or seen that looks and words have power
To wring the brightest brow,
'Twere vain to torture with a song
So sorrowful as mine;
Leave such to pant amid the throng
That crowd its gilded shrine.

II.

But ye that suffer who have felt
The destiny of earth,
That Death, with shadowy hand hath dealt
Rebuke amid your mirth;
To you this tribute of a word,
When other sounds have fled,
Will come like low'd tones faintly heard—
The Memory of the Dead.

That time and labour are worse than useless which have been occupied in laying up treasures of false knowledge, which it will one day be necessary to unlearn, and in storing up mistaken ideas, which we must thereafter remember to forget. Timotheus, an ancient teacher of rhetoric, always demanded a double fee from those pupils who had been instructed by others; for in this case, he had not only to plant in, but to root out.

Some one or two modern editors seem to think that celebrity will be awarded to no pen that cannot imitate the pugilists in three essentials; that of hitting hard, and sharp, and at short distances. The calm scissor editors in the long run seem to us most popular. They have been very ingeniously likened to tailors, but the comparison is bad, as there is a wonderful difference in the head work; though the hands of both may hold cold steel, but one of them touches daily a warm goose.

Cheerfulness ought to be the *vaticinium* vultus of their life to the old: age without cheerfulness, is a Lapland winter without a sun; and this spirit of cheerfulness should be encouraged in our youth, if we would wish to have the benefits of it in our old age; time will make a generous wine more mellow, but it will turn that which is early on the fret, to vinegar.

If the little "coloured people," who are the only true admirers of our new travelling soldiers, be the proper persons to appreciate valour, judging from the enthusiasm they display in looking on, the military who exchange visits and tramp our streets are perfect Lacedæmons.

Addison said rather sharply in the Spectator, "I am not at all mortified, when sometimes I see my works thrown aside by men of no taste or learning. There

is a kind of heaviness and ignorance that hangs upon the minds of ordinary men which is too thick for knowledge to break through. To such I must apply the fable of the mole, that after consulting many oculists for the bettering of the sight, was at last provided with a good pair of spectacles; but upon his endeavouring to make use of them, his mother told him very prudently, that spectacles, though they might help the eye of a man, could be of no use to a mole. It is not, therefore, for the benefit of moles that I publish these daily essays."

When Socrates was asked for his country he said, "I was born in the world," and Ovid remarks, that "Every land is to a valiant man his native country." Scotland may be justly proud of her Scott, and America of her Washington, but the former was a citizen of the world, and Washington fought for the interests of all mankind.

The actions of men have been aptly compared to the index of a work; they point out what is most remarkable in them.

After death, Professor Person's head was dissected, and to the confusion of all cranialogists, but to the consolation of all blockheads, it was discovered that he had the thickest skull of any professor in Europe. The great mistake of the phrenological mania is, that the exterior surface of the head is first examined. The brain at work must first impress the interior surface—but that is a part entirely overlooked.

It is impossible, says the learned Bishop Taylor, to make people understand their own ignorance, for it requires knowledge to perceive it, and therefore he that can perceive it hath it not.

An ancient philosopher of Athens, where the property of the wealthy was open to the confiscations of the informer, consoled himself for the loss of his fortune by the following reflection:—I have lost my money, and with it my cares; for when I was rich I was afraid of every poor man, but now that I am poor, every rich man is afraid of me.

If birds changed the size and colour of their wings as frequently as ladies change their shapes, the ornithologists would have a merry time of it. The species and genera would change monthly, and the printers would prosper. The various orders of mind have found even fewer chroniclers than those of fishes and birds.

Spurzheim did very well when he went into a school for little girls; their heads were unadorned; but he would have been puzzled at the bumps of a modern belle's cranium. A famous monk once preaching a crusade against "head towers" successfully put them down, but a contemporary informs us, that "the women who, like snails in a fright, had drawn in their horns, shot them out again as soon as the danger was over." The head has the most beautiful appearance as well as the highest station in the human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with such a pile of supererogatory ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childish gewgaws, ribands, and baggar's lace.

At a dinner at Holland House, the hospitable man-

sion of Lord Holland, Mr. Rush informs us that the conversation happened to turn upon the Scottish novels, each praising the particular one which had struck them as the best. At last Lady Holland proposed that each of the company should write on a separate piece of paper, the name of his favourite novel of the set; nine papers were handed in, each with a title different from the rest. A happy illustration, observes Mr. Rush, of the various merit of the fascinating writer—we may add, a striking illustration of the variety of judgment of the company.

Novels of the day.—A writer in the London New Monthly Magazine, says justly:—"It is very remarkable, that in proportion as the demand in literature for any particular class of composition increases, the *style* of the supply becomes deteriorated." This is remarkably the case with the batch of recent novels; the same writer continues: "There seems to be no abatement in the interest taken in fictions; but instead of being concentrated to a few of the best, the appetite seems to have enlarged to grossness, and devours every thing miscellaneously." We know not where it will end, but shall contribute as little as possible to the circulation of the base material which forms so great a portion of the literature of the day. We have been eagerly searching for a good novel, but must candidly confess we know of no sterling new work of the kind.

New figure.—An omnibus advertisement, in all our city papers, says that the vehicle will not run after seven o'clock, "in consequence of the increasing shortness of the days!"

It is the fashion of some editors never to allow their newspaper to be issued without having a charming suicide for their readers, entertainment! What a delightful compliment to the public! One of these papers now before us has an account of the 'suicide of a pig!' We suppose the editor had run short of that kind of valuable information, and rather than not have something of the kind to keep up his variety, was content to take up with a pig! How long will the public be contented and gratified with this kind of information to the exclusion of sound knowledge?

By a letter received from Mrs. Trollope, she expresses the greatest contempt for those who pronounced her name *Trollup*. She says she is of Grecian descent, and can trace her genealogy to Penelope—and that her name Trollope, should have the last syllable accented. She refers to Capt. Hall for authority.

Napoleon.—The love of power and supremacy absorbed and consumed him. No person, no domestic attachment, no private friendship, no love of pleasure, no relish for letters or the arts, no human sympathy, no human weakness, divided his mind with the passion for dominion and for dazzling manifestation of his power. Before this, duty, honour, love, humanity, fell prostrate. Josephine, we are told, was dear to him; but the devoted wife, who had stood firm and faithful in the day of his doubtful fortunes, was cast off in his prosperity to make room for a stranger, who might be more subservient to his power.—*Dr. Channing.*

Strong Testimony.—Seventy-two physicians of Boston have put their names to a paper, declaring it to be their opinion that men in health are never benefited by the use of ardent spirits—that, on the contrary, the use of them is a frequent cause of disease and death, and often renders such diseases as arise from other causes more difficult of cure, and more fatal in their termination.

The Human Voice.—Nathan, in his "Essay on the History and Theory of Music," the second part of which has just been published, after having mentioned the three classes of vocal sound which are distinguished in the Italian school of singing—namely, the chest voice (*voce de petto*), the throat voice or *falsetto*, and

the head voice, or (*voce di testa*), speaks of a fourth, which he says is almost peculiar to the Jews. This he describes as a species of ventriloquism—a soft and seemingly artificial sound produced in the chest and back of the throat and head; an inward and suppressed sound of peculiarly soft and melodious tone. Brahm, he says, is the only public singer, whom he has ever heard, who has availed himself of the proper advantages which this feigned voice affords. It is *commonly* called amongst the Hebrews, and is termed by them "the voice di a child," and Mr. Nathan attributes to their use of it the peculiar sweetness of their style of singing. By the by, Mr. Nathan enumerates, amongst the Jewish musical composers of the present day, Moscheles, Mendelssohn, Kalkbrenner, Heris, *Mayerbeer*, and *Paganini*.

And late in life, and when living with Mrs. Voysey, in Leonard Place Kensington, Mrs. Inchbold observed one of the lady lodgers mending a hole in a black silk gown. "Why do you give yourself that trouble?" said Mrs. L. "I always mend the holes in mine with black sticking-plaster." Here we have Black and Blue fairly illustrated.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A translation by an American scholar of Geiseler's History of the Church,—"Lehrbuch de Kirchengeschichte" is about to be published by Carey, Lea & Co.

The Holy Bible in Canton.—A second edition of the Bible has recently been published at the Anglo-Chinese College, Malacca; it is a large and beautiful volume in 21 volumes, and has been printed with new blocks.

Illustrations of Botany and other branches of the Natural History of the Himalayan Mountains, and of the Flora of Cashmere, by J. F. Royle, Esq. F. L. S., &c. Sketches of the Domestic, and Negro Population of the West Indies, by Mrs. Carmichael.

Memoir of the Rev. John Adam, late Missionary at Calcutta.

Messrs. Ackermann and Co. announce Two Series of Coloured Views of Niagara and Quebec, from Drawings taken on the spot, by Lieut. Col. Cockburn.

Songs of Switzerland, &c., from the pen of Mr. Henry Brühl.

A new and splendid Annual, to be called the Oriental Annual, from Original Drawings by W. Daniel, Esq. R. A., is announced.

Cooper's new novel, &c.—Carey, Lea & Blanchard has received and put to press, The Headsman, a new novel, by J. Fenimore Cooper, author of the Spy, Pilot, &c.

The late Bishop Hobart, of New York.—The posthumous works of this eminent divine have lately been issued from the New York press, and are highly spoken of.

In the press in New York, in a duodecimo volume of about 200 pages, "Outline of the Constitutional Jurisprudence of the United States, designed as a Text Book for Lectures, as a class Book for Academies and Common Schools, and as a Manual for popular use, by William A. Duer, L. L. D., President of Columbia College.

The Duchess of St. Leu (Hortense), daughter of the Empress Josephine, has published, at Paris, her mother's Letters to herself, and also the private correspondence between Napoleon and Josephine. This must be curious matter.

The Messrs. Harpers, of New York, announce an American edition of Madam's Infirmities of Genus.

Observations on Texas, in a series of Letters, by Mrs. Mary Holley, 1 vol. 12mo.

The Memoir of Baron Cuvier, by Mrs. Lee, late Mrs. Bowdich, has just been published in London.

List of the principal Books published in London, to the 1st of July.

Verses in Commemoration of Rev. James Harvey, by James Montgomery, 4to.—Village Belles, a novel, 3 vols. post 8vo.—Hansard's Debates, (3d series) Vol. XVI. (2d of Session 33)—England and the English, by E. L. Bulwer, Esq. M. P. 2 vols. post 8vo.—Great Britain, 1833, by the Baron D'Almeida, ex-Minister of Charles X. 2 vols. post 8vo.—McGregor's Britain, America, 2d edition, with additions and new maps, 2 vols. 8vo.—Reekiana; or, Minor Antiquities of Edinburgh: being Vol. III. of Chambers's Traditions of Edinburgh, 12mo.—Twelve Maxims on Swimming, by the author of the Cigar, 32mo.—Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, Vol. III.; Aurochs, Crustacea, and Annelida, 8vo.—Poetic Game, by S. Blackburn.—Memoirs of Rowland Taylor, LL.D., by T. Stow, 12mo.

New American Publications.

The new novel of Pedro de Pennafor, is well and entertainingly written—had it not been also entitled the New Gil Blas, it would have been popular, but as a *Gil Blas*, it is acknowledged on all hands, to be a failure.

Rush's Memoranda. New edition.—We have received the second edition of this entertaining work, and from what we learn of the demand, it too must be soon exhausted. The new preface is all our limits permit us to notice to-day. The author says:—

"My highest aim in writing the work, was to draw attention to the public questions between the two nations; questions of the greatest importance, and which, although at present asleep, are liable, in the progress of time and events, to break out with much if not all of their original violence." The day, we trust, is far distant.

This new edition, in appearance, is far better than the former; the paper is white and fine, though the same expense has been indulged in spreading the matter over too much surface. A third edition, and a cheaper one, will no doubt be called for. We shall return to the new matter next week.

Transatlantic Sketches.—Our confined space was occupied previous to receiving Captain Alexander's sketches, for which we have to thank the publishers, and can only say of it to-day, that it is an amusing volume. We perused the London copy some weeks since, and, as we hope our readers remember, made some racy extracts, which we may hereafter continue. His sketches of the United States are not equal to Lieut. Coke's, and are too brief.

Prince Charlie.—The approbation bestowed upon Chambers' Rebellion in Scotland has been universal as far as we have heard. All unite in expressing the pleasure they have received. The Schenectady Whig says—"In the latter numbers is commenced the 'Life and Adventures of the Chevalier Charles Stuart, and History of the Rebellion in Scotland in 1745 and 1746,' by Robert Chambers, which will be concluded in three or four subsequent numbers. This, like all other articles contained in this work, which have passed under our observation, is extremely interesting. Waldie's Library contains, probably, the best selections from the literature of the day, of any similar periodical now published; and its form, size and cheapness, adapt it admirably for general circulation and family reading."

The Germantown Telegraph remarks: "The 'Life and Adventures of the Chevalier Charles Stuart, and History of the Rebellion in Scotland in 1745—6,' by Robert Chambers, which is now in the course of publication in Waldie's Library, is one of the most amusing and entertaining works, that has for a long while gratified our eye. We would advise every lover of history—a charmingly told *romantic history*, not to neglect this rich treat. It is not every day that we are greeted with so delicious and acceptable a feast."

Notice to Agents and Subscribers in Canada.

By a late law of the post office here the postage on newspapers, &c. for Canada, must be paid to the American frontier line. It will be, therefore, necessary for our subscribers in that section of country to make immediate arrangement for the payment of the same. To save trouble, payment may be made to Mr. Starke, bookseller, or to Le Clerc, Jones & Co. at the office of "L'Ami du Peuple," Montreal.

ADAM WALDIE.

Philad. August 26, 1833.

POSTAGE.

In all communications about the Library, the postage must be paid to insure attention. When a remittance is made, we pay the postage.

WALDIE'S SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

JOURNAL OF BELLES LETTRES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Shortly after having put Baron D'Haussee's Observations on England to press, we received a London copy of Bulwer's work on the same subject. The coincidence was a little interesting—the most popular native writer, and a distinguished foreigner, giving simultaneously their respective views of society and manners in Great Britain. The Baron's work being already in hand, and believing that our readers would be gratified by having an early opportunity of judging of both, we at once concluded to commence Bulwer's on the cover, issuing a double sheet, weekly, which we shall continue in consecutive numbers, until the most interesting portions of the work are published. There are some chapters, such, for instance, as that on *Flagging in the Army*, parts of which we shall omit, as possessing little interest in the United States.

We hope this short interruption of the usual variety in the *Journal of Belles Lettres*, where double the matter is given, and at no additional charge, will prove satisfactory to our readers, and evince still more strongly the anxious desire the proprietor of the "Library" feels to exceed, rather than fall short of what he originally promised.

England and the English.

BY EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, ESQ., M. P.

Author of "Pelham," "Devereux," and "Eugene Aram."

"Ordine gentis
 "Mores, et studia, et populus, et gentia dicunt." VIRGIL.
 "Every man and then we should examine ourselves; self-
 amendment is the offering of self-knowledge. But foreigners do not
 examine our condition; they only glance at its surface. Why should
 we countenance the cause that we are silent upon? Why traverse
 the world and neglect the phenomena around us? Why should the
 spirit of our researches be in Lyons in Africa and a
 navy, in one word, should a nation be never
 criticised by a native?" MONTAGU.

VIEW OF THE ENGLISH CHARACTER.

INSCRIBED TO PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

CHAPTER I.

I am about, in this portion of my work, to treat of the character of my countrymen: for when a diplomatist like your excellency is amongst them, they may as well be put upon their guard. I shall endeavour to give you the causes that have stamped with certain impressions the National Character, in the belief that the knowledge of self is a better precaution against deceit, than even the suspicion of others. I inscribe this portion of my work to your excellency on the same principle as that on which the Scythian brought to Darius the causes that have stamped with arrows—they were the symbols of his nation, and given as instructions to its foe. I make up also my bundle of national symbols, and I offer them to the representative of that great people with whom for eight centuries we have been making great wars, occasioned by small mistries. Perhaps if the symbols had been rightly construed a little earlier, even a mouse and a fish might have taught as better. A quarrel in, nine times out of ten, merely the fermentation of a misunderstanding.

I have another reason for inscribing these preliminary chapters to Prince Talleyrand: this is not the first time he has been amongst us; great changes have been over the world during the wide interval between his first and his present visit to England. Those changes which have wrought such convulsions in states, have begun by revolutions in the character of nations—by every change in a constitution, occasioned by a change in the people. The English of the present day are not the English of twenty years ago. To whom can I dedicate my observations on the causes that influ-

over my testimony so penetrating a judge must make me doubly scrupulous as to its accuracy; and my presumption in appealing to such an arbiter, is an evidence, indeed, of temerity; but it is also a proof of my honesty, and a guarantee for my candour. I remember to have read in an ancient writer of a certain district in Africa remarkable for a fearful phenomenon. "In that climate," cries our authority, "the air seemed filled with gigantic figures of strange and uncouth monsters fighting (or in pursuit of) each other. These apparitions were necessarily a little alarming to foreigners; but the natives looked upon them with the utmost indifference." Is not this story an emblem of national prejudices? The shadowy monsters that appear the stranger seem ordinary enough to us; we have no notion of a different atmosphere, and that which is novel to others is but a commonplace to ourselves. Yet if the native is unservant, your excellency will allow that the traveller is credulous; and if sometimes the monsters are unremarked by the one, sometimes also they are invented by the other. Your excellency remembers the story of the French Jesuit, who was astonished to find priestcraft in China; the man who was surprised to find priestcraft in the Vatican thought it monstrous piece of impudence to practise it in the name of Fo! In the same spirit of travel you read of an Englishwoman complaining of rudeness in America, and a German prince affecting a republican horror at an aristocracy in England.

Your excellency, Prince Talleyrand, knows better than the whole corps of diplomatists how small a difference there is really between man and man—the stature and limbs vary little in proportions—it is the costume that makes all the distinction. Travellers do not sufficiently analyse their surprise at the novelties they see, and they often proclaim that to be a difference in the several characters of nations, which is but a difference in their manners. One of the oldest illustrations of national prejudice is to be found in Herodotus. The Greeks in the habit of burning their parents were wonderfully indignant at the barbarity of the Callati, who were accustomed to eat them. Fettered by the notions the Callati bore him in the presence of the Greeks: "You eat your fathers and mothers—a most excellent practice—pray, for what sum will you burn them?" The Callati were exceedingly disgusted at the question. Burn their parents! They uttered yells of rage, and exhausted a superfluous vocabulary of words, and the Great exultant in his affection in an equal degree, but the man who made a dinner of his father, would have considered it the height of atrocity to have made a bonfire of him.

The passions are universally the same—the expression of them is universally varying. Your excellency will allow that the French and the English are both eminently vain of country—so far they are alike—yet if there be any difference between the two nations more strong than another, it is the manner in which vanity is shown. The vanity of the Frenchman consists (as I have somewhere read) in belonging to so great a country; the vanity of the Englishman appears in the thought that so great a country belongs to himself. The root of all our notions, as of all our laws, is to be found in the sentiment of property. It is my wife whom you shall not insult; it is my house that you shall not enter: it is my country that you shall not despise, and my country is the Englishman's appropriation, it is my God whom you shall not blaspheme!

We may observe the different form of the national vanity in the inhabitant of either country by comparing the eulogia which the Frenchman lavishes on France, and the Englishman gives to his own country.

A few months ago I paid a visit to Paris: I fell in with a French marquis of the Bourbonnais politics: he spoke to me of the present state of Paris with tears in his eyes. I thought it best to sympathise and agree with him, and I did so with a complaisance which wiped his eyes with the joy of a man benevolent to take offence. "Nevertheless, sir," goeth he, "our public buildings are superb!" I allowed the fact. "We have made great advances in civilisation." There was no disputing the proposition. "Our writers are the greatest in the world," I was told, "and what a devil of a climate yours is in comparison to ours!"

I returned to England in company with a Frenchman, who had visited us twenty years since, and who

"What a superb street is Regent Street," cried the Frenchman.

"Pooh, sir, mere lath and plaster!" replied the patriot.

"I wish to hear your debates," said the Frenchman.

"Not worth the trouble, sir," growled the patriot.

"I shall do homage to your public men."

"More twaddlers, I assure you—nothing great now-a-days."

"Well, I am surprised; but, at least, I shall see your authors and men of science."

"Really, sir, answer the patriot, very gravely, 'I don't remember that we have any.'"

The polished Frenchman was at a loss for a moment, but recovering himself—"Ah!" said he, taking a pinch of snuff, "but you're a very great nation—very!"

"That is quite true," said the Englishman, drawing himself up.

The Englishman then is vain of his country! Wherefore? because of the public buildings? he never enters them.—The laws? he abuses them eternally.—The public men? they are quacks.—The writers? he knows nothing about them. He is vain of his country for an excellent reason—IT PRODUCE HIM.

In his own mind the Englishman is the pivot of all things—the centre of the solar system. Like Virtue herself, he

"Stands as the sun,
 And all that rolls around him
 Drinks light, and life, and glory, from his aspect."

It is an old maxim enough among us that we possess the sturdy sense of independence; we value ourselves upon it—yet the sense of independence is often but the want of sympathy with others.

There was a certain merchant sojourning at an inn, whom the boots by mistake called betimes in the morning.

"Sir," quoth the boots, "the day's breaking." The merchant turned round with a grim look—"Let it break," growled the merchant, "we neither want it nor care for it." This anecdote is rather characteristic; it shows the connection between selfishness and independence. The trait in our character of which I speak, has been often remarked; none, however, have, to my mind, very clearly accounted for it. Your excellency knows, to be sure, that all the French who ever wrote a syllable about us have described it as the favourite cant of our consciousness of liberty. But we are better aware now-a-days than formerly what the real effects of liberty are. The feeling I describe is entirely selfish; the feelings produced by the consciousness of liberty rather run into the widest excesses of universal philanthropy. Union and fraternity are the favourite cant words of popular power; and unsociality may be the accompaniment, but is certainly not the characteristic, of freedom.

A Frenchman, indeed, has long enjoyed the same security of property, and the same consciousness of liberty which are the boasts of the Englishman; but this advantage has rather tended to widen than concentrate the circle of his affections. In becoming a citizen he has not ceased to mingle with his kind; perhaps, he thinks that to be at once free and unsocial would be a union less characteristic of a civilised, than a savage, condition. But your excellency has observed, that all amongst us, save those of the highest ranks, live very much alone. Our crowded parties are not society; we assemble all our acquaintance for the pleasure of saying nothing to them. "Les Anglais ont une manière de se réunir qui n'est que le silence," says one of your countrymen, "les Anglais ont une manière de se réunir qui n'est que le silence, sans parler." Our main element is home; and if you believe our sentimentalists, we consider it a wonderful virtue to be unhappy and disagreeable every where else. Thus (the consequence is notable) we acquire that habit of attaching an undue importance to our own circle, and viewing it with indifference where beyond, which proverbially distinguishes the recluse, or the member of a confined coterie. Your excellency has perhaps conversed with Mr. Owen; that benevolent man usually visits every foreigner whom he conceives worthy of conversion to parallel grammarian, and views it with indifference when he considered the Duke of Wellington and the Archbishop of Canterbury among the likeliest of his proselytes, it is not out of the range of possibilities that he should imagine he may make an Orestes of the F-

wrong upon that point, he is certainly right in another; he is right when, in order to render philanthropy universal, he proposes that individuals of every community should live in public together—the unocial life is scarcely prolific of the social virtues.

But if it be not the consciousness of liberty, what causes are they that produce amongst us that passion for Unsocial, which we dignify with the milder epithet of the Domestic? I apprehend that the main causes are two: the first may be found in our habits of trade; the second, in the long established influence of a very peculiar form of aristocracy.

With respect to the first, I think we may grant, without much difficulty, that it is evidently the nature of Commerce to diminish the pursuit of amusement; fatigued with promiscuous intercourse during the day, its votaries concentrate their desires of relaxation within their home; at night they want rest rather than amusement: hence we usually find that a certain apathy to amusement, perfectly distinct from more gravity of disposition, is the characteristic of commercial nations. It is not less observable among the Americans and the Dutch, than it is among the English; the last indeed have, in their social state, great counterbalances to the commercial spirit. I had the honour of being introduced the other day to a young traveller from Amsterdam. "Have you been in France since your arrival in London?" was a natural question.

"No, sir, those amusements are very expensive."

"True; but a man so enviably rich as yourself can afford them."

"No, sir," was the austere and philosophic reply. "I can afford the amusement, but not the habit of amusement."

A witty countryman of your excellency's told me that he could win over any Englishman I pleased to select, to accompany him to a masquerade that was to be given at the opera house. I selected for the experiment a remarkably quiet and decorous father of a family—a merchant. The Frenchman accosted him—"Monsieur never goes to masquerades, I believe."

"Never."

"So I thought. It would be impossible to induce you to go."

"Not quite impossible," said the merchant, smiling; "but I am too busy for such entertainments; besides, I have a moral lesson to teach."

"Exactly so. I have just met my friend here three to one that he could not persuade you to go to the masquerade given to-morrow night at the opera house."

"Three to one!" said the merchant, "those are long odds."

"I will offer you the same bet," rejoined the Frenchman gaily, "if you please."

"Three to one—done!" cried the Englishman, and he went to the opera house in order to win his wager; the masquerade in this case had ceased to be an amusement—it had become a commercial speculation!

But the same class that are indifferent to amusement, are very fond of show. A spirit of general unsociality is not incompatible with the love of festivals on great occasions, with splendid entertainments, and a luxurious hospitality. Ostentation and unsociality are often effects of the same cause; for the spirit of commerce, disdaining to indulge in amusement, is proud of displaying wealth; and is even more favourable to the Luxuries, than it is to the necessities of life.

The second cause of our unsociality is more latent than the first: so far from springing out of our liberty, it arises from the restraints on it; and is the result, not of the haughtiness of a democracy, but the peculiar influences of aristocratic power. This part of my enquiry, which is very important, deserves a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER II.

The proverbial penetration of your excellency has doubtless remarked, that England has long possessed this singular constitution of society—the spirit of democracy in the power of obtaining honours, and the

* So, in the United States, a traveller tells us that he observed in the pit of the theatre two lads of about five years of age, conversing very intently between the act. Curiously prompted him to listen to the dialogue. Were they discussing the merits of the play—the genius of the actor—the splendour of the scene? No such thing; they were attempting to calculate the number of spectators, and the consequent profits to the manager.

genius of an aristocracy in the method by which they are acquired. The highest offices have been open by law to any man, no matter what his pedigree or his quarters; but influences, stronger than laws, have determined that it is only through the aid of one portion or the other of the aristocracy that those offices can be obtained. Hence we see daily in high advancement sprung from the people, who yet never use the power which they acquire, and the acquirement of power, it may be observed, even among the lawyers, who owe at least the first steps of promotion to their own talents or perseverance, though for the crowning honours they must look to oligarchical favour, that, as in the case of a Scott or a Suggden, the lowest plebeian may spring from the people, and of importance become the bitterest aristocrat in policy. The route to nobility is apparently popular; but each person rising from the herd has endeavoured to restrain the very principle of popularity, by which he has risen. So that, while the power of obtaining eminent station has been open to all ranks, yet in proportion as that power bore any individual aloft, he might as well consider himself of democratic properties, and beautifully melting into that aristocratic atmosphere which it was permitted to attain.—Mr. Hunt, whom your excellency may perhaps have heard of, as a *Doctrinaire*, in a school once familiar to yourself, had a peculiar faculty of uttering hard little snarls, which he, one evening in the House of Commons, on the subject of the reform bill, used to utter; and he said, "The reform bill will send to parliament; but not afraid, you have one sure method of curing the wildest of them; choose your man, catch him, place him on the treasury bench, and be assured you will never hear him accused of being a demagogue again."

Lord Lachrymly is it is classical, and dramatic into the bargain, to speak of the living and feigned names is a man of plebeian extraction. He has risen through the various grades of the law, and has obtained possession of the highest. No man calls him *parvenu*—he has confounded himself with the *haute noblesse*; by who were to menace the peers' right of voting by proxy, he would long into tears. Good old man, cry the lords, "how he loves the institutions of his country!" Am I asked why Lord Lachrymly is so much respected by his peers—Am I asked why they boast of his virtues, and think it wrong to remember his origin?—I would answer that question by another. Why is the vulgar mind so much more susceptible to the seductions of flattery than the noble?—Because the noble is sacred from injury;—Because he builds up his own eaves! There is a certain class of politicians, and Lord Lachrymly is one of them, who build their fortunes in the roofs of the aristocracy, and obtain, by about an equal merit, an equal sanctity with the great.

In nearly all states, it is by being the tool of the great that the lowly rise. People point to the new Senatus, and cry to their children, "See the effect of merit!"—Alas, it is the effect of servility. In despotic states, the plebeian has even a greater chance of rising than in free. In the east, a common water-carrier to day is grand vizier to-morrow. In the Roman republic the plebeian were less free from the shackles of slavery than in the Roman despotism. So with us—it was the Tories who brought forward the man of low or *medicinal* birth; the Whigs, when they came into power, had only their *grands seigneurs* to put into office. The old maxim of the political adventurer was invariably this: "I will remain poor, and take every opportunity to abuse them." Were matters to be equalised, it would be that one of their number was exalted to the cabinet; He had risen by opposing their wishes; his very characteristic was that of contempt for his brethren. A nobleman's valet is always supereminently bitter against the *exalté*: a plebeian in high station is usually a valet to the whole people.

The time has long past when the English people had any occasion for jealousy against the power of the crown. Even at the period in which they directed their angry suspicions against the king, it was not to that branch of the legislature that the growing power of corruption was justly to be attributed. From the date of the revolution to the present time, the influence of the aristocracy has spread its unseen monopoly over the affairs of state. The king, we hear it said, has the privilege to choose his ministers! Excellent delusion! The aristocracy choose them! the heads of that aristocratic party which is the most powerful must come into view, and the king like it or not. Could the king choose a cabinet out of the people?—No!—The aristocracy—persons belonging neither to whig nor Tory! Assuredly not; the aristocratic party in the two houses would be in arms. Heavens, what a commotion there would be! Imagine the horrible indignation of the

Lords Grey and Harrowby! What a "prelection" we should receive from Lord Brougham, "deeply meditating these things!" At the same time, the ministry would be out the next day, and the aristocracy's ministry with all due apology, replaced. The power of the king is but the ceremonial to the power of the magnates. He enjoys the prerogative of seeing two parties fight in the lists, and of crowning the victor. Need I cite examples?—Lord Altham is the dread and disgust of George IV.—All the magnates of the two factions for the time being force his majesty into receiving that minister. The catholic question was the most unpalatable measure that could be pressed upon George IV.—To the irritability of that monarch no more is conceded than was granted to the obstinacy of his royal father, and the catholic relief bill is passed amidst all the notoriety of his ignorance, of his exaltation, who knows so well the juggling with which one party in politics fastens its sin upon another, may readily perceive that the monarch has only been roasting the chestnuts of the aristocracy; and the aristocracy, cunning creature, has lately affected to look quite shocked at the quantity of chestnuts roasted.

In a certain savage country that I have read of, there is a chief supposed to be descended from the gods; all the other chiefs pay him the greatest respect; they consult him if they should go to war, or proclaim peace; and it is a great thing that he is to be made acquainted with their determination beforehand. His consent is merely the ratification of their decree. But the chiefs, always speaking of his power, conceal their own; and while the popular jealousy is directed to the seeming authority, they are enabled quietly to cement and extend the foundations of the real. Of a similar nature have been the relations between the king and the English aristocracy; the often declared policy of the last has been craftily fastened on the first; and the sanctity of a king has been too frequently but the conductor of popular lightning from the more responsible aristocracy.

The supposed total of constitutional power has always consisted of three divisions: the crown, the aristocracy, and the commons; but the aristocracy, (until the passing of the reform bill) by boroughs in the one house, as by hereditary seats in the other, monopolised the whole of the three divisions. They ousted the people from the commons by a majority of their own deputation; they kept the commons in their measures by the maxim, that his consent to a bill passed by both houses could not with safety be withheld. Thus then, in state affairs, the government of the country has been purely that of an aristocracy. Let us now examine the influence which they have exercised in social relations. It is to this, I apprehend, that we must look for those qualities which have distinguished their influence from that of other aristocracies. Without the odium of separate privileges, without the demarcation of feudal rights, the absence of those very prerogatives has been the cause of the long establishment of their power. Their authority has not been based on the force of popular names it has deceived the popular eye, and has deluded the popular ear. The People of Power, the people did not see that it was one of the proprietors of the power who held the scales and regulated the weights.

The social influence of the aristocracy has been exactly of a character to strengthen their legislative. Instead of keeping a watchful eye on the commons, and "hearing their state," as the commons are called, they have erected insurmountable barriers of hereditary distinctions; instead of demanding half a hundred quarrels with their wives, and galling their inferiors by eternally dwelling on the inferiority, they may be said to mix more largely, and with more seeming equality, with all classes, than any other body in the savage or civilised world. Drawing their robes from the land, they have also drawn much of their more legitimate power from the influence it gave them in elections. To increase this influence they have been in the habit of visiting the provinces much more often than the aristocracy of any other state are accustomed to do. Their hospitality, their presence at the agricultural and county meetings they attend, in order "to keep up the family interest," mix them with all classes; and, possessing the usual urbanity of a court, they have not unfrequently added to the weight of property, and the glitter of station, the influence of a personal

* And yet the power that has been most frequently inveighed against, merely because it was the most

popularity, acquired less, perhaps, by the evidence of virtues, than the exercise of politeness.

The most conspicuous and rarely possessing the roots of the nobility, have offered to the latter no incentive for seeking their alliance. But wealth is the greatest of all levers, and the highest of the English nobles willingly repeat the fortunes of hereditary extravagance by intermarriage with the families of the banker, the lawyer, and the middle class. It is the latter, and not the roots of their influence among the middle classes, who in other countries are the natural barrier of the aristocracy. It is the ambition of the rich trader to obtain the alliance of nobles; and he loves, as well as respects, those honours to which himself or his children may aspire. The long-established custom of purchasing titles, either by hard money or the more circuitous influence of boroughs, has tended also to mix aristocratic feelings with the views of the trader; and the apparent openness of honours to all men, makes even the humblest shopkeeper, grown rich, think of sending his son to College, not that he may become a "wiser man or a better man, but that he may perhaps become my lord bishop or my lord chancellor.

Thus, by not preserving a strict demarcation, as the German nobles, round their order, the English aristocracy extended their moral influence throughout the whole of society, and their status was the same, like that of the Romanians, to be the safer in internal force, from rejecting all vulgar fortifications. By this intermixture of the highest aristocracy with the more subaltern ranks of society, there are far finer and more numerous grades of dignity in this country than in any other. You see two gentlemen of the same birth, and of the same rank, yet are not of the same rank—by no means!—one looks down on the other as confessedly inferior. Would you know why? His connections are much higher! Nor are connections alone the dispensers of an ideal, but acknowledged consequence. Acquaintanceship confers all its honours: the more illustrious the guest, the more the host, knowing the treat; and the wife also of a *bourgeois*, who has her house filled with fine people, considers herself, and is tacitly allowed to be, of greater rank than one, who, of far better birth and fortune, is not diligent a worshipper of birth and fortune in others; for the latter, in the eyes of the society, is a vulgar display—but that lady reflects the exalted rank of every duchess that shines upon her* card-rack.

These mystic, shuffling, and various shades of gradation, these shot-like colours of society, produce this effect: That people have no exact and fixed position—their rank, they may not know, but they know where on their superiors—that while the rank gained by intellect, or by interest, is open but to fly, the rank that may be obtained by fashion seems delusively to be open to all. Hence, in the first place, that eternal ying with each other; that spirit of show; that lust of imitation which characterises our countrymen, even when these qualities so invariably observed by foreigners have never yet been ascribed to their true origin. I think I have succeeded in tracing their cause as national characteristics to the peculiar nature of our aristocratic influences. As wealth procures the alliance and respect of nobles, and nobles, in turn, confer the same on possessors of wealth, as fashion, which is the creature of an aristocracy, can only be obtained by resembling the fashionable; hence, each person imitates his fellow, and hopes to purchase the respectful opinion of others by renouncing the independence of opinion for himself.

It is, also, proceeds the most noticeable trait in our national character, our reserve, and that *orgueil*, so much more expressive of discontent than of dignity, which is the displeasure, the amazement and the proverb of our continental visitors. Nobody being really fixed in society, except very great names, and the few names in the class of nobility (which, in any advance you make to a seeming equal, you may either lower yourself by an acquaintance utterly devoid of the fictitious advantages which are considered respectable; or, on the other hand, you may subject your pride to the mortification of a rebuff from one, who, without any important reason whatever, considers his station far more unequal than your own. *La Bruyère* observes,

that the rank of single men being less settled than that of the married, and they move away as themselves by an alliance, men are usually placed by society in a grade higher than their legitimate claim. Another French writer commenting on this passage has observed, that hence one reason why there is usually less real dignity and more factitious assumption in the single men of polished society, than in the married;—they affect an imaginary station. With our classes are the same as the bachelors of *La Bruyère*: all aim at some ideal situation a grade above their own, and act up to the dignity of this visionary Barrataria. The ingenious author of *The Opium Eater* has said that the family of a bishop are, for the most part, remarkable for their pride, and the reason is because the bishop hold an equivocal station, and are for ever fearful that they are not thought enough of; a bishop belongs to the aristocracy, but his family to the gentry. Again, natural sons are proverbial for arrogance and assumption—it is from the same cause. In fact, let us consult ourselves. Are we not all modest when we feel ourselves estimated at what we consider our just value, and all inclined to presume in proportion as we fear we are slighted?

In all other countries where an aristocracy is or has been exceedingly powerful, the distinctions they have made between the nobles and commons have been established and stern; they have chiefly lived, married, and visited among their own appointed circle. In Germany the count of eighty quarters does not fear a rivalry with the baron of six; nor does the baron of six quarrel with the aspiring equality of the merchant or the tradesman. Each rank is settled in its own stubborn conservatism: fashion in Germany is, therefore, comparatively nugatory in its influence: there is no object in ying, and no reward in imitation. With us the fusion of all classes, each with the other, is so general, that the aristocratic contagion extends from the highest towards the verge of the lowest. The nobles, in the first place, have a fashion of their own, and the wife of the mercer will stigmatize the lady of the grocer as "ungeeetel." When Mr. Cobbett, so felicitous in nicknames, and so liberal in opinions, wished to assail Mr. Sadler, he found no epithet so suitable to his views or sentiments as the "disrespectful application of the word 'disrespect' to the same pride and the same reserve will be found every where; and thus slowly and surely, from the petty droppings of the well of manners, the fossilised incrustations of national character are formed.

To the importance which wealth receives from the aristocracy we must add, that the respectability which is taught to respect, gradually acquires the distinction of a virtue—to be rich becomes a merit; to be poor, an offence. A foreign writer has thus justly observed, that we may judge of the moral influence of this country by the simple phrase, that a man is *worth* so much; or, as he translates the expression, *il a de la valeur*.

In a work upon England, published at Paris in 1816, which has stolen much from the more important one of M. Ferri de Constant, but which, while often wrong in facts, is, when right in them, usually profound in its deductions, the writer, after observing that in England, *l'argent décide de tout*, philosophically remarks:—"*Le respect, la pitié, le qu'en, les richesses augmentent à certains égards la puissance d'un état, il arrive qu'elles ne servent qu'à le détruire et qu'elles influent sur le choix de ceux qui sont à la tête du gouvernement.*"

In other countries poverty is a misfortune,—with us it is a crime.

The familiar meaning of a word often betrays the character of a people: with the ancient Romans virtue signified valour; with the modern, a virtuous is a collector. The inhabitants of the Tonga Islands, with whom all morals are in a state of extraordinary confusion, have a word for virtue, which is not at all not applicable to an axe: they recognise virtue only in what does an evident service. An axe or a man may be the instrument of murder, but each continues to be a good axe or a good man. With us the word *virtue* is seldom heard, out of a moral essay; I am not sure whether it is less so, but it is more so, in contradiction to religion. The favourite word is "respectability"—and the current meaning of "respectability" may certainly exclude virtue, but never a decent sufficiency of wealth: no wonder then that every man strives to be rich.

"Et propter vitium vivendi perdere causam."

Through the effects they thus produce on the national character, the aristocracy have incessantly been able to reach upon the laws. Poverty being associated in men's

mind with something disreputable, they have had little scruple in making laws unfavourable to the poor! they have clung without shame to the severities of a barbarous criminal code—to an unequal system of civil law, which almost proscribes justice but to the wealthy—to impress for seem—no taxes upon knowledge—and to imprisonment by mere process. Such consequences may be traced to such causes. The laws of a nation are often the terrible punishment of their foibles.

Hence also arises one of the causes* for the noticeable want of amusement for the poorer classes. Where are the cheap *guinguettes* and gardens for the poor, which under a boast of French manners, have been consecrated grounds, formerly the theme of our own poets.

"Where all the village train from labour free,
Lead up their sports beneath the hawthorn tree?"

We are told that the Arcadians, as their climate was peculiarly chill and gloomy (in a modern phrase "English"), sought to counteract its influence by assemblies, music, and a gay and cheerful education. Thus legislation conformed nature; nor with unhappy effect. The Arcadians were no less remarkable for their benevolence and piety than for their passion for music and for their gaiety of disposition. It is reserved for us to counteract the gloomiest climate by the dullest custom!

I do not say, however, that direct legislation should provide amusement for the poor, but that it should forbid it. The very essence of our laws has been against the social meetings of the humble, which have been called idleness, and against the amusements of the poor, which have been stigmatised as disorder! But what direct legislation itself cannot effect, could be effected by the spirit by which the aristocracy is formed. That prejudice which respects the wealthy, and contempt for the poor which belongs to us, would probably soon close any institutions for popular amusements if established to-morrow; if they were cheap they would be considered disreputable. In France, the humble shopkeepers mix in festivity with the peasantry; the aristocratic spirit would forbid this condescension in England (unless an election were going on), and the relaxation being thus ungraced by the presence of those a little their superiors would perhaps be despised by the labourers themselves.

It were to be wished on many accounts that this were otherwise. Amusement keeps men cheerful and contented—it engenders a spirit of urbanity—it reconciles the poor to the pleasures of their superiors which are of the same sort, though in another sphere; it removes the sense of hardship—it brings men together in those genial moments when the heart opens and care is forgotten. Deprived of more genteel relations the poor are driven to the alehouse, they talk over their superiors—and who ever talks of others in order to praise them? they read the only cheap papers permitted them, not usually the most considerate and mild in spirit;—their minds in one respect are improved, but in another they are debased. In their progress to better government; but they clog this benefit by a rancour to all its obstacles, which is at once natural and to be lamented.* Woe to the legislator who succeeds by vexatious laws and petty tyrannies, in interdicting enjoyment to those who labour!—above all, when they have been so long oppressed, to forbid themselves he will, indeed, expedite reform—if that to legislators be an agreeable contemplation—but it will be by scouring and exacerbating the spirit which extorts it!

* One of the causes. Another is in the growth of religious sectarianism; but I am apt to believe, that if amusements were within the reach of the poor, there would be far less of the gloom of fanaticism. Excitement of one sort or the other must be sought for, as a counterpoise to the apathy of the poor find it only in two sources—the conventicle or the alehouse.

A few half-sighted politicians, like Windham, have indeed advocated popular amusements, but of what nature?—Bull-baiting and boxing; amusements that brutalise. These are they who turn the people into brutes, and then deplore the degradation of them to savage. Admirable philanthropists! the object of recreation is to soften and refine men, not to render them more ferocious.

† They might be licentious from the same cause. In France the amusements of the peasantry are so decently understood, and the products of the soil and some of the middle class produces an unconscious, but most salutary restraint.

* It may be observed that the respect of fashion has increased in proportion as the aristocracy have blended themselves more with the gentry and merchants. There was a time when the English were as remarkable among foreigners for their independence and indifference to the mode, as they are now noted for their servile condescension to fashion.

CHAPTER III.

There is a tale (your excellency may have read it, it is to be found in the writings of a French missionary—a species of literature that may be said to manifest attractions of one who was once Bishop of Autun) there is a tale of a certain Chinese emperor, who conceived great displeasure at the grand historian of the celestial empire, for having with too accurate and simple a fidelity, narrated in his chronicle all the errors and foibles of the prince. "I admire your effrontery," said the emperor frowning, "you dare then to speak a diary of the offences of the emperor, I will punish you." "Yes!" said the historian boldly, "I will down faithfully all that can convey to a later age just impression of your character; according, the instant your majesty dismisses me, I shall hasten to insert in my chronicle the threats and the complaints that you have made me for telling the truth, I will do so."

The emperor was startled, but the Chinese have long been in the habit of enjoying very sensible monarchs—*"Go,"* said he, after a short pause and with a frank smile, *"go, write down all you please; henceforth I will strive at least that posterity shall have little to blame in me."*

Thus the first principle on which the historian wrote of the sovereign, I now write of the people. Will they be indignant at my honesty in painting their foibles? No, they will not be less generous nor less wise than the Emperor of China;—if they are, I shall avenge myself like my model, by a supplement, containing their reproaches: I do not, like the herd of fault finders, denigrate proudly on the faults of the people, I attempt in honesty, if in error, to trace their causes. This is the first time in which, in a detailed and connected shape, the attempt has been made; the best way to find remedies for a disease is to begin by ascertaining its origin.

I think your excellency must have perceived, since your first visit to England, there has been a great change from what formerly was the strong national characteristic;—*"We no longer hate the French."* We have a greater sympathy with, than an aversion to, foreigners in general. We have enlarged the boundaries of patriotism, and are becoming citizens of the world. Our ancient dislike to foreigners was not a vague and general prejudice, it was the result of long national chafe of an insular situation in the map of the globe; it was a legacy which was bequeathed to us by our history. The ancient record of our empire is a series of foreign conquests over the natives. The Roman, the Saxon, the Dane, the Norman, successively taught to the indignant inhabitants a tolerably well-founded antipathy to foreigners. We are now the conquerors, and the people over the, the feeling was kept alive by the jealousy of a commercial one. Foreigners settled amongst us as traders; and the industry of the Flemish monopolized for centuries, to the great disgust of the natives, a considerable portion of our domestic manufactures. National dislikes, however, are slow of extinction; and a jealousy of foreigners, so conceived with some cause by our forefathers, was easily retained, when the cause had ceased to exist. Our warlike aristocracy found it indeed expedient to keep alive so pugnacious a characteristic; and Nelson thought the best mode of conquering the French was seriously to inculcate, as a maxim, the necessity of never forgetting the general hatred to our neighbours began, however, to break up from its solid surface at the close of the last century. The beginning of the French revolution—an event which your excellency has probably forgotten—taught the more liberal of our populace that the French had no inherent desire to be slaves; they began to feel an interest with the neighbours, from the general sentiment of liberty. The excesses of the revolution checked the nascent charity, or at least confined it to the few; and a horror of the crimes of the French superseded a sympathy with their struggles. Still the surface of national antipathy was broken up; a party was formed in the prisons and in the army, in opposition to the party that reviled them. By the principles of the first party came more into vogue than those of the last; and among these principles, a better estimation of the characters of foreign nations. The peace, of course, bringing us into more actual connection with the continent, has strengthened the kindly feeling; and finally, our late and successful removal all traces of the fearful impression left upon us by the first. On the whole, therefore, a hatred of foreigners has ceased to distinguish us; and, of the two extremes, we must guard rather against a desire of imitating our neighbours, than a horror of resembling them. To be sure, however, toleration of foreigners is more catholic than individualism. We suspect them a lit-

tle when some half dozen of them in braided coats and mustachios pass us a midsummer visit; a respectable lodging-house keeper would rather be excused letting them apartments." They are driven, like the Jews of old, to a settled quarter, abandoned by the rest of the world; they domicile together in a dingy spot, surrounded by alien and hostile eyes; you may even sometimes find a small community of them, continually emerging from the degradation of a tenement-square, which is a sort of petty France in a hotel, and where they have established a colony of hotels. But assuredly the unoffending frigidity, evinced to them in less familiar regions, is the result of no ungrounded prejudice. We do not think them, as we are sometimes apt to do, and unfortunately to say in a word, we suspect them of being poor. They strike us as the unoppressing air of the shabby gentel. Mrs. Smith is sorry her first floor is engaged—not because she thinks the foreign gentlemen may cut her throat, but because she fears he may demand to pay his rent. She apprehends that she can scarcely give the "respectable reference" that she may for the use of her goods and chattels. Foreigners remark this suspicion, and not guessing the cause, do us injustice by supposing it solely directed against them. No such thing; it is directed against poverty ubiquitously; it is in the Saxon as well as in the French. The foreigner, as a hostess would be equally lukewarm to any Englishman she considered equivocally poor;—in short, it is a commercial, not a national apprehension. A rich foreigner, as your excellency well knows, with huge arms in his carriage, half a dozen valets, and a fur great-coat, is sure to be obsciously and warmly welcomed. Hence the wealthy visitor from the continent usually avers that we are a most civil people to foreigners; and the needy one declares that we are exactly the reverse. I hope that what I have said on this point will right us with our neighbours; and assure them that the only stories which we now believe to the practical inconvenience of the people, are those which usually find their way on a hundred Napoleons a-year, pocketed by the sugar at his coffee, and giving the waiter something under a penny halfpenny!

A Russian of my acquaintance visited England, with a small portmanteau, about two years ago. Good heaven! what he abused us—never was so rude, cruel, suspicious, and barbarous a people! He visited us, since, having just paid us a second visit: he was in raptures with all he saw; never was a people so improved; his table was crowded with cards—how hospitable we were! The master of the hotel had displaced an English family to accommodate him; what a contrast to the treatment of the poor! Hence he saw this difference in the Russian's estimate of us. His uncle was dead, he had come into a great property. In neither case had our good people looked at the foreigner; they had looked the first time at the small portmanteau, and the second time at the three carriage and four!

But the commercial spirit makes us attach undue importance to wealth, it keeps alive also a spirit of dishonesty as the best means to acquire it. Thus the same causes that produce our defects, conspire to produce many of our merits. The effect of commerce is to make men trustworthy in their ordinary dealings and in their private relations. It does this, not by the sense of duty, but by the necessity of doing so. It covers that honesty is the best policy. If you travel through Italy, and your carriage break down, there is perhaps but one smith in the place; he repairs your carriage at ten times the value of the labour; he takes advantage of your condition and his own monopoly of the trade. In Holland, and the misfortune to make the tour of the Netherlands, you may be made to speak from ample experience of the similar extortion practiced also in that country, where the standard of morality is much higher than in Italy. This would rarely, if ever, be the case in England. There might be no other smith in the village for you to apply to, but the honesty of the public smith, and the common sense in the village, which would immensely deter the monopolist from acting towards you dishonestly. To this we must, to be sure, add the consideration, that population being more dense, the monopoly is more rare, and the temptation less frequent.

It is the property of an enlightened aristocracy—I mean one that is not avaricious, and that does not enter the sentiments of honour. Honour is their creed; they sacrifice even virtues to a single one of its prejudices. Thus, in our relations with foreign states, we have been less wise than honourable; and we have sustained our national character, by paying with rigid punctuality the national loans.

Rogues among traders, and swindlers among gentlemen, there are in this, as in all countries; but they do not suffice to stamp the character of the people. There is no systematic mockery of principle with us—not that sort of *maison de jeu* morality, which you find among the philosophical *élegans* of Paris and of Vienna. A fine gentleman in London is a formidable person to a young man, but these fine gentlemen there are, thank heaven, not above the level of the vulgar. It is character, as in the national, an English politician is rather the dupe than the deceiver:—at least, he keeps his deceits for his parliamentary career.

The English are also an eminently generous people. I do not mean generous in the vulgar signification of the word, but generous in the sense which it deserves, if but from the ostentatious and artificial spirit of luxury and dissipation—but the loftier and more moral one. Their sympathies are generous; they feel for the persecuted, and their love is for the fallen.

But it is mainly the people, (properly so speaking), the mass—the majority—who are generous characters; nor do I trace this virtue to the aristocratic influences; among the aristocracy it is not commonly found. As little, perhaps, is it to be traced to the influences of trade; it is rather connected with our history and our writers—and may be considered a remnant of the chivalric spirit which departed from the nobles ere it decreased among the people. It is the multitude who preserve longest the spirit of antiquity—the aristocracy preserve only the forms.

Let us recall for a moment the trial of Queen Caroline: in my own mind, and in the minds of the majority of the people, she was guilty of the crime imputed to her. Be it so, but the people sympathised, not with the crime, but the persecution. They saw a man persecuted in every species of indulgence, and repudiating his wife in the first instance without assignable cause; allowing her full license for conduct if she consented to remain abroad, and forbore to cross the line of his imperial Sybaritism of existence; but arming against her all the humiliations attendant on the terrors of law, the instant she appeared in England, and interfered with the jealous monopoly of royal solemnities. They saw at once that this was the course of conduct natural to a man of passion than to one of honour: to a man of honour disgrace to his name would have seemed equally punishable whether perpetrated in Italy or in France. The English people, however, consented to a court of law, and seemed to the public the victim of a system of oppression. The zeal with which the lower orders supported her, was the zeal of chivalry; the spirit which Burke invoked in vain from a debased nobility, leaped at once into life among a generous people. The Court of Commons indicted and smothered against the aristocracy with the loud indignation of the people;—which was the more indicative of the nobler emotions, or which preserved in the higher shape our national characteristic of generosity? Who are they that feel the most deeply for the negro slave—the people or the nobles? The people. Who attend the meetings of the Polish patriots—the aristocracy or some two or three of them, indeed, for the vanity of being orators; but it is the people who fill the assembly. The people may be right, or they may be wrong, in their zeal for either cause, but it is at least the zeal of generosity.

It is poverty, crime itself,—does not blunt this noble characteristic. In some of the wisest and most humane persons devised a method to punish the refractory offenders by taking away from them the comfort permitted to the rest; the rest, out of their own slender pitance, supplied their companions! In his work upon prisons, Mr. Buxton informs us, that in the jail of Bristol the allowance of food was so low, that it was below the ordinary modicum necessary for subsistence; the debtors were allowed, however, was made, their friends, or the charity of strangers, supported them; there have been times when these resources have failed, and some of the debtors would have literally perished for want, but that they were delivered—how? by the generosity of the criminal, who was abundantly shared with them at once the food and the digest!

In the late election I remember to have heard a Tory orator, opposed to the emancipation of the West Indian slaves, take advantage of the popular cry for economy, and impudence under taxation, and assure his audience, all conversant with the subject, that he would endeavour, that to attempt to release the slaves would be to debilitate the army, and consequently, the national prodigies: the orator on the other side of the question, instead of refuting this assertion, was contented to grant it. "Be it so," he said; "suppose that your burdens are augmented, suppose that your army is debilitated, what

or even weekly, from your hard earnings—suppose all this, and I yet put it to you, whether, crippled and bowed down as you are by taxation, you would not cheerfully contribute your mite to the overthrust of every tyrant, to demand a climate—though borne by men of a different colour from yourself—rather than even escape your burdens, grievous though exists, which you, by a self-sacrifice of your own, had the power to prevent." The meeting rang with applause; and the English people, who are not without generosity not been there, the appeal would have been unavailing.

It is, indeed, in popular elections, that a foreigner can alone fully learn the generous character of the English people—what threats they brave, what custom they will endure, for the sake of a principle, and how up to a motive of conscience, or a principle of honour. Could you be made aware of the frequent moral exaltation of the constituent, your excellency would be astonished to see the representative so often an apostate.

Thus, then, generosity is the character of the nation; but the character rather of the people than the nobles; and while a certain school of theorists maintain that the chief good of an aristocracy is to foster that noble quality, they advance an argument which is so easily refuted as to endanger the cause it would support.

Your excellency, if I mistake not, is tolerably well acquainted with the other side of the question, and have, doubtless, in your experience of the courtly circles of England, seen whether their "moral air" be entitled to all the panegyrics it received from that ingenious architect on hypothesis. A regard for character is a quality on which we value ourselves justly; yet so early, perhaps, produces these excellent effects on morality which ought to be its offspring. The reason is possibly this: we defer, it is true, to what we consider to be a good character; but it very often happens that our notions of the elements of a good character are any thing but just. We sometimes venerate a saint and a hero, and yet are not better educated, at the first glance, towards public life, than a Mawworm. In the first place, we regard public character as a character has usually been considered the best, which adopts the principles most *à la mode*. Now the aristocracy influence the mode, and the best character, therefore, has been usually given to the strongest supporter of the mode, and not to the best educated, at least politically, and judging not for themselves, have formed their opinion from the very classes interested against them, maligned their friends, and wept tears of gratitude for the consistency of their foes. Mr. Thelwall advocated reform; and Mr. Canning informs us, that he was expelled.

Another fault in our judgment of public men has been, that we have confounded too often a private sobriety of life with political respectability. If a gentleman walked betimes in the park, with his seven children and a very ugly wife, the regularity of such conduct would stamp him as an unexceptionable politician. Your excellency remembers the late Lord Melbourne. So-so—he was a cabinet minister. He ordained a vast number of taxes, and never passed one popular law; but then he was very domestic, and the same coldness of constitution that denied him genius, preserved him from it. He was a most respectable statesman; but he bore the highest of characters. His very domesticity made him considered "a safe politician"; for we often seem to imagine that the property of the mind resides in the property of sea water, and loses all its deleterious particles when once it is fairly frozen.

I have observed in a former chapter, that the undue regard for wealth produces a false moral standard; that the favourite word of the day is, "virtue as well as wit," as with us, as virtue was with the ancients; and that a man may be respectable, without being entitled from his virtues to respect. Hence it follows, that a regard for character may often be nothing but the regard of popular prejudices; and that, though a virtue in itself, it is directed not to direct good, but to give value to others. Still this characteristic is a great and noble superstructure to build upon;—it is those notions which are indifferent to moral distinctions of whom improvement may despair: a people who respect what they consider good, sooner or later discover in what good consists, and are indifferent to moral distinctions as a vice; a misunderstanding of the true components is but an error. Fortunately, the attention of our countrymen is now turned towards themselves; the spirit of self-examination is aroused; they laugh at the hyperbolic egotisms in which they formerly indulged; they take to their opinions of their own excellence from ballad-singers, any more than their sentiments on

the goodness of their constitution from the common-places of Tories. "Impostors," said the acute Shaftesbury, "naturally seek the best of human nature, that they may the easier abuse it." The imperial tyrant of the Roman senate always talked of the virtues of the common people.

If the effect of our regard for character has been a little overrated, so I apprehend that the diplomatist of a thousand cabinets must sometimes have smiled at the exaggerated estimate which we form of our common sense. It is that property upon which we the value most, and which we are ever anxious to reform, or to propose to pass a bill for English reform, or for Irish coercion, always trusts the consequence "to the known good sense of the British community." Let us put on our spectacles and examine this attribute.

The common sense of the ancient stoics was the sense of the common interest; the common sense of the modern schools is the sense of one's self. All traders are very much alive to this peculiar faculty—the Dutch, the Americans, as well as the English; it is, indeed, an inevitable consequence of the habit of making bargains; but, I think, on enquiry, we shall see that it belongs much to the whole nation as to the trading part of it.

That common sense, the practice of which is a sober and provident conduct, is, I fear, only visible amongst our middle classes in their domestic relations. It is possessed neither by the aristocracy nor the poor;—last, *foreign relations* have it hitherto been their characteristic.

Like the nobility of other civilized countries, our own are more remarkable for an extravagant recklessness of money, for an impatient ardour for frivolities, for a headlong passion for the caprices, the debaucheries, the absurdities of the day, than for any of those prudent and considerate virtues which are the result of common sense. How few estates that are not deeply mortgaged! The Jews and the merchants have their grasp on more than three parts of the prospects of the peasantry. Does this look like common sense? But these aristocrats have been married to a greater height with our aristocracy than with other, and are, therefore, in a larger command of wealth, principally because they were brought like the rest of the world under the control of fashion, have not, like the ancient squire of France, or the great names of Germany, drawn sufficient counterpoises from their own birth to acquire no further distinctions. Our nobles have had no such infirmity of noble minds, and they have been accordingly accustomed to vie with each other in those singular phantasies of daring vulgarity with which a head without culture assumes an idleness without dignity. Hence, we have been hoasted of our common sense, we have sent our young noblemen over the world to keep up that enviable reputation by the most elaborate eccentricities; and valuing ourselves on our prudence, we have only been known to the continent by our extravagance. Nor is this all; those who might have been pardonable as speculators of erratic intellects, we have formally enrolled as the diplomatic representatives of our country—the oligarchical system of choosing all men to high office, not according to their fitness for the place, but according to their connection with the party uppermost, has made our very ambassadors frequently seem the same species of men, *the same faces*; and the envoy of the British nation at the imperial court of Moscow, and craft, was no less a person than the present Marquis of Londonderry.

If in society, if abroad, if in our diplomatic relations, our common sense, our exquisite shrewdness, our sterling solidity, are not visibly represented by their aristocratical relations, it is represented by them in our political relations. If we look to the history of our reform bill through the lords, we shall see the most lamentable want of discretion, the most singular absence of common sense. The peers did not think the reform bill necessary, accordingly they rejected it. They were not prepared to do a bold thing without being prepared for its consequences. Was a peer prepared to do so? No!—they expressed the greatest astonishment at Lord Grey's going out of office, after his declaring repeatedly that he would do so if they rejected his proposition; and the greatest consternation at the resolution of the people to get the bill, after their expressing that resolution unprepared to do so. Within six years. Taken by surprise, they therefore received the bill again; and, after refusing to conciliate the people, voluntarily placed themselves in the condition of being beat by the people. Sensible men make a virtue of necessity. The peers put themselves in the condition of granting the necessity, and losing all virtue in the

grant. They paraded their weakness up and down placed it in the most ostentatious situation, and, with all the evils of concession, insisted on uniting all the odium of resistance. This might be very fine, but your excellency need not think twice to allow that it was not very sensible.

Let us now look at our poor. Where is their common sense? Alas! what imprudence!—Early marriages; many children; poor-rates; and the workhouse—see the history of the agricultural labourers! Of them, indeed, it may be said, in those words in which an eastern writer asserts that the chronicle of the whole human race is four lines long: "They are born; they are wretched; they die." In no more accurate, or, even, far less civilisation than England, is there the same improvidence: in France, where there is a much greater inclination to pleasure, there is yet a much more vigorous disposition to save.

In an account of Manchester, lately published, was a picture of the improvidence of the working classes!

"Instructed in the fatal secret of subsisting on what is barely necessary to life—yielding partly to necessity and partly to example—the labouring classes have ceased to entertain a laudable pride in furnishing their houses; and in multiplying the decent comforts which minister to domestic life. What a superfluous and mere exigencies of nature, is too often expended at the tavern; and for the provision of old age and infirmity, they too frequently trust either to charity, to the support of their children, or to the protection of the poor laws."

"The artisan too seldom possesses sufficient moral dignity, or intellectual or organic strength, to resist the seductions of appetite. His wife and children, subjected to the same process, have little power to cheer his remaining moments of leisure. Domestic economy is neglected, domestic comforts are too frequently unknown, and domestic habits are too little prepared, and devoured with precipitation. Home has little other relation to him than that of shelter—few pleasures are there—it chiefly presents to him a scene of physical exhaustion, from which he is glad to escape. His house is ill furnished, uncleanly, often ill ventilated—perhaps, during the winter, it is cold, and thought and domestic economy, is meagre and inextricable; he generally becomes debilitated and hypochondriacal, and unless supported by principle, falls the victim of dissipation."

"Some idea may be formed of the influence of these establishments on the domestic habits, and the morals of the people, from the following statement; for which we are indebted to Mr. Brailley, the borough-reve of Manchester. He observed the number of persons entering a gin shop in five minutes, during eight successive Saturday evenings, and at various periods from seven o'clock until ten. The average result was, 112 men and 163 women, or 275 in forty minutes, which is equal to 412 per hour."

"Whenever a class of the people are inclined to habitual inebriety, it is evidently absurd to attribute to them the characteristic of that clear and unclouded reason which is the result of sobriety. The English poor are enough, therefore, of proof that the English poor are not distinguished above their equals on the continent for their claim to common sense, to point to the notorious fact, that they are so distinguished for their addiction to inebriety."

But if this fact does not characterise the two extremes of society, it certainly characterises the medium? Granted!—but, even here, I suspect our interested panegyrics have been "praising us what they might the easier impose." In fact, what they meant by common sense was, our general indifference to political questions; our inability to respect adherence to the things that are. I fear, in the eyes of our writers, we are somewhat fallen of late. But yet this propensity has for centuries assuredly distinguished us; we have been very little alive to all speculative innovations in morals and in politics. Those continental writers who have set the rest of the world in a blaze, have never been able to widen the popular mind. Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, have been received with suspicion, and dismissed without examination: they were known to be innovators, and that was enough to revolt

"Our sober certainty of waking bliss."

Even Pope, the most plausible and attractive of all popular theorists, was scarcely able to get his classes but the lowest, at the moment when the government suddenly thought fit to toss him into celebrity on the

that on the very smallest inch he can find of mutual agreement. If he was ever married I should suspect him to be the father who, advertising the other day for a runaway daughter, begged her, "if she would not return to her disconsolate parents, to send them back the box of the tea-chest." What is most strange

But Sir Paul is one of the offending species—the drap dandy to the drone dandy.* He is a cleverish man; he has read books and can quote dates, if need be; he is epigrammatic by having an egotism, and is facetious when he speaks, and has his eyes twinkling imperceptibly. Sir Paul is a man of second rate family, and moderate fortune. He has had to make his way in the world—by studying to be amiable!—so, in studying to be disagreeable. Always doubtful of himself, he is always ready to give up, and upon others, by pretending not to care anything about them. He has wished to rise by depreciating others, and so has become a great man, by showing that he thinks you are exceedingly small one. Strange to say, he has succeeded. He is one, indeed, of the most numerous class of successful men—a specimen of a common character, useful as a punier.

Tom Whitard is a very different person: he is clever, shrewd, and has lived a great deal at Paris. He laughs at antiquity; he has no poetry in his nature; he is a man of the world, and says "all men are liars." He has been a great gambler in his youth; he professes the most prodigal notions about women; he has run through half his fortune; he is a liberal politician, and swears by Lord Russell; he has been a member of the House of Commons for the last twenty years; he has talked about "the spirit of improvement." He is a favourite at the clubs; an honest fellow, because he laughs so openly at the honesty of other people. He is half an atheist, because he thinks himself to be a free thinker. But religion is a good thing for the people; however, while he talks of enlightenment, he thinks it the part of a statesman to blind to every thing beyond the reach of his power. He has advanced to a certain point, and he has no more to give. He has no more to tell his party, come out. Having had the shrewdness to dismiss old prejudices from his mind, he has never taken the trouble to supply their place with new principles. He has made himself enlightened, because he has seen the deficiencies of the old; but he has not rescued the deficiencies he has never reflected on his own. He

The honourable mistresses say to their husbands, "We must have that odious Sir Paul to dinner; it is well to conciliate him, he says such ill-natured things; besides, as he is so very fine, he will meet, you know, my dear, the Duke of Haulton; and we must have Crack to dress the dinner!" Thus, Sir Paul—clever dog!—is not only asked every where, but absolutely pecked and courted, because he is so intolerably unpleasant!

Sir Paul Snarl is one of the dandies, but—mistake not the meaning of the word—*dandy*, does not signify a man who dresses well; a man may be a sloven, and yet a dandy. A man is called a dandy who lives much with persons *à la mode*, is intimate with the *dandy clique*, and being decently well-born and rich, entertains certain correct, general notions about that indefinable thing, "good taste." Sir Paul Snarl dresses like other people. Among the *well-dressed*, he would be called rather ill-dressed; among the *de polloi*, he would be considered a model. At all events, he is not thorough bred in his appearance; he lacks the *senatorial dress*; you might take him for a duke's valet, without being much to blame for inexperience. Sir Paul and his class are the *cattors* in society. Lord Bismarck, unless you are the ill-dressed, indeed; he knows his own station by instinct; he is not to be destroyed by "Who's your fat friend?" But Sir Paul is on a very different footing; his whole position is false—he can't afford to throw away an acquaintance—*he* knows no "odd people" if he the least *decent* man. He is in a perpetual fear of people finding out what he is; his existence depends on being thought something better than he is—a policy effected by knowing every body higher and nobody lower than himself; that is exactly the definition of Sir Paul's consequence! Sir Paul's vanity is to throw a damp on the self-love of every body else. If you tell a good story, he immediately snuff, and turns to his neighbour with a remark about Almack's; if you fancy you have made a conquest of Miss Parlane, he takes an opportunity of telling you, *par parenthèse*, that she says she can't bear you; if you have made a speech in the house of lords, he accosts you with an exulting laugh, and, "Well, not bad, not bad, you better do better next time." If you have bought a new horse at an extravagant price, and are evidently vain of it, he smiles languidly, and informs you that it was offered to him for half what you gave for it, but he would not have it for nothing: when you speak, he listens with a vacant eye; when you walk, he watches you with a curled lip; if he has to walk with you, he swings away your best look with a very face. His sole aim is to wound you in the sorest place. He is a coxcomb of this age and nation peculiarly; and does that from folly, which others do from malice. There are plenty of Sir Paul Snarls in the London world; men of sense are both their fear and antipathy. They are animals of easy skin—by a dose of their own insolence. Their sole rank being fictitious, they have nothing to fall back upon, if you show in public that you despise them.

But who is this elderly gentleman, with a portly figure. Hush! it is Mr. Warm, "a most respectable man." His most intimate friend failed in trade, and went to prison. Mr. Warm forewore his acquaintance; it was not respectable.

Mr. Warm is a most respectable man; he pays his bills regularly—he subscribes to six public charities—he goes to church with all his family on a Sunday—he is at twelve o'clock on Wednesdays, with all the very proper; but is Mr. Warm a good father, a good friend, an active citizen? or is he not avicious, does he not love scandal, is not his heart cold, is he not vindictive, is he not unjust, is he not unfeeling? Lord, sir, I believe he may be all that; but what then? every body allows Mr. Warm is a most respectable man.

Such a character and such a reputation are proofs of our regard for appearances. Aware of that regard, he is a real and a practical theatrical swindler. See that gentleman, "a richly-dressed man," with "military air," and "a prepossessing exterior;" he calls himself "Mr. Cavendish Fitzroy"—he takes lodgings in "a genteel situation"—he ordereth jewels and silks of divers colours to be sent home to him—he clothech with them by the back way. Mighty and manifold are the cheats he is to his constituents, and great the wailing and gnashing of teeth in Marylebone and St. James's. But, you say, surely by this time tradesmen with a grain of sense would be put on their guard. No, my dear sir, no; in England we are never on our guard against "such respectable appearances."

In vain are there warnings in the papers and examples in the police court. Let a man style himself Mr. Cavendish Fitzroy, and have a *prepossessing exterior*, he sets suspicion at once to sleep. Why not? it is more foolish to be deceived by respectable appearances in Mr. Fitzroy, than by the respectable appearance of Mr. Warm!

But grandeur, in ragout, at least, has its drawbacks in happiness, the fashionable swindler with an only half so merry a dog as your regular thief. There is something melancholy and gentlemanlike about the Fitzroy set, in their fur coats and gold chains; they live alone, not gregariously. I should not be surprised, if they read Lord Byron. They are haunted with the idea of a treatise, and cannot bear company; if they cannot be hated, they did moodily, they did attempt prussic acid; in short, there is nothing to envy about them, except their good looks; but your regular thief—ah, he is, indeed, a happy fellow! Take him all in all, I doubt if in the present state of English society he is not the lightest hearted personage in it. Taxes afflict him not; he fears not poverty of work. Rents may go down; labour be dirt-cheap; what cares he?—A fall in the funds affects not his gay good humour; and as to the little mortifications of life,—

"If money grow scarce, and his Susan look cold, Ah, the false hearts that we find on the shore!"

But, above all, he has this great happiness—he can never fall in society; that *error of descending*, which is the besetting sin of princes, lazzaroni, and other men, never affects him; he is equally at home in the wilderness, the hulks, Hobart's Town, as he is when playing at dominoes at the Cock and Hen, or leading the dance in St. Giles's. You must know, by the way, that the English thief has many more amusements than any other class, save the aristocracy; he has balls, hot parties, and is in command at all his commands; and he is eminently social—a jolly fellow to the core; if he is hanged, he does not take it to heart like the Fitzroys; he has lived merrily, and he dies game. I apprehend, therefore, that if your excellency would look for whatever gaiety may exist among the English, you must drop the Traveller, for a short time, and adopt the Thieves. I might as well fancy myself in France, they are so happy. This is perfectly true, and no caricature, as any policeman will bear witness. I know not if the superior hilarity and cheerfulness of thieves be peculiar to England; but possibly, over-taxation (from which our thieves are completely free) may produce the effect of lowering the animal spirits of the rest of the community.

Mr. Bluff is the last character I shall describe in this chapter. He is the sensible, practical man. He despises all speculations, but those to which he has a share. He is very intolerant to other people's hobby-horses; he hates both poets and philosophers. He has a great love of facts; if you could speak to him out of doors, he might be able, he might be able to give you a lecture. He does not observe how the facts are applied to the theory; he only wants the facts themselves. If you were to say to him thus, "When abuses arise to a certain pitch, they must be remedied," he would think you a shallow fellow—a theorist; but if you were to say to him, "In 1823, thousand paper children are born in London, at 1033, wheat was at the price of 10 shillings—ground rents fell from ten to twelve shillings an acre, and you must, therefore, confess that, when abuses arise to a certain pitch, they must be remedied;" Mr. Bluff would nod his wise head, and say of you to his next neighbour, "That's the man for my money, you see, who's quantity of facts he puts into his speech!" Facts, like stones, are nothing in themselves, they have value consists in the manner they are put together, and the purpose to which they are applied.

Accordingly, Mr. Bluff is always taken in. Looking only at fact, he does not see an inch beyond it, and you might draw him into any imprudence, if you were constantly telling him "two and two made four." Mr. Bluff is wonderfully English. It is by his calculations, and his deductions, and his seduced into the widest speculations; and the most preposterous of living theorists, always begin his harangues with—"Now, my friends, let us look to the facts."

* The reader will perceive, I trust, the spirit of these remarks. Of course every true theory must be founded on facts; but there is a tendency in the country to suppose, that a man who knows how gloves are made, must necessarily know best, by what laws glove making

should be protected; the two species of knowledge are perfectly distinct. A mind habituated to principles can stoop to details, because it seizes and classifies them at a glance; but a mind habituated to detail, is rarely capable of extending its grasp to a principle. When a man says he is no orator, he is going to make an oration. When a man says he is a plain practical man, I know he is going, by the fact that one and one make two, to prove the theory that two and two make seven!

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The long-promised work, by Lady Charlotte Byron, on the *Great Sanctuaries of Tuscany*, is in the press in London.

Lady Morgan's *Dramatic Scenes from Real Life* just issued in London, is said to be a *galimatias* of nonsense.

"Domestic manners and social condition of the White, Coloured and Negro population of the West Indies;" is the title of a book by a Mrs Carmichael, lately published in England, which is likely to produce much controversy.

The Baron D'Haussez's work on England will occupy one more number of the Library. The second volume is decidedly the most interesting. A London editor remarks justly and in a liberal spirit:—"Among the unusual quantity of new books which the activity of the last eight or ten days have thrown upon the public (exhibiting a vitality which we are well pleased to see in our literature at the end of the season) there is not one which will excite more popular interest than these sketches of the Baron D'Haussez. We have lately had national pictures and our individual portraits drawn by an American ambassador; we have seen the deeper springs investigated by the acute and observant eye of an accomplished native writer, Mr. E. L. Bulwer; and now, as if to enable us to come to a more perfect understanding of the subject, an Ex-Minister of France has laid his impressions before us. By comparing the usual quantity of new books which the activity of opinion of intelligent foreigners, however much they may differ from our preconceived notions, and be in many points incorrect; by examining their statements, and thence cross-examining ourselves—much improvement may result from the publication of works of this class."

A Guide to the "Irish Gentleman in search of Religion," by Mortimer O'Sullivan, A. M. Rector of Killyman, called "a powerful and well written answer," has appeared in England.

New American Publications.

The Parson's Daughter, by the author of Sayings and Doings, (Theodore Hook).

Smollet's Select Works in 2 octavo volumes. Debate on Campbellism, held in Nashville, Tennessee, in which the principles of Alexander Campbell are confuted, and his conduct examined, by Obadiah Jennings, D. D.

Wild Sports of the West—two meagre duodecimo of slight interest.

The Abbey, by an old entertainer, Mrs. Trollope, a work for the trunkmakers.

Griffith on Divine Efficiency.

Rush on the new edition, I vol. octavo.

John Biddle has also issued in a very neat duodecimo, Elliott's Letters from the North of Europe, which the readers of the "Library" probably remember with pleasure.

Though postponed, we have by no means abandoned Lieut. Col. Subaltern's Furlough, one of the most agreeable of the new books from America.

We strongly recommend Mr. Halley's letters from Texas, just issued in Baltimore.

The 59th Number of the Family Library, of the Harpers, of New York, consists of Dr. Dick's ample essay on the Improvement of Society by the Diffusion of Knowledge.

Messrs French & Perkins, of this city, have published a small volume entitled "The Basket of Flowers, or Piety and Truth Triumphant; translated and arranged from the French by G. T. Bedell, D. D."

Bulwer's England and the English was published in London about the 1st of August; the copy from which we print was received in sheets. Some extracts which had appeared in London periodicals were furnished before the work was completed.

WALDE'S SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Bulwer's England.

SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

INSERIBED BY —, ESQ.

"Voilà ce que j'ai pu par expérience de toutes sortes de livres et de personnes."—FERRIERS DE PASCAL.

I inscribe to you, my dear —, this part of my work, which consists of sketches from the various aspects of our social system; for I know that you can more readily judge if the likeness be correct. Your large experience of mankind, and the shrewdness of your natural faculties of observation, have furnished you with a store of facts, which the philosophy you have gleaned from no shallow meditation, and no ordinary learning, enables you, most felicitously to apply. Many of the remarks in this part of my work are the result of observations we have made together; and, if now and then some deduction more accurate than the rest should please the reader, I might perhaps say, in recollecting how much my experience has profited by yours, *ce n'est pas moi qui parle, c'est M^r de Aurelie.*

As the first impression the foreigner receives on entering England is that of the evidence of wealth, so the first thing that strikes the moral enquirer into our social system is the respect in which wealth is held: in some countries Pleasure is the idol; in others, Glory, and the prouder desires of the world; with us, Money is the mightiest of all deities.

One characteristic of English society is the influence of *cliques*. Some half a dozen little persons have, God knows how, got into a certain eminence—in some certain line;—they pretend to the power of dispensing all kinds of reputation. Some few years ago, there was the author of *clique* of Alkmaar street, a circle of gentlemen who professed to weigh out to each man his modicum of fame; they praised each other—were the literary class, and thought Stewart Rose a greater man than Wordsworth; peace be with them—they are no more—and fame no longer hangs from the nostrils of the English people.

The *clique* of fine ladies and the *clique* of dandies still, however, exist; and these are the donors of social reputation: we may say of them as the fishman said of the thieves, "They are mighty generous with what does not belong to them;"—being without character themselves, we may judge of the merits which induce them to give a character to others.

It is rather strange, till we consider the cause, that society in the provinces is often more polished, intellectual, and urbane, than society in the metropolis; when some great landed proprietor fills his country halls with a numerous circle of his friends, you see perhaps the most agreeable and charming society which England can afford. You remember (dear —) Sir Frederick Longueville and his family: you know how disagreeable we used to think them; always so afraid they were not fine enough. Sir Frederick, with his pompous air, asking you when you had last seen your uncle, the earl, and his ladyship, dying to be good-natured, but resolved to put us up her ladyship—the girls out at every ball, and telling you invariably as a first remark that they did not see you at Almack's last Wednesday; so ashamed if you caught them at a party the wrong side of Oxford street, and whispering, "Papa's country connections, you know!"—You remember, in the days of the Longueville impression, any one with the idea of being fussy, conceited, second-rate, and wretchedly educated; they are all this in town. Will you believe it—they are quite the contrary if you visit them in Sussex? There Sir Frederick is no longer pompous; frank and good-humoured, he rides with you over his farm, speaks to every poor man he meets, forgets that you have seen him as earl, and wears the pattern of a great country gentleman—hospitable and easy, dignified and natural. Lady Longueville you will fancy you have known all your life—so friendly he be nature, and so cordial her manner; and, as for the girls, to your great surprise, you find them well read, polished, disinterested, simple, with a charming spice of romance in them; upon which you may exaggerate. What is the cause of the change? Solely this: in London they know not their own station; here it is fixed; and when they are trying to be something

they are not; here they try at nothing; they are contented with what they are.

What an enviable station is that of a great country gentleman in this beautiful garden of England; he may unite all the happiest opposites—indolence and occupation, healthful exercise and literary studies. In London, and in public life, we may improve the world—we may benefit our kind, but we never see the effects we produce. We get no gratitude for them; others step in and snatch the rewards; but, in the country, if you exert equal industry and skill, you cannot walk out of your hall but what you see the evidence of your labours: Nature smiles in your face and thanks you; you trees you planted; you corn-fields were a common your capital called them into existence; they feed a thousand mouths, while, ten years ago, they seemed maintained some half a dozen starveling cows. But, above all, as you ride through your village, what satisfaction creeps around your heart. By half that attention to the administration of the poor-laws which, in London, you gave to your clubs, you have made industry replace idleness, and comfort dethrone pauperism. You, single individual, have done more for your low-creatures than the whole legislature has done in centuries. This is true power; it approaches men to God; but the country gentleman often refuses to acknowledge this power—he thinks much more of a certificate for killing partridges!

Clubs form a main feature of the social system of the rich and the metropolis. Formerly they were merely the resort of gamblers, politicians, or loungers—now they have assumed a more intellectual character; every calling has its peculiar club—from the soldier's to the scholar's.

CONVERSATION AND LITERARY MEN.

Among the characteristics of English society, there is one, my dear —, which cannot but have seemed to you as worthy of notice, and that is "the curious felicity" which distinguishes the tone of conversation. In most countries, people of the higher stations, if they do not express their ideas with all the accuracy and formality of a treatise, logic, or *longue*, are least, with a certain degree of jealousy, the habit of a clear and easy elegance in conversation. In France, to talk the language well is still the indispensable accomplishment of a gentleman. Society preserves the happy diction, and the graceful phrase, which literature has stamped with the respectability of the court; they are considered as the master of the ceremonies to the *louis*. But in England, people even in the best and most fastidious society, are not remarkable for cultivating the more pure or brilliant order of conversation, as the evidence of *ton*, and the attribute of rank. They reject, it is true, certain vulgarities of accent, provincial phrases, and glaring violations of grammar; but, over certain things, they now and then exercise the caprices of fashion: James to-day, may be James to-morrow; Rome may be softened into Room; and cucumber may receive its final exactness of pronunciation from the prosodical fiat of my Lord Hertford. But these are trifles; they do not vitiate the polished smoothness of the *ton*, the unpedantic and transparent preciseness of meaning; the happy choice, unpremeditated, because habitual, of the most graceful phrases and polished idioms which the language affords—these, the natural care and province of a lettered court, are utterly unheeded by the English aristocracy. Nor is there any other circle, since the literary men with us are so little gregarious, that repairs their inattention; and our national conversation is for the most part carried on in a series of the most extraordinary and rugged abbreviations—a species of talking shorthand. Hesitating, hemming, and drawing, are the three graces of our conversation.

The modern practice of parliament to hold its discussions at night has a considerable influence in diminishing the intellectual character of general society. The house of commons naturally drains off many of the ablest and best informed of the English gentleman: the same cause has its action upon men of letters, who statesmen usually desire to collect around them; and the absence of one conspires to effect the absence of the other. Our saloons are left solely to the uncultivated and the idle, and you seek in vain for those nightly reunions of wits and senators which dis-

tinguished the reign of Anne, and still give so noble a charm to the assemblies of Paris.

The respect we pay to wealth absorbs the respect we should pay to genius. Literary men have not with us any fixed and settled position as men of letters. In the great game of honours, none fall to their share. We may say truly with a certain political economist, "We pay best, Iist, those who destroy us, generals; 2d, those who cheat us, politicians and quacks; 3d, those who amuse us, singers and musicians; and, last of all, those who instruct us." It is almost a truth noted by Helvetius, that the degree of public virtue in a state depends exactly on the proper distribution of public rewards. "I am nothing here," said one of the most eminent men of science this country ever produced, "I am forced to go abroad sometimes to preserve my self-esteem."

Our English authors thus holding no fixed position in society, and from their very nature being covetous of reputation, often fall into one of three classes; the first class seeks the fashion they cannot command, and are proud to know the great; another become irritable and suspicious, afraid that they are never sufficient, esteemed, and painfully vain out of a sense of bashfulness; the third, of a more lofty nature, stand aloof and disdainful, and never consummate their capacities, because they will not mix with a world to which they know themselves superior.

A literary man is often forced to be proud of something else than talent—proud of fortune, of connection, or of birth—in order not to be looked down upon. Byron would never have set a coronet over his head if he had not written poetry; nor the fastidious Walpole have affected to disdain the author, if he had not known that in certain circles, authorship was thought to lower the gentleman. Even we know the anecdote of a certain professor of chemistry, who, eulogising Boyle, thus concluded his panegyrics: "He was a great man, a very great man; he was father of chemistry, and—brother to the Earl of Cork!"

You laugh at the simplicity of the professor; after all it was not without reason—depend upon it, the majority of the world thought quite as much of the brother of Lord Cork as they did of the father of chemistry. The professor was only the unconscious echo of the vulgar voice of esteem.

We may perceive every where, that "Fashion" has received a most important and less fine gentlemanly than formerly, so also fine ladies are not so powerful as they were; they no longer fill the mouth of the gaping world with tales of triumphant insolence and abashed severity. A graver aspect settles on the face of society. The great events that have taken place have rubbed the surface of the aristocratic sentiment too roughly to allow it to resume its former state. Fashion cannot for many years be what it has been. In political quiet, the aristocracy are the natural dictators of society, and their sentiments are the most listened to. Now, the sum of their sentiments, as we have seen, is Fashion: in agitated times, the people rise in importance, and their sentiments become the loudest and most obtrusive of the aggregate of their sentiments, as we have seen, is opinion. It is then, that unable to lead, the aristocracy unconsciously follow the impulse, and it becomes the fashion to be popular. Hence may we date, if we descend to the philosophy of trifles, the innovations even in costume: the spirit of the French revolution, which breathed mainly through the massive eloquence of Fox, succeeded at least in sweeping away from our saloons the broad waistcoat and the diamond buckles. At the time of the discussions on reform, our drawing-room gossip affected the tone of Birmingham liberalism; and the *louis* and the *louis* were forced forth sturdy dogmas on the "Rights of the Poor." Thus, when political habits descend from the upper to the lowest class, political principles, on the contrary, are reverberations of opinion travelling from the base to the apex of society. The aristocracy form the manners of life, and the people produce the revolutions of thought.

This reflection may be applied to the subject before us. Let us transport ourselves from the metropolis to a manufacturing town, and see from what cause in the habits of social life the political sentiments of one class are forced on the acceptance of another.

There is this germ of truth in the Owenite principle of co-operation: co-operation is power; in proportion as people combine, they are more powerful; and combination itself is but the effect of combining. If, then, there are two classes, supposed to be antagonistic to

Will you show your limbs?—[Here the witness exposed his legs and knees.]

Were your knees ever straight at any time?—*They were straight before I went to Mr. Brown's mill.*

You say that you worked for seventeen hours a day all the year round; did you do that without interruption?

Could you attend any day or night school?—No.

Can you write?—No.

Can you read?—I can read a little in a spelling-book.

Where did you learn that; did you go to a Sunday-school?—No, I had no clothes to go in.

EVIDENCE OF MR. THOMAS DANIEL,
Relative to the Boys called Scavengers.

Describe to the committee the employment of those scavengers.—Their work is to keep the machines, while they are going, clean from all kinds of dust and dirt that may be flying about, and they are in all sorts of positions to come at them; I think that their bodily exertion is more than they are able to bear, for they are constantly kept in a state of activity.

Have they not to clean the machines, and to creep under, and run round them, and to change and accommodate their positions in every possible manner, in order to keep those machines in proper order? They are in all sorts of postures that the human body is capable of being put into, to come at the machines.

State the effect that it has upon them, according to your own observation and experience.—Those children, every moment that they have to spare, will be stretched all their length upon the floor in a state of perspiration, and we are obliged to keep them up to the work by using either a strap or some harsh language, and they are kept continually in a state of agitation; I consider them to be constantly in a state of grief, though some of them cannot shed tears; their condition greatly depresses their spirits.

Describe in a few words the constant apprehension, and often in a tone of terror.—They are always in terror; and I consider that does them as much injury as their labour, their minds being in a constant state of agitation and fear.

I could go on multiplying these examples at random, from every page of this huge calendar of childish sufferings; but enough has been said to convince the reader's understanding, and I would fain turn, to open his heart.

This prepared and seasoned for the miseries of life, the boy enters upon manhood—aged yet yet youthful—and compelled to endure, without respite, the dread relief of artificial stimulus. Gin, not even the pure spirit, but its dire addendum—opium—narcotic drugs; these are the horrible cements with which he repairs the rents and chasms of a shattered and macerated frame. He marries; and becomes in his turn a sufferer. In after life he gets a smattering of political knowledge; legislative theories invite and lull him from himself; and with all the bitter experience of the present system, how can you wonder that he yearns for innovation?

Amidst these gloomier portraits of our mechanic population, there are bright reliefs. Many of the operatives are seen warm and sedate, by the contagion of example; and of these I could select some who, for liberal knowledge, sound thought, kindly feeling, and true virtue, may rank among the proudest ornaments of the country. It has been my good fortune to correspond with many of the operative class, and only as a member of parliament upon political affairs, but in my prouder capacity, as a literary man, upon various schemes, which in letters and in science had occurred to their ingenuity. I have not only corresponded with these men, but I have also mixed personally with others of their tribe, and I have ever found that an acquaintance with those who are the distinctive of their character, than a certain noble and disinterested humanity of disposition. Among such persons I would seek, without a lantern, for the true philanthropist. Deeply acquainted with the ills of their race, their main public thought is to alleviate and relieve them; they have not the jealousy common to men who rise above their class, and they desire more "to raise the wretched than to rise;" their plots and their schemes are not for themselves, but for their class. Their ambition is godlike, for it is the desire to enlighten and to bless. There is a divine and sacred species of ambition which is but another word for benevolence. These are they who endeavour to

establish mechanics' institutes, and plans of national education; to clamour against taxes upon knowledge; to denounce the vice to be the foundation of happiness. I know not, indeed, an order of mind, more than that of which I speak, interesting our higher sympathies; nor one that addresses more forcibly our sadder emotions, than that wider class which they desire to relieve.

A common characteristic of the operatives, even amidst all the miseries and excesses frequent amongst them, is that of *desires better than their condition*. They all have the wish for knowledge. They go to the gin-shop, and yet there they discuss the elements of virtue. Apprenticed to the austere trials of life, they acquire a universal sympathy with oppression. "Their country is the world," say they. You see this tendency in their political theories; it is from the weakness of their distress, that they send forth the loud shouts which testify injustice. It is their voice which is heard the earliest, and dies the latest, against wrong in every corner of the globe; they make to themselves common cause with Spain—Poland—with Ireland, dragooned into silence—with the human virtues of Indostan; wherever there is suffering, their experience unfolds to it; and their efforts, unavailing for themselves, often contribute to adjust the balance of the world. As (in the touching Arabian proverb) the barber learns to cure the orphan's face, so legislation sometimes acquires its wisdom from experience in distress.

For the demoralised social state which I have ascribed to a large proportion of the operatives, there are two cures, the one physical, the other moral. If you bow down the frame by the excess of early labour, the sufferer must have premature recourse to the artificial remedies of intemperance. He must take in cheapest drugs; these corrupt the mind, and take reward from labour. Of what use are high wages, if they are spent in a single night? Children, therefore, should not be worked at too early an age, nor to too great an extreme. Women in the latter stages of toil of the manufacturing system have no right to attend to a curse on the unborn. Legislation must not make an executioner; but she is a guardian, as well as an executioner; she may interfere to prevent, if she interferes to punish.

So much for the physical cure—the moral cure is established in the schools, on a wide and comprehensive plan, embrace more than the child's knowledge; they ought to teach social, as well as individual morals; they ought to be adapted to the class to which they are dedicated; they should teach, not so much labour, as *habits of labour*; and bring up the child to industry, especially the female mind, to the necessities of domestic economy. Labour schools should be united to intellectual. So far the government can provide a cure. Individuals may assist it. The sexes should be, in all manufactories, even at the earliest age, carefully separated; and a master should demand a good moral character of those he employs. This last provision is too generally neglected, and spoken, disorderly character is no barrier to the obtaining work; it is therefore no misfortune—if no misfortune, it is no disgrace. The best cure for demoralisation is to establish a moral standard of opinion. To these remedies, add a revision of the poor-laws for both all the remedies are too difficult than they appear to the superficial. But to a government, now-adays, every thing has grown difficult—even the art of taxation.

The mention of the poor-laws now links my enquiry into the social state of the manufacturing, with that of the agricultural, population. The operation of the poor-laws is too difficult than they appear to the superficial. But to a government, now-adays, every thing has grown difficult—even the art of taxation. The mention of the poor-laws now links my enquiry into the social state of the manufacturing, with that of the agricultural, population. The operation of the poor-laws is too difficult than they appear to the superficial. But to a government, now-adays, every thing has grown difficult—even the art of taxation.

Of all the great questions, the most common among our philanthropical philosophers is, to elevate that in England poverty is the parent of crime. This is not exactly the case. *Pauperism* is the parent of crime; but pauperism is not poverty. The distinction is delicate and important.

In the extracts from the information received by his majesty's commissioners as to the administration and operation of the poor-laws, just published, appears the following evidence, from Mr. Wontner, the governor of Newgate, and the governor of the house of correction for Middlesex, and Mr. Gregory, the treasurer of Spitalfields parish.

Mr. Wontner.—"Of the criminals who come under your care, what proportion, so far as your experience will enable you to state, were by the immediate pressure of want impelled to the commission of crime? By want is meant, the absence of the means of subsistence, and not the want arising from idleness, and the impotence of steady labour." *According to the last of my observation scarcely one eighth.* This is my conclusion, not only from my observations in the office of governor of this jail, where we see more than can be seen in court of the state of each case, but from six years' experience as one of the marshals of the city, having the direction of a large body of police, and seeing more than can be seen by the governor of a prison.

"Of the criminals thus impelled to the commission of crime by the immediate pressure of want, what proportion, according to the best of your experience, were previously caused to want by heedlessness, indolence, and not by causes beyond their reach, partly from the desire to avert?—When we enquire into the class of cases to which the last answer refers, we generally find that the criminals have had situations and profitable labour, but have lost them in consequence of indolence, inattention, or habitual drunkenness, or association with bad friends." *He could not thoroughly examine the whole of this class of cases, I feel confident that he should find that not one thirtieth of the whole class of cases brought here are free from imputation of misconduct, or can be said to result entirely from blameless want.* The cases of juvenile offenders from nine to thirteen years of age arise partly from the difficulty of obtaining employment for children of the parents, and partly from the want of the power of superintendence of parents, who, being in employment themselves, have not the power to look after their children; and in a far greater proportion from the criminal neglect and example of parents.

Mr. Chesterton states, "I directed a very intelligent yardman, and one who had never, I believe, willfully misled me, to inquire into the habits and circumstances of all in the yard (sixty prisoners), and the result was that he could not point out one who appeared to have been seduced by another to commit theft. It appears, that in the house of correction, the proportion of prisoners who have been paupers is more numerous than in the other jails."

Mr. Richard Gregory, the treasurer of Spitalfields parish, who for several years distinguished himself by his successful exertions for the prevention of crime within that district, was asked—

"We understand you have paid great attention to the state and prevention of crime; can you give us any information as to the connection of crime with pauperism?—I can state, from experience, that they invariably go together.

"But do poverty—meaning unavoidable and irreducible poverty—and crime invariably go together? That is the question, and I have not the whole course of my experience, which is of twenty-five years in a poor neighbourhood, liable to changes subjecting the industrious to very great privations, I remember but one solitary instance of a poor but industrious man out of employment stealing any thing. I detected a working man stealing a small piece of bacon;—he burst into tears, and said it was twenty-five years in his inclination which prompted him to do this, for he was out of work, and in a state of starvation.

"Then are we to understand, as the result of your experience, that the great mass of crime in your neighbourhood has always arisen from idleness and vice, rather than from the want of employment?—Yes, and this idleness and poverty are not the result of idleness, but by pauperism, and by the readiness with which the able-bodied can obtain from parishes allowances and food without labour."

The whole of this valuable document on the poor-laws generally bears out the evidence adduced above. Idleness and vice, then, are the chief parents of crime and distress; viz., indolence to work, not the want of work. This is a truth, and it is true, and it is said; for, upon a deduction to be drawn from it, depends the only safe principle of parochial reform. But how, in so industrious a county, arises the indifference to toil? The answer is obvious—wherever idleness is

better remunerated than labour, idleness becomes contagious, and labour hateful.

"The following table, drawn chiefly from official returns, will show clearly, and at a glance, the comparative condition of each class, as to food, from the independent labourer, to the convicted and transported felon. For better comparison, the whole of the meat is calculated as cooked."

THE SCALE.

1. The independent agricultural labourer—122 oz. solid food.
2. The soldier—168 oz.
3. The able-bodied pauper—151 oz.
4. The suspected thief—131 oz.
5. The convicted thief—129 oz.
6. The transported felon—120 oz.
- "So that the industrial labourer has less than the pauper, the pauper less than the suspected thief, the suspected thief less than the convicted, the convicted less than the transported, and by the time you reach the end of the gradation, you find that the transported thief has nearly three times the allowance of the honest labourer."

The system of public charities, however honourable to the humanity of a nation, requires the wise legislative provisions not to conspire with the poor-laws to be destructive to its morals. Nothing so nurtures virtue as the spirit of independence. The poor should be encouraged to do for themselves, and not to be provided for themselves. Hence the wisdom of the institution of savings banks. Taught to lean upon others, they are only a burden upon industry. The Reverend Mr. Stone has illustrated this principle in a vein of just and felicitous humour. He supposes a young weaver of twenty-two marrying a servant-girl of nineteen. They provide against the prospects of a family—do they economise—till—retrench?—No: they live in Spitalfields, and rely upon charitable institutions. The wife gets a ticket for the "Royal Maternity Society,"—she is delivered for nothing—she wants baby-linen—the Benevolent Society supply her. The child must be baptized—he goes to the parish of St. Vincent. He is eighteen months old, "he must be got out of the way,"—he goes to the Infant School;—from thence he proceeds, being "distressed," to the Educational Clothing Society, and the Sunday schools. Thence he attains to the clothing charity schools. He remains five years—he is apprenticed to a weaver. He becomes a journeyman—the example of his parents is before his eyes—he marries a girl of his own age—his child passes the ancestral round of charities—his own work becomes precarious—but his father's family was for years in the same circumstances, and was always saved by charity, to charity, traits to weave. He goes to the parish of St. Vincent, and parish gifts of bread are at his disposal. Spitalfields associations, soup societies, benevolent societies, pension societies—all fostering the comfortable luxury of living gratuitously—he comes at length to the more fixed income of parish relief—he begs an extract from the parish register, writes out a settlement, and a charity school indenture of apprenticeship, and quarters his family on the parish, with an allowance of five shillings a week. In this uniform alternation of voluntary and compulsory relief he draws towards the close of his mendicant existence. Before leaving the world, he might, perhaps, return thanks to the public. "He has been born for nothing—he has been nursed for nothing—he has been clothed for nothing—he has been educated for nothing—he has been put out in the world for nothing—he has had medicine and medical attendance for nothing; and he has had his children also born, nursed, clothed, fed, educated, established, and physicked—for nothing!"

There is but one other mode for which he can stand indebted to society, and that is his burial. He dies a parish pauper, and, at the expense of the parish, he is provided with shroud, coffin, pall, and burial-ground; a party of paupers from the workhouse bear his body to the grave, and a party of paupers are his mourners."

"Thus we find, that public charities are too often merely a bonus to public indolence and vice. What a dark lesson of the fallacy of human wisdom does this knowledge strike into the heart! What a waste of the materials of kindly sympathies! What a perversion individual mistakes can cause, even in the virtues of a nation!"

The effects of the poor-laws on the social system are then briefly these:—they encourage improvidence, for they provide for its wants; they engender sexual intemperance, for they rear its offspring; by a neces-

sary reaction, the benefits conferred on the vicious pauper, become a curse on the honest labourer. They widen the breach between the wealthy and the poor for compulsory benevolence is received with discontent—they deaden the social affections of the labourer, for his children become to him a matter of mercantile speculation. "An instance," says Mr. Villiers, speaking from his experience in the county of Gloucester, "was mentioned, of a man who had lately lost all his children, saying proudly, that it was no grief to him, for he had lost his parish pay, and that had his children died he should have been well to do."

The poor-laws, administered as at present through the southern parts of the island, poison morality, independence, and exertion—the encouragers, the propagators, and the rewarders of pauperism. To these evils we must add those incurred by the laws of settlement.

At present, if there is no labour in one parish, instead of transferring the labourer to another, you chain him to the soil as a pauper. Nor must we forget the mischievous and contagious example of the itinerant vagabonds from Ireland. These Hibernian adventurers, worthy successors of the fierce colonists of old, are transported in myriads by the blindest contrivance of steam, into a country where "to relieve the wretched is our pride," with much greater capacities for omnipotence than the English labourer, whom the laws of settlement chain to his parish—they spread themselves over the whole country; and another generation has been established in dread example of thriftless, riotous, unpropitious habits of pauperism. They remind us of the story of a runaway couple, who were married at Greta Green. The smith demanded five guineas for his services. "How is this," said the bridegroom, "the gentleman you last married assured me that you got your pair of nails for nothing." "That is true," said the smith, "but he was an Irishman. I have married him six times. He is a customer. You may never see again."

The parish overseers adopt the principle of the smith, and are mighty lenient to the Irishman, who walks the world at his pleasure, and laughs at the parish labourer. He goes to a thousand parishes—he is relieved in all—he is a customer.

But what are the remedies for these growing evils? Every one allows the mischief of the present poor-laws; puts his hands in his pockets, and says, "But what are we to do? This is ever the case; men suffer evils to escape the consequences which follow every cure. There is an impatient cowardice in the spirit of modern legislation, which, seeing difficulties on all sides, thinks only of the difficulty of removing them. But, in fact, by a vigorous and speedy reform, the worst consequences of the poor-laws may be arrested—the remedies are many, and the cure is near."

The principal machinery of reform should lie in the discipline of the workhouse. It is a fact at present, that where the comforts at a workhouse exceed those of the independent labourer, pauperism increases; but where the comforts at the workhouse have been reduced below those of the independent labourer, pauperism has rapidly diminished. On this principle all reform must mainly rest. A workhouse must be a house of work, requiring severe labour and giving less remuneration than can be obtained by honest competition elsewhere.

The asylums for the aged and the infirm, should on the same principle be so constructed, as to be self-sufficient, though not so luxurious as to tempt, the poor. There may well be a distinction between the house for labour to the idle, and that of rest for the exhausted.

"The poor shall be with you always," are the pathetic words of the Messiah; and that some men must be poor and some rich, is a dispensation, with which, as the apostle says, we must be content. But human wisdom can interfere. But if legislation cannot prevent the inequalities of poverty and wealth it is bound to prevent the legislative abuse of each—the abuse of riches is tyranny; the corruption of poverty is recklessness. Wherever either of these largely exist, there is a danger to the nation. The poor are the very principle that makes servitude a curse. Something is, indeed, wrong in that system in which we see "Age going to the workhouse, and Youth to the galloons." But with us the evil hath arisen, not from the malice of oppression, but the mistake of charity. Occupied with the struggles of a splendid ambition, our rulers have left no room for free-living genius, for the desire to oppress, but an impatience to examine. At length there has dawned forth from the dark apathy of ages a light, which has revealed to the two ranks of our social world the elements and the nature of their

several conditions. That light has the properties of a more fiery material. Prudence may make it the most useful of our servants, but it may suffer it to become the most ruthless of our destroyers. It is difficult, however, to arouse the great to a full conception of the times in which we live: the higher classes are the last to hear the note of danger. The same principle pervades the inequalities of social life, as that so remarkable in the laws of physical sciences: they who are the cause of the inequalities—the higher places of the world,—are defended by the atmosphere itself, and can scarcely hear the sound of the explosion which alarms the quiet of the plains!

EDUCATION.

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. DR. CHAMBERS.

"Four water hastily into a vessel of a narrow neck; little enters; pour it gradually, and by small quantities—and the vessel is filled!" Such is the simile employed by Quintilian to show the folly of teaching children too much at a time. But Quintilian did not mean that we should pour the water into the vase drop drop, and cease suddenly and forever the moment the liquid begins to conceal the surface of the bottom. Such however, is the mode in which we affect to fill the human vessel at the present day. It can be only that people have never seriously reflected on the present academic system, and the perversion of the knowledge, that the association still exists. The unprejudiced reasoning of a moment is sufficient to prove the monstrous absurdities incorporated in the orthodox education of a gentleman.

Let us suppose an honest tradesman about to bind his son apprentice to some calling, that, for instance, of a jeweller, or a glove-maker. Would not two questions be instantly suggested by common sense to his mind?—1st. Will it be useful for my son to know only jewelry or glove-making?—2d. And if so, will he learn how to set jewels, or make gloves, by being bound an apprentice to Neighbour So-and-so, since it is likely that he will teach him nothing else?

Why do not these plain questions force themselves into the mind of a gentleman sending his son to Eton? Why does he not ask himself—first, Will it be useful for my son to know only Latin and Greek? and secondly, If it be, will he learn Latin and Greek by being sent to Dr. K's school, or is it not likely that Dr. K— will teach him any thing else?

Learning by heart and the composition of Latin or Greek verse are the usual proofs to which the boy's intellect is put: the one is a mere exertion of memory—the other, a mere felicity of imitation!—and I doubt the student of Dr. K's comprehension of "Knock" be not the just phrase to be applied to the faculty both of repeating other men's words, and stringing imitations of other men's verses. Knock! an ingenious faculty indeed, but no indisputable test of genius, and affording no undeniable promise of a brilliant career! Future success, in these arts, is only a sign of future failure in the mind of the student. He is scarcely tend to adapt the mind to those solid pursuits by which distinction is ordinarily won. Look at the arenas for the author or the senator; the spheres for active or for literary distinction; is there any thing in the half-idle, and desultory, and superficial course of actual pursuit, and not to be told of the secure future eminence in either. It is a great benefit if boys learn something solid, but it is a far greater benefit if they contract the desire and the habit of acquiring solid information. But how few ever leave school with the intention and the energies to continue intellectual pursuit, and not to be told of the great men who have been distinguished as senators, or as authors, and who have been educated at public schools. The intention of general education is to form the many, and not the few; if the many are ignorant, it is in vain you assert that the few are wise—we have—even supposing their wisdom originated in your system, no right to count them exceptions, and not as examples. But how much vain it is to recite the names of those honoured few when it is far more than doubtful even whether they owed any thing to your scholastic instruction; when it is more than doubtful whether their talents did not rise in spite of your teaching, and not because of it; whether their mode was illustrious, not because their genius was formed by the studies of youth, but because it could not be crushed by them. All professions and all ranks have their Shakespeares and their Burns, men who are superior to the adverse influences by which inferior

intellects are chilled into inaction. And this position is rendered far more probable when we find how few of these few were noted at school for any portion of the mental power they afterwards developed; or, in other words, when we observe how much the *academic process stifled and repressed their genius*, so that if their future life had been (as more or less ought to be) the education of the mind, and the cultivation of the objects to which those which were presented to their youth, they would actually have lived without developing their genius, and died without obtaining a name. But chance is more merciful than men's systems, and the eternal task of Nature is that of counteracting our efforts to deteriorate ourselves.

A medical man, trained to the habits of discerning what is true knowledge, and the application to pursue it, will rise in any public capacity to far higher celebrity than the genius of a public school, who has learnt nothing it is necessary to the public utility to learn. As, then, the hope of acquiring connections was a chimera, so that of obtaining permanent distinction for your son, in the usual process of public education, is a dream. What millions of "promising men," unknown, undone, have counterbalanced the success of a single Canning!

I am not one of those who attach but trifling importance to the study of the classics; myself a devoted, though a humble student, I have not so long carried the thyrus but that I must believe in the god. And he would indeed be the sorriest of pedants who should affect to despise the knowledge of those great works, which at their first appearance enlightened once, and in their after restoration broke the darkness of another! Surely one part of the long season of youth can be better more profitably employed than in examining the claims of those who have exercised so vast and durable an influence over the human mind.

But it is obvious that even thoroughly to master the Greek and Latin tongues, would be but to comprehend a very small part of a practical education. Formerly it was the only way more or less open to the student to their acquisition than at present, for formerly they contained all the literary treasures of the world, and now they contain only a part. The literature of France, Germany, England, are at least as necessary for a man born in the nineteenth century, as that of Greece.

But, it is said, the season of childhood is more requisite for mastering a skill in the dead languages than it is for the living? Even if this assertion were true there would be no reason why the dead languages alone should be learnt; if the early youth of the mind be necessary for the acquisition of the sciences, it is at least a better period for the acquisition of the languages, the fact is, the season of youth is at least as essential for the learning the living languages as it is for acquiring the dead; because it is necessary to speak the one and it is not necessary to speak the other; and the facile and pliant organs of childhood are indeed adapted for the mastery of the tones and accents in a spoken language, although the most accurate understanding of future years is equally able to grasp the roots and construction of a written one.

As the sole business of life is not literature; so education ought not to be only literary. Yet what can you, the father of the boy you are about to send to a public school, what, I ask, can you think of a system which, during the whole period of youth to literature, not only excludes from consideration the knowledge of all continental languages—the languages of Montesquieu and Schiller, but also totally neglects any knowledge of the authors of your own country, and even the element of that native tongue in which all the business of life must be carried on? Not in the least. In his English tongue your son must write, in that tongue, if you desire he should become great, he is to be an orator, an historian, a poet, or a philosopher. And this language is above all others the most utterly neglected, its authors never studied, even its grammar never taught. To know Latin and Greek is a great intellectual luxury, but to know one's own language is almost an intellectual necessity.

But literature alone does not suffice for education; the aim of that grand and noble process in a public school, it would not be enough to make a man learned; a pedant is proverbially a useless fool. The aim of education is to make a man wise and good. Ask yourself what there is in modern education that will fulfil this end? Not a single doctrine of moral science is taught—not a single moral principle inculcated.

Even in the dead languages it is the poets and the more poetical of the historians the pupil mostly learns, rarely the philosopher, and the moralist. It was, justly, I think, objected to the London University, that religion was not to be taught in its schools; but is religion taught at any of our public institutions? Previous at least, to a course of Paley at the university. Attend, guided at church or chapel is not religion; the life, the guidance of the spirit of religion, where are these? Look round every corner of the school, of education, still Latin and Greek and Greek and Latin are all that you can descry,

"Mixtaque ridenti colossas cantho."

Are you a scholar yourself, examine then the average of young men of eighteen; open a page of some author they have not read, have not parrot-like got by heart; open a page in the dialogues of Lucian, in the *Thebaid* of Statius. Ask the youth, who have selected from the herd, to construe it as you would ask your daughter to construe a page of some French author she has never seen before, a poem of Regnier, or an exposition in the *Esprit des Lois*. Does he not pause, does he not blush, does he not hesitate, does not his eye wander abroad in search of the accustomed "Crib," does he not flatter out something about lexicons and glosses, and at last throw down the book, and tell you he never learnt that, but as for Virgil or Horace, *there, there's your man!* At the end then of eight years, without counting the previous four, your son has not learnt Greek and Latin, and he has learnt nothing else to atone for it. Here then we come to the result of the system of education, as it is now. It is necessary to learn something else besides Latin and Greek?—It is. But even if not necessary, are Greek and Latin well taught at a public school?—They are not. With these conclusions I end this part of my enquiry.

It is probable that the system of Hamilton may be wrong; probable that there is a certain quackery in the system of Kantianism; possible that the Lancasterian system may be overrated; but let any dispassionate man compare the progress of a pupil under an able tutor in any one of these systems with the advances made at an ordinary public school. What I complain of, and what you, sir, to whom I address these pages, must complain of also, is this: that at these schools, even at our best schools, the mind is never brought up—in which those who are born to frame and remodel the mighty mechanism of law, and wield the moral powers of custom, receive the ineffaceable impressions of youth—at these schools, I say, religion is not taught—morals are not taught—philosophy is not taught—science is not taught—and the mind never breaks upon the gaze. The intellect of the men so formed is to guide our world, and that intellect is uncultured!

Are you who now read these pages, a parent? Come—note the following sentence. Ages have rolled since it was written, and they have not dimmed the brightness of the wisdom. "Intellect is more essential to science, and a life according to intellect preferable to a life according to science." So said that ancient philosopher, whose spirit approached the nearest to the genius of Christianity. What then is that preparation which professes to teach learning and neglects the intellect, which loses the memory, which forgets the soul. Beautifully proceedeth Pliny—"A life according to intellect is alone free from the vulgar errors of our race, it is that mystic part of the soul, that sacred fitha, into which Homer conducts Ulysses after the education of life." But far different is the port which the modern education conducts her votaries, and the haven of prejudice is the only receptacle to the ship of fools.

Endowments raise (as the philosopher should be raised) the lofty and investigating scholar above the necessity of humbling his intellect in order to earn his bread—they give him up to the serene meditation from which he distils the essence of the divine—may, even the more useful, but hitherto undiscovered—wisdom. If from their shade has emanated the vast philosophy of Kant, which dwarfs into littleness the confined materialism of preceding schools, so also from amidst the shelter they afford broke forth the first great regenerators of practical politics, and the origin of the *Wealth of Nations* in the industrious tranquillity of a professorship at Glasgow.

Let us then eschew all that false and mercantile liberalism of the day which would destroy the high seats and shelters of learning, and would leave what is above the public comprehension to the chances of the public sympathy. It is possible that endowments

favour many drones—granted—but if they produce one great philosopher, whose mind if they produce have been bowed to lower spheres, that advantage counterbalanced a thousand drones. How many slugs would counterpoise an Adam Smith! "If you form but a handful of wise men," said the great Julian, "you do more for the world than many kings can do." And if it be true that he who has planted a blade of corn in the spot which was barren before is a benefactor to his species; what shall we not pardon to a system by which the seed of Adam is enabled to plant in the human mind an idea which was unknown to it till then?

POPULAR EDUCATION.

I shall not enter into any general proofs of the advantage of general education; I shall take that advantage for granted. In my mind, the necessity of instruction was settled by one apostolic centuries ago: "Vice we can learn of ourselves; but virtue and wisdom require a tutor." If this principle be disputed, the question really becomes one of words, in debating now whether or not the people shall be instructed—that has been determined long ago—but whether they shall be well or ill taught.⁷⁴

With these two sentences I shall rest this part of my case, anxious to avoid all superfluous exordium, and to come at once to the pith and marrow of the subject.

A great progress in popular education was made fifty years ago, by the establishment of Sunday schools, and the efforts of the benevolent Raikes, of Gloucestershire; a still greater by the Bell and Lancaster systems in 1797 and 1798. This last gave an impetus to education throughout the country. And here, sir, let us just take up the system of our established church. No men have been more honourably zealous in their endeavours to educate the poor. They have not, perhaps, been sufficiently eager to enlighten the poor man; but they have cheerfully subscribed to educate the poor boy. I find them supporters of the Sunday and Infant schools, of the school societies, &c., but I never see them the encouragers of mechanic institutes, nor the petitioners against the taxes upon knowledge. Why is this? the object in both is the same. Education closes not with the boy—education is the work of a life. Let us, however, be slow to blame them; it may be that, accused by the advocates of the diffusion of knowledge, they have not considered the natural effects of the diffusion of knowledge itself. They may imagine, that knowledge, unless chained solely to religious instruction, is hostile to religion. But, for the poor, religion must be always; they want its consolations; they seek themselves with its balm. Revelation is their Milennium—their great Emancipation. Thus in America, knowledge is the most diffused, and religion is the most fondly, and enthusiastically beloved. There you may often complain of its excess, but rarely of its absence. To America I add the instances of Holland, of Germany, and of Scotland.

I take pleasure in doing due homage to the zeal of our country's clergy. One third part of all the children educated in England are educated under their care; and in vindicating them, let us vindicate, from a

* Seneca.

† Lord Brougham.

† In an oration delivered at Philadelphia by Mr. Ingersoll, in 1840, the following fine passage occurs. Speaking of the religious spirit so firm throughout the states, the orator insists on religion as a necessary result of popular power. "Even Robespierre," saith he, "in his remarkable discourse on the restoration of public worship, denounced atheism as inconsistent with equality, and a crime of the aristocracy; aware, as he was, of the existence of a Being who protects the poor, and rewards the just, as a popular consolation, without which the people would despair. 'If there were no God,' said he, 'we should be obliged to invent one.' This fine sentiment bespeaks truly the sympathies of republican government with that faith which the author of our constitution looks upon as the only basis of its foundations. The corner-stones of equality, peace, good will—it would contradict all philosophy if this country were irreligious." But Mr. Ingersoll errs in attributing that noble sentiment to Robespierre—it is a quotation from Voltaire; the thought runs thus, and is perhaps the finest Voltaire ever put into words: "Si Dieu n'existait pas il faudroit l'inventer."

vulgar and ignorant aspersion, a great truth: The Christian clergy throughout the world have been the great advocates and apostles of education. And even in the darker ages, when priestcraft was to be overthrown, it received its first assaults from the courageous enlightenment of priests.

In the number of schools and pupils, our account, on the whole, is extremely satisfactory. Where then do we fail? Not in the schools, but in the instruction that is given there: a great proportion of the poorer classes attend only the Sunday-schools, and the education of once a week is not very valuable; but generally throughout the primary schools, nothing is taught but a little spelling, a very little reading—still less writing—the catechism—the Lord's prayer, and an unexplained unelucidated chapter or two in the Bible—add to these the nasal mastery of a hymn, and an undisciplined conquest over the rules of algebra, and you behold a very finished education for the poor. The schoolmaster and the schoolmistress, in these academies, know little themselves beyond the bald and meagre knowledge that they teach; and are much more fit to go to school than to give instructions. Now the object of education is to make a reflective, moral, prudent, loyal, and healthy people. A little reading and writing of themselves contribute very doubtfully to that end. Look to Ireland: does not the archbishop of Cashel tell us, that a greater proportion of the peasantry in Ireland, yes, even in Tipperary, can read than in France, than he has found amidst a similar amount of population in England? I have been favoured with some unpublished portions of the recent evidence on the poor-laws. Just hear what Mr. Hickson, a most intelligent witness, says on this head:

Query. "Are you of opinion that an efficient system of national education would materially improve the condition of the labouring classes?"

Answer. "Undoubtedly; but I must beg leave to observe, that something more than the mere teaching to read and write is necessary for the poorer classes. Where books and newspapers are inaccessible, the knowledge of the art of reading avails nothing; I have seen adults who, after having been taught to read and write when young, had almost entirely forgotten those arts for want of opportunities to exercise them."

"At the Sunday-schools," observes Mr. Hickson, afterwards, "of most dissenters, nothing is taught but reading—I except in instances—but reading the bible and repeating hymns."

I turn to the kingdom of Prussia, containing a population almost similar to our own; and like our own also broken up into a variety of religious sects. There, universal education is made a necessary, pervading, paramount, principle of the state. Let us see what is there taught at the popular schools, established in every district, town, and village, throughout the kingdom.

The Prussian law, established in 1819, distinguishes two degrees in popular education, *les écoles élémentaires*, and *les écoles bourgeoises*.

What is the object of these two schools—the law thus nobly explains: "To develop the faculties of the soul, the reason, the senses, and the physical frame. It shall embrace religion and morals, the knowledge of numbers and weights, and, at length, the exercises of the body, vocal music, drawing, and writing."

"Every elementary school includes necessarily the following objects:

"Religious instruction for the formation of morality, according to the positive truths of Christianity.

"The language and the common principles of arithmetic.

"The elements of geometry and the general principles of drawing.

"Practical arithmetic.

"The elements of physical philosophy, of geography, of general history; but especially of the history of the pupil's own country. These branches of knowledge (to be spared no day's teaching? No! the law adds) to be taught and retaught as often as possible, by the opportunities afforded in learning to read and write,

* The obstacles mentioned by Mr. Bulwer, do not exist in this country, the inhabitants of which have less excuse than those of any other portion of the globe, for remaining ignorant. Newspapers fly in every direction; and since the "Library" has been ushered into existence, works of much more value are disseminated, at a price which every person who has any taste for literary pursuits, can reach.—Ed.

independently of the particular and special lessons given upon those subjects.

"The art of song—to develop the voice of children—to elevate their minds—to improve and ennoble both popular and sacred melodies."

"Writing and the gymnastic exercises, which fortify all our senses, especially that of sight."

"The more simple of the manual arts, and some instructions upon agricultural labour."

Such is the programme of the education of elementary schools in Prussia; an education that exercises the reason, enlightens the morals, fortifies the body, and founds the disposition to labour and independence. Compare with that programme our Sunday-schools, our dame-schools, and our thrifty and meagre reservoirs of miserably education! But what, sir, you will admire in the Prussian system is not the laws of education only, but the spirit which framed and pervades the laws—the full appreciation of the dignity and objects of men—of the duties of citizens—of the powers, and equality, and inheritance of the human soul. And yet in that country the people are said to be less free than in ours—how immeasurably more the people are regarded!

At the more advanced school—(*L'Ecole Bourgeoise*)—are taught,

"Religion and morals."

"The national tongue; reading, composition, exercises of style and of the invention; the study of the national history."

"Latin is taught to all children, under certain limitation, in order to exercise their understanding"—even whether or no they are destined to advance to the higher schools, or to proceed at once to their professions or trades.

"The elements of mathematics, and an accurate and searching study of practical arithmetic."

"Physical philosophy, so far as the more important phenomena of nature are concerned."

"Geography and history combined; so as to give the pupil a knowledge of the divisions of the earth, and the history of the world—Prussia, its history, laws, constitution, and the object of social studies."

"The principles of drawing at all occasions."

"Writing, singing, and gymnastic exercises."

This is the education given by Prussia to all her children. Observe, here is no theory—no programme of untried experiments—this is the actual education, actually given, and actually received. It is computed that thirteen out of fifteen children, from the age of seven to that of fourteen, are at the public schools; the remaining two are probably at the private schools, or educated at home; so that the whole are educated—and thus educated! Observe, this is no small and petty affair, managed and controlled—it is a country that spreads over large tracts—various tribes—different languages—multiform religions—the energy of good government has conquered all these difficulties. Observe, the account I give is taken from no old—no doubtful—no incompetent authority—it is from the work just published of a native, but a foreigner—not just published, but of a shallow bookmaker, but of an eyewitness—of an investigator—of a man accustomed to observe, to reflect, to educate others; in a word—one of the profoundest and most eminent men in France—of a counsellor of state—of a professor of philosophy—a member of the Royal Council of Public Instruction—a man who brings to examination the acutest sagacity—who pledges to its accuracy the authority of the highest name—it is the report of Victor Cousin! He undertakes the investigation—he publishes the account—at the request of a French minister, and to assist in the formation of a similar system in France. I have produced some of this evidence, for the first time, to the notice of English readers, that they may know what can be done by seeing what is done—that they may resent and arouse the languor of their own government by a comparison with the vivifying energy of government elsewhere. I know that in so doing I have already kindled a spark that shall not die. In the phrase of Victor Cousin himself, with the exception of one word, "It is of Prussia that I write, but it is of England that I think!"

* This is the great object of other studies that may seem at first superfluous; such as the elements of geography or mathematics. It is not for themselves that they are useful—it is for the manner in which they task and exercise the faculties: the knowledge, comparatively speaking, is nothing—the process of acquiring it is every thing.

Whatever education be established, the peace and tranquillity of social order require that in its main principles it should be tolerably equal; and that it should penetrate every where. We may observe (and this is a most important political truth) that nearly all social inequalities arise, not from intelligence, but from inequalities of intelligence. When civilisation makes her efforts by starts and convulsions, her progress may be great, but it is marked by terror and disaster—when some men possess a far better education than others of the same rank, the first are necessarily impelled to an unequal ambition, and the last easily misled into becoming its instruments and tools: Then vague discontent and dangerous rivalries prevail—then is the moment when demagogues are dangerous, and visionaries have power. Such is the spirit of revolutions, in which mankind are hurried on to the terrible interval of disorder. But where intelligence is equalised—and flows harmonious and harmonising throughout all society—then one man can possess no blinding and dangerous power over the mind of another—then demagogues are harmless and theories safe. It is this equality of knowledge, producing unity of feeling, which, if we look around, characterises whatever nations are at the most safe in the present ferment of the world—no matter what their more material form of constitution—whether absolute monarchy or unqualified republicanism. If we see safety, patriotism, and order in the loud democracy of America, you behold it equally in the despotism of Russia, and in the despoticism of Denmark has even refused a free constitution, because in the freedom of a common knowledge she hath found content. It is with the streams that refresh and vivify the moral world as with those in the material earth—they tend and struggle to their level! Interrupt or tamper with the great law, and city and the temple, and the temple, may be swept away. Preserve unchecked its vast but simple operation, and the waters will glide on in fertilising and majestic serenity, to the illimitable ocean of human perfectibility.

THE SABBATH.

The keeping holy the sabbath-day is a question which does not seem to me to have been pressed upon fair and legislative grounds of consideration. That the Sunday of the Christian is not the Sabbath of the Jews is perfectly clear; that in the early ages of the church, it was set apart as a day of recreation, as well as of rest, is equally indisputable; the first reformers were desirous to set it apart to be sacred in this light, and upon that cheerful day games were permitted to the poor, and tournaments to the rich. The spirit of puritanism distinguished from that of the established church was mainly this—the former drew its tenets and character principally from the Old Testament, the latter from the New. The puritans, therefore, by a gross theological error, adopted the spirit and law of the Hebrew sabbath, which our Saviour in fact had abolished, and for which, all his earlier followers had substituted a milder institution. The consequence of overstraining the ceremonial law, in England, invariably been this—as one order of persons became more rigid, another class became more lax, and the observance of church rites and worship.

When the matter of general understanding that the fore part of the day was set apart for worship, and the latter part for recreation, if every body indulged in the latter, every body also observed the former. But when one class devoted the whole day to ritual exaction and formal restraint, and this too with an ostentatious pedantic sanctification—by a necessary reaction, and from an unavoidable result of ridicule, the other class fell into an opposite error. Political animosities favoured the sectarian difference, and to this day, there are two classes of reasoners on the sabbath, one asking for no more than a day of rest, the other contending that nothing has more marred the proper respect that all classes should pay to the sabbath, than the absurd and monstrous propositions of Sir Andrew Agnew.

But, putting aside the religious views of the question, the spirit of good legislation requires that if any gross and evident abuse of demoralisation exists, we should attempt to remove it.

It appears (and this is highly satisfactory) by the evidence on Sir A. Agnew's committee, that the sabbath is generally observed by all orders except the poorest, that churches are filled as soon as built, and that even those seats reserved for the working classes are not disrespected. The poorer part of the working classes are in large towns alone left in their attendance

—we enquire the cause, and we find it nearly always in the effects of habitual intemperance. Now having got to the root of the evil, for that only ought we to legislate. There are two causes that favour intoxication on the Sunday; these we may endeavour to remedy, not only because they injure the holiness of the sabbath, but because they taint the morality of the state.

There are two causes: the first is the custom of paying wages on a Saturday night—a day of entire idleness ensuing, the idler and more dissipated mechanic, especially in the metropolis, goes at once to the gin-shop on the Saturday night, returns early on the Sunday morning, forgets his wife and his family, and spends on his own vice, the week's earnings; that should have supported his family. Now if he were paid on Friday night, and went to work on Saturday morning, he would have an imperious inducement not to dissuade himself from work; the temptation of money just received, would be strengthened by the prospect of being drunk with impunity, because he would have the indolent next day to recover the effects. The money would probably come into the hands of his wife, and be properly spent in the maintenance of the family. He who knows any thing of the mind of the uneducated poor man, knows that it is only in the first moment of receiving money that he is tempted to spend indiscreetly—and if he received it on Friday, by Sunday morning the novelty would be a little worn off. This alteration would be attended, I am convinced, with the most beneficial results, and where it has indeed already it has met with very general success.*

The law indeed ought to legislate for Saturday rather than Sunday; for all the police agree, (and this is a singular fact) that there are more excesses committed on a Saturday night than any night in the week, and fewer excesses of a Sunday night!

The second cause that favours intemperance as connected with the sabbath is the opening of gin-shops to a late hour on Saturday, and till eleven on Sunday morning: not only the temptation to excess, but the abandoned characters that throng the resort, make the gin-shop the most fatal and certain cause that can befall the poor. The husband goes to drink, the wife goes to bring him out, and the result is, that she takes a glass to keep him company or to console herself for his faults. Thus the vice spreads to both sexes, and falls betimes on their children. These resorts might, especially in the metropolis, be imperatively shut up on Sunday, and at an early hour on Saturday. Beyond this, however, the main cause of demoralisation on the sabbath, I do not think that it would be possible to legislate with success.

But so far from shutting up whatever places of amusement are now open, it is clear, that all those which do not favour drunkenness, are so many temptations to a poor man not to get drunk. Thus, tea-gardens a little removed from towns (if I remember on Sunday to say any kind of spirit, for here there might go to the verge of severity) would be highly beneficial to the morals of the working orders. They are so even now. We have the evidence of the police, that instances of excess or disorder at these places of recreation are very rare; and the great advantage of them is this, a poor man can take his wife and children to the tea-garden where he cannot to the gin-shop; selfishness (the drunkard's vice) is counteracted, the domestic ties and affections are strengthened, and the presence of his family imposes an invisible and agreeable restraint upon himself. I consider that it is to the prevalence of amusements in France, amongst the peasant or artisan can share with his family, that we are to ascribe the fact that he does not seek amusement alone, and the innocent attractions of the *café* triumph over the imbruting excesses of the *cabaret*.

Riding through Normandy one beautiful Sunday evening, I overheard a French peasant decline the convivial invitation of his companion. "Why—no thank you," said he, "I must go to the *guinguette* for the sake of my wife and the young people, dear souls!"

The next Sunday I was in Sussex, and as my horse

* It is daily becoming more prevalent in the cities in this country, to disuse Saturday payments, and the good effects are at once perceived. The remarks on the subject are committed to the press, and those on gin-shops on Sundays, apply with equal force to our Atlantic cities.—Ed.

ambled by a cottage, I heard a sturdy boor, who had apparently just led a grumble forth to a big boy swinging on a gate, "You see to the row, Jim, there's a good un, I he's just a going to the Blue Lion to get rid o' my misus and the brats, rot 'em!"

We see by a comparison with continental nations, that it is by making the sabbath dull that we make it at once into vice, and the absence of amusements produces the necessity of excess. So few are the harmless pleasures with us on the sabbath, that a French writer, puzzled to discover any, has called the English Sunday with a most felicitous naïveté, "*Un jour qu'on distingue par un royaume!*" Save a *four* we can find no pleasurable distinction for the Holy Day of the week!

But while, sir, I think that innocent and social pleasures are the first step toward an amelioration of the consequences produced by a day of idleness to the poor, I am perfectly prepared to concede a more lofty view of the moral reform that we may effect in the maintenance of innocence. Serious contemplation and instructive reading improve the mind even more than the gentle cheerfulness of recreation. Man has high aims and immortal destinies before him; it is well that he should sometimes ponder upon them, "commune with his own heart and be still." But this we cannot enforce by law; we can promote it, however, by education. In proportion as the poor are enlightened, they will have higher and purer resources than mere amusement to preserve them from drunkenness and vice; and even in pursuing amusement they will not fall readily into its occasional temptations. Give opportunities of preventing idleness itself, by the resources of instruction.

In short, with the lower orders, as education advances, it will be as with the higher,—the more intellectual of whom do not indulge generally in frivolous amusements, solely because it *amuses* them less than it *instructs*.

"Why do you never amuse yourself?" said the respondent to the philosopher.—"That is exactly the question," answered the philosopher, astonished, "that I was going to ask you!"

But, sir, there is one very remarkable deduction, to which the evidence of the witnesses on the evidence for a sabbath reform has arrived, and which I cannot but yet have remarked, I cannot conclude this chapter without touching upon. I pass over the extraordinary interrogatories which the legislative wisdom deemed advisable to institute, of which two may be considered a sufficient sample. Some sapient investigator asks what class of persons are the worst in the land of attending the beer-shops, to which the unlooked-for answer "The lower classes." This seems to surprise the interrogator, for he asks immediately afterwards if the better classes don't resort there as well?

Again, the committee summons before it a Mr. McKinnon, agent to a house-keeper, and on the principle, I suppose, that you should question a man on one point with which his previous habits have made him acquainted, some gentlemen appear to have discovered a mysterious connection between a knowledge of flour and a knowledge of beads. This witness is accordingly examined, touching the expediency of Saturday shopping. His answer is blunt—"I am a man of my own cross," quoth he, "that a poor man can get shaved on a Saturday night; and that he would have as good an appearance on Sunday morning!"—A startling affirmation, it must be allowed, and one evincing a deep knowledge of the chins of the poor.

INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.

Much has been said in a desultory manner respecting the influence of the press; but I am not aware of any essay on the subject which seems written with a view rather to examine than declaim. "Vous l'allez comprendre, j'espère, si vous m'écoutez,—il est fêté, et nous avons le temps de causer."—(You will understand me, I hope, if you listen to me—it is holiday and we have time.) And I shall at once go to the heart of the question, and with your permission, I will throw away our time by talking much on the minor considerations.

It is the habit of some persons more ardent than profound, to lavish indiscriminate praises on the press, and to term its influence, the influence of knowledge—it is rather the influence of opinion. Large classes

of men entertain certain views on matters of policy, trade, or morals. A newspaper supports itself by assuming those classes; it brings to light all the knowledge requisite to enforce or illustrate the views of its editors; it embodies also the prejudices of the people; and the sectarian bigotry that belong to one body of men engaged in active opposition to another. It is therefore the organ of opinion; expressing at once the truths and the errors, the good and the bad of the prevalent opinions of the moment.

It is manifest, that while the eyes of the people are taught steadily to regard their own interests, the class of writing most pleasing to them will not be that of demagogues; it is probable indeed, that the cheapest papers will seem to the indolent reader of the higher ranks, the most dry and abstruse. For a knowledge of the principles of trade and the intricacies of political economy, is of so vital an importance to the people, that those principles and truths will be the main staple of the journals chiefly dedicated to their use. Not engaged in the career of mere amusement that belongs to the wealthy—frivolity, scandal, and the unsatisfying pleasure derived from mere declamation, are not attractive to them. All the great truths of the moral and state policy are derived from one foundation, the true direction of labour;—what theme so interesting and so inexhaustible to those "who by labour live?" We may perceive already, by *The Penny Magazine*, which will be the probable character of cheap newspapers, that the general tone of the press is becoming more and more useful. The newspapers addressed to the people, *The Penny Magazine* amusing; to the rich man it is the most wearisome of periodicals.

But, while the main characteristic of the influence of the press is to represent opinion, it is not to be denied that it possesses also the nobler prerogative of originating it. When we consider all the great names which shed honour upon periodical literature; when we consider, that scarcely a single one of our eminent writers has not been actively engaged in one or other of our journals;—when we remember that Scott, Southey, Brougham, Mackintosh, Bentham, Mill, Macaulay, Campbell, Moore, Flaubert, and I may add Mr. Southey, a principle of the great *Quarterly Review*, whose writings obtain a reputation, which, thanks to the custom of the anonymous, is diverted from the writer himself; have, year after year, been pouring forth in periodical publications, the rich hoard of their thoughts and knowledge; it is impossible not to perceive that the press is a power which thus adorned, only represented in one part of its power the opinions originated in another.

Nearly all criticism at this day is the public effect of private acquaintance. When a work has been generally praised in the reviews, even if deservedly, nine times out of ten the public will not read it in connection with the press. Good heavens! what machinery do we not see exerted to get a book tenderly nursed into vogue!

"Ah, poor So-and-so's book; well, it is not great things; but So-and-so is a good fellow, I must give him a helping hand."

"C— has sent me his book to review; that's his bore, as it's devilish bad; but as he knows I shall be his critic—I must be civil!"

Such, and a variety of similar, private feelings, which it may be said to censure, and which the critic himself will laughingly allow you to blame, colour the public mind. The anonymous, this veil, so complete to the world, is no veil to the book-writing friends of the person who uses it. They know the hand which deals the blow, or lends the help; and the critic willingly does a kind thing by his friend, because it is never known that in so doing he has done an unjust one by the public. The anonymous, what a magnificent idea, which it pretends must be thoroughly executed! But in how few cases is this possible. Were a sudden revelation of the mysteries of the craft now to be made, what—oh what would be the rage, the astonishment of the public! What men of straw in the rostra, pronouncing facts on the immortal writings of the age; what guesses at the difference between a straight line and a curve, deciding upon the highest point of art; what stop-watch gazers lecturing on the drama; what disappointed novelists, writing poets, senseless historians, senseless essayists, wreaking their wrath on a lucky rival; what Damons heaping impudently injury upon their seriblers; what demagogues, what madmen, falsehood, what ignorance, what demerit, what malice in censure, what dishonesty in praise! Such a revelation would be worthy a Quedado to describe!

* True also of America.—Ed.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Rush's Memoranda; second edition.

The second edition of this popular work has made its appearance. It is dedicated thus to Mr. Madison:

To James Madison, late President of the United States.

Dear Sir,—I venture to dedicate this volume to you. I do so without your knowledge, and my only warrant is, that the public principles maintained in the negotiations which it records, have had, as intimated in the present edition, your young man, first met.

I will own, at the same time, that other feelings urge me to the step. To you, more than any other living person, I feel that I owe my own knowledge and approbation of those principles, as well as others of high value, affecting our form of government, and modes of administering it. When a young man, first introduced into political life, you honoured me with your friendship; and, I may presume to add, a share of your confidence. At the councils of your cabinet—where at the Monroes, the Gallatins, the Dallses, the Pinkneys,—and under conjunctures eventful and perilous, in the difficulties from internal dissension were superadded to those of foreign war with a powerful foe, I heard from you lessons of political wisdom, fit to be ever remembered, because interwoven with your country's glory, which they promoted; whilst not less frequently at your table, and fire-side, graced by the presence of one who has been the ornament and consolation of your domestic life, as well as the perpetual charm of a large circle at Washington, I enjoyed social pleasures than which none more elevated or delightful could be experienced.

Hoping that the remainder of your days may be as happy as the past have been useful and illustrious, permit me the grateful privilege of dedicating this volume to you. With the most faithful and affectionate attachment, your often obliged friend and devoted servant,

RICHARD RUSH.

Among the new matter of this edition we select the following account of a visit from that remarkable individual, Jeremy Bentham:

January 22.—Mr. Bentham came to see me." He talked great deal of the United States, and asked many questions about our forms of government and particularly about the laws relating to elections. Besides affording him all the information in my power, in the course of a two hours' conversation, I put into his hands a volume that contained a printed copy of the constitution of the United States, and of all the representative states. Hearing that it required a freehold qualification to vote in Virginia, he asked, with apparent anxiousness, whether better representatives were chosen in that state than in the others? I replied, that it was a point I could not undertake to decide; but that, by general admission among us in Virginia, for the most part, sent able men to Congress. Did I ascribe this to the freehold qualification? I said no; but rather to the existence of slavery in that as the other southern states; which, whatever its evils in other respects, left a large portion of their inhabitants at leisure to cultivate their minds, and thence to pursue public life with advantage. Did I then approve of slavery? Certainly not, I said, as an abstract question, or in its general results; but that it was apt to lead to a high formation of individual character among the better classes of those who owned that species of property; who, being thus independent in their circumstances, were enabled to give themselves up to the studies and other training that led to distinction and influence in public affairs. Such at least, we had found to be much the case in the southern states of our Union. The topic was further talked over, with a reference to Burke's celebrated passage bearing upon it, in his speech on American taxation.

I inquired if I might consider it as true, as the newspapers stated, that a single individual, Sir Francis Burdett, had made a donation of a thousand pounds sterling, towards defraying the expenses of Mr. Hobhouse's election for Westminster, in the room of Sir S. Romilly. He said that nothing was more probable. Of the whole expense of the election he could not inform me; an enquiry I had made from being aware of the enormous sums expended in contested elections in the country in England, by the rival candidates or their friends.

Before parting, he asked, if I had any objections to letting him see the form of the letter of credence which

the United States gave to their ministers plenipotentiary to the crowned heads of Europe; showing me at the same time, a copy of one which an English ambassador to one of the northern courts had given him not long ago. I cheerfully furnished him with a sketch of the general form of that which the United States give, leaving blanks where names occurred. I inferred from a part of our conversation, that he wanted to request one of some one of the South American deputies in London.

I remarked on this, as the former occasion when with Mr. Bentham, his use of simple language, so different from the style of his writings; and was struck with his personal resemblance to the likenesses of Dr. Franklin. I requested him to autograph any when we would dine with me; but he excused himself, saying that many of his habits were peculiar, owing to the state of his health, and he could not think of being a tax upon his friends. I assured him of the gratification it would give me to meet all his wishes in such particulars; but again he begged to be excused.

The demand for this work is so great that we fear some of our most distant readers will be disappointed of getting a copy of even the second edition. May we not anticipate that the author will still further extend his labours?

Though greatly pressed for space, we cannot omit the following sensible remarks from the New York Daily Advertiser:—

"*Rush's Memoranda and the Edinburgh Review.*—The Edinburgh Review gives a widely different view of Mr. Rush's 'Residence at the Court of London,' from its London contemporary. 'Good sense, discretion, and good feeling are, in the judgment of the northern critic, the main characteristics of our author, and his journal is the evident fruit of a sensible and virtuous mind.' While in the esteem of the Tory Metropolitan—the Quarterly—the book is the mere title-tattle of a near-sighted old woman. So much for party! The perverseness of political prejudice is conspicuously illustrated in the conduct of these two leading literary journals. Whatever serves the interest, or humour, the caprice, or flatters the ambition of the court or party, is surely received favour from the Quarterly, and is as sure of the wrath of the North Briton; and so vice versa. And so is it the world throughout. Mr. Burke was not the only great mind that 'to party gave up what was meant for mankind,' and hence it is necessary to be familiar with a man's standards, associations, and prejudices, in order to a fair estimate of the weight due to his opinions—and often, which is worse still, to his representations too. Truth, like beauty, is, in political metaphysics, very much the result of an association of ideas."

Several books of interest have accumulated on our hands which it would afford us pleasure to notice and extract from, were not our columns differently occupied. We have perused with much interest "Narrative of Voyages to explore the shores of Africa, Arabia, and Madagascar, performed in H. M. ships Leven and Barracouta, under the direction of Captain W. F. Owen, R. N., by command of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty." By the time the American edition is published (it has been announced by two or three publishers), we shall have an opportunity of making some extracts. The expedition was to parts rarely or never visited; in some of its details it is not unlike Captain Cook's Voyages, and will be read with much interest.

Judge Hall's new work, "Harpe's Head, a Legend of Kentucky," is very refreshing. It relates to two celebrated freebooters who infested Kentucky at the period of its early settlement, interwoven with a capital plot. Virginia Pendleton is a creation of the fancy, worthy of a poet. The Barbecue in Virginia is inevitable; the scenes are partly in that state, Ohio, and Kentucky, and furnish occasion for admirable descriptions of men, women, scenery, &c. The plot might have been extended to three London volumes, but has been confined to one; this

makes some of the adventure rather abrupt; but, on the whole, there can be no doubt Harpe's Head is destined to permanent popularity everywhere. We repeat, that after the nonsense foisted on the public, it is most refreshing to come across a native production of such various merit. We think the author has been in too great haste, and that "Mr. George Lee" is a failure—for the rest, we are quite satisfied that if Mr. Hall would devote more time to his works, he has talent enough to rival our most popular writers.

We read on its first reception here, "The Modern Cymon, from the Jean of Paul de Kock," just printed by the Careys, and abandoned it for the "Library," on account of its low scenes and occasional vulgarity. The wit evaporates in the translation, and in pruning it for the English palate; though care has been exercised, too much of an objectionable character remains for our taste.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The first number of the Encyclopedia of Romance, conducted by the Rev. Henry Martineau, has appeared in London. It opens with a short tale, replete with German barbarism.

The History of the Most Unfortunate Man in the World, by Captain Chamier, author of the Life of a Sailor, is in progress in London.

The author of the Kuzulibah, it will be perceived by our list of London books, has contributed a Persian tale to the Library of Romance.

The Rev. Charles Taylor has commenced a series of tales in imitation of Miss Martineau's. The first number is entitled "The Mechanic."

A new work, by the celebrated Mr. Retach, is announced: "Outlines of Macbeth."

Chloroform, the Patriarch, is the title of a new London novel, pronounced a most monstrous superflation.

Edward Lytton Bulwer takes a formal leave of his readers, as the editor of the New Monthly Magazine, in the September number.

Gleanings from the Scrap-book of the author of Sydenham, is the title of a mail volume issued in London, full of wise saws and queer sayings; we extract one:—A horse-dealer had a son, who, being a lad of spirit, as a novel expedient, proposed to open a stable on the principles of strictly honest dealing; but the father, who was a prudent man, discouraged the idea, observing, 'that he disliked speculation.'

List of New Books published in London to the latest dates.

Conrad Blessington, a tale by a lady.—The History of Europe during the Middle Ages, being the 45th volume of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.—Traditionary Stories of Old Families, by A. Picken, author of the Dominie's Legacy.—Plan for dividing poor rates in the Agricultural Districts, by William Allen, (probably the excellent Quaker of that name).—Vol. 7 of the Library of Romance, the Khan's Tale, by J. B. Fraser.—Archbishop Cranmer's Works, 4 vols., 8vo., Memoirs of Marschal Ney, 3 vols., 8vo.—A general View of the United States for 1838, 18th of January, by the Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D. D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh, &c.

The Modern Cymon, from the Jean of C. Paul de Kock, author of Andrew the Savoyard, &c. In 2 vols. 12mo.

Harpe's Head, a Legend of Kentucky, by Jas. Hall, Esq. author of Legends of the West, &c.

The Messrs. Harpers have published, Bulwer's England and the English in two 12mo volumes.

The same publishers have just issued "The Subaltern's Furlough," which if nothing better offers, we shall present to our readers next week.

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

Bulwer's England.

Having in former numbers of the Journal given some of the most striking passages of Mr. Bulwer's new production, we must here close our extracts, with a few miscellaneous observations, interspersed through parts of the second volume. There is a vein of bitter satire running through the whole production, which, while it increases its pungency, does not, in our opinion, add to its value. There are evidences of deep thought, philosophical reflection, and knowledge of mankind of a high order; this, however, is mixed with undignified remarks; as an instance, we would refer to the description of a Sunday newspaper editor, in which the expressions savour of private griefs, and are too strong to be placed in juxtaposition with the fine writing of the other chapters. The author's remarks on the literary characters of the day, on the artists, &c., deserve consideration, as coming from a man of talent and observation. Dr. Southey is thus happily characterised:—

"The most various, scholastic, and accomplished of such of our literary contemporaries as have written works as well as articles, and prose as well as poetry—is, incontestably, Dr. Southey. 'The Life of Nelson' is acknowledged to be the best biography of the day. 'The Life of Wesley' and 'The Book of the Church,' however adulterated by certain propositions and prejudices, are, as more compositions, characterised by an equal simplicity and richness of style—an equal dignity and an equal ease. No writer blends more happily the academical graces of the style of last century, with the popular vigour of that which distinguishes the present. His Colloquies are, we suspect, the work on which he chiefly prides himself, but they do not seem to me to contain the best characteristics of his genius. The work is overloaded with quotation and allusion, and, like Tarpeia, seems crushed beneath the weight of its ornaments; it wants the great charm of that simple nerve which is so peculiarly Southeyan. Were I to do justice to Southey's cast of mind—to analyse its properties and explain its apparent contradictions, I should fill the two volumes of this work with Southey alone."

Of the theatre, we have the following hit:—

"If the French theatre lives upon murders, the English exists upon robberies; it steals every thing it can lay its hands upon; to-day it fleches a French farce, to-morrow it becomes sacrilegious, and commits a burglary on the bible. The most honest of our writers

turn up their noses at the rogues who steal from foreign lands, and with a spirit of jolly patriotism confine their robberies to the literature of their own country. These are they, who think that to steal old goods is no theft; they are the brokers of books, and their avowed trade is second-hand. They hunt among the Heywoods and Deckers, pillage a plot from Fletcher or Shirley; and as for their language, they steal that with 'go to' and 'peradventure.' If a lady asks her visitors to be seated, it is

'Pray ye, sit down, good gentles!'

if a lover admires the fashion of his mistress's gown;—she answers, it is

'Ay, by my faith, 'tis quaint!'

if a gentleman complains of a wound,

'It shall be look'd to, sir, right heedfully.'

A dramatic author of this nature is the very Autolycus of plagiarists; 'an admirable conceited fellow, and he bath ribbands of all the colours of the rainbow;' he says, indeed, that he deriveth assistance only from the elder dramatists—he robbeth not; no! he catcheth the spirit! verily this he doth all in the true genius of Autolycus, when he assists himself with the Clown, as thus:—

CLOWN.

How now! Can't stand?

AUTOLYCUS.

Softly, dear sir, (picks his pocket :) good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

"Jack Old-Crib is a dramatic author of this class; you never heard a man so bitter against the frivolity of those who flinch from the French vaudevilles. Their want of magnanimity displeases him sadly. He is mightily bitter on the success of Tom Fribble, who lives by translating one-act farces from Scribe; he calls that plagiarism! meanwhile, Jack Old-Crib steals with all the lolliness of a five-act pocket and, worse than Fribble—does not even acknowledge the offence. No! he steals plot, character, diction and all, from Dodsley's Collection, but calls that, with a majestic smile, 'reviving the ancient drama.'

"Certainly there have been many reasons for the present deterioration of dramatic literature to be ascribed solely to the state of the laws. In the first place, what men that can write popularly any thing else, would write for the stage, so long as, while they were damned if they might fail, they could get nothing if they succeeded? Does any fruit, even a crab-apple, flourish in that land where there is no security for property? The drama has been that land. In the second place, the two large theatres, having once gorged the public with show, have rendered themselves unfit for dignified comedy and sober entertainments, because they have created a public unfit to relish them. The minor theatres being against the law, few persons of capital have been disposed to embark property in illegal speculations."

To prove that the present domestic habits of

the English influence the state of the arts, he says:—

"I think that where the public is supine, the patronage of individuals is injurious; first, because wherever, in such a case, there is individual patronage, must come the operation of individual taste. George the Fourth (for with you a king is as an individual, not as the state) admired the low Dutch school of painting, and bores and candlesticks became universally the rage. In the second place, and this has never been enough insisted upon, the domestic habits of a nation exercise great influence upon its arts. If people do not live in large houses, they cannot ordinarily purchase large pictures. The English aristocracy, wealthy as they are, like to live in angular drawing-rooms thirty feet by twenty-eight, they have no vast halls and long-drawn galleries; if they buy large pictures, they have place wherein to hang them. It is absurd to expect them to patronise the grand historical school, until we insist upon their living in grand historical houses. Commodiousness of size is therefore the first great requisite in a marketable picture. Hence, one very plain reason why the historical school of painting does not flourish amongst us. Individuals are the patrons of painting, individuals buy pictures for private houses, as the state would buy them for public buildings. An artist painted an historical picture for a nobleman, who owned one of the few large houses in London; two years afterwards the nobleman asked him to exchange it for a little cabinet picture, half its value. 'Your lordship must have discovered some great faults in my great picture,' said the piqued artist. 'Not in the least,' replied the nobleman very innocently, 'but the fact is, I have changed my house.'

"There was no longer any room for the historical picture, and the ornament in one house had become lumber in the other."

ANECDOTE OF A MINISTER.

"A minister was asked why he did not promote merit: 'Because,' replied the statesman drier, 'merit did not promote me.' It is ridiculous to expect honours from men of genius in states where honours are showered upon the men of accident—men of accident indeed amongst us especially,—for it is not to be high-born alone that secures the dignified emoluments of state, but to be born in a certain set. A gentleman without a shilling proposed the other day to an heiress. Her father delicately asked his pretensions.

"I have little at present," said he, 'but my expectations are very great.'

"Ah! indeed—expectations!"

"Yes; you may easily conceive their extent, when I tell you that I have one cousin a Grenville and another a Grey."

"To conclude, it seems, then, that the patronage of wealthy individuals, (when the public is so far enlightened that it receives a fashion without examining its merits), a patronage, which cannot confer honours, but only confers money, is not advantageous to art or science,—that the patronage of the state is advantageous, not in creating great ornaments in either,

growth and dissipation of opulence, are far more rapid. Rich men spring up like mushrooms. Fortunes are made and lost by a single speculation. A man may go to bed at night worth less than nothing, and pull off his nightcap in the morning with some hundred thousand dollars waiting for acceptance. There is comparatively no settled and permanent body of established capitalists, and, consequently, less room for that sort of defensive leave which naturally takes place among men of common interests and position in society.

"In Philadelphia, on the other hand, the pursuits of commerce are confined within narrower limits. There is no field for speculation on a great scale, and the regular trade of the place perpetuates body of established houses, which enjoy a sort of prescriptive confidence, against which, younger establishments, however respectable, find it in vain to contend. The keener, and more enterprising traders, therefore, generally remove to New York, and Philadelphia continues comparatively untroubled by those fluctuations of wealth, which impede any permanent and effective union among its aristocracy."

SOCIETY IN WASHINGTON.—"Within a few days of my arrival, I enjoyed an opportunity of seeing, at one comprehensive view, the whole society of Washington. The French minister, who had recently arrived from Europe, had determined to open his diplomatic career by a splendid ball, an event of no ordinary magnitude to society like that of Washington. On my arrival, I found the house, though a large one, filled even to overflow, by one of the most crowded in which it had ever been my fortune to mingle. The members of the foreign legations were, of course, present; and the contrast between their appearance, and that of a considerable portion of the company, was more striking than will readily be considered credible in England. I presume the invitation to members of congress had been indiscriminate, for the party was adorned by many members of that body who would not, probably, have been present on any principle of selection. Many of the gentlemen had evidently not their morning dresses to make any change in their morning habiliments, and their boots certainly displayed no indication of any recent intimacy with Day and Martin. Others were in worsted stockings, and their garments, made evidently by some tailor of the backwoods, were of a fashion which, when displayed amid a sea of rich and elegant, was somewhat provocative of a smile. I was informed that the gentlemen whose appearance I have attempted to describe, were chiefly members of the Western States, and they might be seen parading the apartments with ladies of aspect quite as unique, and sometimes even more grotesque than their own.

"The majority of the company, however, were unobjectionable, and the scene altogether was very interesting to a traveller, whose object was to see every thing which could at all illustrate the general condition of manners and society in the United States. It afforded me the advantage of an introduction to many persons eminence, with whose reputation I was already familiar; and, after taking part in the general success, in the scramble for supper, I returned home satisfied that my hours had been very far from unprofitably spent."

CONGRESS.—The Americans enjoy the reputation in Europe of being *par excellence* a sensible people. I fear their character in this respect must suffer some depreciation in the opinion of those who have witnessed the advantage of observing the proceedings of their legislative assemblies. The mode in which the discussion of public business is carried on in congress, certainly struck me as being not only unstatesmanlike, but in flagrant violation of the plainest dictates of common sense. The style of speech is loose, rambling, and exclusive; and adherence to the subject of discussion, part, either of the intention of the speaker, or of the interest of his audience. A speaker seems to take part in the discussion of the topic, rather than that of individual opinions that the topic imparts to the assembly, almost the only one on

the subject of discussion—only become prevalent in the interludes. In a body of men, called by the name of legislators, it could not possibly be the interests of a great body to be trifled with, and or expenditure on

speeches better fitted for a sporting club, than a grave, deliberative assembly.

"The truth, I believe, is, that the American congress have really very little to do. All the multiplied details of local and municipal legislation fall within the province of the state governments, and the regulation of commerce and foreign intercourse practically includes all the important questions which they are called on to decide."

After describing Mrs. Trollope's bazaar at Cincinnati, we have the following revelation:

"I had then never heard of Mrs. Trollope; but at New York I had afterwards the pleasure of becoming acquainted with her, and can bear testimony to her conversation being imbued with all that grace, spirit, and vivacity, which have since delighted the world in her writings. How far Mrs. Trollope's volumes present a just picture of American society, it is not for me to decide, though I can offer willing testimony to the general fidelity of her descriptions. But her claims to the gratitude of the Cincinnatians are undoubtedly very great. Her architectural talent has benefited Cincinnati, her literary powers have given it celebrity. For nearly thirty years Cincinnati has been increasing in opulence, and enjoying a vulgar and obscure prosperity. Corn had grown, and hogs had fattened; men had built houses, and women borne children; but in all the higher senses of urbane excitement, Cincinnati was a nonentity. It was unknown, uncouth, and uninteresting. Ears polite had never heard of it. There was not the glimmering of a chance that it would be mentioned twice in a twelvemonth, even on the Liverpool exchange. But Mrs. Trollope came, and a zone of light has ever since encircled Cincinnati. Its inhabitants are no longer a race unknown to fame. Their manners, habits, virtues, tastes, vices, and pursuits, are familiar to all the world; but, strange to say, the market-place of Cincinnati is yet undarned by the statue of the great benefactress of the city! Has gratitude utterly departed from the earth?"

"The Kentuckians may be called the Irish of America. They have all that levity of character, that subjection of the moral to the convivial, that buoyancy of spirit, that facility, that ardour, both of attachment and of hatred, which distinguish the natives of the emerald isle. The Kentuckians are the only Americans who can understand a joke. There is a kind of native humour about them which is very pleasant; and, I must say, that several Kentucky gentlemen, who were the most agreeable companions, with whom I had the good fortune to become acquainted during my tour."

"It has been the fashion with travellers to talk of the scenery of the Mississippi as wanting grandeur and beauty. Most certainly it has neither. But there is no scenery on earth more striking. The dreary and pestilential solitude, unfrequented save by the foot of the Indian; the absence of all living objects, except the alligators which float pass, apparently asleep, on the drift-wood; and an occasional vulture, attracted by its impure prey on the surface of the waters; the trees, with a long and hideous drapery of pendant moss, fluttering in the wind; and the giant river rolling on in its channel, with its banks of dark and forbidding waters through the wilderness, form the features of a more dismal and impressive landscape on which the eye of man ever rested."

VARITIES.

Remarkable Coincidence.—Mr. Hawley has published a communication in the *Athenaeum* of the 11th inst. in which on the same day General Arnold died in England, the oak tree, under which Messrs. Van Wart and Williams captured Major Andre, in Tarrytown, was struck with lightning and shattered to pieces.

The public library at Cuen has lately been enriched by several valuable volumes, not less curious than remarkable for the beauty of the writings. They are presents sent from Karibal and Coromandel, by Messrs. Firmin and Hippolyte Jouan. They are written upon lamina of the palm-tree, called in the country *Aules*, and contain dramatic poetry and eastern tales. In *Tamout*, one of the principal legends of the country of Hindostan, Mr. Jouan has also deposited at the bottom of the *Aules* in the names of his sons, a number of rare shells, but still a greater quantity have been lost by a singular accident. When the boat which brought this valuable addition to the science of conchology from

Ceylon to Karibal left, the cholera had just broken out, and the sailors attributing the disease to the infection arising from the dead fish in the shells, they were all thrown back into the sea. Messrs. Jouan, however, hope to repair this loss, though it will be attended with considerable difficulty.—*French paper.*

A Liberal Compliment.—From Mr. Hamilton's "Men and Manners in America."

"Mammon has no more zealous worshipper than your Yankee. His homage is not merely that of the lip, or of the knee, but of the entire prostration of the heart: the devotion of all powers, bodily and mental, to the service of the idol. He views the world but as one vast exchange, on which he is impelled, both by principle and interest, to overreach his neighbours if he can. To him there is no enjoyment without traffic. The only pleasure he enjoys from the consideration of his own affairs, is the time he is pleased to bestow on prying into yours."

A distinction without a difference.—At the meeting which took place at Erfurt between Napoleon and Alexander, the latter did all in his power to persuade the former that he entirely coincided with his views, and that thenceforward they were to be inseparable friends. One day they entered, arm in arm, the room where dinner was prepared. Alexander placed his hand to his side, intending to take Napoleon's arm, but he sat down to table, but perceived that he had forgotten to put it on. Napoleon, who had now taken off his sword, immediately presented it to the czar, and begged him to accept it. "I receive it," said Alexander, "as a testimonial of your friendship; and your majesty may rest assured that I will never draw it against you." When this circumstance was related to Talleyrand, he said, "Alexander will not draw his sword against the emperor, for a very good reason—he will very soon throw away the scabbard."—*Anecdotes of a Detenu.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Thirty volumes of the Northern Sagas have already been published by the Royal Society of Northern Antiquarians of Copenhagen since its institution in 1825. They are accompanied by Danish, and in most instances by Latin translations. They are preparing a separate work on Greenland, and an account of the voyages to America, made by the Scandinavians, in the tenth, eleventh, and thirteenth centuries.

A large collection of Ancient English deeds, and other historical and genealogical manuscripts, was recently at public auction in London. We subjoin a list of a few of the most remarkable, with their prices, extracted from a late Gentlemen's Magazine. "A Miscellany of English Poetry, written in the time of James and Charles I. and containing some pieces which are discovered at the time of sale, the ballad 'Come, shepherds,' &c. long a deficiency with the editors of Mr. Waltons's Angler, &c. 45. Sonnets, by Robert first Earl of Leicester, brother to Sir Philip Sydney, in his own Countess's Pembroke, &c. 25. The original autograph of the Life of William, by George Cavenish, &c. 400. Several ancient pedigrees, some with illuminated coats, sold from ten to twenty-five dollars."

Another schoolmaster abroad.—Libraries are all the vogue; Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard have projected one on the plan of Harpers, to be published in monthly volumes of 250 octavo pages, at ten dollars per annum. It will embrace solid good words, and endeavour to elevate public taste above the trashy works issued by the same and some other publishers. The prospectus says, *no more of those productions*

The editor of the National Gazette was probably never more in error than when he compared Mr. Cooke to Dr. Livingstone. By the review of the English, he says:—"A considerable part of the contents is curious, instructive or entertaining; but there is too much, which, if not absolutely trashy, bears the marks of haste, carelessness, and the object of mere book-making. Mr. Bulwer has here thrown out a mass of loose disquisitions,—the rapid compilation of a mass of talents, relying upon the reputation, his general accuracy and great opportunities as an observer, and the facility of his pen. He has furnished to an American, precious materials for retort against Mr. Hamilton's book on our country."

The September number of the New York *Knickerbocker*, a monthly magazine, appears under the auspices of the Rev. Timothy Flint, as editor.

New Annual for 1834. Carey, Lea & Blanchard, have in preparation, the *Geographical Annual* for 1834, containing one hundred maps and plates executed in a superior style, and handsomely bound in one volume.

The 27th number of the *American Quarterly Review* has been issued. It is announced in an advertisement prefixed, that the publication of the work will be continued by Messrs. Key & Biddle, of Minor street, to whom it has been transferred by Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard. The editorship of the Review remains in the hands in which it has been from the beginning.

Dr. J. H. Gibbon has consented to act as editor of a new periodical, to be called the *American Journal of Agriculture, Gardening, Natural History, and Useful Knowledge*. It will be published by J. Harding, 741 South Second street. We sincerely wish the editor success—no more suitable person for so arduous an undertaking could be found.

As an accompaniment of the sketches of England presented to day, we insert the following from a recent London periodical—

"**Bribery.**—A late report of a select committee of the house of commons gives quite an extraordinary view of the extent to which bribery has been carried in the elections of Liverpool. The report states, that at the contested election of mayor in 1837, the price of votes began at three shillings and gradually rose to high as twenty pounds; and at the election of a member of parliament in 1834, that they began at two pounds, and rose as high as sixty. In one instance, eight pounds were paid for a single vote. The election of mayor cost each of the candidates eight thousand pounds, and that of member of parliament forty thousand. At the last of these elections, it appeared from the evidence before the committee, that 2,661 persons were systematically bribed, of whom 1880 are yet registered and entitled to vote. At two different periods before 1823, two offices in the customs were sold, and the proceeds applied as a subscription towards defraying the expenses of candidates for election."

Number of voters who have passed through the following counties during the year 1832, with their cost—Middlesex, 9,576. £2,950 5s. 3d.; Bedford, 4,836. £1,096. 1s. 2d.; Bucks. 7,162. £762. 2s. 4d.; Berks, 4,559. £1,136. 15s.; Wilts, 3,429. £1,400. 19s.

The number of publicans in England and Wales competent for permitting disorderly conduct in their houses, or for keeping them open at unwholesome times, from 1st April, 1832, to the 1st of April, 1833, was 1,775. The number of beer-house keepers convicted for like offences during the same period, was 3,559.

New American Publications.

Mr. E. C. Mielke has published in a neat form, the *History of the Rebellion in Scotland*, in 1745-6, which lately appeared in this "Library." It is a work which must make its way to public favour from its intrinsic excellence. Some of our correspondents go so far as to recommend it to the Life of Columbus. Mr. Mielke has also published in 1 vol. 12mo. *Service Afloat*.

The Last Man, by Mrs. Shelley. A work of some age, and of very doubtful character for the young.

Descriptions of the Inferior Maxillary Bones, or Mæstroids, in the Cabinet of the American Philosophical Society, with remarks on the genus tetralocoides, &c. by Isaac Hays, M. D.

Memoir of Zerah Colburn, written by himself. Mr. Colburn is the person who, some twenty-five years since, astonished the world by his remarkable powers of calculation.

The American Review, written by John Maynard, &c. &c. in 1 vol. 8vo.

Messrs. J. & J. Harper, of New York, have published the second volume of that interesting work, Ellis's *Polynesian Researches*.

The edition of *Bulwer's England*, stereotyped by the Messrs. Harpers, is well executed, and the price is only \$1 00. What we have published, will probably be so well liked, as to induce our readers to purchase the book edition.

Gill and Johnson's Reports, vol. 4.

The Invisible Gentleman, by the author of *Charley, the Fatalist*. We read it some months since, and found it—wanting.

Great Britain in 1833. The singular spectacle was presented last week, of three editions of one work being advertised in one day. Carey, Lea & Blanchard,

published their edition of Baron D'Haussez, at fifty cents per copy. Mr. E. C. Mielke also, issued an edition, and advertised it at forty cents. We have had the pleasure of publishing it to the bulk of our readers, who clubbed their remittances, for twenty cents! and to none has it cost quite twenty-five. However, the booksellers' prices are very moderate, and it is gratifying to find that a work, which is so valuable to the establishment of the "Library," would have cost from \$1 25 to \$1 50, is now furnished so low. We rejoice in such liberality, and are glad to find willing coadjutors in the dissemination of cheap and popular literature.

The Messrs. Harpers have issued Silvio Pellico's narrative of his imprisonment, translated from the Italian by Thomas Roscoe, a work which every one will desire to possess. We have already given the main features and interest of the story.

The Messrs. Harpers' edition of Miss Edgeworth's works, has reached the 7th vol.

For the Journal of Belles Lettres.

Literary Price Current.—By a Book-keeper.

Novels.—Such a large importation of foreign novels has taken place that prices are falling, and buyers, from the imperfection of the goods are shy; Scott's novels maintain their ground, and dealers are observed to purchase heavily, preferring solid material to tinsel and imitation. The articles labelled Mary of Burgundy, and the Abbeys, have declined, on a short trial.

Poetry.—The market for poetry is very dull, and little activity apparent; unless some good manuscript should be started, there is a probability of a complete stagnation in this line.

History.—The older goods retain possession of the market, with the exception of a few cabinet editions for boarding school misses, whose time is so much occupied with music and drawing as to make Home, Rollin, Robertson and others, out of the question. Prince Charlie maintains a good reputation on the "Rialto."

American tours.—With the exception of Trollope and Fidler's roasting apparatus, we have no activity to notice. Lieut. Coke brings into the market this week a very sightly article, and it is supposed he will supersede the former goods. Basil Hall begins to be flat, and but few purchasers.

Light reading.—During the warm weather most descriptions of light reading were in demand for summer use. The fall goods are scarcely yet on sale. It is supposed the gentlemen will doff the straw for their head gear, and exhibit something more substantial. The fashion of ladies heads is not yet decided on—it will probably be something between azure and extreme blue. Rush's Memoranda has been a favourite at the principal watering places, and will probably keep its place for some weeks to come.

Romances.—In romances there is a decided decline, and purchasers seem to wait for a better supply. The Eagle Map has not gone through a second edition.

School books.—The supply exceeds the demand; various manufactories started in the New England states it is thought must fail for want of a market. The valley of the Mississippi has been some time glutted, and but little hopes are entertained of the tariff duties being taken off in South America. A temporary demand, owing to the reopening of several academies, and the change of material consequent on such an event, has created some stir, which has given confidence to particular descriptions of Arithmetics and Latin grammars.

London books of all descriptions.—The usual

brisk movement in this department has been observable among the *announcers*, but we have heard of but few sales, and until some more confidence is felt that the goods will be brought to market, we cannot quote prices. Several publishers have not yet complied with their public contracts, by delivering the scrip promised.

(To be continued.)

Theatre. Mr. Power, the actor and author, has made a very favourable impression on the Philadelphia public, and every body is now on the *qui vive* to see Mr. and Mrs. Wood, who will reap a golden harvest among us.

New Novel. Shortly will be published in the Select Circulating Library, a new novel, entitled, "The Earthquake of Caracas, a tale of Venezuela," by the author of "Campaigns and Cruises in Venezeuela."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank a valued friend in Boston, for a copy of the first number of a new publication, entitled "*Outre Mer*," (beyond the sea,) written, it is said, by Professor Longfellow of Bowdoin College. It is something after the fashion of the Sketch Book, in exquisite taste, and describes most charmingly the scenes visited by the author, during a residence of four years on the continent. Professor Longfellow is destined to fill a large space in the public eye, if he prosecutes his labours as an author. We shall give our readers a specimen of his manner soon. Why has the Boston publisher omitted to send copies here for sale? We presume from what we hear of its popularity, that the edition is exhausted.

The First Parallelogram in England.—Mr. Owen, we hear, has all but completed the purchase of a piece of ground behind Holland House, on the Bayswater road, on which to try the experiment of a parallelogram community. It is proposed to build immediately, and to house the admirers of the system who may desire to establish themselves in this new order of society. There are to be omnibuses, music, recreations, &c. &c., agreeable to the plans so long promulgated by the benevolent and enthusiastic projector.

Egypt: the Pasha.—Mr. St. John, a gentleman well known in the literary world, is just returned to Europe, after prosecuting some extensive researches in Egypt, Nubia, Abyssinia, &c. In the course of his travels, he penetrated to within a few hundred miles of the extreme point reached by Bruce; and all his observations, and the accuracy of the accounts given by that distinguished but ill-regulated traveller. During his residence at Alexandria, Mr. St. John was introduced to Mohammed Ali, with whom, and with the governor of Cairo, he had some interesting conversations. As a special favour, he was allowed a partial inspection of the pasha's harem, and a sight of his children, three interesting little boys; and succeeded in obtaining various documents of peculiar interest and importance, tending to illustrate the character of that extraordinary specimen of an oriental prince who now sways the destinies of Egypt.

British Museum.—The number to be sent the British Museum or last month, amounted to five thousand. The books chased for this institution

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Outre-Mer; a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea. No. 1. Boston. Hiliard, Gray & Co. 1833.

We take pleasure in laying before our readers, a specimen of this new candidate for public favour, in the confident belief, that all who appreciate fine writing, will be gratified with the perusal. Buckingham's New England Magazine, says very happily:—

"It seems hardly worth while to keep, in the public journals, a secret which is known to all the world; so we may as well say, that this little work is the production of Professor Longfellow, of Bowdoin College—a man of fine talents, an excellent scholar, and a poet of high rank. It is one of that sort of works, which are the delight of readers, and the despair of critics. Without any pretensions to being a great work—without claiming to be very profound or very original, it is full of taste, good feeling, and unaffected elegance. It is a book of a man who has a fine eye for the beautiful, a genial sympathy for humanity, rich powers of description, and a disposition to look on the bright side of things. He reminds us a good deal of Washington Irving—not that we mean to insinuate that he is an imitator; for if the "Sketch Book" had never been written, we have no doubt "Outre-Mer" would have been what it is; but they resemble each other a good deal in the most striking characteristics of their minds. The style is perfect—we could wish sometimes, it had more of careless vigour, and less of finished elegance. We hope Professor Longfellow will continue it."

The subject of *Père la Chaise*, it might be supposed, was previously exhausted, but the professor has succeeded in giving it a new turn of thought, and a dress that must make it acceptable to every "ear polite." The topics of *Outre-Mer* are various, and not the least effective are those of a humorous cast. The author intends to publish ten numbers in all, sufficient to form two octavo volumes of five hundred pages each. We cannot sufficiently praise the style in which it is printed; and the paper and typography fairly rival a London book.

PÈRE LA CHAISE.

"Our fathers find their graves in their most memories, and sadly tell us how they may be buried in our survivors."

"Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man."

SIR THOMAS BROWN'S *USE-BEHAL*.

"The cemetery of *Père la Chaise* is the Westminster Abbey of Paris. Both are the dwellings of the dead; but in one they repose in green alleys and beneath the open sky;—in the other their resting place is in the shadowy aisle and beneath the dim arches of an ancient abbey. One is a temple of nature—the other a temple of art. In one the still melancholy of the scene is rendered still more touching by the warble of birds and the shade of trees, and the grave receives the gentle visit of the sunshine and the shower;—in the other no sound but the passing foot-fall breaks the silence of the place; the twilight steals in through high and dusky windows; and the damps of the gloomy vault lie heavy on the heart, and leave their stain upon the mouldering tracery of the tomb."

"*Père la Chaise* stands just beyond the *Barrière d'Anjou*, on a hill side, looking towards the city. Numerous gravel walks, winding through shady avenues and between marble monuments, lead up from the principal entrance to a chapel on the summit. There is hardly a grave that has not its little enclosure planted with shrubbery; and a thick mass of foliage and wind, as the branches rise and fall upon it,—the occasional note of a bird among the trees, and the shifting of light and shade upon the tombs beneath, have a soothing effect upon the mind; and I doubt whether any one can enter that enclosure, where repose the dead ashes of so many great and good men, without feeling the religion of the place steal over him, and seeing something of the dark and gloomy expression pass off from the stern countenance of death."

"It was near the close of a bright summer afternoon, that I visited the celebrated spot for the first time. The first object, that arrested my attention on entering, was a monument in the form of a small Gothic chapel, which stands near the entrance, in the avenue leading to the right hand. On the marble couch within are stretched two figures carved in stone, and dressed in the antic garb of the middle ages. It is the tomb of *Abelard* and *Heloise*. The history of these unfortunate lovers is too well known to need recapitulation; but perhaps it is not so well known how often their ashes were disturbed in the slumber of the grave. *Abelard* died in the monastery of *Saint-Marcel*, and was buried in the vaults of the church. His body was afterwards removed to the convent of the *Paraclete*, at the request of *Heloise*, and at her death her body was deposited in the same tomb. These remains they reposed together; after which they were separated to different sides of the church to calm the delicate scruples of the lady abbess of the convent. More than a century afterwards, they were again united in the same tomb; and when at length the *Paraclete* was destroyed, their mouldering remains were transported to the church of *Nogent-sur-Seine*. They were next deposited in an

ancient cloister at Paris; and now repose near the gate-way of the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*. What a singular destiny was theirs;—that after a life of such passionate and disastrous love—such sorrows, and tears, and penitence—their very dust should not be suffered to rest quietly in the grave! that their death should so much resemble their life in its changes and vicissitudes—its partings and its meetings,—its inquietudes and its persecutions!—that mistaken zeal should follow them down to the very tomb,—as if earthly passion could glimmer, like a funeral lamp, amid the damps of their charnel-house, and 'even in their ashes burn their wonted fires!'"

"As I gazed on the sculptured forms before me, and the little chapel, whose Gothic roof seemed to protect their mortal sleep, my busy memory swung back the dark portals of the past, and the picture of their sad and eventful lives came up before me in the gloomy distance. What a lesson for those who are endowed with the fatal gift of genius!—It would seem, indeed, that he who 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' tempers also his chastisements to the errors and infirmities of a weak and simple mind,—while the transgressions of him upon whose nature are more strongly marked the intellectual attributes of the Deity, are followed, even upon earth, by severer tokens of the divine displeasure. He who sins in the darkness of a beclouded intellect, sees not so clearly, through the shadows that surround him, the countenance of an offended God;—but he who sins in the broad noon-day of a clear and radiant mind, when at length the delirium of sensual passion has subsided, and the cloud flits away from before the sun, trembles beneath the searching eye of that accusing power, which is strong in the strength of a godlike intellect. Thus the mind and the heart are closely linked together, and the errors of genius bear with them their own chastisement, even upon earth. The history of *Abelard* and *Heloise* is an illustration of this truth. But at length they sleep well. Their lives are like a tale that is told; their errors are 'folded up like a book'; and what mortal hand shall break the seal that death has put upon them!"

"Leaving this interesting tomb behind me, I took a path-way to the left which conducted me up the hill-side. I soon found myself in the deep shade of heavy foliage, where the branches of oak, yew and willow mingled, interwoven with the pointed tops of blossoms of the honeysuckle. I now stood in the most populous part of this city of tombs. Every step awakened a new train of thrilling recollections; for at every step my eye caught the name of some one whose glory had exalted the character of his native land, and resounded across the waters of the Atlantic. *Deschamps*, *hiziana*, *musset*, *Barthelemy*, *Delille*, and *Barry*, stood around me; some beneath the gorgeous monument, and some beneath the simple head-stone. There were the graves of *Foucault* and *Haüy*—of *Gignoué* and *Volney*—of *Grétry* and *Mehul*—of *Ney*, and *Foy*, and *Maséna*—of *La Fontaine*, and *Molière*, and *Chénier*, and *Delille*, and *Barry*. The mingled language of science, the historical research, the ravishing harmony of sound, the tried courage,

the inspiration of the lyre,—where are they? With the living, and not with the dead! The right hand has lost its cunning in the grave; but the soul, whose habitations it obeyed, still lives to reproduce itself in ages yet to come.

"Among these graves of genius, I observed here and there a splendid monument, which had been raised by the pride of family, over the dust of men, who could lay no claim either to the gratitude or remembrance of posterity. Their presence seemed like an intrusion into the sanctuaries of genius. What had wealth to do there? Why should it crowd the dust of the great? That was no thoroughfare of business—no mart of gain! There were no costly banquets there; no silken garments, nor gaudy liveries, nor obsequious attendants! What servants, says Jeremy Taylor, will have to wait upon us in the grave? What friends to visit us? What officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping willows, which are the longest weepers for our funerals? Material wealth gives a factitious superiority to the living, the treasures of intellect give a real superiority to the dead; and the rich man, who would not stoop to walk the street with the starving and penniless man of genius, deems it an honour, when death has redeemed the fame of the neglected, to have his own ashes laid beside him, and to claim with him the silent companionship of the grave.

"I followed my way through the numerous winding paths, as chance or curiosity directed me. Now I was lost in a little green hollow, overhung with thick-leaved shrubbery, and then came out upon an elevation, from which, through an opening in the trees, the eye caught glimpses of the city, and the little esplanade at the foot of the hill, where the poor lie buried. There I perceived his grave, and it takes but a short lease of the narrow house. At the end of a few months, or at most of a few years, the tenant is dislodged by the place to another, and he in turn to a third. 'Who,' says Sir Thomas Browne, 'knows the fate of his bones, or how often he is to be buried: who hath the oracle of his ashes, or whither they are to be scattered?'

"Yet even at that neglected corner, the hand of affection had been busy in decorating the hired house. Most of the graves were surrounded with a slight wooden paling, to secure them from the passing footstep—there was hardly one so deserted as not to be marked with its little wooden cross, and decorated with a wreath of flowers; and here and there I perceived a solitary mourner, clothed in black, stooping to plant a shrub on the grave, or sitting in motionless sorrow beside it.

"As I passed on amid the shadowy avenues of the cemetery, I could not help comparing my own impressions, with those which others have felt when walking alone among the dwellings of the dead. Are there, then, sculptured urn and storiéd monument nothing more than symbols of family pride? Is all I see around me a memorial of the living more from the dead?—an empty show of sorrow, which thus vaunts itself in mournful pageant and funeral parade? Is it indeed thus, as they have said, that the simple wild-flower, which springs spontaneously upon the grave, and the rose, which the hand of affection plants there, are siter objects wherewith to adorn the narrow house? No!—I feel that it is not so! Let the good and the great be honoured even in the grave. Let the sculptured marble direct our footsteps to the scene of their long sleep; let the inscribed epitaphs tell of their names, and tell us where repose the nobly good and wise. Let the grave be to all that are equal in the grave. There is no equality even there. The more handful of dust and ashes—the more distinction of prince and beggar—of a rich winding-sheet and a shroudless burial—of a solitary grave and a family vault—were this all—then indeed it would be the level of the dead. But there are other distinctions as those of wealth and poverty are levell'd by the spade and mattock; the damp breath of the grave biots them out for ever. But there are other distinctions which even the mace of death cannot level, or obliterate. Can it break down the distinction of the noble and the mean? Can it confound the good with the bad? the noble with the mean? Can it make the good and pure and godlike, with all that is scorned, and sinful, and degraded! No! Then death is not a common leveller! Are all alike beloved in death and honoured in their burial? Is that ground holy where the bloody hand of the murderer sleeps from crime? Does every grave when the dead are laid to rest, in our hearts? Does the footstep of the stranger press upon the sacredness of each funeral stone? No! Then all are not equal in

the grave! And as the good and evil deeds of men live after them, so long will there be distinctions even in the grave. The superiority of one over another is in the nobler and better emotions which it excites; in its more fervent admonitions to virtue; in the living recollection, which it awakens, of the good and the great, whose bodies are crumbling to dust beneath our feet!

"If, then, there are distinctions in the grave, surely it is not unwise to designate them by the external marks of the tomb. These outward appearances and memorials of respect—the mournful urn—the sculptured bust—the epithet eloquent in praise,—cannot indeed create these distinctions, but they serve to mark them. It is only when pride or wealth builds them to honour the slave of mammon, or the slave of appetite, when the voice from the grave rebukes the false and pompous man of the stage, and admonishes the vulgar and struggling to maintain the superiority of more worldly rank, and to carry into the grave the baubles of earthly vanity,—it is then, and then only, that we feel how utterly worthless are all the devices of sculpture, and the empty pomp of monumental brass!

"The inscription is rightly about for some time, reading the inscription on the tomb, and the distance, which attracted my curiosity, and giving way to the different reflections they suggested, I sat down to rest myself on a sunken tombstone. A winding gravel-walk, overshadowed by an avenue of trees, and lined on both sides with richly sculptured monuments, had gradually conducted me to the summit of the hill, upon whose slope the cemetery stands. Beneath me the distance, which I dim-discovered through the misty and smoky atmosphere of evening, rose the countless roofs and spires of the city. Beyond, throwing his level rays athwart the dusky landscape, sank the broad red sun. The distant murmur of the city rose upon my ear; and the low murmur of the evening bell, mingled with the rattling of the passing street, and came upon my ear. What an hour for meditation! What a contrast between the metropolis of the living and the metropolis of the dead! I could not help calling to my mind that allegory of mortality, written by a hand, which has been many a long year cold!

Earth goeth upon earth as man upon mould,
Like as earth upon earth never go should,
Earth goeth upon earth as glistening gold,
Earth goeth on earth, under earth rather than on gold.
Lo, earth on earth, consider them may,
How earth cometh to earth naked and gray,
Why shall earth upon earth go stout or gay,
Since earth out of earth shall pass in poor array.

"Before I left the grave-yard, the shades of evening had fallen, and the objects around me grown dim and indistinct. As I passed the gate-way, I turned to take a parting look. I could distinguish only the chapel on the summit of the hill, and here and there a lofty obelisk of snow-white marble, rising from the black and heavy mass of pill and mound, and pointing upward to the gleam of the departed sun, the still lingering light of the sky, and mingled with the soft star-light of a summer evening."

Men and Manners in America. By the author of *Cyril Thornton*. Second notice.

Last week we made some miscellaneous extracts from Major Hamilton's work, and then intended to have given an extended notice of it, but on perusing it to the end we find it a tissue of ill-digested abuse, written for sale, and eminently disappointing to the provoked appetite which had anticipated a famous feast of good things. The worst of it is that it is in many parts untrue, and may be set down as an arrant specimen of cockneyism almost beneath notice. Its day is already over; in place of some further extracts we insert the following which originally appeared in the *National Gazette*—

"Major Hamilton.—The observations of the major, made upon the United States, on the subjects, particularly of our constitution, our laws, and their administration; our usages, our cities, our business—are a tissue of misrepresentations and blunders, of a more serious character than those of his friends and predecessors,

Hall and Trollope, because he affects to treat of serious matters, whereas they do not pretend to rise higher than the most contemptible gossip, nonsense and absurdity.

"Hamilton's coarse charge upon the Yankees for their fondness for money is not so new, so only proves that their English blood has not degenerated in this respect. On what spot on this globe, is wealth the object of adoration more than in England? This is what Englishmen say of their own country, down to Bulwer, the last painter of its character and manners. We may, however, yet congratulate ourselves that this reverence for wealth has not sunk as so low as it has even the highest ranks in England. We have not yet seen here a woman who began life as an opera singer; then became the avowed mistress of a married man; and afterwards, when old and ugly, bought a duke with his title, by her enormous wealth. We have not such a woman admitted, as an equal, into the society of nobility; distinguished on birth-days in the royal presence, and gazetted with pride and applause, because her polluted person was covered with diamonds. And who is this Mr. Hamilton, who speaks with such bitter scorn of what a Yankee will do to get money? Verily he is an English gentleman, though a most awkward and uneducated English major or captain, who gives his time, his talents, and his conscience to write books for money, and makes them to suit the market. Is there any traffic more sordid—more degrading than this? Of whom may it more emphatically be said, than of such a miserable author, 'that the only respect in which he is to be considered as his own affairs, is the time he has placed at his disposal in prying into yours?' The motto of the title page of such a writer should be—

"Where'er I go, whatever climes I see,
My heart, dear Publisher, still turns to thee;
As I, delighted, lengthen out the chain,
I count each link, and calculate the gain,
To make and sell my book is all my aim,
Give me the Cash; a fig for truth or shame."

He complains bitterly that a foreigner cannot take out a copyright in the United States, but took good care to sell his own book to an American printer, sending over the sheets before the work was published. The proprietor bought an unknown and unmade commodity—one which may probably sell, but is no credit to have made public.

With the following evidences of the major's love of truth, we close our notice of this trashy production—

"In America there are no bells, and no chamber-maids."—p. 139.

"Unless the present progress of change be arrested by an increase of taste and judgment in the more educated classes, there can be no hope for the nineteenth century, the dialect of the Americans will become utterly unintelligible to an Englishman, and that the nation will be cut off from the advantages arising from their participation in British literature!"—p. 129.

"Domestic service in America is considered as degrading by all untaught by the slaves of African descent. No native American could be brought to it, and popular as the present President may be, he would probably find one of his constituents whom any amount of emolument would induce to brush his coat, or stand behind his carriage!"—p. 63.

"One would give the world for something to admire or condemn in Philadelphia, and would absolutely rejoice, for the mere sake of variety, to encounter a row of log huts, or to get immersed in a congress of dark and picturesque clothes, such as delight all travellers—without noses—in the old town of Edinburgh!"—p. 184.

"It was not without astonishment, I confess, that I remarked that three fourths of the Americans were engaged in eating bread and cheese, and that the foreman actually announced the verdict with his mouth full, ejecting the disjointed syllables during the intervals of mastication!"—p. 27.

"Every thing connected with the meal became so suddenly insupportable that, for internal evidence, which the hardest sceptic could scarcely have refused to discredit, the breakfast in the North America might have passed for one of those gorgeous, but unreal visions, which for a moment mock the eye of the dreamer, and then vanish into thin air!"—p. 48.

"The wagon had stopped, and the rascal of a pedlar, in scrambling out of the machine, chose to plant his great hobnailed foot on the pit of my stomach! My first confused impression was that I had been crushed to death by the wheel of a Newcastle wagon, or the great elephant in Exeter Change."—p. 210.

"The master or mistress of the establishment, for she had been a female factory, judged it expedient to lay open the collar of poor boots with the fork or poker; and in the corroboration of the charge, I can certainly testify having observed that functionary with his dexter organ of secretiveness covered with a plaster."—p. 212.

Sketches of Turkey in 1831 and 1832. By an American. 8vo. pp. 527. New York 1833. Harpers.

This, if we mistake not, will rank among the most creditable books of travels, which have issued from the American press, not excepting Lieut. Shild's "Year in Spain." It is, we presume, from the pen of an eminent individual, Mr. De Kay, who passed nearly a year in the country which he describes. The details are curious and ample—portraying most vividly the character, institutions, habits and actual condition of one of the most extraordinary nations at present, in existence. He gives his own impressions, without reference to the descriptions of preceding tourists, and in doing so, obviously impresses us with a more favourable opinion of the whole nation—in fact, coinciding with a reverend traveller, who asserts, that "there is no people without the pale of Christianity, who are better disposed towards its most essential precepts." The descriptions of Greece and the Grecian islands, in the early part of the work, are the least interesting, and possess but little novelty, though the general reader will not entirely pass them by. Arrived at Milo, three pilots came on board:—

"The eldest was a sallow-faced, beetle-browed man, of few words and quiet demeanor. His companion was a hale, handsome, black-eyed fellow of about thirty, with a pair of jolly mustachios, which he twirled about with infinite confidence, while answering the interrogatories of the captain. He was, according to his own story, a man of various accomplishments, speaking no less than six languages, that is to say, English, French, Italian, Turkish, Illyric, and Greek. I speak six languages, and all go as I do, and he was the phrase in which he conveyed this information.

"Desirous of airing my college Greek upon this descendant of Leonidas, I gravely addressed him in a set speech, of the accuracy of which I could have no doubt, as I had selected it from a Romæic vocabulary. The man started, and upon repeating my phrase, he asked me what I was speaking. Like the Englishman who puzzled Scalliger with his cockney accent, I felt rather annoyed by the question; and taking the vocabulary from my pocket, asked him if he knew that language. He assured me that it was good Greek, but that (begging my pardon) I had spoken it as if it had been English. I was perfectly aware that there were many important differences in grammatical structure between the ancient and modern Greek, but I was now for the first time to learn that the pronunciation taught in all our colleges was no decidedly burlesque and *outré*, as to excite laughter whenever it was heard in Greece."

The author takes occasional liberties with our modes of education, in which we are not disposed to join—but let that pass; at Tenedos, the following scene occurred:—

"Almost blinded and stifled with tobacco-smoke, we made our way to one of the corners of the divan, where we were permitted to sit again. Having been previously tutored by our interpreter, we were prepared not to commit the original civility of taking off our hats, but following the motions of the agents, placed our hands on our breasts, and, with a gentle

inclination of the body, expressed in sonorous English our happiness at having made his acquaintance. After enquiries as to the nature and length of our voyage, and our proposed destination, we were presented with coffee by the attendants in small cups hardly containing more than a moderate-sized thimbleful, and enclosed in thin brass cup-stands; small as it was, once consisted of the moulds of the servants, but after we declared that no earthly gratification would ever induce them again to taste another cup of nasty, burnt, Turkish coffee. Long amber-headed pipes filled with tobacco, and properly ignited, were presented to each. Some of the more squeamish objected to smoking from pipes which, the moment before, had been the moulds of the servants, but understanding that amber could be used for the indignation, we were all soon puffing away as lustily as our Turkish neighbours. The narghaly, or water-pipe, with its long flexible tube was, however, a puzzle to all of us; and our vain attempts to obtain smoke, or, as we designated it, "to get up ahead of steam," excited the risibility of our new acquaintance. The room was filled with the chief dignitaries of the island; around the bey of the island, the military commander of the garrison, an emir distinguished by his green turban, and the chief of the custom-house; the remainder were officers of the garrison. Among the servants we observed several negroes, distinguished by their large ruffs in each cheek, and dressed in the flowing robes of scarlet cloth. We learned that they were from Dongola and Sennar. As our communication could not be very copious, where one interpreter acted for six individuals, we amused ourselves by examining each other's dresses, decorations, &c., which was done on both sides with the greatest freedom. A waiter belonging to one of our party was particularly admired; and upon learning its value, the bey, or colonel of the garrison, offered to give in exchange for it one of his scarlet slaves.

"After making our obsequies we withdrew, and on the stairs found the servants posted in line with the money-laundering faces imaginable. We did not succeed in getting out of the house until we had been relieved of all our superfluous cash, amounting to as near as I remember, to five or six dollars. This was, however, a trifling tax, compared to the honour of smoking a pipe with an agha, exchanging nouns with an emir, and sitting cheek-by-jowl with a bea-

"At the door, we met with and were formally introduced to the English consul. It has been our lot to meet with queer specimens of mortality in the shape of American consuls in various parts of the world, and more particularly in the Mediterranean, where they have been sneering about by our naval commanders with an unerring hand. But an English consul, being generally more carefully selected, and always better paid, is a totally different personage. Our surprise, then, may be well imagined when, in the person of the English consul, we were made acquainted with a ragged, dirty old man, with a long grizzled beard, and looking not unlike an old-clothesman. He was habited in the Greek costume; his feet displayed the vulgar encumbrances of shoes or stockings, and he carried with a very singular air a dozen fowls in one hand and a basket of eggs in the other. His name was *Il Signor C—*, of Venetian descent, and he had been born and brought up on the island: he spoke Greek, Turkish, and most appalling jargon, such passed for Italian; it need speak for me; his first dispirited remark was, "I am profoundly ignorant. I enquired of him what were the usual occupations of the inhabitants. "Making wine" was the reply. "But that only occupies two months; what do you do during the remaining ten months of the year?"—*Aspettano, signor!* they wait, sir."

Tenedos is said now to contain a population of 3000, including a garrison of 200 Turkish soldiers. Arrived in sight of Constantinople, our author's descriptions become exceedingly interesting, and believing that our readers will form a better idea of such a work from extracts than from any remarks of our own, we proceed to lay before them a few only, which we pencilled in the first half of the volume:—

Cribs, or Pleasure Boats.—The number of these cribs has been variously estimated, from eight to fifteen thousand; they cost from \$50 to \$100 apiece, and the men are paid \$15 per month, finding them-

selves. Gentility is measured by the number of oars. A shabby fellow uses a cask with a single pair of oars; a gentleman must have two, but cannot exceed three. Foreign ministers are permitted to use seven, while the sultan frequently figures with twenty. From various opportunities which we subsequently had of testing their speed, there is no question that a three-oared cask, manned by Turkish rowers, would far outstrip our fleetest Whitehall barges.

The Golden Horn, at its mouth, is about as wide as the East River; and in less time than I have taken to describe the cask, we were there, and landed on a low wooden wharf on the opposite shore. Making our way through narrow rough-paved streets, we soon found ourselves in the most striking part of Constantinople. It is needless to state that we were in the far-famed Bazaar. The general effect is splendid and imposing; and yet, when examined in detail, there is little to create surprise or excite wonder.

"The Bazaar, as every one knows, is a collection of shops where goods are sold by retail: it covers several acres, and contains numerous streets crossing each other in every direction. A description of one shop will serve for all. It is a little stall, about ten or twelve feet square, hung round with the various articles exposed for sale, like the shops of Pompeii, they are entirely open, and the goods are piled up by hanging shoppers, which serve as an awning during the day. The floor of the hall is raised two feet from the ground; and upon a small rug, spread out on this floor, sits the cross-legged Turkish or Armenian shopkeeper. A small door behind him opens into a little recess or apartment, where those articles are kept which cannot be conveniently exposed to the public. In making purchases, it is necessary to be on your guard, and to avoid the grossest imposition. The Armenian, Greek, Persian, and Jewish shopkeepers do not hesitate to ask, at first, double the price which they mean eventually to take, and the Turk is fast falling into the same practice.

"The bazaars are covered overhead, and in many places arches over which is raised a substantial manner. As you traverse them, astonishment is raised at their apparently endless extent and varied riches. Here, as far as the eye can reach, are seen ranges of shops filled with slippers and shoes of various brilliant hues: there, are exposed the gaudy products of the Persian loom. In one place, a long line of red and blue shawls, and silks, while at another, a long line of red and blue polished cutlery flash upon the eye. Each street is exclusively occupied by a particular branch of trade, and we traversed for hours the various quarters in which books, caps, jewelry, harness, trunks, garments, furs, &c., were separately exposed for sale. The crowds which thronged the bazaars were so dense that it was with little difficulty we made good our way; and when to this are added the numerous persons who were running about, holding up articles for sale, and crying out the price at the top of their voices—the sonorous Turkish accents predominating over the various dialects of Europe—with the running accompaniment of the ceaseless Greek chatter, one may form a tolerably accurate idea of the noise and confusion of the scene. In many districts, such as the realcutters, diamond-workers, pipemakers, &c., the same little stall serves both as a place to sell their wares and as a workshop to manufacture them; thus giving an additional air of life and movement to the bustle which continually pervades these regions. No person sleeps within the walls of the bazaar: it is closed near sunset by twenty-two immense gates, which lead into as many different streets; and the shopkeepers, at that time, may be seen returning to their homes in different parts of the city, or filling the numerous casks which literally drain the waters of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn."

The wood cuts are not of a high order, but nevertheless serve to illustrate the text. At page 98, is one describing a curious mode of taking fish on the Bosphorus, and we are informed that catching minnows is a fashionable amusement, the sultan himself being fond of it; he has, at one of his palaces, a trap door opening in the centre of an apartment over the water, where he amuses his idle hours, variously being observed by his subjects.

We shall return to this pleasant volume on a future occasion.

For the Journal of Belles Lettres.

Rough Notes on Natural History.

I passed by some cows a few days ago who were refreshing themselves under the grateful shade of a wide-spreading ash tree, near a fine stream of water, which just in that place had been dammed up as a bathing place for a colony of ducks. One of the cows stood more than half leg deep in the pool, and letting her bushy tail dangle in the water, occasionally switched from her flanks the flies so incessantly annoying her. I found the young ducks actively assisted—by swimming around and under her, they picked off all the flies within their reach, and sometimes sprang from the water in the vain endeavour to grasp some winged pest far beyond their limits. The cow appeared to recognise their attentions, and very complacently permitted the frequent strokes inflicted by their bills.

I have some chickens whose parents were raised by turkeys, and who have the rambling propensities which are known to characterise the latter. They frequently wander among the cows and take some of the flies which infest them, and also gain an advantage from the number of insects disturbed by the cattle in the grass as they feed. I have repeatedly seen the chickens intermingled with a flock of cow-blackbirds, which at this season attend the cattle for the same purposes.

Young ducks are born without much development of their wings, which remain naked of feathers until they are very nearly full grown—being one of the last provisions for the convenience of these birds. Their legs, however, are stout and strong, and well calculated for their movements in the water; in this element I have seen them dive a few days after birth—their bills are also then fully formed, and they exhibit at once much activity and energy.

Pigeons, on the contrary, are very feeble when born, and continue so for some time afterwards; they are blind, covered with a light down without feathers, and the heads and bill are deficient in form. Their disposition for locomotion, so apparent in after life, is not distinguishable for several weeks after they are born; it is in fact with difficulty they are induced to move from the nest; the parents bring them food even after they begin to sit upon another set of eggs, and until the feathers of their wings are fully grown, and their beak or bill has its form and strength. It is from admirable design that they do not show any inclination to leave the nests, for from the perilous position in which these are placed such an inclination would occasion a speedy death—whereas, if ducks had it not they would be exposed to various dangers from the location of their birth-place in the neighbourhood of reptiles, their natural enemies—such as snakes, tortoises, rats, some kinds of frogs, and many of the vermin frequenting the banks of streams. During the period of remaining in the nest the heat of the bodies of young pigeons is excessive, and this is increased by the heating character of the excrement which surrounds without appearing to injure them. Does not the deficient development of the head prevent the sensations, afterwards very prominent in pigeons, to exercise and ramble? and does not the immediate perfection in this respect, which is apparent in ducks, invite them to activity? For, among animals there must be an inclination for, as well as a power of, action; and the Creator ap-

pears to have conjoined both in all by very obvious means. We see during sickness in pigeons their inclination for locomotion absent, while muscular power evidently remains, and in some birds whose wings are cut to prevent them from flying, the desire to do so exists, without the mechanical ability. Physical and rational force co-exist in all animals, and we may suppose that the healthful exercise of each, when united, was designed to diffuse the most happiness and the greatest power.

RUSTICUS.

Phila. county, Sept. 1833.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Key & Biddle have in press and will publish immediately, "Anatomical and Practical Illustrations of Pulmonary Consumption, and some of its attendant diseases: with Remarks on the Pathology, Symptoms, and Treatment of Phthisis. With twelve plates drawn and coloured from nature. By Samuel George Morton, M.D. Physician to the Philadelphia Almshouse, Hospital, &c." We have seen the plates, lithographed by Reder, and most exquisitely coloured; they are highly creditable to the arts of this city. The work itself is one which every professional man will desire to possess. It is the result of much experience in public hospitals, and embraces much research.

Mr. P. is the author of an architectural sculpture, casts, &c. in London, Zoffani's celebrated picture of the Royal Academicians, was sold to Mr. Browne, the Scagliola manufacturer, for about \$300.

Mr. Burford, the celebrated panorama painter, is exhibiting in England a grand view of the siege of Antwerp. He was present at the scene of action, and incurred some risk while making his sketch from the ramparts of the town. It is said to be the most interesting panorama ever painted.

Two ladies, the Misses Innis, are sub-editors of Lodge's Peerage of the British Empire; by constant assiduity they have brought the work to a state of accuracy hitherto unknown.

Mr. Rich has issued in London a small 12mo volume, entitled "A View of the United States of America." It is, says the Literary Gazette, a genuine little book of information, without theories or opinions. The first number of a new English version of the great work of Cuvier, Le Règne Animal, or the Animal Kingdom, has been published in London: probably Dr. McMurtrie's Philadelphia edition.

A new work by Jeremy Bentham (posthumous) has been published, entitled "Deontology, or the Science of Morality, &c." arranged and edited by Dr. Bowring.

A tenth edition of Francis the First, by Miss Kemble, has been published in London.

The Autobiography of John Galt, author of the Ayrshire Legates, is in press.

The first part of the London Zoological Society's Transactions are about to appear.

List of New Books published in London to the latest dates.

Illustrations of Cope's Surgical Dictionary, by W. P. Cocks, Vol. II, ditto. Amputations, ditto, Dislocations and Fractures.—Pathological Anatomy of the Brain, Spinal Cord, and their Membranes, by W. P. Cocks.—Continuation of Letters from Sussex Emigrants in Upper Canada, for 1833, No. 1.—Introductions, Notes, &c. to the new edition of the Waverley Novels, 3 vols. 8vo.—Stair and her Cousin, 8mo.—Meredith's Marine Architecture, &c.—An Elementary Work on the Art of Drawing the Draughts of Vessels, with 6 large plates of approved Merchant Vessels, by T. Richardson.—The Poems of Drummond of Hawthornden, with Life, by P. Cunningham, 8vo.—Newton's Principia, a new edition, by Le Seur and Jacquier, 2 vols. 8vo.—Scott's Natural History of Selkirk, &c.—The young persons, 12mo.—Lives of the most Eminent Sovereigns of Modern Europe, written by Lord Dover, for the instruction and amusement of his eldest son, 12mo.—Dr. Warren's Sermons on Various Subjects, 12mo.—The Biblical Cabinet, Vol. IV., containing Ernest's Institutes, 12mo.—Old Bailey Experiences, &c.—A Memoir of Spurzheim, by A. Carmichael.—The Provost of Paris, by S. Browning.—Encyclopédie des Gens du monde, an extensive biographical dictionary.

New American Publications.

Of all the specimens of annuals yet come under our notice, that presented by Key & Biddle excels. The engravings are finished in a style far superior to that of preceding annuals. The moving of the Jews is a splendid engraving, which requires close and continued examination to see its beauties. Around the victim of intemperance, in another plate, is thrown an air of life, and the whole is a picture of the most dreadful fatality. Recklessness and misery stare you in the face, in appalling evidence of the cause. From this picture we turn with pleasure to the Happy Family—the Return from Market—by Krimmel,* which is attached an artist's name, that always ensures excellence in execution. It is necessary to mention that it was Alexander Lawver, of New York, who saw an original subject taken hold of. There has been too much servile copying in all our annuals. Much more interest will be attached to those works, when the illustrations are of familiar subjects, and the sale consequently increased. We would call the attention of liberal publishers to cultivate this, under a firm conviction that it will advance their own interests, encourage the arts by rewarding originality, and impart much additional gratification to the purchaser.

Sketches of Turkey, in 1831 and 1832, by an American. 1 vol. 8vo. New York, J. & J. Harper. The Journal of Two Voyages along the Coast of China, in 1831 and 1832, the first in a Chinese Junk, the second in the British ship Lord Amherst; with notices of Siam, Cores, and the Loo-Choo Islands; and remarks on the policy, religion, &c. of China, by Charles Gutzlaff.

The Library of Romance, vol. VII. The Khan's Tale, a tale of the Caucasus, by J. B. Fraser; not so good as Zohrab, by Mr. Morier.

Key and Biddle have published The Progressive Experience of the Heart under the Discipline of the Holy Ghost, from regeneration to maturity, by Mrs. Stevens.

Also, The Piece Book, comprising short specimens of poetry and eloquence, intended to be transcribed or committed to memory, embellished with a beautiful engraving.

S. Burdett & Co., of Boston, have published an American edition, from the third London, of Porquetti's *Il Tesoretto dello Scolare Italiano*, or the Art of Translating Easy English and Italian at sight, with a complete English and Italian lesson of the words and idioms contained in the work. The American editor, F. Sales, of Harvard university, has revised, corrected, and improved the whole.

The Man of Warsman, by the author of Tom Cringle's Log; from old numbers of Blackwood's Magazine.

A new novel, from the pen of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hester, of Cincinnati, has just been published in this city. It is entitled "Lovell's Folly," and is favourably spoken of by the Western Shield.

The Harpers, of New York, have in course of preparation for the press, a work said to be of standard merit, entitled "Essay on the Principles of Morality, and on the Private and Political Rights and Obligations of Citizens," by Jonathan Dymond—from the second London edition.

The Life of Charlemagne, by G. P. R. James, author of Philip Augustus, &c.; being number 60 of Harper's Library, a work of decided merit.

Annals.—The Geographical Annual for 1834. The Offering.—Pearl, The Boy's Own Library.

We have not yet seen these publications, and cannot pronounce on their value.

The Headsman, or the Abbaye des Vignerons, a tale by the author of the Spy, Pilot, &c. is nearly or quite ready for distribution.

Illustrations of Political Economy, Nos. 5 & 6, containing Elia of Pearl, the West and Woe in Garveloch—tales by Harriet Martineau.

* The original painting is in the possession of Mr. Lawson. Mr. K. was an American painter—a German by birth—a truly original genius, of the Wilkie school. The lamp of his genius was suddenly extinguished a few years ago. While bathing, he unfortunately went beyond his depth—and the deep waters engulfed the body of poor Krimmel.

We can no longer take unpaid letters from the post office—the tax has become too heavy, except where remittances are enclosed. Those writing for missing Nos. will please attend to this. Their non-arrival is not caused by any inattention on our part.

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Sketches of Turkey. By an American. Second notice.

We gave last week, some brief extracts from this interesting volume, and could fill our journal for some time with sketches and anecdotes agreeably scattered through its pages, did our demands on our space permit. The subject of good water affords our author an opportunity of drawing a comparison between Constantinople and New York, unfavourable to the latter. "This Turkish city is amply supplied at enormous expense with pure wholesome water, and had the comparison been further extended to Philadelphia, it would not have been less; Constantinople has an abundance of fountains, while our own city, with greater means, is entirely deficient.

Much curious information is afforded respecting the state of learning; there are said to be 1000 schools in Constantinople alone, with population little exceeding Philadelphia. To every royal mosque, and to many chapels of the wives, a library is attached, the largest of which is said to contain 6000 volumes. The Sultan's court encourages printing and the arts, and the Turks seem to be emerging from semi-barbarism to civilisation. "Works appear almost daily from the presses of the capital, which would do honour to any city of Europe."

Each of the royal mosques has a college attached to it, and the number of students in it varies from three to five hundred, besides the schools in the vicinity, which are partly supported out of the funds of the mosque. Elementary schools may be found in every street and bazaar. The children of the nobility and other classes are generally educated at home. The author was present when the first Turkish newspaper was struck off; to this all affairs of government were expected to submit, and governors and provinces were indeed they must take such a number as the Sultan pleased to designate. It is printed in Turkish and English, and supplied at \$6 66 per annum; the subscription had arrived to about 100; it is supposed that this dissemination of

information will have a beneficial effect on the population, who seem prepared for the admission of most of the concomitants of civilisation. The Sultan sets an example of moderation in his mode of life, his establishment being far from that expensive and magnificent scale, which we are accustomed to attribute to oriental courts. An officer of his household assured our author, that the expenses of his table rarely exceed ten piastres, or about fifty cents per day, and his probable annual expenses amount to nearly the same as those of the President of the United States.

After describing the grave yards, the author mentions a little circumstance which displays an amiable trait of character. On the upper part of each tombstone are two small cavities, usually filled with water. The intention of this is to supply a drink to the thirsty birds, and indeed to invite them to take up a residence in the neighbourhood, and by their song to give additional cheerfulness to the spot. The Armenians, Turks, and other orientals, have the same custom.

The mode of building houses is rough in the extreme. The seams of the floors are frequently so wide, as to give rise to the stories related of children being lost through these crevices, no doubt a pleasant exaggeration, though an instance is given of a gentleman losing his umbrella through one of them, while on a visit to a Periot nobleman. When any person is seized with the plague, he is immediately abandoned to his fate. No medical man will dare approach him, on pain of being himself ruined; all rational method of cure is neglected as useless, and the aid of medicine is given up in despair. That sympathy which our common nature yields to the sick is here denied. A man employed in burying a plague corpse, was unceremoniously thrust out of the town before our author's eyes. The howling derivishes have disappeared, being put down by the Janissaries for interfering with the acts of the government. They were, in all probability, the last remnants of the idolatrous priests of Baal, alluded to in the scriptures. The reputation of American domestic manufactures has penetrated the regions of the grand seignior; they are in great request, and cheap furniture of all kinds, such as are usually shipped to South America, would find a ready sale, as well as cut nails—facts

which our enterprising merchants will not fail to remember. The business of the mint is conducted by an American, who has acquired the confidence of the government. His predecessor, by his immense private expenditures, was supposed to derive improper revenues from his office; he was sent for one morning, and his head taken off without asking him a single question. The Sultan's physician was treated almost as unceremoniously. Being suspected of the now forbidden and unfashionable practice of opium eating, his pockets were examined, and the drug found on his person. He declared it was a harmless mixture, containing little opium—in that case, said the Sultan, you can eat it without danger! He was compelled to swallow it on the spot, and his immediate death was the consequence. The ladies will be pleased to learn from this work, that Cashmere shawls have much diminished in value, having fallen from \$800 and \$1000, to \$300. The most costly are twelve feet by four wide, and of so fine a texture, as to pass through the compass of a finger ring.

The dancing derivishes are of course mentioned. Within a large area in the centre of the chapel, five derivishes were spinning round like tops, while an instrument like a flogolet, but blown through the nose, poured forth from the gallery a lugubrious air. While performing their gyrations their eyes were closed, their hands steadfastly fixed, and their gowns opened out by their evolutions in the manner of "making cheeses," as practised by our little folks at home. In about five minutes, the music and spinning ceased, and then commenced a series of bows, with the perspiration oozing from every pore; then again began the spinning upon the carefully waxed floor. At length they ceased, and dropped on their knees, while the attendants covered them with cloaks to prevent their cooling too suddenly. It appears that it is no longer dangerous to travel in Turkey, the author averring from his own experience, that a person may now travel in any part, without peril of life or limb. The soldiers are but poorly equipped—on one occasion at the garrison, when a gun was put into their hands to repeat the experiment of snapping off percussion caps, it was remarked that, like the militia of a country which shall be nameless, they shut their eyes, or turned away the head when they pulled the

prover the aptitude of our language for the light and gay epistolary style, which was before supposed so peculiarly to belong to the Gallic neighbours of England. There may be letters of a higher order in our literature than those of Walpole.—Gray's, and perhaps Cowper's may be taken as instances of this; but where shall we find such an union of taste, humour, and almost dramatic power of description and narrative, as in the correspondence of Walpole?

The worst of it is, that we have to wade through a mass of uninteresting and unintelligent matter oftentimes, to come at a brilliant gem, or sparkling diamond. An abridgment would have been infinitely preferable for this side the water. The American edition is altogether a beautiful specimen of the art of typography.

An Essay on the Spirit and Influence of the Reformation. By C. Villers. Translated from the French, with an Introductory Essay, by Samuel Miller, D. D. 12mo. Philadelphia, Key & Biddle. 1833.

This work obtained the prize on the following question, proposed by the National Institute of France: "What has been the influence of the Reformation by Luther, on the political situation of the different states of Europe, and on the progress of Knowledge?" Dr. Miller, the translator, is professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J. We have read a large portion of the volume, but as we meddle not with polemics, must refer the reader to the book itself.

The age of patrons of literature, an age fatal to the independence of an author, has passed away—authors now must depend for fame and money on the public. The periodical press having the ear of the public, in very kindness to its patrons, the booksellers and authors, turns patron too. The machine once set in motion, an edition of any book is sold as surely as the baker flies his tally at his customer's door—the purchasers are the tally, ready and willing to have the mark made upon their pockets by the newspaper file—the difference consists in this—it is not always wholesome bread they receive in return.

The presence of the unfortunate has on most men the effect of Medusa's head; at the sight of him, hearts are turned to stone. The least fault a man in distress commits, is a sufficient pretext for the rich to refuse him all assistance; they would have the unfortunate entirely perfect.

Mirabeau remarks, "I would apply to metaphysicians what Scalliger said of the Basque people:—It is asserted that they understood one another, but I do not believe it."

If poverty make man sigh, riches make him yawn. When fortune exempts us from labour, nature loads us with the weight of time.

Gold, like the sun which melts wax and hardens clay, develops great minds and contracts bad hearts.

To the rich and unlettered man, leisure is without repose, repose without delight, and time, that treasure of the man whose mind is occupied, for the former, is a tax upon his idleness. The learned man seeks for himself, the rich one endeavours to escape from himself.

A correspondent quaintly observes, that we need not hope to clear a prospect by attempting to disperse a fog with a fan! Very true—the fantastical are the numerous body, but if we should lift the veil of absurdity

so that one eye could see more distinctly, we should have to do as much good as by raising a blade of grass where none grew before, a result which the agriculturalists rank among the first of virtues.

Robinson Crusoe in his island, deprived of every thing, and compelled to undergo the greatest hardship to ensure a daily subsistence, bears up with life, and even enjoys some moments of happiness. Suppose him to be in an enchanted island, provided with every thing he can wish for; idleness would most probably render his existence insupportably tedious.

That which we know best is, first, what we have discovered; secondly, what we have learned by experience respecting men and things; thirdly, what we have learned, not in books, but through the means of books,—that is to say, by the reflections they have caused us to make; fourthly, what we have learned in books, or with masters.

When virtue is united to talent, it places a man above his glory: there is a touching and delightful association attached to the name of Fenelon, more venerable than the brilliancy of his talents.

Of an extremely unlucky man, it was remarked, that should he fall upon his back, he would be sure to break his nose.

Nothing ought to be more weighed, says Burke, than the nature of books recommended by public authority. So recommended, they soon form the character of the age.

If the prudence of reserve and decorum dictates silence in some circumstances, in others prudence of a higher order may justify us in speaking our thoughts. It may be the interest of our friend the publisher of a book, to have us puff it into notoriety, but should an editor disoblige his numerous subscribers to gratify a single friend? It may be to the interest of the city, that a frame house should be destroyed, but it is our duty to preserve the inmates.

VARIETIES.

The highest rated house in London, is that of the Duke of Sutherland. It is rated at the enormous annual rent of \$20,000; the Duke of Devonshire's \$12,500; United Service Club house, is rated at a rent of \$6,500; Athenæum Club \$600.

It has been stated to the British house of commons, that 55,000 persons arrived and actually settled in Canada, during the year 1832, and that they brought with them a capital of from 30 to 40 millions, one emigrant alone, having a credit on the Quebec Bank for \$80,000, and another for \$20,000. The actual number of emigrants who perished from cholera was 3350 persons.

The study of Geology continues to grow fashionable. There are many "dips" and "strata" constantly discovered.

Many anecdotes were detailed, respecting the great Gre at Pera, which illustrated the total want of self-possession, which is but too frequently exhibited in seasons of sudden and general calamity. A poor widow who had buried her husband and children a few weeks previous, was observed to be busily engaged in throwing all her furniture into a deep well. When the flames finally drove her from the house, she was seen with an only child in one arm, and a large bundle in the other. To the horror of the spectators, she deliberated first to throw the child into the well, and ran off hurriedly with the bundle.—*Sketches of Turkey, by an American.*

In a conflagration, where 10,000 houses were destroyed, and 80,000 persons, were turned into the streets, there must necessarily have been much suffering, but we did not learn that more than four or five lives were lost. The Turkish suffer little by fire. His wardrobe is carried on his back, and a large chest contains all his moveables, consisting of a few amber headed pipes, an oke (2½lb.) or two of tobacco, and perhaps the same quantity of coffee. If he saves this, his loss is nothing, except the rent of the house, always paid in advance. The fire luckily occurred in the day time, and during a warm and pleasant season. The sultan immediately

caused 100,000 piastres to be distributed, and issued a firman, in which he enjoined upon his subjects to receive into their houses, and to treat with kindness, all the sufferers by the fire, whether Greek, French, Armenian, or Jew.—*Ibid.*

The private loss of the English minister Gordon, is said to have amounted to nearly \$20,000, chiefly in the diamonds and jewels of his various orders. When I heard his losses regretted in society, I could not but compare them with those of my excellent friend Goo ell, who, independent of the total destruction of his furniture, suffered in a few minutes the deprivation of his valuable library; of manuscripts which had cost him the labour of years, and which never could be replaced. He had just completed an Armeno-Turkish dictionary and grammar, which would have proved invaluable to the oriental student; these also shared the same fate. *Ibid.*

Pompeii.—The supposed discovery of the old port of Pompeii turns out to be an error. What were mistaken for the masts of ships are ascertained to be the remains of cypress-trees, covered by the eruption of volcanic materials from Vesuvius. They seem to have grown in great abundance upon the coast. Thus we are disappointed of the longed-for pleasure of seeing Roman ships in statu rescued from oblivion.

Literal translation of a Chinese Ink-maker's Shop bill.—At the Shop Store—very good Ink, fine—Ancient shop—grandfather, father and self make this ink,—fine and hard, very hard,—picked out, very fine and black, before now,—sell very good Ink, prime cost very high. The ink is very heavy,—so is gold. No one makes like it. Others who make ink, make it for money, and to cheat; I only make it for a name. Plenty of gentlemen know my ink. My family never cheats, always bears a good name. I make ink for the 'Son of Heaven,' and all the mandarins round. All A-kwantse's (gentlemen) must come to my shop and know my name!"

Mr. Wilberforce.—During the three weeks preceding the decease of Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Joseph, the sculptor, was living with him at Bath; and he succeeded in modelling a bust, which, notwithstanding the difficulties attending its execution, has given great satisfaction to his family and friends.

The following is the head of an advertisement from the Philadelphia Watering committee:—

"The Watering Committees have been informed that several dead horses have been thrown into the river Schuylkill, at or near Flat Rock; in order to prevent similar depredations, they deem it proper to publish the law on that subject, which will hereafter be rigidly enforced." Let every man, woman, and child take notice, that it is a depredation to throw dead horses into the Schuylkill!

THE LIFE-BOAT.

From a volume, entitled "Patriotic Songs," by Agnes and Susannah Strickland, dedicated by permission, to the present king of England.

"The life-boat! the life-boat! when tempests are dark, She's the beacon of hope to the foundering bark! When, midst the wild roar of the hurricane's sweep, The minute-guns boom like a knell on the deep.

The life-boat! the life-boat! the whirlwind and rain, And white-crested breakers, oppose her in vain; Her crew are resolved, and her timbers are staunch, She's the vessel of mercy—God speed to her launch!

The life-boat! the life-boat! how fearless and free She wins her bold course o'er the wide-rolling sea! She bounds o'er the surges with gallant disdain, She has stemmed them before, and she'll stem them again!

The life-boat! the life-boat! she's manned by the brave, In the noblest of causes commissioned to save; What heart but has thrilled in the seaman's distress, At the life-boat's endeavours, the life-boat's success!

The life-boat! the life-boat! no vessel that sails Has stemm'd such rough billows, and weather'd such gales;

Not e'en Nelson's proud ship, when his death-strife was won, Such true glory achieved as the life-boat has done!"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Carey, Lea & Blanchard, announce that they have in press, Randolph's Letters to a Young Relative, embracing a series of years, from early boyhood to mature manhood.

The Cigar, embellished with wood-cuts—"The Cigar, an Every Night Book," are exceedingly clever and amusing.—"Blackwood's Magazine." Character, or Jew and Gentle, by Mrs. Lemon Grindstone. The History of the Most Unfortunate Man in the World, by Capt. Chamier, R. N., author of the Life of a Sailor, &c.

Announced by Kay & Biddle, O'Sullivan's Guide to an Irishman in search of Religion, Miriam, or the Power of Truth, a Jewish Tale, by the author of Influence. The Aristocrat, a novel in 2 vols. by the author of Zee. Conrad Blessington, by a Lady.

We rejoice to hear that Allan Cunningham has a new edition and a new Life of Burns in hand. It will not only correct errors concerning compositions attributed to the poet, but bring forward poems, letters, and anecdotes which have not hitherto seen the light. It is to be in six monthly volumes, with illustrative vignettes.

Stuart's Commentary on the Hebrews, republished under the superintendence of Dr. Henderson.

Scripture Biography, by Esther Hewlett, author of Scripture History, &c.

An Investigation into the Origin, Religion, Manners, Customs, Language, and History of the ancient Inhabitants of Celtic Gaul and the British Islands, including Ireland; intended as an Introduction to the History of the British Islands, by Sir W. Betham.

Landseer's Illustrated Edition of the Romance of History, a new edition, in monthly volumes, each containing six plates, by Mr. Thomas Landseer.

Cruikshank v. Witchcraft, and Cruikshank v. the New Police.

Mr. J. Finch, who will be remembered by some of our scientific Philadelphians, has published in London his *Travels in the United States*, containing little but geological and scientific information.

The Life of Lord Shaftesbury, written by the late Dr. Kippis, at the request of one of the family, is, we perceive, to be published in two octavo volumes, edited by a gentleman well acquainted with the character of the noble earl, and the period in which he lived.

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge, British Museum; Elgin Marbles, Vol. I. London. An exposition of the way in which Lord Elgin acquired these treasures of ancient art, and a topographical and historical account of Attica and Athens, is followed by descriptions of many of the designs which now adorn the British Museum.

Mr. J. S. Smith, F. R. S., and member of other learned societies in London and on the Continent, favourably known in the literary world by several previous works, has just published a translation of a singularly curious and interesting volume on Solar Worship, written by the pen of M. Hammer, entitled *Mithraea ou le Culte de Mithra*, (Genius of the Sun, or Angel of Light, according to the doctrine of Zoroaster).

It is related of Dr. South, that he once heard a clergyman preach one of his own published discourses, and after the service asked him how long it had taken him to compose it. A week, was the reply. It cost me three, rejoined the doctor.

List of New Books published in London to the latest dates.

Travels in the United States of America and Canada, by J. Finch, 8vo.—The Germany and Agricola of Tacitus, with an English Version and Notes, by D. Spillan, 12mo.—Select Orations of Cicero, from the Text of Orellius, with English Notes, by the Rev. M. McKay, 8vo.—A Journey to Switzerland, and Pedestrian Tour in that Country, by L. Agaziz, 8vo.—Discourses of the Brain and Nervous System, by Dr. Uewin, 8vo.—Report of Proceedings on a Voyage to the Northern Parts of China in the ship Lord Amherst, extracted from papers printed by order of the House of Commons, 8vo.—Popular Religious Works abridged, 24mo.—Biography Borealis, or Lives of Distinguished Northerners, by Hartley Coleridge, 8vo.—Poems, by Hartley Coleridge, Vol. I. 8vo.—The Outcast of Naples, and other Poems, by H. A. D'Alton, 12mo.—Robert Cruikshank's Humorous Engravings on the Unknown Tongues, &c. 12mo.—The Description of a New Lightning Conductor, and Observations on the

Phenomena of the Thunder Storm, by John Murray, F. S. A. 8vo.

New American Publications.

The Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann, British Envoy at the Court of Tuscany, now first published from the originals in possession of the Earl of Walgrave, edited by Lord Dover, 2 vols. 12mo.

The Repeaters, a novel, by the Countess of Blessington. This work will disappoint almost every one. It may do very well in Great Britain to introduce Irish politics and scenes in novels, but notwithstanding the reputation of Lady Blessington, we doubt whether many people will wade through these pages.

The Subaltern in America, comprising his Narrative of the Campaign at Baltimore, Washington, &c. &c. during the late War, in one vol. 12mo. From old Blackwood's again.

The fifth and last volume of the History of Spain and Portugal, being vol. 23, of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia.

The Bible Class and Family Expositor, or a Familiar Guide to the study of the New Testament, being a condensed summary of the most valuable Commentaries. Compiled chiefly from a work of the Rev. George Holden, A. M., by Thomas C. Brownell, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Connecticut.

Dramatic Scenes of Real Life, by Lady Morgan. Truly Lady Morganish, being her ladyship reproduced.

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir for 1834. Not so good as formerly.

American Annals of Education.—In the last number of this valuable journal, the editor, Mr. Woodbridge, informs his readers that he finds it necessary to relinquish the direction of the work, unless a greater interest in his labours shall be shown by the public than heretofore. He has been conducting the work for several years without any pecuniary benefit, and rather at a loss; and the sacrifice is so serious, that if the demand continues as limited as it has thus far been, he thinks it his duty to devote himself to other objects.

The fidelity of Lieut. Coke's observations, in his Tour through Canada, has been strongly corroborated by a letter from a friend who had read the London edition. He travelled by the same route, stopped at the same hotels and inns generally, and bears the most unqualified testimony to the truth of his statements.

The Subaltern writes with more apparent honesty and singleness of purpose than any of the British tourists with whom we have been inflicted.—Mr. Stuart, of course, is not to be named among writers *de hoc genus*. Many of his scenes are even graphically described.

The ensuing number of the Library will contain a wood cut, representing the "Old Man of the Mountain," copied from one of Lieut. Coke's numerous illustrations of his tour.

The following notice of the Subaltern's Furlough, taken from the Richmond Enquirer, does the work no more than justice:—

"In Mr. Coke's volume, we have impartial and accurate description—a description not of dinners and the mere ceremonies of society, which have taken such hold upon the fancy of Col. Hamilton, nor of the vulgarities of Mrs. Trolope, nor the eternal and disgusting little personal concerns which make up the whole of Mr. Fidler's wretched publication—but of the country, its cities, improvements, public and private, and of the general manners and character of the people. Lieutenant Coke has done this to our country very ample justice, and we again recommend to the public notice a work, which may be read both with pleasure and instruction. The description of his travels through the British provinces of the Canadas, Nova Scotia,

New Brunswick, is unusually full of interest; and we do not hesitate to say it has given us a better idea of that part visited by Lieut. Coke, than any other work we have ever met with."

The Pennsylvania Inquirer says truly:—"Lieutenant Coke's work on this country, although written in evident haste, is noticed more favourably than any production on the same subject that has appeared from the British press for years. Its unpretending title, "A Subaltern's Furlough," and its modest character throughout, argue well for the merits of its author, who is certainly superior in many respects to most of his countrymen who have visited this country."

We have a treat for our novel readers for next week. A story of uncommon merit, founded on fact, is in hand, and will be commenced in the ensuing number.

Without entering into the political character of the times, we may be permitted to copy the following from the National Gazette, as truly a merited eulogium on a gentleman of uncommon attainments.

"We are glad to see the name of Mr. Wm. M. MEREDITH on the Independent democratic ticket, for the Select Council. That gentleman is not only a sound lawyer, but particularly versed in public economy. He is the author of the article on the *Poor Laws*, in the American Quarterly Review. His very intelligent and comprehensive survey of his subject has been widely noticed and much commended, and will produce salutary effects throughout the United States."

Champollion's Letters.—Messrs. Didot of Paris have announced a work, entitled "Letters from Egypt and Nubia," by the younger Champollion, whose recent death was so much lamented by the friends of science. We learn from the French papers that this work contains a complete description of Egypt; that the mysteries of all its monuments are explained with that clearness and sagacity which led the author to the discovery of the true key to the hieroglyphic language; and that these letters will in future be regarded as an indispensable guide to every traveller in that interesting country. A notice of the history of Egypt, prepared by M. Champollion at Alexandria for the Viceroy, and a note addressed to that sovereign respecting the preservation of the monuments of Egypt, close a volume which is described as equally interesting to the general and scientific reader.

Commodore Porter.—A letter recently received from an American gentleman at Constantinople, speaks in high terms of the courtesy and kindness of our *Charge d'Affaires* towards our countrymen who visit Constantinople. His habits and style of living are remarkably plain and unostentatious, and it will interest some of our readers to learn that public service is held interchangeably, on the Sabbath, at his house, and at Mr. Goodell's.

At the anniversary of the Albany Horticultural Society, on the 14th ult., among the decorations of the table was a pyramid of dahlias, from six to eight feet in height, and upwards of three feet in circumference at the base, comprising 250 varieties of the double dahlia and other flowers, and forming altogether a most splendid combination, very imposing and beautiful in appearance.

We can no longer take unpaid letters from the post office—the tax has become too heavy, except where remittances are enclosed. Those writing for missing Nos. will please attend to this. Their non-arrival is not caused by any inattention on our part.

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

The British Association.

Most of our readers are probably aware that there has recently been held at Cambridge, England, a third large meeting of scientific men for the purpose of comparing notes, and to form plans for a union of action among all classes. The English journals have teemed with the interesting proceedings; from a reported speech of the Rev. W. Whewell on the occasion we select the following extracts:

"Astronomy, which stands first on the list, is not only the queen of sciences, but, in a stricter sense of the term, the only perfect science; the only branch of human knowledge in which particulars are completely subjugated to generals, effects to causes; in which the long observation of the past has been, by human reason, twined into a chain which binds in its links the remotest events of the future; in which we are able fully and clearly to interpret nature's oracles, so that by that which we have tried we receive a prophecy of that which is untied. The rules of all our leading facts have been made out by observations on which the science began with the earliest dawn of history; the grand law of causation by which they are all bound together has been enunciated for 1500 years; and we have in this case an example of science in that elevated state of flourishing maturity, in which all that remains is to determine with the extreme of accuracy the consequences of its rules by the profoundest combinations of mathematics, the magnitude of its data by the minutest scrupulousness of observation; in which, further, its claims are so fully acknowledged, that the public wealth of every nation pretending to civilization, the most consummate productions of labour and skill, and the loftiest and most powerful intellects which appear among men, are gladly and emulously assigned to the task of adding to its completeness."

"A combination of theory with facts, of general views with experimental industry, is requisite, even in subordinate contributors to science. It has of late been common to assert that facts alone are valuable in science; that theory, so far as it is valuable, is contained in the facts; and, so far as it is not contained in the facts, can merely mislead and preoccupy men. But this antithesis between theory and facts has probably in its turn contributed to delude and perplex; to make men's observations and speculations useless and fruitless. For it is only through some view or other of the connection and relation of facts, that we know what circumstances we ought to notice and record; and every labourer in the field of science, however humble, must direct his labours by some theoretical views, original or adopted. Or, if the word theory be unconquer-

ably obnoxious, as to some it appears to be, it will probably still be conceded, that it is the rules of facts, as well as facts themselves, with which it is our business to acquaint ourselves."

"* * * * *
 "They, the really great in the world of intellect, have never had their characters marked with admiration of themselves and contempt of others. Their genuine nobility has ever been superior to those ignoble and lowborn tempers. Their views of their own powers and achievements have been sober and modest, because they have ever felt how near their predecessors had advanced to what they had done, and what patience and labour their own small progress had cost. Knowledge, like wealth, is not likely to make us proud or vain, except when it comes suddenly and unearned; and in such a case, it is little to be hoped that we shall use well, or increase, our ill-understood possession. Perfection of the appearance of overweening estimation of ourselves and our generation which has been charged against science, has arisen from the natural exultation which men feel at witnessing the success of art. I need not here dwell upon the distinction of science and art;—of knowledge, and the application of knowledge to the uses of life;—of theory and practice. In the success of the mechanical arts there is much that we look at with an admiration mingled with some feeling of triumph; and this feeling is here natural and blameless. For what is all such art but a struggle;—a perpetual conflict with the inertness of matter and its unfitness for our purposes? And when, in this conflict, we gain some point, it is impossible we should not feel some of the exultation of victory. In all stages of civilisation this temper prevails;—the naked inhabitant of the islands of the ocean, who by means of a piece of board glides through the furious and apparently deadly line of breakers, to the traveller who starts along a rail-road with a rapidity that dazzles the eye, this triumphant joy in successful art is universally felt. But we shall have no difficulty in distinguishing this feeling from the calm pleasure which we receive from the contemplation of truth. And when we consider how small an advance of speculative science is implied in each successful step of art; we shall be in no danger of imbibing, from the mere high spirits produced by difficulty overcome, any extravagant estimate of what man has done or can do—any perverse conception of the true scale of his aims and hopes. Still it would little become us here to be unjust to practical science. Practice has always been the origin and stimulus of theory: Art has ever been the mother of Science; the comely and busy mother of a daughter of a far loftier and sterner beauty. And so it is likely still to be: there are no subjects in which we may look more hopefully to an advance in sound theoretical views, than those in which the demands of practice make men willing to experiment on an expensive scale, with keenness and perseverance; and reward every addition of our knowledge with an addition to our power."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Narrative of Voyages to explore the shores of Africa, Arabia, and Madagascar, performed in H. M. ships Leven and Barracouta, under the direction of Captain W. F. Owen, R. N. by the command of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. 2 vols. 12mo. New York. Harpers. 1833.

In a former number of this journal, allusion was made to these interesting voyages, the English edition of which we pursued some weeks since with pleasure. The work has lost some of its value by the delay of publication since 1825, but Captain Owen's engagements on other expeditions prevented his paying the necessary attention to his manuscripts, which would have insured their favourable reception. We have since had more recent accounts of the western coast of Africa, and would instance Captain Leonard's voyage in 1831, 1832, an American edition of which has been issued within a few days by Mr. E. C. Mielke, in a volume containing also, the narrative of one of Captain Owen's officers. Of Leonard's voyage for the suppression of the slave trade, an abstract will also be found in a previous number—it is the best, as indeed it is the latest account.

Captain Owen's narrative differs from Leonard's, inasmuch as the objects were totally dissimilar, and both may be read with instruction. Each account is replete with the effects of the climate, the horrors of which to European constitutions, are most amply detailed.—Captain Owen lost the greater portion of his officers and crew by the fever of the country, and encountered appalling dangers, for an account of which, we must refer to the volumes themselves. A single extract to-day, is all for which we can find space:—

"On the 23d we got sight of the first island, situated about three miles from the main, where a heart-rending tragedy was enacted, which, during the remainder of our voyage called forth the most painful recollections. Two midshipmen were ordered to this island, for the purpose of obtaining some signs requisite for the surgeon. Mr. Bowie, the eldest, was a gentleman who had very passed his examination for a lieutenant, and had only lately joined the ship; the other, Mr. Parsons, came out with us from England, and was about eighteen years of age. While taking their observations, Mr. Bowie, who had charge of the boat, imprudently despatched the crew round a projecting foreland in search

of shells. They returned once on the fire of a musket, and found the two officers in the boat conversing with a native, many of whom are daily in the habit of sailing to these islands for shellfish, although they do not inhabit them, from a fear of being entrapped and carried off as slaves. The crew were absent a second time about half an hour, and then commenced their return. The man who was in advance of the rest, on gaining the height of an intervening sandy point, suddenly gave an alarm that the officers were missing from the boat. It was immediately anticipated that some fatal accident had happened, and all hastily rushed towards the spot. As they approached, something was observed rolling in the surf that beat heavily on the shore;—it was the lifeless body of Mr. Parsons. They picked it up, and swam to the boat, where they laid it out on the deck. Mr. B. then stretched over the table, with no other indication of life than a slight pulsation in the wrist, which in a few minutes ceased. An exclamation of horror burst from all. A consultation was held whether to go in pursuit of the blood-thirsty savages, or return to the ship and report the melancholy fate of their officers, when the latter course was determined on. Laying their remains at the bottom of the boat, in mournful silence and with heavy hearts, the grapple was weighed, and, favoured by the strong sea-breeze that had just set in, they soon reached the brig, which was at anchor near the second island. It was fortunate that they quitted without delay, as they had scarcely left the beach, when a body of armed natives were seen on the shore, laying their remains at the bottom of the boat, in mournful silence and with heavy hearts, the grapple was weighed, and, favoured by the strong sea-breeze that had just set in, they soon reached the brig, which was at anchor near the second island. It was fortunate that they quitted without delay, as they had scarcely left the beach, when a body of armed natives were seen on the shore, laying their remains at the bottom of the boat, in mournful silence and with heavy hearts, the grapple was weighed, and, favoured by the strong sea-breeze that had just set in, they soon reached the brig, which was at anchor near the second island.

Sketches of Turkey. By an American. Third notice.

We return with pleasure to this volume, which it now seems generally to be known is from the pen of Dr. De Kay; he appears to have gone out with the American legation, but in what capacity we are not informed. We like the work for its freshness, and for the graceful and easy turn of its expressions; there is nothing dry and prosing—on the contrary, the author paints his pictures of men and things so as to convey vivid and lasting impressions—we see with his eyes, and feel that we know much that was previously a mystery.

We alluded in our last number to the condition of the women in Turkey; of their domestic habits, there are some interesting particulars. Every house is divided into two parts—the *harem*, or women's apartment, and the *salamlik*, or part

allotted to the men; it has been discovered by the excavations at Herculaneum, that a similar arrangement existed there. A long room, communicating with several others, is the ordinary living apartment of the women and female domestics. In this room all the household operations, such as sewing, spinning, weaving, &c., are performed, and here too, they take their meals. Around this room is a range of closets three feet high, containing domestic utensils, clothes, &c.; upon the top of which they sleep at night, and similar to the men, with their clothes on. The apartments of the husband and male domestics, offer nothing peculiar, except that they are distinct from the women; in some houses the communication is completely cut off, except by a single door, of which the husband and wife have each a key. The entrance from the street is equally distinct, and it is added, that the women have free ingress and egress. They take their meals separately from their husbands, so that there can be no sour looks or tart remarks should the beef be underdone, or the soup be parboiled. The ladies are thus free from tobacco smoke, of entertaining husband's "dear five hundred friends," and of being compelled to listen to long-winded prolix conversations on trade and politics.

Business before every thing else, is but often a favourite phrase with merchants; but devotion before business, appears to be the rule in Turkey—indeed, they are declared by our author, to be emphatically a devotional people. Slavery appears to wear a mild aspect in Constantinople. About a hundred black women from Darfur and Sennar, on sale at the slave bazaar, endeavoured, by gestures and strange gibberish, to attract the attention of strangers, and to induce them to become their purchasers, actually looking forward to their ultimate destination with pleasure—in fact they are said to better their original condition. The white female slaves are chiefly from Circassia and Georgia, and until the last two years, from the Morea. By a decree of the Porte in 1830, the trade in Greek slaves was formally abolished, and all Christian slaves, who had become so in consequence of the Greek revolt, were ordered to be set at liberty, and to be furnished with money to return home.

It seems that the Turks have built the largest ship in the world, the length of the lower deck being 223 feet, and burthen 3934 tons, while the ship of the line, the *Pennsylvania*, now on the stocks, at the Philadelphia navy yard, is in length 220 feet, and burthen only 2506 tons. In a note, page 313, the author says, "with respect to this American ship, it has been asserted by skilful naval architects, that to render her an efficient sea-vessel, it will merely be found necessary to close her lower ports, or to take off her lower deck!" We hope neither may be necessary, but cannot but concur with the doctor, in believing that the two largest ships in the world, will prove in action of less service than four erected at the same cost and of smaller and more manageable dimensions.

A very amusing story of a Turkish admiral is related at page 320; it would almost lead us to give credence to Slade's account of his cruise with the *Capitan Pacha*, which had a tinge of the marvellous in it. The successor of a former commander (who was a small man) happened to be rather above the ordinary stature. On paying his first official visit to the arsenal, he went through several vessels, and as he was compelled

to stoop in going his rounds, he ordered all the decks to be heightened to suit his stature; when some one ventured to suggest that the former pacha had determined their height after the opinion of the naval constructors, he replied all that might be true, but that his predecessor was a little fellow, and might get along with such low decks, but that he would not put up with it, and they were accordingly all altered!

Temperance societies are unnecessary in Turkey. They carry their notions on the subject of abstinence so far as to hold it unlawful not merely to taste wine, but to make it, to buy or to sell it, or even to maintain themselves by the monies arising from the sale of that liquor, and the most scrupulous refrain from the use of coffee and tobacco—the latter is not used by the sultan, the head of the church thus setting an example for fashionable imitation. The patriarch of Jerusalem always resides at Constantinople, and exercises sovereign sway over Palestine; the author visited him; he is a fine looking old man with a most venerable and apostolical beard, of a dazzling silvery whiteness; he was seated cross-legged on the floor, and entered into conversation, enquiring into our religious observances. At the close of the ceremony he favoured the visitor with his autograph, signed "Athanasius in Christ, patriarch of Jerusalem."

On a visit to the interior the Americans were one day a little puzzled by an old man named Mehemet, who asked if it were true that we had sent out missionaries to make converts of the Turks, in ships laden with wine and ardent spirits! Although unable to controvert the fact, they succeeded in convincing him that such reports were sometimes grossly exaggerated.

The Turkish bath affords the usual amount of description and praise; but it is the first time we remember to have read such a forcible appeal as the following: "While I am writing I feel a tinge of shame at the idea of having so long mixed in society, and fancying myself in a fit condition to mingle with my fellow men. My companion, one of the most scrupulously neat men with whom I am acquainted, exclaimed, on seeing the impurities which were peeled off in large flakes from his body in the bath, 'this is worse than the solar microscope. I shall never persuade myself that I can be clean again.'"

Such are a few of the topics touched upon by this sensible author; all are treated luminously, and we close the book with regret that it is a copyright work, and therefore not in our power to handle entire. We anticipate a second edition of it, and perhaps several.

From the London Journal.

Piocciana; or, Recollections of the late Mrs. Piosci, with remarks. By a Friend. 8vo. pp. 334. London, 1833. Moxon.

The whole book is a continuation of what is significantly known by the name of twaddle, or rank twaddle; either telling new stories not worth telling, or spoiling old ones in the repetition—such, for instance, as Lord Lyttleton's ghost affair with Miles Andrews. The following of a good and considerate wife is shorter and better.

"A Mrs. Ramsay, whom I well knew, was a most extraordinary, steady-minded, and gentle-mannered woman, as my tale will show. She was extremely ill at night; and calling her confidential maid-servant to her bed-side, whispered her—'Jane, I am dying; but make no noise, because if you do you will wake Mr. Ramsay (then sleeping in the room); and, you know when his slumbers are broken he grows nervous, and cannot fall asleep again; but come you in the

morning at the usual time, when I shall be dead, and he will have had his full allowance of rest." And so saying, died accordingly."

What pity 'tis there are so few Mrs. Ramsays!

VARIETIES.

In the northern counties of New Jersey are numerous marl-pits, formed by the decay and dissolution of fresh-water shells. Some are of great extent. A very singular one in the vicinity of Marksborough is called the Snow Pond. I. Thompson, Esq. politely went with me to view it. When seen at a distance, it appeared as if the ground were white with the snow, and it was indeed so in the month of August. On arriving at the spot, I found it was caused by innumerable small white shells, which formed a border to a pond, three miles in circumference. The shells extended in many parts a hundred yards from the shore, and a cove which extended a mile was completely filled with them. Towards the centre of the pond the bank of shells declined suddenly to an unknown depth; many attempts had been made to fathom it, but without success. The shells are extremely minute, none of them more than three lines in diameter, and many one third of that size. They appear like grains of sand. The quantity amounts to many thousand tons. Recent shells, like the same kind are now to be found in the centre of the pond, but have not hitherto been noticed on the surface. No use is made of this immense deposit of shells, although a very pure carbonate of lime. A small dam thrown across one end of the pond was said to have been made by the beavers. There is more happiness in the world than people are generally imagining. The inhabitants of these beautiful shells have enjoyed their mountain-lake from time immemorial—undisturbed by the ambition of man, they have lived, and enjoyed tranquilly.—*Finch's travels in the United States.*

Cooper's New Novel.—The Editor of the National Gazette thus characterises the new novel of the *Headsman*, which Mr. Cooper has painted in this work, "a work of characteristic ability, the aspect of the picturesque country which he lately traversed—the magnificent variety of the landscape and the storms of the lake. He seems to have taken more pains and has been more successful, in its literary execution, than in that of his antecedent novels."

Encyclopædia of the University of Virginia.—We learn, says the Richmond Compiler, with very great pleasure, from an advertisement in the *Charlottesville Chronicle*, that this gentleman is about to publish a work on a branch of mathematical science. We venture to predict it will be one of no ordinary value, from what we know of the distinguished author, and the subject. It will be, we imagine, very much from his lecture on Inductive Geometry, of which we have heard the highest praise; and will present an excellent analysis of the relations of form and magnitude, commencing with the elementary ideas acquired from the senses, and proceeding, by a train of inductive reasoning, to develop the present state of the science.

Sir Walter Scott.—The editor of the London Literary Gazette, while speaking of Turner the engraver, makes the following neat allusion to Sir Walter Scott's manifold labours—"This artist, never turning out fewer than five or six splendid large pictures within the year, has been constantly painting, and engraving, by the hours, dozens upon dozens of exquisite designs for book illustrations, vignettes, and what not—reverting from these to the canvass on his easel, with the ease of a man who, finding nothing above, holds nothing below him—just as Sir Walter himself used to have in hand, all at the same time, a romance (often a couple of romances), a poem, a play, a history, &c. &c. Register, a review for the *Quarterly*, a collection of antiquarian odds and ends for the Bannatyne Club, or *Blackwood's Magazine*; a law argument—(or even down to his latter years, many such came from him, though not of course signed with his name)—to say nothing of songs for his daughters, stories for his grandsons, &c. &c. a heap of cases for judgment in his capacity of magistrate."

Festival of the Vine Dressers.—The ancient festival of the Vine Dressers was celebrated on the 8th of August, at Veray in Switzerland, a place well calculated for such an exhibition. Twenty-five thousand spectators, drawn from every part of the country, were seated on Elevated platforms, capable of accommodating several thousand persons, were erected around an enclosure, into which the procession marched, at an early hour in the morning, under a salute of artillery. First in the

procession came a band of soldiers, in the ancient Swiss uniform; then a long array of shepherds and gardeners; next the cow-keepers with cattle and the spring vine dressers with their implements of husbandry; then the troop of Ceres, with the scythes and other instruments of husbandry; the various processions of Bacchus, consisting of the autumn vine dressers with all the apparatus of their profession; and another detachment of military closed the procession, each band of which was preceded by music. In the enclosure, crowns and pruning hooks were distributed as prizes to various individuals previously designated to receive them. After this ceremony, the various companies sang their respective songs and exhibited their favourite dances, and partook of a banquet on the borders of Lake Lemman. The celebrated Ranz des Vaches, was sung with exquisite effect. Mr. Cooper, the novelist, was last year present at this festival, and has made it the subject of his new novel of the *Headsman*.

Harvard University.—The Bowdoin prizes for 1833, have been awarded as follows:—The Resident Graduate's prize of \$50, or an equivalent gold medal, to Samuel Osgood of the Divinity school, a prize of \$40 to Francis Bowen, and one of \$30 to William McKay Fritchard, both of the last Senior class; a prize of \$40 and another of \$30 to Charles Mason and William Knapp, of the present Senior class. The prizes are for the best dissertations on given subjects.

The armed extremities of a variety of animals give them great advantages; but if man possessed any similar provisions, he would forfeit his sovereignty over all. As Galen long since observed, "did man possess the natural armour of the brutes, he would no longer be able to use his sword or protect himself with his breast-plate, nor fashion a sword or spear, nor invent a bridle to mount the horse and hunt the lion. Neither could he follow the arts of peace, construct the pipe and lyre, erect houses, place altars, inscribe laws, and through letters hold communion with the wisdom of antiquity." *Bull on the Hand.*

The coit, or spider monkey, is so called from the extraordinary length of its extremities, and its motions. The tail answers all the purposes of a hand, and the animal throws itself about from branch to branch, sometimes swinging from the foot, and sometimes by the hand, but oftener and with a greater reach by the tail. The prehensile nature of the tail is proverbially well known, and the animal is distinguished by its skill in forming an organ of touch, and discriminating by the hand. The caraya, or black howling monkey of Cumana, when shot, is found suspended by its tail to a branch. Naturalists have been so struck with the property of the tail of the ateles, as to compare it with the proboscis of the elephant; they have assured us that they have seen the most interesting use of the tail is seen in the opossum. The young of that animal entwine their tails around the mother's tail and mount upon her back, where they sit secure, while she escapes from her enemies.—*Ibid.*

We recognise the bones which form the upper extremity of man, in the fin of the whale, in the paddle of the manatee, in the wing of the bat, and in the same bones, perfectly suited to their purpose, in the paw of the lion or the bear, and equally fitted for motion in the hoof of the horse, or in the foot of the camel, or adjusted for climbing or digging in the long clawed feet of the sloth or bear.—*Ibid.*

As we need not find how the hand supplies all the elements, and its correspondence with the intellect gives man universal dominion. It presents the last and best proof of that principle of adaptation, which evinces design in the creation.—*Ibid.*

From the weight of the body being a necessary concomitant of muscular strength, we see why birds, by the use of their wings, as well as the quadruped, by their skeleton, walk badly. And on the other hand, in observing how this lightness is adapted for flight, it is remarkable how small an addition to their body will prevent them rising on the wing. If the griffin-vulture be frightened after his repast, he must disgorge before he flies; and the condor in the same circumstance, disgorges the Indians, like a quadruped, by throwing the lasse over it. If the full stomach of a carnivorous bird retard its flight, we perceive that it could not have carried its young. The light body, the quill feathers, the bill, and the laying of eggs, are all necessarily connected.—*Ibid.*

It is interesting to fix attention by studying the processes of the bones, that when nothing at first sight, appears more inconsequent, we are learning the characters of a language which shall enable us to read monuments of the highest interest;—the records of the

creation, which give an account of the revolutions of the earth itself.—*Ibid.*

The foot of the horse. So much depends on the position of the pastern bones and coffin bone, that judging by the length of these and their obliquity, it is possible to say whether a horse goes easily, without mounting.—*Ibid.*

Permanence of letters written upon a metallic surface after its fusion.—M. Bellani has made the following curious experiment. Melt, in a small crucible, an alloy of lead and tin, and withdraw the metallic cone, after cooling. On writing, with common ink, upon the metallic surface, which was in contact with the side of the crucible, and removing the ingot and allowing it to cool again, the very same letters which were written before the second fusion will be found entire. The experiment may be repeated many times, and the metal may even be shaken while in fusion, and the characters traced upon the metallic surface will always be found again. The phenomenon seems to be caused by the circumstance, that this surface is formed of a very thin coating of oxide, like a pellicle, which does not become fluid with the metal.—*Bib. Univ. Feb. 1833.*

Exchanges in Natural History.—M. T. D. Michahelle, Dr. Med. and Phil. Munich, in Bavaria, in a letter to the editor, dated April 24, 1833, proposes to the naturalists of this country, to examine the natural objects of Southern and Central Europe, (particularly those from the Alps of Germany and Switzerland, Italy, France, Dalmatia, and Albania, and their confines), for those of North America.

Dr. M. is very desirous of these exchanges, and wishes to obtain of the class mammalia, aves and amphibii, a few, two, three, four, or more specimens of each species; of the mollusca, only those species which inhabit the land or fresh water; of insects, only the coleoptera and lepidoptera; of plants, all, both phanerogamous and cryptogamous. He will furnish to those who desire it a complete catalogue of each class and order of his collection.—*Silliman's Journal.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The *Writings of George Washington*, with historical notes and illustrations, and a life of the author, by Jared Sparks. The publishers of this work state that two volumes will be issued in the course of the month of May. The first volume, America, will contain the whole work at regular periods and with as little delay as is necessary to ensure its satisfactory execution. It will be completed in not less than eight, nor more than twelve volumes.

The *Library of Biography*, conducted by Jared Sparks, is a new series of biographies, by Charles Bowen. The first volume of this series will be published on the first of December next, and the work will be continued quarterly.

It is the design of this work to publish from time to time a series of volumes, comprising historical and private memoirs of persons who have rendered themselves eminent in the history of America, from the first discovery of the New World to the present day. Several gentlemen, whose names are well known to the literary public, have cheerfully agreed to co-operate with the editor in this undertaking, and he flatters himself, that the results of their united labours, in a department of literature highly interesting to all classes of readers, will be found to be of great value and entertainment, will be such as to meet with an adequate patronage."

The same enterprising publisher has in press the *Poetical Works of John Milton*, correctly and beautifully printed on a large, fair type. This edition will contain a New Series of the Poetical Works, a copious collection of Notes from Newton, Todd, Symonds, &c. The whole including his Latin Poems, in 2 vols. 8vo. A few copies will be struck off on a large paper. A practice we desire to see encouraged in America. Large paper copies of standard works will be in great request when it once becomes fashionable to possess them.

We are pleased to observe by the last number of *Silliman's Journal*, that H. Howe & Co. of New Haven, have in press the following work, to be published this month (October).—"An Introduction to Geology, intended to convey a practical knowledge of the science, and comprising the most important facts and principles, with explanations of the facts and phenomena which serve to confirm or invalidate various geological theories, by Robert Bakewell; from the fourth London edition, greatly enlarged by the author,—with an appendix by Professor Silliman."

Library Company.—There has been received at the room of the Library Company of Philadelphia, within a few days, a large collection of London books, well selected, and comprising most of the popular productions of the last six months, with many rare works not usually received by the booksellers. The trustees of the Logonian Library have lately placed on the shelves of that institution, a valuable selection of Scotch literature, secured from the Library of Mr. Riebel. By a recent calculation it appears, that these combined Libraries contain *forty-three thousand volumes*, being the most extensive collection in America.

A life of Petrarcha, from the original papers of Ardeacon Coxo, is in progress in London. Also, Travels and Researches in Caramania, by Stephen Kay, corresponding member of the Asiatic Society of London.

Montgomery's Woman, the Angel of Life, has gone through a second edition, notwithstanding the squibs of the critics, and a fourth edition of his Messiah, with illustrations, is in press in London as an annual, and called the Sacred Annual.

List of New Books published in London to the latest dates.

Memoirs of Baron Cuvier, by Mrs. R. Lee, (formerly Mrs. T. Bowdich), 8vo.—Memoirs of the Court of King Charles the First, by Lucy Aikin, 2d edition.—Moths and Sons, by the author of "Hyaecinth O'Garra," &c. 12mo.—Brief Introduction to Astronomy, by George Lindsay, 2d edition, 12mo.—Verses Amorous and Satirical, by W. W. James, with an English Translation, 12mo.—Alphabet of Zoology, by James Kennicott, 18mo.—Practical Exposition of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, by the Rev. R. Anderson, 12mo.—The Converted Jew, a Poem, by T. K. Verdon, 12mo.—The Boy's Latin Construing Book.—Letters from Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann, 1741-1750, 2d edition, 3 vols.—The present for an Apprentice, new edition, with Appendix, 18mo.—Zenobia, a Drama, and other Poems, by J. Ford, M. D. 8vo.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. XLVI.—Eminent Foreign Statesmen, by E. E. Crowe, Vol. I. 12mo.—Transactions of the Zoological Society of London, Vol. I. Part I. royal 8vo.—The Incarnation, and other Poems, by Thomas Rogers, 12mo.—The School Journal, post 8vo.—Valpy's Shakespeare, Vol. XI.; Ditto Classical Library, Vol. XLV. Æschylus, complete, 18mo.—Hansard's Debates, 3d Series, Vol. XVII. (3d of the Session 1833), royal 8vo.—Turner's Manual of Vocal Music, 8vo.—The Note Book of a Country Clergyman, 8mo.—Notre-Dame, a Tale of the "Ancien Régime," from the French of M. Victor Hugo, 3 vols. post 8vo.—Tales from Chaucer, in Prose for Young Persons, by C. C. Clarke, 12mo.—Edgeworth's Novels and Tales, Vol. XVII.—Harrington and Thoughts on Boreas, 12mo.

New American Publications.

A Treatise on the Diseases of the Heart and Vessels, by R. J. Barlow, Professor of Hygiene to the Faculty of Medicine, of Paris, &c. &c. Edited by J. Bouillaud, of the Faculty of Paris, translated from the French, by Charles W. Channey, M. D. in 1 vol. 8vo.

Narrative of Voyages to explore the shores of Africa, Arabia, and Madagascar; performed in H. M. ships *Lever* and *Barracouta*, under the direction of Captain W. F. W. Owen, R. N.

Continuation of the Tabular Statistical Views of the United States, containing Population, Commerce, Post Office Establishment, Revenue, Expenditures, &c. by George Watterston and N. B. Van Zandt. Also, Outline of the Constitutional Jurisprudence of the United States, designed as a text book for lectures; as a class book for schools, and as a manual for popular use, by W. A. Duer, L. L. D.

Enquiries concerning Intellectual Powers, and the Investigation of Truth, by John Abercrombie, M. D. F. R. S., with additions and explanations, by Jacob Abbott, 1 vol. 12mo.

Marshall, Clark & Co., of this city, have issued a duodecimo of nearly 150 pages, entitled *Poems and Prose Writings*, by Richard H. Dana, Esq.

Desilver, Jr., & Thomas have published a child's book, with engravings, entitled *Peter Parley's Arithmetic*, consisting of ingenious devices for the successful instruction of children in figures.

"*Caution Wanted!*" the *Young Traveller* from Ohio," is the title of a volume forming the 18th number of Harper's Boys and Girls' Library. It contains

the narrative of a journey from Ohio to Albany, performed by a young lady, whose letters describe every thing curious and interesting that she met on the way. It is written in very simple and pleasant language, and both from its subject and style, is extremely well calculated to interest and instruct juvenile readers.

The fourth volume of the works of Sir Walter Scott, has been published by Connor & Cooke.

The City Hall Reporter and Law Magazine, is the name of a new monthly publication of 64 octavo pages, at seven dollars per annum, issued in New York.

Delaware, or the Ruined Family, a novel, in 2 vols. 12mo.

History of Priestcraft in all ages and nations, by William Howitt, edited by a Clergyman of New York, 1 vol. 12mo.

Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.—First Series.

Puff's Inferior. One of our daily friends got himself into a scrape with a ready made puff the other day, by confounding two totally distinct books! The following is the recantation:—

"In noticing a few days since, 'A Subaltern in America,' just published by Carey & Hart, we spoke of it as being only another edition of Lieutenant Coke's scamper through the states, and we gave an opinion of the former founded on reading the latter. We found, on looking at the work, that it is another matter entirely. It is the account from Blackwood, we believe, of some of the movements of the British in our waters, during the late war."

This is another proof of the extreme utility of "looking at the work," before attempting to give its character. Lieutenant Coke's book is any thing but a scamper, being most remarkably correct and agreeable. Will our friend turn over a few more of his leaves? We do not ask for another recantation—one must be sufficiently galling.

TAM O'SHANTER. A little girl was taken yesterday to the Exhibition Room, and was highly delighted with Thom's statues. Her eye was constantly rivetted on them, and when her mother called her and said it was time to go, the child looked intently at Tam, replied, "*stop, mother, till he drinks it.*"—*Boston paper.*

Contents of the North American Review for October, 1833.

Fidler's observations on the United States; Life of John Jay; Homer; Old English Romances; History of Maine; Memoirs of Mrs. Inchbold; Miss Leslie's Pencil Sketches; Lotteries; Woodridge's Annals of Education; Dante. The article on Old English Romances we cannot be deceived in ascribing to the author of *Outre-mer*;—and a most pleasant and amusing article it is. The number is, altogether, a good one.

We seized with avidity this week, a new French work, entitled "*Le Duc de Reichstadt*," written by M. Montbel, one of the ministers of the ex-king Charles X., expecting to find it worthy of translation for the "*Library*." But a slight perusal showed it to be a mere piece of bookmaking—made up chiefly from works already published, and a few anecdotes about the young duke. Those we read are very trifling;—and if the son of Napoleon really used the words mentioned in one, viz. on the expulsion of the Bourbons from Paris, that he *regretted he could not go and fight for Charles X.*, it shows how entirely the Metternichian principles had been instilled into him.

The tales which we commence this week assume ground that has hitherto been but slightly touched. Real events in the history of families distinguished in their localities are made the groundwork of stories, in which are strikingly portrayed some prominent feature or characteristic of human character, and in all, the author has managed at once "to point a moral, and adorn a tale."

In the first tale, the misery attendant on an ill-assorted marriage, where the previous habits of the parties were so dissimilar as to render their sentiments and tastes thoroughly incongruous, even though a sincere mutual attachment existed, is strikingly illustrated. Is this fiction? Is it not human life in its daily exhibition? We need not search for examples merely among the daughters of noblemen and the humble cultivators of the soil. The case is striking from the conventional distinctions established in the country where the scene is laid. But though these *nominal* barriers do not exist in this republican land, does education, do early habits, prejudices, and prepossessions, not as peremptorily require similar principles, corresponding education, and established habits, to coincide, and coalesce smoothly, to have any satisfactory prospect of those "bound in wedlock's ties" being prepared to bear and share the inevitable casualties to which the connection is incident.

We have taken the freedom of curtailing a few phrases of the very familiar scenes. They were too broadly caricature. It is much to be regretted, to see an author having the power of Mr. Picken fall into the vulgarity for which Galt is so reprehensible, in place of following the pure example of Scott. Who has to blush for a single sentence in any of Scott's works? For his parallel we may indeed long wish in unavailing desire.

In the second tale, the Priors of Lawford, the picture is sweeter, and of a different character. This the author has managed chastely and beautifully. The horrid dread which harasses the virtuous mind of Rebecca, lest the hereditary malady of the family should also find her a victim—the struggles between her consequent frightful imaginings, and the suggestions of affection, with the beautiful sketch of the young clergyman, and the impressive death-bed scene of the old patriarch, are managed with a powerful hand, and evince talent sufficient, if properly guarded, to place the author in an enviable literary rank. He has one of Scott's characteristics—in letting his tale reveal the moral, by the mere force of circumstances, and not by flashing moral aphorisms in your teeth at every step.

The Journals of Mr. Gutzlaff's voyages to China, published by Mr. Haven in New York, are exceedingly curious. The publisher has evidently not sent the usual presentation copies, so that the public have heard little of them.

COMMUNICATION.

The performances of Mr. and Mrs. Wood at the Chestnut street Theatre have attracted large and very respectable audiences, and the latter is unquestionably the best female singer we have had in America, if we except Malibran. The lovers of fine music cannot fail to be gratified by an attendance on their performances.

Erratum.—In last week's Journal it is said that the business of the Turkish mint is conducted by an *Armenian*. The word was a misprint, and should have been *Armenian*.

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

The story of Peter Simple appears in short numbers in the London Metropolitan Magazine, in which it was commenced in 1832, and has continued monthly, to the September number of 1833, when, it appears to be nearly completed. A very few detached portions of these have been copied into American periodicals, but as there has yet been nothing like a continuous series published in this country, our readers will probably all be gratified to peruse them consecutively in this form.

They have been aptly called "the best piece of humour of the day;"—whether so considered or not, we are confident that all who prefer laughing to crying, will find many opportunities for indulging their risibility. Since Smollett, no writer has succeeded so well in describing the humours of a sea-life. Without that author's grossness, there is apparent, the same keen sense of the ridiculous and amusing; if the scenes border upon points of doubtful taste, the fastidious reader must recollect the character of the incidents and the persons delineated, which to be natural, must be described as they exist.

The editor of the Metropolitan, remarks in the last number, that "the praise which has been so flatteringly bestowed upon Peter Simple, has been invariably mixed up with diatribes against continuations; but these are flattering proofs of the interest which it has excited, and may be construed rather to the dislike of being obliged to leave off." In our journal, the whole can be published in one fourth the time occupied by the original vehicle—thirty days was too long an interval, as many a coterie of laughers have experienced. 'Those who hate interrogations in a good story, have only to lay by the numbers a few weeks, till they are completed.—With these few remarks, we introduce "Peter" to a place at our board for several succeeding weeks, trusting to his uniform good humour and talents, to make him a welcome guest to all the company.

PETER SIMPLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF NEWTON POSTER.

If I cannot narrate a life of adventurous and daring exploits, fortunately I have no heavy crimes to confess, and if I do not rise in the estimation of the reader for acts of gallantry and devotion in my country's cause, at least I may claim the merit of humble and unobtru-

sive continuance in my vocation. We are all of us variously gifted from above, and he who is content to walk, instead of running, his allotted path through life, although he may not so rapidly attain the goal, has the advantage of not being out of breath upon his arrival. Not that I mean to infer that my life has not been one of adventure. I only mean to say, that in all which has occurred, I have been a passive, rather than an active, personage; and if events of interest are to be recorded, they certainly have not been sought by me.

As well as I can recollect and analyse my early propensities, I think that, had I been permitted to select my own profession, I should in all probability have bound myself apprentice to a tailor; for I always enjoyed the comfortable seat which they appeared to enjoy upon the shopboard and their elevated position, which enabled them to look down upon the constant succession of the idle or the busy, who passed in review before them in the main street of the country town, near to which I passed the first fourteen years of my existence.

But my father, who was a clergyman of the church of England, and the youngest brother of a noble family, had a lucrative living, and a "soul above buttons," if his son had not. It has been from time immemorial the heathenish custom to sacrifice the greatest glory of the family to the prosperity and naval superiority of the victim. If the custom be judicious, I had no reason to complain. There was not one dissentient voice, when I was proposed before all the varieties of my aunts and cousins, invited to partake of our new year's festival. I was selected by general acclamation. Flattered by such an unanimous acknowledgment of my qualification, and a stroke of my father's hand down my head which accompanied it, I felt as proud, and alas! as unconscious, as the calf with gilded horns, who plays and mumbles with the flowers of the garland which designates his fate to every one but himself. I even felt, or thought I felt, a slight degree of military ardour, and a sort of vision of future grandeur passed before me. But as the distant vista of which I perceived a coach with four horses and a service of plate. It was, however, driven away before I could decipher it, by positive bodily pain, occasioned by my elder brother Tom, who having been directed by my father to snuff the candles, took the slight ignited snuff into my left ear. But as my story is not a very short one, I must not dwell too long at its commencement. I shall therefore inform the reader, that my father, who lived in the north of England, did not think it right to fit me out at our country-town, near to which we resided; but about a fortnight after the decision which I have referred to, he forwarded me to London on the outside of the coach, with my best suit of bottle-green and six shirts. To prevent mistakes I was booked in the way-bill "to be delivered to Mr. Thomas Handycrock, No. 14 St. Clement's-lane-carriage path." My parting with the family was very affecting; my mother cried bitterly, for, like all mothers, she liked the greatest fool which she had pro-

duced to my father, better than all the rest; my sisters cried because my mother cried; Tom roared for a short time louder than all the rest, having been chastised by my father for breaking his fourth window in that week;—during all which, my father walked up and down the room with impatience, because he was kept from his dinner, and like all orthodox divines, he was tenacious of the only sensual enjoyment permitted to his cloth.

At last I tore myself away. I had blubbered till my eyes were so red and swollen, that the pupils were scarcely to be distinguished, and tears and dirt had veined my cheeks like the marble of the chimney-piece. My handkerchief was soaked through with wiping my eyes and blowing my nose, before the scene was over. My brother Tom, with a kindness which did honour to his heart, exchanged his for mine, saying with fraternal regard, "Here, Peter, take mine, it's as dry as a bone." But my father would not wait for a second handkerchief to perform its duty. He led me away through the hall, when having shaken hands with all the men and kissed all the maids who stood in a row with their aprons to their eyes, I quitted my paternal roof.

The coachman accompanied me to the place from whence the coach was to start. Having seen me securely wedged between two fat old women, and having put my parcel inside, he took his leave, and in a few minutes I was on my road to London.

I was too much depressed to take notice of any thing during my journey. When we arrived in London, they drove to the Blue Boar, (in a street the name of which I forget; I had never seen or heard of such an animal, and certainly it did appear very formidable; its mouth was open and teeth very large. What surprised me still more was to observe that its teeth and hoofs were of pure gold. Who knows, thought I, that in some of the strange countries which I am doomed to visit, I may fall in with and shoot one of these terrific monsters? with what haste shall I select those precious parts, and with what joy should I, on my return, pour them as an offering of filial affection into my mother's lap!—and then, as I thought of my mother, the tears again gushed into my eyes.

The coachman threw his whip to the carrier and the reins upon the horses' backs; he then dismounted, and calling to me, "Now, young gentleman, I've a waiting," he put a ladder up for me to get down by; then turning to a porter, he said to him, "Bill, you must take this here young gen'man and that ere parcel to this here direction. Please to remember the coachman, that I've a waiting for him, if he certainly would, if he would, and walked off with the porter; the coachman observing, as I went away, "Well, he is a fool—that's certain." I arrived quite safe at St. Clement's-lane, when the porter received a shilling for his trouble from the maid who let me in, and I was shown up into a parlour, where I found myself in company with Mrs. Handycrock.

Mrs. Handycrock was a little meagre woman, who did not speak very good English, and who appeared to me to employ the major part of her time in bawling out from the top of the stairs to the servants below. I

never saw her either read a book or occupy herself with needle-work, during the whole time I was in the house. She had a large gray parrot, and I really cannot tell which screamed the worse of the two—but she was very civil and kind to me, and asked me ten times a-day when I had last heard of my grandfather, Lord Privilege. I observed that she always did so if any company happened to call in during my stay at her house. Before I had been there ten minutes, she told me that she "hated the sailors—they were the defencible and preservers of their kind in the countries," and that "the 'o'clocks' would be home by four and the 'o'clocks' and then we should go to dinner." Then she jumped off her chair to bawl to the cook from the head of the stairs—"Jemima, Jemima!—I've! ha! the living devil instead of fried." "Ca'n't, marm," replied Jemima, "they be all hegged and crumbed, with the same little moulters." "Well, then, my mind Jemima," replied the lady. "Don't put your finger into the parrot's cage, my love—he's apt to be cross with strangers. Mr. Handycrook will be home at four o'clock, and then we shall have our dinner. Are you fond of visiting?"

As I was very anxious to see Mr. Handycrook, and very anxious to have my dinner, I was not sorry to hear the clock on the stairs strike four; when Mrs. Handycrook again jumped up, and put her head over the bannisters, "Jemima, Jemima, it's four o'clock!" "I hear it marm," replied the cook; and she gave the frying-pan a twist, which made the hissing and the smell come flying up into the parlour, and made me much more hungry than I was.

"Rap, tap, tap!" "There's your master, Jemima," screamed the lady. "I hear him, marm," replied the cook. "Run down, my dear, and let Mr. Handycrook in," said his wife. "He'll be so surprised at seeing you open the door!"

I ran down as Mrs. Handycrook desired me, and opened the street-door. "Who the devil are you?" cried Mr. Handycrook, in a gruff voice; a man about six feet high, dressed in blue cotton-nett pantaloons and Hessian boots, with a black coat and waistcoat. I was a little rebuffed, I must own, but I replied that I was Mr. Simple. "And pray, Mr. Simple, what would your grandfather say, if he saw you now?" "I have service in plenty to open my door, and the parlour is the proper place for young gentlemen."

"Law, Mr. Handycrook," said his wife, from the top of the stairs, "how can you be so cross? I told him to open the door to surprise you." "And you were surprised me," replied he, "with your cursed folly."

While Mr. Handycrook was rubbing his boots on the mat, I went up stairs again, rather mortified, I must own, as my father had told me that Mr. Handycrook was his stock-broker, and would do all he could to make me comfortable; indeed, he had written to that effect in a letter, which my father showed to me before I left home. When I returned to the parlour, Mrs. Handycrook whispered to me, "Never mind, my dear, it's only because there's something wrong on 'Change. Mr. Handycrook is a bear just now." I thought so too, but I made no answer, for Mr. Handycrook came up stairs, and walking with two strides from the door to the parlour to the fire-place, took his back to it, and sitting up on his coat-tails, began to whistle.

"Are you ready for your dinner, my dear?" said the lady, almost trembling. "If the dinner is ready for me, I believe we usually dine at four," answered her husband gruffly. "Jemima, Jemima, dish up! do you hear, Jemima?" "Yes, marm," replied the cook, and she brought the thickened butter. Mrs. Handycrook resumed her seat with, "Well, Mr. Simple, and how is your grandfather, Lord Privilege?" "He is quite well, ma'am," answered I, for the fifteenth time at least. But dinner put an end to the silence which followed this remark. Mr. Handycrook lowered his coat-tails and walked down stairs, leaving his wife and me to follow at our leisure.

"Pray, marm," enquired I, as soon as he was out of hearing, "what is the matter with Mr. Handycrook, that he is so cross to you?"

"Vy, my dear, it is one of the misfortunes of matrimony, that ven the husband's put out, the wife is sure to have her share of it. My dear, my dear, my dear, money on 'Change, and then he always comes home cross. Ven he vins, then he is as merry as a cricket."

"Are you people coming down to dinner?" roared Mr. Handycrook from below. "Yes, my dear," replied the lady, "I thought that you were washing your hands." We descended into the dining-room, where

we found that Mr. Handycrook had already devoured two of the whittings, leaving only one. "You've had a little bit of vittin, my dear?" said the lady to me. "It's not worth having," observed the gentleman, in a surly tone, taking the fish up with his own knife and fork, and putting it on his plate.

"Well, I'm so glad you like them, my dear," replied the lady, meekly; then turning to me, "there's some more of the same, my dear, if you like."

The real made its appearance, and fortunately for us, Mr. Handycrook could not devour it all. He took the lion's share, nevertheless, cutting off all the brown, and then shoving the dish over to his wife to help herself and me. I had not put two pieces in my mouth before Mr. Handycrook desired me to get up and hand him the port-wine, which stood on the sideboard. I thought that if it was not right for me to open a door, neither was it for me to wait at table—but I obeyed him without making a remark.

After dinner, Mr. Handycrook went down to the cellar for a bottle of wine. "O deary me," exclaimed his wife, "he must have lost a mint of money—dine he better go up stairs and leave him alone; he'll be better after a bottle of port, perhaps." I was very glad to go away, and being very tired, I went to bed without any tea, for Mrs. Handycrook dared not venture to make it before her husband came up stairs.

The next morning Mr. Handycrook appeared to be in some of his better humour. One of the linen-drappers, who fit out cadets, &c., "on the shortest notice," was sent for, and orders given for my equipment, which Mr. Handycrook insisted should be ready on the day afterwards, or the articles would be left on his hands; adding that my place was already taken in the Portsmouth coach.

"Really," observed the man, "I'm afraid—on such very short notice—"

"Your card says 'the shortest notice,'" rejoined Mr. Handycrook, with the confidence and authority of a man who is enabled to correct another by his own assertions. "If you do not choose to undertake the work, another will."

"I can't do the man, who made his promise, took my measure and departed, and soon afterwards Mr. Handycrook also quitted the house."

What with my grandfather and the parrot, and Mrs. Handycrook wondering how much money her husband had lost, running to the head of the stairs and taking down the clock, and the parrot screaming at four o'clock, then, as before, Mrs. Handycrook screamed, the cook screamed, the parrot screamed, and Mr. Handycrook rapped at the door, and was let in—but not by me. He ascended the stairs with three bounds, and coming into the parlour, cried, "Well, Nancy, my love, how are you?" Then stooping over her, "Give me a kiss, my dear, I'm as hungry as a hunter." "Mr. Simple, how do you do? I hope you have passed the morning agreeably. I must wash my hands and change my boots, my love; I am not fit to sit down to table with you in this pickle. Well, Polly, how are you?"

"I'm glad you're hungry, my dear, I've such a nice dinner for you," cried Mrs. Handycrook, all smiles. "Jemima, be quick and dish up—Mr. Handycrook is so hungry."

"Yes, marm," replied the cook; and Mrs. Handycrook followed her husband into his bed-room on the same floor, to assist him at his toilet.

"By Jove, Nancy, the *belle* have been nicely taken in," cried Mrs. Handycrook, as we sat down to dinner.

"O I am so glad!" replied his wife, giggling; and so I believe she was, but why I did not understand.

"Mr. Simple," said he, "I will you allow me to offer you a little fish?"

"If you do not want it all yourself, sir," replied I politely.

Mr. Handycrook frowned and shook her head at me, while her husband helped me. "My dove, a bit of fish?"

We both had our share to-day, and I never saw a man more polite than Mr. Handycrook. He joked with his wife, asked me to drink wine with him two or three times, talked about my grandfather; and, in short, we had a very pleasant evening.

The next morning all my clothes came home, but Mr. Handycrook, who still continued in good humour, said that he would not allow me to travel by night, that I should sleep there and set off the next morning, which I did at six o'clock, and before eight I arrived at the Elephant and Castle, where we stopped for a quarter of an hour. I was looking at the paint-

ing representing this animal with a castle on its back; and assuming that of Warwick, which had been the first estimate of the size and weight of that which he carried, was attempting to enlarge my ideas so as to comprehend the stupendous bulk of the elephant, when I observed a crowd assembled at the corner, and asking a gentleman who sat by me in a plain cloak, whether there was not something very uncommon to attract so many eyes. "No," replied, "Not very, for it was only a drunken sailor."

I rose from my seat, which was on the hinder part of the coach, that I might see him; for it was a new sight to me, and excited my curiosity; when to my astonishment he staggered from the crowd, and swore that he'd go to the devil. He clambered up to the top of the coach, and sat down by me. I believe that I stared at him very much, for he said to me, "What are you gaping at, you young sculping? Do you want to catch flies? or did you never see a chaps half seas over before?"

I replied, "that I had never been at sea in my life, but that I was going."

"Well, then, you're like a young bear, all your sorrows are to come—that's all, my hearty," replied he.

"When you get on board, you'll find monkey's allowance—more kicks than half-pence. I say, you pewter carrier, bring us another pint of ale."

The waiter of the inn, who was attending the coach, brought the beer. The half of which the sailor drank, and the other half threw into the water's face, telling him that that was his "allowance; and now," said he, "what's to pay?" The waiter, who looked very angry, but appeared too much afraid of the sailor to say any thing, answered fourpence; and the sailor pulled out a handful of bank notes, mixed with gold, silver, and coppers, and was picking out the money to pay for this when the coachman, who was impatient, drove off.

"There's cut and run," cried the sailor, thrusting all the money back into his breeches pocket. "That's what you'll learn to do, my joker, before you have been two cruises to sea."

In the meantime, the gentleman in the plain cloak, who was seated by me, smoked his cigar without saying a word. I commenced a conversation with him relative to my profession, and asked him whether it was not very difficult to learn. "Larn," he cried the sailor, interrupting us, "no; it may be difficult to learn such chaps as you are, but it's no more to learn to be a waiter, and they can't get much to larn, 'cause why, they pipelays their weekly accounts, and walks up and down with their hands in their pockets. You must larn to chaw baccy, drink grog, and call the cat a beggar, and then you knows all a midshipman's expected to know now-a-days. Ar'n't I right?" "Yes, sir," I answered, "I am." "I see you, because I see you're a sailor by the cut of your jib. Beg pardon, sir," continued he, touching his hat, "hope no offence."

"I am afraid that you have nearly hit the mark, my good fellow," replied the gentleman.

The drunken fellow then resumed into conversation with him, and said that he had been paid off from the Admiralty at Portsmouth, and had come up to London to spend his money with his messmates; but that yesterday he had discovered that a Jew at Portsmouth had sold him a seal as a gold seal, for fifteen shillings, which proved to be copper, and that he was going back to Portsmouth to give the Jew a sound thrashing for so bad a bargain; and that when he had done that, he was to return to his messmates, who had promised to drink success to the expedition at the Cock and Bottle, St. Martin's Lane, until he should return.

The gentleman in the plain cloak commended him very much for his resolution; for he said that although the journey to and from Portsmouth was a long one, yet it was a good deal, yet that in the end it might be worth a Jew's eye. What he meant I did not comprehend.

Whenever the coach stopped, the sailor called for more ale, and always threw the remainder which he could not drink into the face of the man who brought it on for him; and as the coach was starting off, and it took a while the pewter pot on the ground for him to pick up. He became more tipsy every stage, and the last from Portsmouth, when he pulled out his money, he could find no silver, so he handed down a note, and desired the waiter to change it. The waiter cringed to him, and took the note, and then he returned it to him, and put it in his pocket. He then returned to the waiter in the plain cloak observed that it was a five pound note which the sailor had given, and insisted upon the

water producing it and giving the proper change. The sailor took his money, which the waiter handed to him, begging pardon for the mistake, although he coloured up very much at being detected. "I really beg your pardon," said he again, "it was quite a mistake; whereupon the sailor threw the pewter pot at the waiter, saying, 'I really beg your pardon, too,'—and with such force, that it flattened upon the man's head, who fell senseless on the road. The coachman drove off, and I never heard whether the man was killed or not.

After the coach had driven off, the sailor eyed the gentleman in the plaid cloak for a minute or two, and then said, "When I first looked at you I took you for some officer in mufti; but now, that I see that you look so sharp after the rhino, it's my idea that you're some poor devil of a Scotchman, mayhap second mate of a merchant vessel—there's half-a-crown for your services"—I'd give you more, if I thought you would spend it."

The gentleman laughed, and took the half-crown, which I afterwards observed that he gave to a grey-headed beggar at the bottom of Portdown Hill. I enquired of him how soon we should be at Portsmouth; he answered that we were passing the lines; but I saw no lines, and I was ashamed to show my ignorance. He asked me what ship we were going to. I could not recollect her name, but I told him it was painted on the outside of my chest, which was coming down by the wagon; all that I could recollect was that it was a French name.

"Have you no letter of introduction to the captain?" said he.

"No, I have," replied I; and I pulled out my pocket-book in which the letter was. "Captain Savage, H. M. ship *Dionede*," continued I, reading to him.

To my surprise he very coolly proceeded to open the letter, which, when I perceived what he was doing, occasioned me immediately to snatch the letter from him, stating my opinion at the same time that it was a breach of honour, and that in my opinion he was no gentleman.

"Just as you please, youngster," replied he. "Recollect, you have told me I am no gentleman." He wrapped his plaid around him, and said no more. I was not a little pleased at having silenced him by my resolute behaviour.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Bridgewater Treatise. The Hand; its Mechanism and Vital Endowments as evincing design. By Sir Charles Bell, K. G. H. London, 1833.

This is probably the best of the *Bridgewater* treatises—it contains much that will be new to the general reader, and should the American publishers pay the necessary attention to the engravings and illustrations which ornament the London edition, they will find it a popular work. We introduce it to our readers principally to lay before them some extracts of a pleasing character from the various portions of the book. The author has taken up the subject comparatively, and exhibited a view of the bones of the arm, descending from the human arm to the fin of the fish—he has reviewed the actions of the muscles of the arm and hand, and proceeding to the vital properties advanced to the subject of sensibility, leading to that of touch. He has then shown the necessity of combining the muscular action with the exercise of the senses, and especially with that of touch, to constitute in the hand what has been called the geometrical sense. In the course of the work many interesting references to geology occur.

"In examining these bones of the joint, we regularly see they are formed on the same principle which is evident in the animals now inhabiting the earth, that on observing their shape, and the processes by which their muscles were attached, we can reduce the animals to which they belonged, to their orders, genera,

and species, with as much precision as if the recent bodies had been submitted to the eye of the anatomist. Not only can we demonstrate that their feet were adapted to the solid ground, or to the oozy bed of rivers,—for speed, or for grasping and tearing; but judge, by indications of the habits of the animals, we acquire a knowledge of the condition of the earth during their period of existence; that it was suited at one time to the scaly tribe of the lacertæ, with languid motion; at another, to animals of higher organisation, with more varied and lively habits; and finally we learn, that at any period previous to man's traversing the surface of the earth would have been unsuitable to him."

The sloth it is proved is not so pitiable an animal as some naturalists have supposed. He may move tardily on the ground, his long arms and his preposterous claws, may be an incumbrance, but they are of advantage in his natural place, among the branches of trees, in obtaining his food, and in giving him safety and shelter from his enemies.

"The Ioria, a taradigrade animal, might be pitied too for the slowness of its motions, if they were not the very means bestowed upon it as necessary to its existence. It steals on its prey by night, and extends its arm to seize a bird on the branch, with a motion so imperceptibly slow, as to make sure of its object. In so, the Indian perfectly naked, his hair cut short, and his skin oiled, creeps under the canvas of the tent, and moving like a ghost, stretches out his hand, with so gentle a motion as to displace nothing, and to disturb not even those who are awake and watching. Against such things we are told, that it is hardly possible to guard; and thus, the necessities or vicious desires of man subjugate him, and make him acquire, by practice, the wiliness which is implanted as instinct in brutes; or we may say that in our reason we are brought to imitate the irrational creatures, and so to vindicate the necessity for their particular instincts, of which every class affords an instance. We have examples in insects, as striking as in the Ioria, or the chameleon. Evelyn describes the actions of the spider (*aranea scensia*) as exhibiting remarkable cunning in catching a fly. 'Did the fly,' he says, 'happen not to be within a leap, the spider would move towards it, so softly, that its motion seemed not more perceptible than that of the shadow of the gnomon.'"

"I would only remark further on these slow motions of the muscles of animals; that we are not to account this a defect, but rather an appropriation of muscular power. Since in some animals the same muscles which move their members in a manner to be hardly perceptible, can at another time act with the velocity of a spring."

After numerous examples of the changes in the bones of the anterior extremity, which suit them to every possible variety of use, he remarks:—

"The motions of the fingers do not merely result from the action of the large muscles which lie on the fore-arm—these are for the more powerful actions; but in the palm of the hand, and between the metacarpal bones, are situated the muscles (*Lumbricales digitorum*), which perform the finer motions, expanding the fingers and moving them in every direction, with great quickness and delicacy. These are the organs which give the hand the power of spinning, weaving, engraving; and as they produce the quick motions of the musician's fingers, they are called by the anatomist *Adiutores*. Attention to the bones of the hand, and the muscles, show us, how the division into fingers, by combining motion with the sense of touch, adapts the hand to grasp, to feel, and to compare. We shall presently see how well the points of the fingers are provided for feeling; as the joints and numerous muscles of the hand are adapted for various, and separate motions. The skeleton which we have been viewing, in the adult Chimpanzee, from Borneo; and the remarkable peculiarity is the smallness of the thumb; it extends no further than to the root of the fingers. On the length, strength, free lateral motion, and perfect mobility of the thumb, depends the power of the human hand. The thumb is called the *pollex* (from its strength); and that strength is necessary to the power of the hand, being equal to that of all the fingers. Without the fleshy ball of the thumb, the power of the fingers would avail nothing; and accordingly the large

ball, formed by the muscles of the thumb, is the distinguishing character of the human hand, and especially of that of an expert workman.

"In a French book, intended to teach young people philosophy, the pupil asks why the fingers are not of equal length? The form of the argument reminds us of the difficulty of putting natural questions—the fault of books of dialling, is, that the learner, to get a scholar's grasp of a ball of ivory, to show him that the points of the fingers are then equal! It would have been better had he closed the fingers upon the palm, and then have asked whether or not they corresponded. This difference in the length of the fingers serves a thousand purposes, adapting the hand and fingers, as shown in the engraving, to write, to draw, to pierce, or pencil, engraving tool, &c., in all which, speed and freedom of motion are admirably combined. Nothing is more remarkable, as forming a part of the prospective design to prepare an instrument fitted for the various uses of the human hand, than the manner in which the delicate and moving apparatus of the palm and fingers is guarded. The power with which the hand grasps, as when a sailor lays hold to raise his body in the rigging, would be too great for the texture of mere tendons, nerves, and vessels; they would be crushed, were not every part that bears the pressure, defended with a cushion of fat, as elastic as that which we have seen in the foot of the horse and the camel. To add to this purely passive defence, there is a muscle which runs across the palm and more especially supports the cushion on its inner edge. It is this muscle which, raising the edge of the palm, adapts it to lave water, forming the cup of *Dionede*.

"In conclusion,—what says Ray,—Some animals have horns, some have hoofs, some teeth, some talons, some claws, some spurs and beaks: man hath none of all these, but is weak and feeble, and sent unarmed into the world—Why, a hand, with reason to use it, supplies the use of all these."

Of the superiority of the right hand over the left, he says:—

"In speaking of the arteries which go to the hand, it may be expected that we should touch on a subject, which has been formerly a good deal discussed, whether the properties of the right hand, in comparison with those of the left, depend on the course of the arteries to it. It affirms that the trunk of the artery going to the right arm, passes off to the lower so as to admit the blood directly and more forcibly into the small vessels of the arm. This is assigning a cause which is unequal to the effect, and presenting, altogether, too confined a view of the subject: it is a participation in the common error of seeking in the mechanism the cause of phenomena which have a deeper source.

"For the conveniences of life, and to make us prompt and dexterous, it is pretty evident that there ought to be no hesitation which hand is to be used, or which foot is to be put forward; nor is there, in fact, any such indecision. In this taught, or have we this readiness given to us by nature? It is to be observed, at the same time, that there is a distinction in the whole right side of the body, and that the left side is not only the weaker, in regard to muscular strength, but also in its vital and constitutional properties. The development of the organs of action and motion is greatest upon the right side, as may at any time be ascertained by measurement, and by the action of the right arm; maker; certainly, this superiority may be said to result from the more frequent exertion of the right hand; but the peculiarity extends to the constitution also; and disease attacks the left extremities more frequently than the right. In opera dancers, we may see that the most difficult feats are performed by the right foot, and that their right leg is better protected from the natural weakness of the left limb, since these performers are made to give double practice to it, in order to avoid awkwardness in the public exhibition; for if these exercises are neglected, an ungraceful preference will be given to the right side. In walking behind a person, it is very difficult to take the same equal motion as the body; and if we look to the left foot, we shall find that the tread is not so firm upon it, that the toe is not so much turned out as in the right, and that a greater push is made with it. From the peculiar form of woman, and the elasticity of her step resulting more from the motion of the ankle than of the hanches, it is evident that the right side is more active and supple in her gait. No boy hops upon his left foot, unless he be left handed. The horseman puts the left foot in the stirrup and springs from the right. We think we may conclude, that every thing being adapted in the con-

veniences of life, the right hand, as for example the direction of the turn of the screw or of the cutting end of the auger, is not arbitrary, but is related to a natural endowment of the body. He who is left handed is most sensible to the advantages of this adaptation, from the opening of the parlour door to the opening of a pen-knife. On the whole, the preference of the right hand and of the effect of habit, but is a natural provision, and is bestowed for a very obvious purpose: and the property does not depend on the peculiar distribution of the arteries of the arm—but the preference is given to the right foot, as well as to the right hand."

VARIETIES.

Among the passengers in the George Washington, which sailed on Tuesday for Liverpool, was Grant Thorburn, of New York. It appears from a paragraph in the Boston Courier, that he has gone to England to procure a copyright of a history of his life, which is now in the press in Boston.

Candid Tutor.—When I first went to Cambridge, says Horace Walpole, I was to learn mathematics of the famous blind professor, Sanderson. I had not frequented him a fortnight before he said to me, "Young man, it is cheating you to take your money; believe me, you can never learn these things, you have no capacity for them."

Josephine's Wit.—One day the emperor was showing the beauties of Malmaison to a foreign prince, who thought it polite to believe that all he saw was the creation of the empress. "All this is your majesty's doing!" said he, pointing to the machine and aqueduct at Marly. "No," replied Josephine archly; "that is a little present made me by Louis XIV."

In the report of the commissioners for auditing Irish accounts, just printed, there is the following item in the Belfast ballast-office returns: "Pumping water out of dry docks, £89."

Clocks.—In the town of Plymouth, Mass. not less than fifteen thousand wooden clocks are made annually. One man alone has made \$200,000. What an amount to realise on tick.

Four hundred and forty beds are made up and occupied at Hot's Hotel. The compound snoring must be equal to the music of a heavy steam engine.

Mr. Lockhart has, we hear, made considerable progress in writing the life of his father-in-law, the late lamented Sir Walter Scott. The work will include his correspondence with most of the leading men of genius and science in Europe, with their correspondence, and the worthy baron's own interesting letters, copies of which have been furnished to Mr. Lockhart by the parties to whom they were addressed. The life will likewise include the private diaries of Sir Walter Scott himself. It is intended to publish the biography in volumes uniformly with the Waverley novels and the poetry of the same author.

New Writing-paper.—A new writing paper has just been introduced, which, by means of a chemical preparation, it undergoes, has the singular property of becoming perfectly black whenever it is touched with any fluid. It is only necessary, therefore, to write on this paper with a pen dipped in clean water, to produce a distinct and legible communication. Woe to correspondents should the mail bag get wet.

Bourgeois, the author of the *Memoirs of Napoleon*, is confined in a lunatic asylum at Paris.

Among the new works announced in London is—"The Three Sanctuaries of Tuscany," by Lady Charlotte Bury.

Waverley Anniversary.—Thursday being the anniversary of Sir Walter Scott's nativity, amongst other marks of respect paid to the memory of our departed bard, a dinner was given at Mr. Murray's room, High street, attended by about thirty of a lately established club called the "Sons of the Great Unknown," each member assuming a character from the Waverley novels; but owing to its infancy, with the exception of *Captain Waverley*, few were dressed in their proper costume. The dinner was presided over by *James Henry Bertram* and *Sir Kenneth of Scotland*, the first, as croupier, sat *Locksley*, the bold out-law of Sherwood Forest, most characteristically attended by *Richard Cœur de Lion* and *Friar Tuck*, who declared the mountain dew of Scotland far superior to the Welsh of St. Davydd. During the evening, which was spent with the greatest hilarity, several toasts were given, and songs were given appropriate to the occasion, and the meeting separated in the most becoming manner.—*Edinburgh paper*.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Messrs. Key & Biddle will publish immediately the *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, which appeared in the Select Circulating Library, and which gave so much satisfaction to our literary readers.

We have perused Madden's "Infirmities of Genius," a work of uncommon merit, which will attract a large share of public attention. It is a vivid and fresh essay of much research, which cannot fail to gratify all who take an interest in the characters of Pope, Johnson, Burns, Cowper, Byron, and Scott; it contains a critical dissertation on the mental and bodily infirmities of each of these authors, and many new and curious illustrations. The author places the seat of the infirmities in the digestive organs. Of Sir Walter Scott he says:—"In the five years that succeeded the bankruptcy of Constable, from 1826 to 1831, he produced no less than one and thirty volumes, the profits of which, and of the new edition of his novels, which amount to the surprising number of seventy-four volumes, were devoted to the liquidation of his debt, and by his indefatigable literary labours, (almost exclusively,) he was enabled to pay off £54,000. His life had been insured in favour of his creditors for £22,000. Further payments out of his personal property still further reduced that debt, so that the whole does not now exceed £20,000."

Dr. Bird of this city, has completed a new tragedy, entitled, "The Broker of Bogota."

Charles Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Muisgano, has undertaken at Rome an extensive work on the natural history of Italy—*Iconografia Della Fauna Italica*. The form is quarto, the letter press beautiful, and the series of lithographic coloured engravings, truly excellent. We have received the two first numbers. There will be twenty numbers. The work will be of the first attainments and reputation of the Prince of Muisgano, the ample co-operation which his situation enables him to command, and the skill of the Italian artists, give assurance of a superior work. The subscription price for a number is three Roman scudi—sixty dollars for the whole twenty numbers. Whoever will procure six good subscribers for the whole, will be entitled to a copy gratis.—*National Gazette*.

New American Publications.

Peter Still, New York, has published a small and neat volume entitled "Travels in America, by George Fibleton, Esq., Ex-Barber to His Majesty the King of Great Britain." It is a strong burlesque with not a few excellent hits. The mode of retaliation is good—perhaps the best.

Key & Biddle, have published *The Young Lady's Sunday Book*, a practical manual of the Christian duties of piety, benevolence and self-government, prepared with particular reference to the formation of the female character, by the author of *The Young Man's Own Book*, illustrated with two beautiful engravings. The Jews and the Mosaic Law.—Part first, containing a defence of the Revelation of the Pentateuch, and of the Jews for their adherence to the same. By Isaac Leeser, Reader of the Portuguese Jewish Congregation in Philadelphia; Carey & Hart.

From the London Monthly Review for September.

The traditional stories of Mr. Picken form a new and very valuable branch of our general literature, inasmuch as they embrace materials which have been preserved in private archives, or are handed down by colloquial tradition, and possess the highest interest. In turning enquiry into the curious department of family history, what treasures of lore—what a fund of pathos, wit, and humour, await the exertions of the investigator. Of these volumes in general we feel disposed to speak in unmeasured terms of approbation. The *Priors of Lawford* is a most beautiful specimen of elegant and nervous style, and will stand a comparison with some of the best compositions of modern times. We trust that no untoward circumstance will interfere to prevent Mr. Picken from fulfilling his purpose of giving successions of such volumes as these.

In relation to Peter Simple's amusing stories we might say the Edinburgh Review, "Is man suddenly grown wise, that laughter must no longer shake his sides, but he be cheated of his face?" The precepts in favour of laughter are most numerous and appropriate; every one will at once recall them, and we sincerely hope put them in practice.

Puff historical and judicious.—Reform is evident of late in the notices of books made by the daily papers; it was time that something was done; when the plan of deciding on the contents of a book by its title page is abolished, all editors who are never guilty of reading any thing but newspaper paragraphs, will, it is believed, confine themselves to such notices as the following from the Pennsylvania Inquirer. It is decidedly the most judicious we have lately met with—it says nothing more than the truth, and nothing more than could be said by going round and round the outside of the volume, and opening the title and last page with a pair of tongs—it is on that account we like it—it sets an example worthy of all imitation, and is one among many proofs of the good sense of the truly able editor.

"A Guide to an Irish Gentleman.—It will be remembered that a little volume was a short time since published, attributed to the pen of Moore, the poet, and entitled, an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion. The book excited considerable attention, and from some quarters much praise. Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard, have just published a reply to it, entitled, 'A Guide to an Irish Gentleman.' The reply is from the pen of the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, A. M. Rector of Killyman, and is dedicated to those people in Ireland who are willing to believe that their country had a National Faith and a National Church, before the Papacy of Adrian IV. It concludes with an address to the Roman Catholic reader, the whole being embraced in a neat volume of less than three hundred pages."

That's what we call an honest, historical and judicious puff—one that will bear examination in all its details, and such as it is desirable should be given when the book is only looked at; when the table of contents is read it is allowable to add something further.

The publication of Peter Simple will exclude some notices of books for a few weeks, but many friends of the Journal think the space could not be otherwise so well filled. We shall resume our former routine as soon as Peter is despatched.

NOTICE.

Of the *Journal of Belles Lettres* we print merely enough of each number for the expected consumption of the week, and seldom have any left. A person subscribing to the "Library," therefore, can only be supplied from the date when his order is received. This will, we hope, be sufficient to many of our friends in the country, who, having recently enrolled themselves among our honourable supporters, have expressed disappointment at not receiving the numbers previously published. A practical application, however, may be made of this notice by others, to subscribe without delay. A few extra numbers of the "Journal," beginning with Peter Simple will, however, be published for those who subscribe early. It is gratifying to observe on every hand that the labour and time bestowed on the Journal have been appreciated.

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

From the London Metropolitan.

PETER SIMPLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF NEWTON POSTER.

When we stopped, I enquired of the coachman which was the best inn. He answered, "that it was the Blue Postchaise, where the midshipmen leave their chestcases, call for tea and toasts, and sometimes forget to pay for their breakfasts." He laughed when he said it, and I thought that he was joking with me; but he pointed out two large blue posts at the door next the coach-office, and told me that all the midshipmen resorted to that hotel. He then asked me to remember the coachman, which by this time I had found out implied that I was not to forget to give him a shilling, which I did, and then went into the inn. The coffee-room was full of midshipmen, and as I was anxious about my chest, I enquired of one of them if he knew when the wagon would come in.

"Do you expect your mother by it?" replied he.
 "O no! but I expect my uniforms—I only wear these bottle-greens until they come."

"And pray what ship are you going to join?"

"The *Dies-a-maid*—Captain Thomas Kirkwall Savage."

"The *Diomed*—I say, Robinson, a'n't that the frigate in which the midshipmen had four dozen apiece for not having pipe-played their weekly accounts on the Saturday?"

"To be sure it is," replied the other; "why, the captain gave a youngster five dozen the other day for wearing a scarlet watch-ribbon."

"He's the greatest Tartar in the service," continued the other; "he flogged the whole starboard watch the last time that he was on a cruise, because the ship would only sail nine knots upon a bowling."

"O dear!" said I, "then I'm very sorry that I'm going to join him."

"Fou my soul I pity you; you'll be fagged to death; for there's only three midshipmen in the ship now—all the rest ran away. Didn't they, Robinson?"

"There's only two left now—for poor Matthews died of fatigue. He was worked all day, and kept watch all night for six weeks, and one morning he was found dead upon his chest."

"God bless my soul!" cried I, "and yet on shore they say he is such a kind man to his midshipmen."

"Yes," replied Robinson, "he spreads that report every where. Now, observe, when you first call upon him, and report your having come to join his ship, he'll tell you that he is very happy to see you, and that he hopes your family are well—then he'll recommend you to go on board and learn your duty. After that, stand clear. Now recollect what I have said, and see if it does not prove true. Come, sit down with us and take a glass of grog; it will keep your spirits up."

These midshipmen told me so much about my cap-

tain, and the horrid cruelties which he had practised, that I had some doubts whether I had not better get home again. When I asked their opinion, they said that if I did I should be taken up as a deserter and hanged; that my best plan was to beg his acceptance of a few gallons of rum, for he was very fond of grog, and that then I might perhaps be in his good graces, as long as the rum might last.

I am sorry to state that the midshipmen made me very tipsy that evening. I don't recollect being put to bed, but I found myself there the next morning with a dreadful headache, and a very confused recollection of what had passed. I was very much shocked at my having so soon forgotten the injunctions of my parents, and was making vows never to be so foolish again, when in came the midshipman who had been so kind to me the night before. "Come, Mr. Bottlegreen," he bawled out, alluding I suppose to the colour of my clothes, "rouse and bitt. There's the captain's coxswain waiting for you below. By the powers, you're in a pretty scrape for what you did last night!"

"Did last night?" replied I, astonished. "Why, does the captain know that I was tipsy?"

"I think you took devilish good care to let him know it when you were at the theatre."

"At the theatre? Was I at the theatre?"

"To be sure you were. You would go, do all we could to prevent you, though you were as drunk as David's sow. Your captain was there with the admiral's daughters. You called him a tyrant, and snapped your fingers at him. Why, don't you recollect? You told him that you did not care a fig for him."

"Oh dear! Oh dear! what shall I do? what shall I do?" cried I. "My mother cautioned me so about drinking and bad company."

"Bad company, you whelp—what do you mean by that?"

"O I did not particularly refer to you."

"I should hope not! However, I recommend you as a friend, to go to the George Inn as fast as you can, and see your captain, for the longer you stay away, the worse it will be for you. At all events, it will be decided whether he receives you or not. It is fortunate for you that you are not on the ship's books. Come be quick, the coxswain is gone back." "Not on the ship's books," replied I sorrowfully. "Now I recollect there was a letter from the captain to my father, stating that he had put me on the books."

"Upon my honour, I'm sorry—very sorry indeed," replied the midshipman—and he quitted the room, looking as grave as if the misfortune had happened to himself. I got up with a heavy head, and heavier heart, and as soon as I was dressed, I asked the way to the George Inn. I took my letter of introduction with me, although I was afraid it would be of little service. When I arrived I asked, with a trembling voice, whether Captain Thomas Kirkwall Savage of H. M. ship *Diomed* was staying there. The waiter replied, that he was at breakfast with Captain Courtney, but that he would take up my name. I gave it to him, and in a minute the waiter returned and desired that I would walk up. O how my heart beat—I never was so frightened—I thought I should have

dropped on the stairs. Twice I attempted to walk into the room, and each time my legs failed me: at last I wiped the perspiration from my forehead, and with a desperate effort I went into the room.

"Mr. Simple, I am glad to see you," said a voice. I had held my head down, for I was afraid to look at him, but the voice was so kind, that I mustered up courage; and when I did look up, there sat with his uniform and epaulet, and his sword by his side, the passenger in the plaid cloak, who wanted to open my letter, and whom I had old to his face that he was no gentleman.

I thought I should have died as the other midshipman did upon his chest. I was just sinking down on my knees to beg for mercy, when the captain perceiving my confusion, burst out into a laugh, and said, "So you know me again, Mr. Simple? Well, don't be alarmed, you did your duty in not permitting me to open the letter, supposing me, as you did, to be some other person, and you were perfectly right under that supposition, to tell me that I was not a gentleman. I give you credit for your conduct. Now sit down and take some breakfast."

"Captain Courtney," said he to the other captain, who was at the table, "this is one of my youngsters just entering the service. We were passengers yesterday by the same coach." He then told him the circumstance which occurred, at which they laughed heartily.

I now recovered my spirits a little, but still there was the affair at the theatre, and I thought that perhaps he did not recognise me. I was, however, soon relieved from my anxiety by the other captain enquiring, "Were you at the theatre last night, Savage?"

"No; I dined at the admiral's; there's no getting away from those girls, they are so pleasant."

"I rather think you are a little—taken in that quarter."

"No, on my word! I might be if I had time to discover which I liked best; but my ship is at present my wife, and the only wife I intend to have until I am laid on the shelf."

Well, thought I, if he was not at the theatre, it could not have been him that I insulted. Now if I can only give him the rum, and make friends with him.

"Pray, Mr. Simple, how are your father and mother?" said the captain.

"Very well, I thank you, sir, and desire me to present their compliments."

"I am obliged to them. Now I think the sooner you go on board and learn your duty the better." (Just what the midshipman told me—the very words, thought I—then it's all true—and I began to tremble again.)

"I have a little advice to offer you," continued the captain. "In the first place, obey your superior officers without hesitation; it is for me, not you, to decide whether an order is unjust or not. In the next place, never swear or drink spirits. The first is immoral and ungentlemanlike, the second is a vile habit which will grow upon you. I trust you touch spirits yourself, and I expect that my young gentlemen will refrain

from it also. Now you may go, and as soon as your uniform arrives, you will repair on board. In the mean time, as I had some little insight into your character when we travelled together, let me request that you be so good as to be intimate at first sight with those you meet, or you may be led into indiscretions. Good morning."

I quitted the room with a low bow, glad to have surmised so easily what appeared to be a chaos of difficulty; but my mind was confused with the testimony of the midshipman, so much so that I was unable to guess and behave like the captain. When I arrived at the Blue Posts, I found all the midshipmen in the coffee-room, and I repeated to them all that had passed. When I had finished, they burst out laughing, and said that they had only been joking with me. "Well," said I to the one who called me up in the morning, "you may call it joking, but I call it lying."

"Pray, Mr. Bottlegreen, do you refer to me?"

"Yes, I do," replied I.

"Then, sir, as a gentleman, I demand satisfaction. Slings in a saw-pit. Death before dishonour, d—e."

"I shall not refuse you," replied I, "although I had no desire to test my father's command on me, rather not fight a duel; my father cautioned me, and I am desirous to avoid it, as it was flying in the face of my Creator; but aware that I must uphold my character as an officer, he left me to my own discretion, should I ever be so unfortunate as to be in such a dilemma."

"Well, we don't want one of your father's sermons as a second hand," replied the midshipman, (for I had told them that my father was a clergyman), "the plain question is, will you fight or will you not?"

"Could not the affair be arranged otherwise?" interrupted another. "Will not Mr. Bottlegreen retract?"

"My name is Simple, sir, and not Bottlegreen," replied I, "and as he did tell a falsehood, I will not retract."

"Then the affair must go on," said the midshipman.

"Robinson, you will oblige me by acting as my second."

"It's an unpleasant business," replied the other, "you are so good a shot; but as you request it, I shall acquiesce. Mr. Simple is not, I believe, provided with a friend."

"Yes, he is," replied another of the midshipmen.

"He is a spunky fellow, and I'll be his second."

It was then arranged that we should meet the next morning with pistols. I considered that as an officer and a gentleman, I could not refuse, but I was very unhappy. For three days left to my own guidance, and I had become intoxicated, and was now to fight a duel. I went up to my room and wrote a long letter to my mother, enclosing a lock of my hair; and having shed new tears at the idea of how sorry she would be if she were killed, I borrowed a bible of the waiter, and during the remainder of the day.

When I began to wake the next morning I could not think what it was that felt like a weight upon my chest, but as I roused and recalled my scattered thoughts, I remembered that in an hour or two it would be decided whether I was to exist another day. I prayed fervently, and made a last effort, but I was very unhappy. For three days left to my own guidance, and I had become intoxicated, and was now to fight a duel. I went up to my room and wrote a long letter to my mother, enclosing a lock of my hair; and having shed new tears at the idea of how sorry she would be if she were killed, I borrowed a bible of the waiter, and during the remainder of the day.

"And what is winged and drilled?" enquired I; "I have not only never fought a duel, but I have not even fired a pistol in my life."

He explained what he meant, which was, that being winged implied being shot through the arm or leg, and being drilled was to be shot through the body.

"But," continued he, "it is possible that you have never fought a duel?"

"No," replied I, "I am not yet fifteen years old."

"Not fifteen? Why I thought you were eighteen at the least." (But I was very tall and stout for my age, and people generally thought me older than what I was.)

I dressed myself and followed my second into the garden, where I found all the midshipmen and some of the waiters of the inn. They all seemed very merry, as if the life of a fellow-creature was of no consequence. The seconds talked apart for a little while, and then measured the ground which was twelve paces; we then

took our stations. I believe that I turned pale, for my second came to my side and whispered that I must not be frightened. I replied that I was frightened, and he said that I was not. The second to my adversary then came up and asked me whether I would make an apology, which I refused to do, as before; they handed a pistol to each of us, and my second showed me how I was to pull the trigger. It was arranged that at the word given, we were to fire at the same time, and I was to be the first to kill. I fired my pistol in the air. I felt my head swim and thought I was hurt, but fortunately I was not. The pistols were loaded again, and we fired a second time. The seconds then interfered, and it was proposed that we should shake hands, which I was very glad to do, for I was so tired that I could hardly have been expected to do more. We went back to the coffee-room, and sat down to breakfast. They then told me that they all belonged to the same ship that I did, and that they were glad to see that I could stand fire, for the captain was a terrible fellow for cutting out and running under the enemy's batteries.

"I was with my chest arrived by the wagon, and I threw off my 'bottle-greens' and put on my uniform. I had no cocked hat, or dirk, as the warehouse people employed by Mr. Handyscock did not supply those articles, and it was arranged that I should procure them at Portsmouth. When I enquired the price, I found that they cost more money than I had with me. I told the waiter I had written to my mother before I came, and wrote another asking for a remittance to purchase my dirk and cocked hat. I then walked out in my uniform, not a little proud I must confess. I was now an officer in his majesty's service, not very high in rank certainly, but still an officer and a gentleman, and I made a vow that I would support the character, although I was considered the greatest fool of the family."

I had arrived at a place called Sally Port, when a young lady very nicely dressed, looked at me very hard and said, "Well, Reefer, how are you off for soap?" I was astonished at the question, and more so at the interference which she seemed to take in my affairs. I answered, "Thank you, I am very well off; I have four cakes of Windsor, and two bars of yellow for washing." She laughed at my reply, and asked me whether I would walk home and take a bit of dinner with her. I was astonished at this polite offer, which my modesty induced me to ascribe more to my information than to my own merit, and as I felt no inclination to refuse the compliment, I said that I should be most happy. I thought I might venture to offer my arm, which she accepted, and we proceeded up High street on our way to her home.

Just as we passed the admiral's house, I perceived my captain walking with two of the admiral's daughters. I was not a little proud to let him see that I had female acquaintances as well as he had, and as I passed him with the young lady under my protection, I took off my hat and made him a low bow. To my surprise, not only did he not return the salute, but he looked at me with a very stern countenance. I concluded that he was a very proud man, and as I felt no inclination to return the compliment, I said that I should be most happy. I thought I might venture to offer my arm, which she accepted, and we proceeded up High street on our way to her home.

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well. "Do you pretend to say, sir, that you were not aware of the character of the person with whom you were going to fight just now?"

"No, sir," I replied, "except that she was very kind and good-natured;" and then I told him how she had addressed me, and what subsequently took place.

"And is it possible, Mr. Simple, that you are so great a fool?" I replied, that I certainly was considered the greatest fool in our family. "I should think you would have been at Portsmouth, and I should think the person was with whom I was in company, and how any association with her would inevitably lead to my ruin and disgrace."

I cried very much, for I was shocked at the narrow escape which I had had, and mortified at having fallen in his good opinion. He asked me how I had employed my time since I had been at Portsmouth, and I made an acknowledgment of my having been made tipsy, related all that the midshipmen had told me, and how I had that morning fought a duel.

He listened to my whole story very attentively, and I thought that occasionally there was a smile upon his face, although he bit his lip to prevent it. When I had finished, he said, "Mr. Simple, I can no longer trust you on shore until you are more experienced in the world. I shall send my coxswain now to lose sight of you until you are safe on board of the frigate. When you have sailed a few months with me, you will then be able to decide whether I deserve the character which the young gentlemen have painted, with, I must say I believe, the sole intention of practising upon your inexperience."

Altogether I did not feel sorry when it was over. I saw that the captain believed what I had stated, and that he was disposed to be kind to me, although he thought me very silly. The coxswain, in obedience to his orders, accompanied me to the Blue Posts. I packed up my clothes, paid my bill, and the porter wheeled my chest down to the Sally Port, where the boat was waiting.

"Come, heave a-head, my lads, be smart. The captain says we are to take the young gentleman on board directly." His liberty's stopped for getting drunk and running after the Dolly Mag.

"I should thank you to be more respectful in your remarks, Mr. Coxswain," said I with displeasure.

"Mister Coxswain! thank 'e, sir, for giving me a handle to my name," replied he. "Come, be smart with your oars, my lads!"

"Lo, Bill Freeman," said a young woman on the beach, "what a nice young gentleman you have there. He looks like a sucking Nelson. I say, my pretty young officer, can you lend me a shilling?"

I was so pleased at the woman calling me a young Nelson, that I immediately complied with her request. "I have not a shilling in my pocket," said I, "but here is half-a-crown, and you can have all of it and bring me back the eighteen-pence."

"Well, you are a nice young man," replied she, taking the half-crown. "I'll be back directly, my dear."

The men in the boat laughed, and the coxswain desired them to shove off.

"No," observed I, "you must wait for my eighteenth birthday."

"We shall wait a devilish long while then, I suspect. I know that girl, and she has a very bad memory."

"She cannot be so dishonest or ungrateful," replied I. "Coxswain, I order you to stay—I am an officer."

"I know you are, sir, about six hours old; well, then, I must go up and tell the captain that you have another girl in tow, and that you won't go on board."

"O no, Mr. Coxswain, pray don't; shove off as soon as you please, and never mind the eighteen-pence."

The boat then shoved off, and pulled towards the slip, which lay at Spithead.

(To be continued.)

Peter Simple. The publication of Peter Simple has been stopped in the Metropolitan before its completion, in order to bring out a book edition complete. We shall probably have arrived to where it is now closed, before the book edition is issued in London, and shall thus continue it consecutively.

Travels in the United States of America and Canada. By J. Finch, Esq. 8vo. London, 1833.

We made an extract from this work recently, and attempted to read the whole, but it was so awfully stupid as to fatigue, without affording any prospect of remuneration. The editor of the National Gazette has toiled through some of its contents, and remarks,

"The author is a gentleman who was chiefly addicted to mineralogy and geology, and whom we recollect as quiet and inoffensive. Several years have elapsed since he made his tour. He does not specify the year of his arrival on this continent, but his narrative refers to the period of Mr. Monroe's presidency. In an advertisement, the traveller mentions that his manuscript fell considerably short of the quantity required to constitute a volume of the ordinary size, and in consequence he annexed a long *Essay on Boundaries*. He has furnished very little indeed that can be deemed new and important concerning American institutions and affairs; but he breaths only good will and respect to the people and country. The principal trait of his book is simplicity, and we shall proceed to cull a few specimens. Mr. Finch opens thus—

"There are some objects of curiosity in the United States. Let us see the ex-presidents, go upon a pilgrimage to the Susquehanna; and view the fields of battle where the liberties of a continent were won."

All this he did and thus duly recorded. He first found the situation of New York "agreeable," and the punch of the library club (the lunch) "excellent"; but the thermometer was below zero—"If," he says, "you walk in the streets in this severe cold, you perceive the inhabitants moving with rapidity." This phenomenon may be perceived in the summer also at New York. In his 4th chapter, "American seas and the newspapers," he disposes of "poetry for all" in these terms: "The beauty of the American ladies demands that every homage should be paid to their charms."—The newspapers do not exhibit so many police reports as those of England,—but, the editors in their political disputes mention each other by name.

"Mr. Finch visited Dr. Franklin's tomb in this city. He observes—'Franklin viewed the forked lightning in the sky, and dared to wish it subject to chemical analysis.'"

"Mr. Finch treats of Independence Hall, in our State House, in this strain—

"Here the liberties of the continent sprang into existence, for this room beheld the union of nations bordering on the Atlantic wave."—Here they sent ambassadors to France and Holland, and the powers of Europe!"—If there is one place in America, which, more than any other, may be considered as a fit residence for the Genius of Liberty, it is this Council Hall!"

The Autobiography of John Galt. 2 vols. 8vo. Vol. I. London, 1833. Cochrane and McCrone.

The first of two volumes is before us, and we trust it may be the author before we see the sequel of all in a Volume III. Notwithstanding the ill health of which the author complains, his life is of too much value to the public to permit us to think, without sorrow, that ought should have dashed it so down, at the age of fifty-four years, as to deprive us of the hope that it may yet be long usefully employed as regards our estimable friend himself, and delightfully as regards the world with which his productions are so well calculated to please. There are not so many Galts, that we can afford to say "good night" so soon: we will let peers, ten M. P.s, ten aldermen, ten parsons, ten doctors, and a thousand lawyers go, without murmuring too much; but only spare us the author of the *Annals of the Parish* and the *Process*.

His career is a tedious subject; a man would almost rather face his *auto-da-fé*. The fire speedily concludes the one, how long the other may last in present pain and future contumely, depends upon critics and posterity. In the case in hand there is such a plainness, and that the "penteux" has, we think, little to say. His career has been a chequered one. He has tasted the bitterness of life. He has had his tribulations. He has craved fame, and he has been unfortunate.

How rarely do we see the man of high intellect, of talent, or of genius, succeed even in the mean achievement of ease and comfort? He is sure it is always laid to their charge that they are not content with what they have, unsteady; but it is not so with all; and many, like Galt, have toiled earnestly, laboriously, and perseveringly, to no purpose: the taint of opinion is against them, and mediocrity prospers where superiority is sure to fail. But the subject is too prolifical for our essay.

Of his own memoir, Mr. Galt says in his preface, "I throughout the book he has, to use an old proverb, endeavoured to describe the ford as he found it, and to treat good and evil occurrences with equal impartiality. It is, however, not in human nature to speak of suffering and misfortune with the same equanimity as of friendship and favour, but it shall be thought that his sentiments in latter years towards the world are less gracious than those of earlier times, let it be recollected, in mitigation of the severity of criticism, that he has not been so able to front adversity, and has had a larger experience of its

"Iron scourge and torturing hour."

And, were we inclined to blame him, which we are not, for age is always nearer the truth than youth, we should be disarmed by the following melancholy passages—

"He deprecates the animadversions to which he was derived from many other faults, besides those which were derived from defects inherent in his nature. When it was commenced, he was afflicted to a very great degree, by the infirmity which has probably rendered him an invalid for the remainder of his life. He could neither write nor read the manuscript himself; many of the proof sheets he was unable to correct, and mistakes, which may be observed in them, have escaped my detection in the process of hearing the press work only read over. His amanuensis was a boy, save when some accidental friendly visitor was good enough to take the pen. The errors, however, are less owing to a want of proper respect for the public, than to the circumstances of his condition; for although he complains of being a weak invalid, that his 'right hand has lost its cunning,' his aids are not circumvented by these afflictions. His habits were active, prone to motion, and, perhaps from the sedentary change induced, he endures more than can well be conceived by those who have their impatience in better discipline. His acute sense of calamity arises from his inability to employ himself in other pursuits than those of literature; and he very earnestly prays that the reader may not be led to his reason to sympathise with his lamentations on that account."

Galt was born at, Irvine, Ayrshire, May 2, 1779; and his narrative commences with relations of very early childish reminiscences. Of his boyhood, he tells us, "I was a soft, ailing, and growing boy. I have no remembrance of the enjoyment of perfect health for several years, and yet I was not ill; a sort of all-overishness" hung about me, and when not engaged with my flowers I lounged on my bed, which gave me a kind of literary predilection: all sorts of ballads and story-books were accumulated by me, and some of them have left impressions that still remain fresh and undimmed."

When about ten years old his family removed to Greenock, where he remained between fourteen and fifteen years, engaged, after his school-days, in mercantile pursuits. "His mother," he says, "was a very singular person; possessing a peculiar strength of character, with great natural humour, and a keen perception of the ridiculous in others. In her prime, as I would call it, she indulged in queer metaphorical expressions, exceedingly forcible and original. In latter life this grew so much into a habit, that her talk to strangers must have seemed often fantastical. 'The rain pours down on your head, son, and you are not covered,' her observations were always remarkable, and I often perceived an instantaneous assent to her opinions, which they provoked irrepressible laughter." In this we perceive the germ of much of his most original authorship.

In his juvenility (as he would probably call it) he was much inclined to antiquarianism, and addicted to projects of improvement on the ruins of antiquity. He was also cultivated by being one of a friendly literary association (almost all the clever men we ever knew have reaped benefits from similar pursuits, however crude and imperfect, in early life); which led to secret attempts at composition which were sent to and appeared in the periodicals.

"My essays (he ingeniously confesses) were grim-

role traits; with the single exception of an allegory on Indolence and Industry, they were the most shocking affairs that ever issued from a pen. Yet crude as were the studies and the lucubrations of this society, it lasted several years, and the merit of it was chiefly in its influence on the development of the mind, and not the formation of the minds of the members. At this day I must claim for it the merit of having been very wisely conducted, especially when it is considered that it was composed of striplings, and some of them in after life distinguished for the ardour of their minds."

Alluding to one of the means for publishing, he thus mentions a curious literary circumstance—

"I should not omit this opportunity to mention that the Greenock paper was established by a Mr. John Davidson, a connection with whom was afterwards formed by Mr. Thomas Campbell the poet, in his marriage. Mr. Davidson was a very worthy illiberal body, and he has in my opinion been the most of first showing with how little intellectual ability a newspaper may be conducted. I say not this in malice, but in sober sadness; for when Campbell wrote his 'Battle of Hohenlinden,' I got an early copy, which I sent to Mr. Davidson to be inserted; but he with a sage face afterwards told me that he did not see the merit of it, and would not give it a place in his paper. All the world, however, has since agreed with Mr. Davidson in that opinion, and indeed it may be said of every opinion that he either then held or afterwards blazoned with his paper trumpet. I wonder if the poor man is still alive. He stands in my recollection as a beautiful proof of the wise ordination of nature, in showing the necessity of it, and of its own endowment of mind. Campbell began his poetical career by an Ossianic poem, which his schoolfellows published by subscription at twopence a-piece; my old schoolfellow, Dr. Colin Campbell, was a subscriber. The first edition of the 'Pleasures of Hope' was also by subscription, to which I was a subscriber."

"The work being divided into 'Epics' the second brings the author, an adventurer, to London, where, after a few months looking about, he went into business with a Mr. McLachlan. They were unfortunate—and the annexed lines touch the feelings finely:

"Helpless, forgotten, sad, and lame,
On one lone seat the live-long day,
I muse of youth and dreams of fame,
And hopes and wishes all away.

No more to me with carol gay,
Shall mounting lark from pasture rise,
Nor breezes bland on upland play,
Nor far fair scenes my steps entice.

Ah! never more beneath the skies,
The winged heart shall glowing soar,
Nor e'er be reach'd the goal prize—
The spells of life exultant no more.

The burning thought, the living sigh,
The grief unnamed that old men feel,
The languid limbs that withering lie,
The powerless will's effectless toil;
All these are mine, and Heaven bestows
The gifts, but still I find them woes."

Mr. Galt published the "Battle of Largs," and gives a good account of his mind at that time; he ultimately suppressed the volume; and in this place casts a retrospect over his literary career.

After the failure of his commercial concern in London, throughout which he behaved with strict honour and great spirit, he again embarked in some transactions with his brother, and also of a literary turn; but shortly retired himself to Greenock, where, with the intention of being called to the bar, but again abandoned that course, and travelled abroad for more than two years.

This forms epoch the third; but as by his meeting Byron, and his doings in Sicily, Malta, Greece, Turkey, &c. &c. he has already been divulged in publications—the *Letters from the Levant*, *From Euboea*, *Life of Byron*—we pass the whole, *ad silentio*.

His great design in these parts appears to have been to create a channel for the introduction of British merchandise into the continent (sealed by Bonaparte) through the Turkish provinces. He was the plan: others reaped the profit.

But our views turn now to his literary toils. The fourth epoch involves Galt's marriage, about which, like a prudent good man, he says little; but tells us some pleasant things about Mary Ann Clarke, and details a visit to France at the restoration of Louis XVIII.

One of the important events in Galt's life was the ardent share he took in the founding of the Caledonian Asylum; furnishing a noble proof how much individual action can do in such undertakings.

"In this business (he says) nothing was more gratifying than the first labours; but their enjoyment was gradually diminished, and particularly after the battle of Waterloo; to me, however, they must always be interesting. At the instituting dinner, one of the most splendid ever given in London, at which upwards of twenty noblemen were employed, and above two hundred and seventy servants in livery attended, a great sum was raised. The subscription exceeded five thousand pounds, and the annual subscriptions were about four hundred."

In the end, his reward was to be left personally to pay several hundred pounds for some music got up for the occasion; but he concludes:—"I have never since looked near the Caledonian Asylum, except once to see the building; for of all sordid things that ever I knew, it has appeared to me that this was the meanest. But the times were altered in which the project originated; peace prevailed, and Pharaoh knew not Joseph."

Other speculations succeeded; one to Gibraltar in conjunction with Kirkman Finlay; another to supply the Spanish colonies through Jamaica; but they did not realise his hopes. The latter caused him to settle for awhile near the scene of his infancy, and his reflections thereon are beautifully natural.

Another true touch occurs where he records the loss of his father:

"To myself the event was, perhaps, more influential than most readers may imagine. From my very childhood it had been my greatest delight to please this affectionate parent; and in consequence, her loss weakened, if I may say, the motive that had previously impelled my energies. The world to me was deprived of one that was actuated by an endeavour to gratify, and in proportion the charm of life was diminished in its power; but the misfortunes also were weakened in their pungency, and no effort of reason was necessary to convince me, that I would suffer less by not having her anxieties to consider. Many years before I had lost my father; although a few cousins had stronger claims on the reverence of their children than those to which he was entitled, there is a difference in the filial love which belongs to the father, from that which the child's heart thinks is the mother's due. The one is allied to esteem, friendship, and respect; but the other is a gentle feeling composed of confidence, kindness, and reliance. The one is more concerned in all its qualities; but the other, without the mind being able to say wherefore, is at once more durable and tender. Fiction has often recorded those divorces of the heart to which paternal regard is liable; but it is a rare and improbable occurrence to suppose the alienation of maternal love. I am, however, saying more than can be requisite to the reader who has survived his parents, even though he may not feel so much the curtailment of his motives to exertion."

The following train of thought is of a similar character.

"In the course of my chequered life I have often met with sudden and unexpected turns of fortune, such as the religious call interpositions of Providence, inasmuch that I have comparatively felt little daunted by the gloomiest indication; indeed, the sentiment awakened by the dearest aspects has been ever more allied to provocation than fear, and I have always experienced something akin to what is advised below:

"When evil falls, and you see all its scope,
Trust to the master hand in dread of least,
Be sure auxiliary aid as late may send,
To master the misfortune; trust yourself,
And trust your destiny, for such begets
That self-possession which endures the shock
Of rough adversity, and lifts the man
Above the waves and currents of the time.
But when the master hangs in dread of fear, may
By strength or enterprise be yet repelled,
Then call your friends, take counsel, and take aid."

In the former of these predicaments, I was compelled to throw myself on fortune, when the most unexpected occurrence gave me new life. I received letters from Canada appointing me agent for such of the principal inhabitants as had claims to urge for losses during the invasion of the province by the armies of the United States."

This led to his greater connection with Canada, too generally known to render illustration here expedient. The Canada Company affairs and journey to America

form Epoch V., and terminate the volume. We must also close; and in few words. Galt often refers to his imaginative qualities, and no doubt, he has felt, and feels them, like every strong mind; but in our judgment his works are far more distinguished by a power of describing realities, telling graphically what he has seen and observed, and seasoning the whole with quaintness and humour than by imagination.

We ought to notice that several poems are interspersed in the narrative; and that the elegant and good likeness of the author interests us at the title page.

The Headsman; or, the Abbaye des Vignerons.

A Tale, by the author of the "Bravo," &c. 2 vols. Carey, Lea, & Blanchard. 1833.

The masculine talents of Mr. Cooper appear to suffer paralysis when he leaves his native country. When he wanders among the antiquated scenes of the old world, or attempts to restore their faded traditions, he labours like one unacquainted with the subject. A mere cursory perusal of a description of a particular fête or holiday celebration, or hasty glances at some historical or traditional fact in a country, will not qualify a writer, however powerful otherwise, to embody in a work of fiction, the true characteristics of the age, nor give the "form and pressure of the times" which he affects to exhibit. His mind must be imbued with the subject—he should be able to bring the scenes before him in panoramic exhibition—and conjure up spirits, and lay them by a nod. He must not pass through a country, merely by the aid of a guide book, or the direction of a finger post. He should be able to saunter into by paths, and cull the flowers that blossom and fructify in the shade, and resume his onward march at his convenience. In plain language, to convey, by description to others, elucidation of character, and distinguishing traits of a particular era, the author must himself be familiar with what he is going to write about.

It is with much reluctance that we mention, in any other terms than in those of commendation, the writings of the author of the "Last of the Mohicans." But we cannot, when put in comparison with any of his American tales, name the Headsman with any degree of satisfaction—they are like Hyperion to a Satyr. Why does he wander from home, where his true field of fame lays? There he carries all captive—hearts, mind, every nerve vibrates to his magic influence and power.

To return to the Headsman. A heterogeneous mass of bipeds assembled, after a tedious colloquution and examination, on board of a craft, Winkleried, on the Lake of Geneva, for a passage to the country of Vaud. There were on board jugglers, traders, leaguers, and artists, with a young lady, the heroine of the piece, her lover, her father, and his friend, &c. &c. A storm overtakes them, when the author's acknowledged ability in describing the appalling awfulness of a hurricane on water, is finely exhibited. The scene is very animated, but he dwells upon it as if he were afraid to bring the bark to land, lest he himself should be thrown out of his element. Two of the passengers are drowned, and some others who fall overboard are saved by a noble dog. This storm occupies about half of the first volume.

A tedious detail of the Abbaye des Vignerons, or the fête of the vine dressers, with the different processions, is given—rather a tiresome affair.

A gentleman and his daughter, accompanied by his friend, her lover, and his sister, start to cross the Alps on their way to Italy, to try the

effects of that genial climate in restoring her health. While they proceed in their toilsome march up the painful steep, a sudden snow storm assails them—in a short time all traces of the road are obliterated—the guide, in terror, acknowledges he has lost his way—all in consternation and dread—when they are, at last, joyfully relieved by the appearance of one of the sagacious dogs of the hospice of St. Bernard. The ladies had alighted from the mules to endeavour to retain some warmth, for the cold had become intense—their strength and spirits were, however, giving way under the benumbing influence of the weather, when the arrival of the dog re-animated them with fresh vigour, and the party at length reached the comfortable abode of the monks of St. Bernard. Here they are detained to examine into a murder committed on the same evening they arrived—in a few days they reach Italy, and the story shortly closes.

In the Headsman, there are some powerfully drawn scenes. That on the lake is very animated and thrilling—and that on the approach to St. Bernard is absolutely overpowering. There is much vigour displayed in many parts of the work—much of the usual nerve of the author—but two-thirds of it are tiresome and uninteresting detail, wearisome dialogues with people about whom the reader feels no interest—and the whole story is made to hinge on a local circumstance, which did not deserve the importance attached to it, and about which we can find little sympathy. The work is a strong evidence of the difference of Mr. Cooper's powers, when he is portraying the scenes, and the habits, and the people of his own country, and those of another land, where his heart warms not, or his skill is merely mechanically exerted,—or, to use the language of his master, the difference between "McGregor on his native heath, and McGregor in the lowlands."

Cooper is singularly defective in drawing a genteel female character. How is this? Has he neglected this study? or did his opportunities or taste in early life prevent the delightful contemplation?

"The Headsman" will of course be read extensively; and if it be true, that he gets \$5000 for his work, the hue and cry, that American genius is not rewarded, cannot *always* be true. The publishers must dispose of a large edition before they can be remunerated.

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The Journal of Belles Actresses.

From the London Metropolitan.

PETER SIMPLE.

(Continued.)

On our arrival on board, the coxswain gave a note from the captain to the first lieutenant, who was on deck. He read the note, and then looked at me, and then I overheard him say to another lieutenant, "The service is going to the devil. As long as it was not popular, if we had not much education, we at least had a chance of natural abilities; but now that great people send their sons for a provision into the navy, we have all the refuse of their families, as if any thing was good enough to make a captain of a man-of-war, who has occasionally more responsibility on his shoulders, and is placed in situations requiring more judgment, than any other people in existence. Here's another of a family made a present of to the country—another cub for me to lick into shape. Well, I never saw the one yet! I did not make something of Where's Mr. Simple?"

"I am Mr. Simple, sir," replied I, very much frightened at what I had overheard.

"Now, Mr. Simple," said the first lieutenant, "observe, pay particular attention to what I say. The captain tells me in this note that you have been shamming stupid. Now, sir, I am not to be taken in that way. You're something like the monkeys who won't speak, because they are afraid they will be made to work. I have looked attentively at your face, and I see at once that you are very clever, and if you do not prove so in a very short time, why—you had better jump overboard, that's all. Perfectly understand me. I know that you are a very clever fellow, and having told you so, don't you pretend to impose upon me, for it won't do."

I was very much terrified at this speech, but at the same time I was pleased to hear that he thought me clever, and I determined to do all in my power to keep up such an unexpected reputation.

"Quarter-master," said the first lieutenant, "tell Mr. Trotter to come on deck."

The quarter-master brought up Mr. Trotter, who apologised for being so dirty, as he was breaking cables out of the hold. He was a short thick-set man, about thirty years of age, with a nose which had a red club to it, a very dirty teeth, and large black whiskers.

"Mr. Trotter," said the first lieutenant, "here is a young gentleman who has joined the ship. Introduce him into the berth, and see his hammock slung. You must look after him a little."

"I really have very little time to look after any of them, sir," replied Mr. Trotter, "but I will do what I can. Follow me, youngster." Accordingly I descended the ladder after him, then I went down another, and then to my surprise I was desired by him to go down a third, when he informed me that I was in the cockpit.

"Now, youngster," said Mr. Trotter, seating himself upon a large chest, "you may do as you please. The midshipmen's mess is on the deck above this, and if you like to join, why you can; but this I will tell you as a friend, that you will be thrashed all day long and fare very badly; the weakest always goes to the wall there, but perhaps you do not mind that. Now that we are in harbour, I mess here because Mrs. Trotter is on board. She is a very charming woman I can assure you, and will be here directly; she has just gone up into the galley to look after a set of potatoes in the copper. If you like it better, I will ask her permission for you to mess with us. You will then be away from the midshipmen, who are a sad set, and will teach you nothing but what is immoral and improper, and you will have the advantage of being in good society, for Mr. Trotter has kept the very best in England. I make you this offer because I want to oblige the first lieutenant, who appears to take an interest about me, otherwise I am not very fond of having any intrusion upon my domestic happiness."

I replied that I was much obliged to him for his kindness, and that if it would not put Mrs. Trotter to any inconvenience, I should be happy to accept of his offer. "Upon my word," said Mr. Trotter, "you must be conscious of having a very pretty ankle, or you would not venture to display it, as you have to Mr. Simple, a young gentleman whom I beg to introduce to you, and who, with your permission, will join our mess."

"My dear Trotter, how cruel of you not to give me warning! I thought that nobody was below. I declare I'm so ashamed," continued the lady sniggering, and covering her face with the hand which was unemployed.

"It can't be helped now, my love, neither was there any thing to be ashamed of. I trust Mr. Simple and you will be very good friends. I believe I mentioned his desire to join our mess."

"I am sure I shall be very happy in his company. This is a strange place for me to live in, Mr. Simple, after the society to which I have been accustomed; but affection can make any sacrifice, and rather than lose the company of my dear Trotter, who has been unfortunate in pecuniary matters—"

"Say no more about it, my love. Domestic happiness is every thing, and will enliven even the gloom of a cockpit."

"And yet," continued Mrs. Trotter, "when I think of the time when we used to live in London, and keep our carriage. Have you ever been in London, Mr. Simple?"

"I answered that I had."

"Then, probably, you may have been acquainted with, or have heard of, the Smiths."

"I replied that the only people I knew there, were Mr. and Mrs. Handyclock."

"Well, if I had known that you were in London, I

should have been very glad to have given you a letter of introduction to the Smiths. They are quite the topping people of the place."

"But, my dear," interrupted Mr. Trotter, "is it not time to look after our dinner?"

"Yes; I am going forward for it now. We have skewer pieces to-day. Mr. Simple, will you excuse me?"—and then, with a great deal of flirtation and laughing about her ankles, and requesting me as a favour to turn my face away, Mrs. Trotter ascended the ladder.

As the reader may wish to know what sort of looking personage she was, I will take the opportunity to describe her. Her figure was very good, and at one period of her life I thought her face would have been very handsome; at the time I was introduced to her, it showed the ravages of time or hard-ship very distinctly; in short, she might be termed a faded beauty, flaunting in her dress, and not very clean in her person.

"Charming woman, Mrs. Trotter, is she not, Mr. Simple?" said the master's mate, to which of course I immediately acquiesced. "Now, Mr. Simple," continued the mate, "I have made some arrangements which I had better mention while Mrs. Trotter is away, for she would be shocked at our talking about such things. Of course the style of living which we indulge in is rather expensive. Mrs. Trotter cannot dispense with her tea, and her other little comforts. At the same time I must put you to no extra expense, I had rather be out of pocket myself. I propose that during the time you mess with us, you shall pay only one guinea per week, and as for entrance money, why I think I must not charge you more than a couple of guineas. Have you any money?"

"Yes," I replied, "I have three guineas and a half left."

"Well, then, give me the three guineas, and the half-guinea you can reserve for pocket-money. You must write to your friends immediately for a further supply."

I handed him the money, which he put in his pocket. "Your chest," continued he, "you shall bring down here for Mrs. Trotter will, I am sure, if I request it, not only keep it in order for you, but see your clothes are properly mended. She is a charming woman, Mrs. Trotter, and very fond of young gentlemen. How old are you?"

"I replied that I was fifteen."

"No more! well, I am glad of that, for Mrs. Trotter is very particular after a certain age. I should recommend you on no account to associate with the other midshipmen. They are very angry with me, because I would not permit Mrs. Trotter to join their mess, and they are sad story tellers."

"That they certainly are," replied I, but here we were interrupted by Mrs. Trotter coming down with a piece of stick in her hand, upon which were skewered a dozen small pieces of beef and pork, which she first laid on a plate, and then began to lay the cloth, and prepare for dinner.

"Mr. Simple is only fifteen, my dear," observed Mr. Trotter.

"Dear me," replied Mrs. Trotter, "why how tall he is! But is quite as tall, for his age, as young Charles Fouttewtown, whom you used to take with you in the *chay*. Do you know Lord Fouttewtown, Mr. Simple?"

"No, I do not, ma'am," replied I, but, wishing to let them know that I was well connected, I continued, "but I dare say that my grandfather, Lord Privilege, did know him."

"God bless me, is Lord Privilege your grandfather? Well, I thought I saw a likeness somewhere. Don't you recollect Lord Privilege, my dear Trotter, that we met at Lady Scamp's—an elderly person for it's very ungrateful of you not to recollect him, for he sent you a very fine haunch of venison?"

"I recollect, bless me, sir! O yes! an old gentleman, is he not?" said Mr. Trotter appealing to me.

"Yes, sir," replied I, quite delighted to find myself among those who were acquainted with my family.

"Well, then, Mr. Simple," said Mrs. Trotter, "since we have the pleasure of being acquainted with your family, I shall now take you under my young charge, and I shall be so fond of you, that Trotter shall be come quite jealous," added she laughing. "We have but a poor dinner to-day, for the bum-boat woman disappointed me. I particularly requested her to bring me off a leg of lamb, but she says there was none in the market. It is rather early for it, that's true, but Trotter is very nice in his eating. Now let us sit down to dinner."

I felt very sick indeed, and could eat nothing. Our dinner consisted of the pieces of beef and pork, the potatoes, and a baked pudding in a tin dish. Mr. Trotter went up to serve the spirits out to the ship's company, and returned with a bottle of rum.

"Here you are, Mr. Simple's allowance, my love?" enquired Mrs. Trotter.

"Yes, he is victualled to order, as he came on board before twelve o'clock. Do you drink spirits, Mr. Simple?"

"No, I thank you," replied I, for I remembered the captain's injunction.

"Taking as I do such an interest in your welfare, I must earnestly recommend you to abstain from them," said Mr. Trotter. "It is a very bad habit, and once acquired not easy to be left off. I am obliged to drink them that I may not check the perspiration after working in the hold; I have, nevertheless, a natural aversion to them, but my champagne and claret days are gone by, and I must submit to circumstances."

"My poor Trotter!" said the lady.

"Well," continued he, "it's a poor heart that never rejoiceth." He then poured out half a tumbler of rum, and filled the glass up with water.

"No, Trotter, you know that I never touch it, except when the water is so bad, that I must have the taste taken away. How is the water to-day?"

"As usual, my dear, not drinkable!" After much persuasion, Mrs. Trotter agreed to sip a little out of his glass. "I thought she took it pretty often considering that she did not like it, but I felt so unwell that I was obliged to go on the main deck. There I was met by a midshipman whom I had not seen before. He looked very earnestly in my face, and then asked my name. 'Simple,' said he; 'what are you the son of old Simple?'"

"Yes, sir," replied I, astonished that so many should know my family. "Well, I thought so by the likeness. And how is your father?" "Very well, thank you, sir."

"When you write to him, make my compliments, and tell him that I desired to be particularly remembered to him," and he walked forward, but as he forgot to mention his name I was obliged to ask Mr. Trotter.

I went to bed very tired; Mr. Trotter had my hammock hung up in the cock-pit, separated by a canvass screen from the cot in which he and his wife slept. I thought this very odd, but they told me it was the general custom on board ship, although Mrs. Trotter's delicacy was very much shocked by it. I was very sick when Mrs. Trotter came to bed. When I awoke in bed she kissed me and wished me good night, and very soon afterwards I fell fast asleep.

I awoke the next morning at day-light with a noise over my head which sounded like thunder; I found it proceeded from holystoning and washing down the main deck. I was very much refreshed nevertheless, and did not feel the least cold or tired. Mr. Trotter, who had been up at four o'clock, came down and directed one of the marines to fetch me some water. I washed myself on my chest, and then went on the

main deck, which they were swabbing dry. Standing by the entry at the cabin door, I met one of the midshipmen with whom I had been in company at the "Blue Posts."

"So, Master Simple, old Trotter and his faggot of a wife have got hold of you—have they?" said he. I replied, that I did not know the meaning of faggot, but that I considered Mrs. Trotter a very charming woman. "Well, I'll just give you a loud huzzah," said he. "I'll just give you a caution. Take care, or they'll make a clean sweep. Has Mrs. Trotter shown you her ankle yet?" "Yes," I replied, "and a very pretty one it is."

"Ah! she's at her old tricks. You had much better be careful, or she'll catch you at once. You're not the first greenhorn that they have plucked. Well, I'll be as he walked away, "keep the key of your own chest—thats'all."

But as Mr. Trotter had warned me that the midshipman would abuse them, I paid very little attention to what he said. When he left me I went on the quarter-deck, and found the first lieutenant, and the first lieutenant cried out to the gunner, "Now, Mr. Diapart, if you are ready we'll breach these guns."

"Now, my lads," said the first lieutenant, "we must slue (the part that breeches over) more forward." As I never heard of a gun having breeches, I was very curious to see what was going on, and went up close to the gun. "Now, my lads," said the gunner, "hand me that monkey's tail!" I saw nothing like a monkey's tail, but I was so frightened that I snatched up the first thing which I saw, which was a short bar of iron, and it so happened that it was the very article which he wanted. When I gave it to him, the first lieutenant looked at me, and said, "So you know what a monkey's tail is already, yet you? Now don't you ever sham stupid after that."

Thought I to myself, I'm very lucky, but if that's a monkey's tail it's a very stiff one!

I resolved to learn the names of every thing as fast as I could, that I might be prepared, so I listened attentively to what was said; but I soon became quite fatigued, and desisted of remembering anything.

"How is this to be finished off, sir?" enquired a sailor of the boatswain.

"Why, I beg leave to hint to you, sir, in the most delicate manner in the world," replied the boatswain, "that it must be with a *double-wal* and be d—d— to monkey's tail already, yet you? Now don't you ever sham stupid after that."

"Mr. Chucks," said the first lieutenant to the boatswain, "what blocks have we below—not on charge?" "You set me free, sir, I've one sister, t'other we've split half the other day, and I think I have a couple of monkeys down in the store-room. I say, you Smith, pass that brace through the bull's eye, and take the sheepshead out before you come down."

And then he asked the first lieutenant whether something should not be fitted with a mouse or any a turks. "The sheepshead must be spread out by the armourer as soon as the forge was up. In sheepshead with dead-eyes and shrouds, cats and cat-blocks, dolphins and dolphin-strikers, whips, and puddings. I was so puzzled with what I heard that I was about to leave the deck in absolute despair.

"And, Mr. Chucks, recollect this afternoon that you bleed the boys."

Bled the boys, thought I, what can that be for? At all events, the surgeon appears to be the proper person to perform that operation.

This last incomprehensible remark drove me off the deck, and I retreated to the cock-pit, where I found Mrs. Trotter. "O my dear!" said she, "I am glad you are so much at home, and wish to put you to the test. Have you a list of them—where is your key?" I replied that I had not a list, and I handed her the key, although I did not forget the caution of the midshipman; yet I considered that there could be no harm in her looking over my clothes when I was present. She looked very earnest, and pulled every thing out, and then commenced telling me what were likely to be useful and what were not.

"Now those worsted stockings," she said, "will be very comfortable in cold weather, and in the summer time these brown cotton stockings will be delightfully cool, and you have enough of each to last you till you outgrow them. Now, as to the blue cotton stockings, they are of no use—only catch the dirt when the decks are swept, and always look untidy. I wonder how they could be so foolish as to send them; nobody wears

them on board ship now-a-days. They are only fit for women—I wonder if they would fit me." She turned her eyes on me, and then she turned, laughing, at the whole of the time. Then my stockings, I told her, and showed me how nice they fitted her. "Bless you, Mr. Simple, it's well that Trotter is in the hold, he'd be so jealous—do you know what these stockings cost? They are no use to you, and they fit me. I will give you a very good pair of stockings, and take them off your hands."

I replied that I could not take them, as I thought that they were of no use to me and fitted her, I begged that she would accept the dozen pair. At first she positively refused, but as I pressed her she at last consented, and I was very happy to give them to her as she was very kind to me, and I thought, with her husband, that she was a very good and sensible woman. I had been so much taken with her, that I had been so much taken with the smell of the onions. Mr. Trotter came down very cross, because the first lieutenant had found fault with him. He swore that he would cut the service—that he had only remained to oblige the captain, who had been so much taken with his right arm, and that he would demand satisfaction of the first lieutenant as soon as he could obtain his discharge. Mrs. Trotter did all she could to pacify him, reminding him that he had the protection of Lord and Sir Thomas that, who would see him righted; but in vain. The first lieutenant had told him, he said, that he was not worth anything, and that he would give up the result. He drank glass of grog, and then he said that that glass became more violent, and Mrs. Trotter drank also. I observed, a great deal more than I thought that she ought to have done; but she whispered to me that she drank it that Trotter might not, as he would certainly be tipsy. I thought this very devoted on her part, but they sat so long that I went to bed and left them, as I still drinking and vowing vengeance against the first lieutenant. I had not been asleep more than two or three hours when I was awakened by a great noise and quarrelling, and I discovered that Mr. Trotter was drunk and beating his wife. Very much shocked that such a charming woman should be beat and ill-used, I went to her, and found her in a very bad state. I could be of any assistance, but it was dark, although they scuffled as much as before. I asked the marine, who was sentry at the gun-room door above, to bring his lantern, and was very much shocked at his replying that I had better go to bed, and let them fight it out.

She ran so fast towards her husband, who had not taken time to get up, that I saw her in a very bad state. I saw her off her clothes, came from below the screen. I perceived at once that the poor woman could hardly stand; she reeled to my chest, where she sat down and cried. I pulled on my clothes as fast as I could, and then went up to her to console her; but she could not speak intelligibly. After attempting in vain to console her, she made me no answer, but staggered to her feet, and after several attempts, succeeded in getting into it. I cannot say that I much liked that, but what could I do? So I finished dressing myself, and went up on the quarter-deck.

The midshipman who had the watch was the one who had cautioned me against the Trotters; he was very kindly to me, and he said, "Since you are here, brings you on deck?" I told him how ill Mr. Trotter had behaved to his wife, and how she had turned into my hammock.

"The cursed drunken old catamaran," cried he, "I'll go and cut her down by the head!" but I requested he would be so good as to wait a lady.

"A lady," replied he, "and there's plenty of ladies of her description?" and then he informed me that she had many years ago been the mistress of a man of fortune who kept a carriage for her; but that he grew tired of her, and had given Trotter £200 to marry her, and that now they did nothing but get drunk together and fight it out."

I was very much annoyed to hear all this; but as I perceived that Mrs. Trotter was not sober, I began to think that what the midshipman said was true. "I hope," added he, "that she has not had time to wheedle you out of any of your clothes."

I told him that I had given her a dozen pair of stockings, and he said that Mr. Trotter had taken them for use.

"This must be looked to," replied he; "I shall speak to the first lieutenant to-morrow. In the mean time, I shall get your hammock for you. Quarter-master, keep a good look out. He then went below, and I followed him, to see what he would do. He went down and lowered it down to me, and so that Mrs. Trotter lay with her head on the deck in a very uncomfortable position. To my astonishment, she swore at him in a dreadful manner, but refused to

turn out. He was abusing her, and shaking her in the hammock, when Mr. Trotter, who had been roused at the noise, rushed from behind the screen. "You call him a fool, and are you doing with my wife?" cried he, pummeling at him as well as he could, for he was so tipsy that he could hardly stand.

I thought the midshipman able to take care of himself, and did not wish to interfere; so I remained alone, looking on—the sentry standing by me with his lantern over the combings of the hatchway to give light to the midshipman, and to witness the fray. Mr. Trotter was soon knocked down, when all of a sudden Mrs. Trotter jumped up from the hammock, and caught the midshipman by the hair, and pulled at him. Then the sentry thought fit to interfere; he called out to the master-at-arms, and went down himself to help the midshipman, who was fast falling badly between the two. Mrs. Trotter snatched the lantern out of his hand and smashed it all to pieces, and then we were all left in darkness, and I could not see what took place, although the scuffling continued. Such were the posture of affairs when the master-at-arms came up with his light. The midshipman and sentry came to the ladder, and Mr. and Mrs. Trotter were beating each other. To this none of them paid any attention, saying, as the sentry had said before, "Let them fight it out."

After they had fought some time, they retired behind the screen, and I followed the advice of the midshipman and got into my hammock, which the master-at-arms hung up again for me. Then Mr. and Mrs. Trotter both crying and kissing each other. "Cruel, cruel, Mr. Trotter," said she, blubbering.

"My life, my love, I was so jealous," replied he. "Blame your jealousy," replied the lady; "I've two nice black eyes for the galley to-morrow." In about an hour of kissing and scolding, they both fell asleep again.

The next morning before breakfast, the midshipman reported to the first lieutenant the conduct of Mr. Trotter and his wife. I was sent for, and obliged to acknowledge that it was all true. He sent for Mr. Trotter, who replied that he was not well, and could not come on deck. Upon which the first lieutenant ordered the sergeant of marines to bring him up directly. Mr. Trotter made his appearance, with one eye closed, and his face very much scratched.

"Did not I desire you, sir," said the first lieutenant, "to introduce this young gentleman into the midshipmen's berth? instead of which you have introduced him to that disgraceful wife of yours, and have spoiled him out of the property." I order you immediately to return the three guineas which you received as mess-money, and also that your wife give back the stockings which she snatched him out of.

But then I interposed, and told the first lieutenant that the stockings had been a free gift on my part; and that, although I had been very foolish, yet I did not consider that I could not in honour demand them back again.

"Well, youngster," replied the first lieutenant; "perhaps your ideas are correct, and if you wish it, I will not enforce that part of my order; but," continued he to Mr. Trotter, "I desire, sir, that your wife leaves the ship immediately, and take that which you have reported your object to the captain, that he will serve you in the same manner. In the mean time, you will consider yourself under an arrest for drunkenness."

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Bridgewater Treatise. The Hand; its Mechanism and Vital Endowments as evincing design. By Sir Charles Bell, K. G. H. London, 1833. Second notice.

Some curious facts respecting fishes will surprise those who have never paid any attention to the subject. One species is said to walk about a house in the manner of a dog, the pectoral fins resembling short arms, and being palmed at their tips. But what shall we say of fishes climbing trees? Let us should be accused of romancing we quote the author's words.

"But there are other fishes that move out of the water on dry land, and even ascend trees,

without being carried there by floods. The *perca scandens* by means of the spines of its gill-combs, and the spinous rays of its fins, climbs trees; so that Dr. Shaw calls it the climbing fish." After enumerating the various substitutes for the hand, the author says: "But we may repeat, that, necessary as these appendages and this sensibility are to the existence of these animals, their imperfections serve, by contrast, to show how happily the different properties are combined in the hand; in which we perceive the sensibilities to changes of temperature, to touch, and to motion, united with a facility in the joints of unfolding and moving in every possible degree and direction, without abruptness or angularity, and in a manner inimitable by any artifice of joints and levers."

In the chapter on sensibility and touch we have the following matter for thought:—

The extreme sensibility of the skin to the slightest injury, is every one the notion—that the pain must be the more severe the deeper the wound. This is not the fact, nor would it accord with the beneficent design which shines out every where. The sensibility of the skin serves not only to give the sense of touch, but it is a guard upon the deeper parts; and as they cannot be reached except through the skin, and we must suffer pain in the interior, before we can reach the deeper parts, it would be superfluous to bestow sensibility upon these deeper parts. If the internal parts which act in the motions of the body had possessed a similar degree and kind of sensibility with the skin, so far from serving any useful purpose, this sensibility would have been a source of inconvenience and continual pain in the commonest use of the frame.

The reason why surgeons more than physicians have advanced the study of physiology, may be, that they become practically acquainted with the phenomena on which the science is founded. The surgeon who has to perform an operation by incision, when he has touched the skin, informs himself what the greatest pain is, and in the advanced stage of the operation, he has to extend the incision of the skin, it is very properly considered as great awkwardness; and this not only because it proves that he has miscalculated what was necessary for the correct performance of his operation, but because the patient bearing so ungenerously the pain, cannot sustain it, and never attains the use of the skin, without giving token of severe pain.

"The fact of the exquisite sensibility of the surface, in comparison with the deeper parts, being thus ascertained by daily experience, we cannot mistake the intention: that the skin is made a safeguard to the delicate textures which are contained within it, and which, as a void injury; and it does afford us a more effectual defence than if our bodies were covered with the hide of the rhinoceros.

"The fuller the consideration which we give to this subject, the more convincing are the proofs that the painful sensibility of the skin is a benevolent provision, making us alive to the injury, and thus preventing this injury from reaching the interior system, would bruise and destroy the internal and vital parts. In pursuing the enquiry, we learn with much interest that when the bones, joints, and all the membranes and ligaments which cover them, are exposed—they may be cut, pricked, or even burned, without the patient or the animal suffering the slightest pain. These facts must appear to be conclusive; for who, witnessing these instances of insensibility, would not conclude that the parts were devoid of sensation? But when we take the true, philosophical, and I may say the religious view of the subject, and consider that pain is not an evil, but given for benevolent purposes and for some important object, which should be unwilling to terminate the investigation here.

"In the first place, we must perceive that if a sensibility similar to that of the skin had been given to these internal parts, it must have remained unexercised. Had they been made sensible to pricking and burning, they would have possessed a quality which would never have been used, and since no sense can reach the interior without warning being received through the sensibility of the skin.

"But, further, if we find that sensibility to pain is a benevolent provision, and is bestowed for the purpose of warning us to avoid such violence as would enfeeble the functions or uses of the parts, we may yet enquire whether any injury can reach these internal parts with-

out the sensibility of the skin being excited. Now, of the three, it is no doubt, for they are subject to strain and rupture, and shocks, without the skin being implicated in the accident. If we have been correct in our inference, there should be a provision to guide us in the safe exercise of the limbs; and notwithstanding what has been apparently demonstrated of the insensibility of these internal parts, they must possess an appropriate sensibility, or it would imply an imperfection.

"With these reflections, we recur to experiment—and we find that the parts, which are insensible to pricking, cutting, and burning, are actually sensible to concussion, to stretching, or laceration.

"How consistent, then, and how beautiful is the distribution of the sensibility of the skin! The sensibility to pain varies with the function of the part. The skin is endowed with sensibility to every possible injurious impression which may be made upon it. But had this kind and degree of sensibility been made universal, we should have been racked with pain in the common motions of the body; the mere weight of one part on another, or the motion of the joint, would have been attended with that degree of suffering which we experience in using or walking with an inflamed limb.

"But on the other hand, had the deeper parts possessed no sensibility, we should have had no guide in our exertions. They have a sensibility limited to the kind of injury which it is possible may reach them, which teaches us what we can do with impunity. If we leap from too great a height, or carry too great a burthen, or attempt to interrupt a body whose impetus is too great for us, we are warned of the danger as effectually by this internal sensibility, as we are of the approach of a sharp point or a hot iron to the skin.

Should I say, which it is possible may reach them, the family of Montgomery, from a fall and subsequent abscess on the side of his chest, had the interior marvelously exposed, so that after his cure, on his return from his travels, the heart and lungs were still visible and could be handled; which when it was communicated to Charles L., he expressed a desire that Harvey should be permitted to see the youth and examine his heart. "When," says Harvey, "I had paid my respects to the young nobleman, and conveyed to him the king's request, he made no concealment but exposed the left side of his breast, when I saw a cavity into which I could introduce my fingers and thumb; astonished, and with novelty of design, and again I explored the wound, and first marvelling at the extraordinary nature of the cure, I set about the examination of the heart. Taking it in one hand, and placing the finger of the other on the pulse of the wrist, I satisfied myself that it was indeed the heart which I grasped. I then brought him before the king, the king might behold and touch so extraordinary a thing, and that he might perceive, as I did, that unless when he touched the outer skin or when he saw our fingers in the cavity, this young nobleman knew not that we touched the heart."

The concluding chapter is devoted to a "comparison of the eye with the hand," and many beautiful illustrations of the delicacy and sensibility of the retina are introduced; perhaps it may be said justly that the author has treated too much of other subjects than the one in hand—but the entire work is valuable and unique.

VARIETIES.

The present editor of the Sentinel of this city, has shown much acquaintance with general literature, since he has been at the head of the paper, and in making really valuable. From a strong political bias it is likely to rank among our most decided literary journals. The following paragraph we extract from one of his late numbers:—

"Waldie's *Circulating Library* has commenced on its cover a reprint of the admirable article in the *Metropolitan Magazine* of London, called '*Peter Simple*,' by the present editor of that periodical. Captain Margat of the late late candidate for parliament from the Tower-hamlets in London. He is known already by his *Newton Foster*; and his *Peter Simple* must render him a favourite with all readers of taste who love to find interesting incidents happily expressed.

"*Peter Simple* is preferable in subject and style to the '*Man-of-War*,' by Mr. (if it really is) inferior to the '*Cringle's Log*,' so far at least as amusement and interest are concerned—though it does not

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UNITED STATES REVIEW.

In the month of January next will be published No. 1. of a new Quarterly Review, to be called "The United States Review," under the editorial supervision of HENRY VETHAKE, Esq. Professor of Natural Philosophy, and Lecturer on History, in the University of the city of New York.

PROSPECTUS.

It is intended to add one more to the literary journals already published in our country. The field of intellectual labour which it proposes to cultivate is deemed sufficiently ample, and the harvest to be gathered rich enough, to invite an augmented exertion on the part of American writers; and confident hopes are entertained that readers will be found in sufficient numbers to justify the undertaking.

The proposed journal will be styled the "United States Review." It will be published quarterly, in numbers of about 250 pages each, and will contain reviews of the latest and most important works that may have appeared, either at home or abroad. In both cases, however, the selection, as is usual in all periodical works intended for general circulation—at least for general circulation among the better educated portion of the community—will be chiefly, though not exclusively, confined to literature in its most extensive sense, as distinguished from those sciences which can be separated from it without inconvenience, and in which it is possible to attain to a high degree of excellence, with little or no pretensions to literary desert. In other words, it is with the philosophy of mind, rather than with the philosophy of matter, that the readers of the "United States Review" will be entertained,—with the exploits of the historian, the orator, and the poet, rather than with those of the mathematician.

The first duties of a critic, as of a judge, is the strictest impartiality. It is as proper to condemn, from a regard to the public welfare, him who robs his neighbour of his time, and perdition of his opinions and principles, by the publication of a useless or mischievous book, as to pass sentence on the criminal who perpetrates a theft on his purse, or an act of violence on his person. And as, in proportion to the prevalence of offences against the laws, it is judged expedient to enforce the enactments against offenders with the less forbearance; so, in an age of the multiplication and accumulation of books without end, it behooves the guardians of literature to be unsparing of their censure, where censure may be justly an author's due. But the analogy which has been stated is very far from holding good throughout. While in the one case, the most favourable decision is merely one of not guilty, or, more properly speaking, not proven to be guilty; in the other it is to be determined, with as much care and discrimination as may be practicable, what degree of merit on the one hand, as well as demerit on the other, is to be ascribed to the individual whose conduct is the subject of enquiry. An author does not stand at the bar of a reviewer as a reputed culprit; who, when ac-

quitted of the charge preferred against him, must be content with the simple verdict of not guilty, however praiseworthy in reality his conduct in the matter in question may have been. It is his right to have his merits acknowledged and proclaimed, whatever they may be;—and when there is a willingness and a readiness to do this on every fitting opportunity, and then only, can the claim of a right to condemn be at any time allowed or even tolerated. Such an impartiality as this it will be the endeavour of the proposed journal to maintain.

It may here be asked—Are American writers to be treated thus rigidly? Will not some allowance be made for them because they are American? Is it not incumbent on every one animated with a proper feeling of patriotism to cherish every literary effort of a fellow countryman, especially if he happen to be one who occupies a prominent position in the public esteem, his reputation being then a part of the reputation of the country itself? These questions there is no hesitation to answer in the negative. They imply a wholly inadequate impression of the condition and present prospects of American literature; they tacitly assume it to be in an infant state, instead of having already advanced into at least the first stage of a vigorous manhood; and they betray an exaggerated estimate of the influence of criticism. American literature is no longer a sickly and sorry bantling, that must be kept alive by being ever held on the knee and fed with the milk of encouragement, or the pap of flattery. It can now support itself without a prop, and is capable of digesting even the strong meat of reproof occasionally administered to it by a reviewer, without any danger of sinking under the operation. But, after all, the "United States Review" will be in no little danger of treating our own authors with too great leniency, and of awarding to them an undeserved praise. The reviewers have an anxious desire for the advancement of American literature, and for the honour of their country in general. This feeling may frequently lead them astray, and induce them to do injustice to that literature by commending mediocrity, or covering with the mantle of charity the inferiority of the individual, who may seem for the moment to be its representative. It will, however, be their duty, and their care, to guard against such mistaken charity.

It is perhaps unnecessary to remark that party politics can have no place in the pages of the "United States Review." But Politics and Political Economy, constituting, as they do, two of the most important of the Moral Sciences, and being constituent parts of general literature, cannot be overlooked. They have become more or

less involved in almost every discussion of the times; and restricted indeed would the field of investigation become, were they to be cast aside. They will afford topics of interesting and momentous consideration to the writers for the Review. Yet it is proper to repeat that they will be treated entirely in a scientific and independent spirit; and altogether irrespective of the politics of party. It may be added, that the perfect independence of the Review in this respect, is in a great measure guaranteed by the previous career of the Editor. He has never been engaged in the contentions of party; he has never had a personal interest in the success of any party, other than that which is common to him with every other citizen of the republic; and he neither expects nor desires any such interest.

Besides party politics, all theological questions will be excluded from the Review, for obvious reasons, and also every thing having an exclusively religious bearing, as inconsistent with the professed character of a literary journal. Still it is intended that the work shall have an unequivocal Christian character. By this is meant that its spirit shall be that of Christianity, and that its influence shall tend to promote the cause of religion, as well as of good morals.

Finally, the "United States Review," while excluding the topics above-mentioned, will not be timid in expressing and maintaining a decided opinion on every important question that may occur for discussion; and it will endeavour, too, to be consistent with itself in the opinions it may put forth in relation to them; but, allowing of a certain discrepancy on minor points, inseparable indeed from the circumstance of the various articles of the Review being the production of different pens.

In consequence of Mr. Vethake's residence being in New York, the editor of Waldie's Library will perform the duties of Junior Editor, but will not be responsible for the contents or conduct of the Review. Communications, &c. may be addressed to Henry Vethake, Esq. New York, or to the publication office, Philadelphia.

TERMS.

The UNITED STATES REVIEW will be published on the first of January, April, July, and October, of each year. The first number, however, may not appear before the 20th of January next.

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PETER SIMPLE.

(Continued.)

The captain came about twelve o'clock, and ordered the discharge of Mr. Trotter to be made out, as soon as the first lieutenant had reported what had occurred. He then sent for all the midshipmen on the quarter-deck.

"Gentlemen," said the captain to them, with a stern countenance, "I feel very much indebted to some of you for the character which you have been pleased to give to Mr. Simple. I must now request that you will answer a few questions which I am about to put in his presence. Did I ever flog the whole star-board watch, because the ship would only sail nine knots on a bowling?"

"No, sir, no," replied they all, very much frightened.

"And I ever gave a midshipman four dozen for not having his weekly accounts pipecleaned, or another five dozen for wearing a scarlet watch ribbon?"

"No, sir," replied they altogether.

"Did any midshipman ever die on his chest from fatigue?"

"They again replied in the negative.

"Then, gentlemen, you will oblige me by stating, which of you thought proper to assert these falsehoods in the public coffee-room; and further, which of you obliged this youngster to risk his life in a duel?"

"They were all silent.

"Will you answer me, gentlemen?"

"I beg with respect to the duel, sir," replied the midshipman who had fought me, "I heard say that the pistols were only charged with powder. It was a joke."

"Well, sir, we'll allow that the duel was only a joke, (and I hope and trust that your report is correct); is the reputation of your captain only a joke, allow me to ask? I request to know who of you dared to propagate this slander? (Here there was a dead pause.) Well then, gentlemen, since you will not confess yourselves, I must refer to my authority. Mr. Simple, have the goodness to point out the person or persons who gave you the information."

"But I thought this would not be fair; and as they had all treated me very kindly after the duel, I resolved to keep all this to myself. If I please, sir, I consider that I told you all that in confidence."

"Confidence, sir," replied the captain; "who ever heard of confidence between a post captain and a midshipman?"

"No, sir," replied I, "not between a post captain and a midshipman, but between two gentlemen."

The first lieutenant, who stood by the captain, put his hand before his eyes and hid a laugh. "He may be a fool, sir," observed he to the captain, aside, "but I can assure you he is a very straight-forward one."

The captain bit his lip, and then turning to the midshipman, said, "You may thank Mr. Simple, gentlemen, that I do not press this matter further. I do believe that you were deceived by the advice of the captain; but recollect that what is said in joke is too often repeated in earnest. I trust that Mr. Simple's conduct will have its effect, and that you leave off practising upon him who has saved you from a very severe punishment."

When the midshipmen went down below, they all shook hands with me, and said that I was a good fellow and no peacemaker; but as for the advice of the captain, that they should not practise upon me, as he termed it, they forgot that, for they commenced again immediately, and never left off until that period that I was not to be deceived any longer.

I had not been ten minutes in the berth, before they began their remarks upon me. One said that I looked like a hairy fellow, and asked me whether I could not bear a good deal of sleep.

I replied, "that I could I dare say, if it was necessary for the good of the service;" at which they laughed, and I supposed that I had said a good thing.

"Why here's Tomkins," said the midshipman; "he'll show you how to perform that part of your duty. He inherits it from his father, who was a marine officer. He can snore for fourteen hours on a stretch without once turning round in his hammock, and finish his nap on his chest during the whole of the day, except meal

ment from his long naps and other people did in short ones, because he slept much slower than they did."

"Ingenious argument, but how can a well-regulated man, one as it was proved that he ate pudding faster than any one of me the mess."

The postman came on board with the letters, and put his head into the midshipman's berth. I was very anxious to have one from home, but I was disappointed. Some had letters and some had not. Those who had letters said that their papers were very useful, and that they would cut them off with a shilling; and those who had letters, after they had read them, offered them for sale to the others, usually at half price. I could not imagine why they sold, or why the others bought them; but they did so; and one that was full of good advice was sold three times; and I was better opinion of the morals of my companions. The lowest priced letters sold were those written by sisters. I was offered one for a penny, but I declined buying, as I had plenty of sisters of my own. Directly I made that observation, they immediately enquired all their names and ages, and whether they were pretty or not. When I had informed them that I quarrelled to whom they belonged. One would have Lucy and another took Mary, but there was a great dispute about Ellen, as I had said that she was the prettiest of the whole. At last they agreed to put her up to auction, and she was knocked down to a master's mate of the name of O'Brien, who had seven children and a bottle of rum. They requested that I would write home to give their love to my sisters, and tell them how they had been disposed of, which I thought very strange; but I ought to have been flattered at the price bid for Ellen, as I repeatedly have since been witness to a very pretty sister being sold for a glass of grog.

I mention the reason why I was so anxious for a letter, viz: because I wanted to buy my dirk and cocked hat; upon which they told me that there was no occasion for my spending my money, as by the regulations of the service, the purser's steward served them out to all the officers who applied for them. As I knew where the purser's steward's room was, I being seen by him, I went straight to the Purser's, and I went down immediately. "Mr. Purser's steward," says I, "let me have a cocked hat and dirk immediately."

"Very good, sir," replied he, and he wrote an order upon a slip of paper which he handed to me. "There is the order for it, sir; but the cocked hats are kept up in the chest in the main top; and as for the dirk, you must apply to the butcher, who has them under his charge."

I went up with the order, and I thought I would first apply for the dirk; so I enquired for the butcher, whom I found sitting in the sheep pen, with the sheep, mending his trousers. In reply to my demand, he told me that he had not the key of the store-room, which was under the charge of one of the corporals of marines.

I enquired who, and he said Cheeks* the marine.

I went every where about the ship, enquiring for Cheeks the marine, but could not find him. Some said that they believed he was in the foretop, standing sentry over the water; but it might, not change, and, that he was in the rigging; so I enquired of the midshipman from soaking his biscuit in the captain's dripping-pan. At last I enquired of some of the women who were standing between the guns on the main-deck, and one of them answered that it was no use looking for him among them as they all had husbands, and Cheeks was a widower.

As I could not find the marine, I thought I might as well go for my cocked hat, and get my dirk afterwards. I did not much like going up the rigging, because I was afraid of turning giddy, and if I fell overboard, I did not swim; but one of the midshipmen offered to accompany me, stating that I need not be afraid, if I went with him. I was willing to go, and as if I was giddy, my head, at all events, would swim; so I determined to venture. I climbed up very near to the main-top, but not without missing the little ropes very often, and grazing the skin off my shins. Then I came to large ropes stretched out from the mast, so that you must climb up with your head bare. The midshipman told me that he was in the cat-head, because they were so difficult to climb, that a cat would expostulate if ordered to go out by them. I was afraid

* This celebrated personage is the prototype of Mr. Noboby on board of a man-of-war.

† Widow's men are imaginary sailors, borne on the books, and receiving pay and prize-money, which is appropriated to Greenwich hospital.

to venture, and then he proposed that I should go through lubber's hole, which he said had been made for the purpose of enabling a person to jump to the other side of the ship, and that it appeared more easy, and at last arrived, quite out of breath, and very happy to find myself in the main-top.

The captain of the main-top was there with two other sailors. The midshipman introduced me very politely: "Mr. Jenkins—Mr. Simple, midshipman.—Mr. Simple, Mr. Jenkins, captain of the main-top. Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Simple has come up with an order for a cocked hat." The captain of the top replied that he was very sorry that he had not one in store, but that he had been served out to the captain's monkey. This was very provoking. The captain of the top then asked me if I was ready with my footing.

"I replied, it was, very, for I had lost it two or three times before coming here." He laughed and replied, that I should lose it altogether before I went down; and that I must land it out. "Hand out your footing," said I, puzzled, and appealing to the midshipman, "What does he mean?" "He means that you must fork out a seven shilling bit." I was just as wise as ever, and stared very much; when Mr. Jenkins desired the other men to get half a dozen faves and make a spread eagle of me unless he had his parkiste. I never should have found out what it all meant, had not the midshipman, who laughed till he cried, at last informed me that it was the custom to give the men something to drink the first time that I came aloft, and that, if I did not, they would tie me up to the rigging.

Having no money in my pocket, I promised to pay them as soon as I went below; but Mr. Jenkins would not trust me. I then became very angry, and enquired of him if he doubted my honour. He replied, "Not in the least, but that he must have the seven shillings before I went below." "Why, sir," said I, "do you know who you are speaking to? I am an officer and a gentleman. Do you know who my grandfather is?"

"O yes," replied he, "very well."

"Then, who is he, sir?" replied I very angrily.

"Who is he? why he's the Lord knows who."

"No," replied I, "that's not his name; he is Lord Privilege." (I was very much surprised to hear that he was the grand old man of the Lord.) "And do you suppose," continued I, "that I would forfeit the honour of my family for a paltry seven shillings?"

This observation of mine and a promise on the part of the midshipman, who said he would be bail for me, satisfied Mr. Jenkins, and he allowed me to go down without rigging.

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ted. When I asked for it, what was my surprise to find that it amounted to 22, 14s. 6d. I declared that it was impossible, and requested that she would allow me to look at the items, when I found that it was booked for at least three or four days' tarts every day, ordered by the young gentlemen "to be put down to Mr. Simple's account." I was very much shocked, not only at the sum of money which I had to pay, but also at the want of honesty on the part of my messmates; but when I complained of it in the berth, they all laughed at me.

"At last one of them said, "Peter, tell the truth; did not your father caution you not to run in debt?"

"Yes he did," replied I.

"I know that very well," replied he; "all fathers do the same when their sons leave them; it's matter of course. Now observe, Peter; it is out of regard to you, that your messmates have been eating tarts at your expense. You disobeyed your father's injunctions before you had been a month from home; and it is to give you a lesson that may be useful in after life, that they have considered it their duty to order the tarts. I trust that it will not be thrown away upon you. Go to the woman, pay your bill, and never run up another."

"That is certainly said," replied I; "but I could not possibly order the tarts, and did not think it fair that the woman should lose her money, I went up and paid the bill, with a determination never to open an account with any body again.

But this left my pockets quite empty, so I wrote to my father, stating the whole transaction, and the consequences of my finances. My father, in his answer, observed that whatever might have been their motives, my messmates had done me a friendly act; and that as I had lost my money by my own carelessness, I must not expect that he would allow me any more pocket-money. But my mother, who added a postscript to his letter, slipped in a five pound-note, and I was enabled to get on. I pretended to be very angry at my forgetting his injunctions. This timely relief made me quite comfortable again. What a pleasure it is to receive a letter from one's friends when far away, especially when there is some money in it!

A few days before this, Mr. Falcon, the first lieutenant, ordered every sailor to go away on duty. I replied, that I had neither dirk nor cocked hat, although I had applied for them. He laughed at my story, and sent me on shore with the master, who bought them; and the first lieutenant sent up the bill to my father, who paid it, and wrote to thank him for his trouble. The first lieutenant then said to me, "Mr. Simple, I will take the shine off that cocked hat and dirk of yours. You will go in the boat with Mr. O'Brien, and take care that none of the men slip away from it, and get drunk at the tap."

This was the first time that I had ever been sent away on duty, and I was very proud of being an officer in charge. I went on my full cocked hat, and went ready to the gangway a quarter of an hour before the men were piped away. We were ordered to the dock-yard to draw sea stores. When we arrived there, I was quite astonished at the piles of timber, the ranges of storehouses, and the immense anchors which lay on the wharf. There was such a bustle, every body appeared to be so busy, that I could not get off at once. I went down where the boat landed, they were hauling a large frigate out of what they called the basin; and I was so interested with the sight, that I saw sorry to say I quite forgot all about the boat's crew, and my orders to look after them. What surprised me most was, that the men employed appeared to be sailors, their arguments were very different from what I had before been accustomed to on board of the frigate. Instead of damning and swearing, every body was so polite. "Oblige me with a pull of the starboard bow hawser, Mr. Jones." "Ease off the larboard hawser, Mr. Jenkins, if you please." "Side her over, gentlemen, side her over." "My compliments to Mr. Tompkins, and request that he will cast off the starboard check. Side her over gentlemen, side her over, if you please." "In the boat there, pull to Mr. Simmons, and beg he'll do me the favour to check her as she swings. What's the matter, Mr. Johnson?" "Yes, there's one of them is midshipmen has thrown a red hot tater over the side." "Report him to the commissioner, Mr. Wiggins." "Oblige him by underrunning the guesse-war. Tell Mr. Simpkins, with my compliments, to coil away upon the jetty. Side her over, side her over, gentlemen, if you please."

I asked of a bystander who these people were, and

he told me that they were dock-yard mates. I certainly thought that it appeared to be quite as easy to say, "If you please," as "D—n your eyes," and that it sounded much more agreeable.

During the night I was looking at the frigate being hauled out, two of the men belonging to the boat slipped away, and on my return they were not to be seen. I was very much frightened, for I knew that I had neglected my duty, and that on the first occasion on which I had been entrusted with a responsible service. What to do I did not know. I ran up and down the deck, and the dock-yard until I was quite out of breath, asking every body I met whether they had seen my two men. Many of them said that they had seen plenty of men, but did not exactly know mine; some laughed, and called me a greenhorn. At last I met a midshipman, who told me that he had seen two men answering to my description on the roof of the boat starting for London, and that I must be quick if I wished to catch them; but he would not stop to answer any more questions. I continued walking about the yard until I met twenty or thirty men with gray jackets and breeches, to whom I applied for information; they told me that they had seen two sailors standing behind the piles of timber, and they crowded round me, and offered very anxious to assist me. I when they were summoned away to carry down a cable. I observed that they all had numbers on their jackets, and either one or two bright iron rings on their legs. I could not help enquiring, although I was in such a hurry, why the rings were worn. One of them told me that they were orders of merit, given to them for their good behavior.

I was proceeding on very disconsolate, when, as I turned a corner, to my great delight I met my two men, who touched their hats and said that they had been looking for me. I did not believe that they told the truth, but I was so glad to recover them that I did not care to quarrel with them. They told me that they had been waiting some time for Mr. O'Brien, the master's mate, called me a young sculpin, a word I never heard before. When we arrived on board, the first lieutenant asked O'Brien why he had remained so long. He answered that two of the men had left the boat, but that I had found them. The first lieutenant then said to me, "You are a good fellow, but I am sorry to say, that I was no fool, and I went down below overjoyed at my good fortune, and very much obliged to O'Brien for not telling the whole truth. After I had taken off my dirk and cocked hat, I felt for my pocket handkerchief, and found it was not in my pocket, having been lost when I was with me. I then asked the first lieutenant, who, in conversation with my messmates, I discovered to be convicts condemned to hard labour for stealing and picking pockets.

A day or two afterwards, we had a new messmate of the name of McFoy. I was on the quarter-deck when he came on board and presented a letter to the captain, enquiring if he was the "Captain Sauvage." He was a florid young man nearly six feet high, with sandy hair, yet very good-looking. As his career in the service was very short, I will tell at once what I did not find out till some time afterwards. The captain had agreed to receive him to oblige a brother officer, who had retired from the service, and lived at the Highgate, of Scotland, if he was the "Captain Sauvage." He had of the arrival of Mr. McFoy, was from a letter written to him by the young man's uncle. This amused him so much, that he gave it to the first lieutenant to read. It ran as follows:—

Glasgow, April 25th, 1—.

"Sir—A most esteemed and my dear friend, Captain Al-Airne, having communicated by letter, dated 14th inst., your kind intentions relative to my nephew Sholto McFoy, (for which you will be pleased to accept my best thanks,) I write to acquaint you that he is now on his way to join your ship the Diomedé, and will arrive, God willing, twenty-six hours after the receipt of this letter.

As I have been desired to understand by those who have some acquaintance with the service of the king, that his equipment as an officer will be somewhat expensive, I have considered it but fair to ease your mind as to any responsibility on that score, and have therefore enclosed the half of a Bank of England note for your pocket-money, No. 3748. I have also enclosed a letter duly forwarded in a frank promised to me the day after my departure. I beg you will make the necessary purchases, and apply the balance, should there be any, to his mess account, or any other expenses which you may consider warrantable or justifiable.

"It is at the same time proper to inform you, that

Sholto had ten shillings in his pocket at the time of his leaving Glasgow; the satisfactory expenditure of which I have no doubt you will enquire into, as it is a large sum to be placed at the discretion of a youth only fourteen years and five months old. I mention his age, as Sholto is so tall that he might be deceived by his appearance, and be induced to squander his prudence in the affairs of this serious nature. Should he at any time require further assistance beyond his pay, which I am told is extremely handsome to all king's officers, I beg you to consider that any draft of yours, at ten days' sight, to the amount of five pounds sterling English, will be duly honoured by Messrs. de Monteth, McKillop, and Company, of Glasgow. Sign with many thanks for your kindness and consideration,

"I remain your most obedient,

WALTER MONTEITH."

The letter brought on board by McFoy was to prove his identity. While the captain read it, McFoy stood about him like a wild stag. The captain welcomed him to the ship, asked him one or two questions, introduced him to the first lieutenant, and then went on shore. The first lieutenant had asked me to dine in the gun-room; I supposed that he was pleased with me because I had found the men; and when the captain pulled on shore, he also invited Mr. McFoy; when the following conversation took place:

"Well, Mr. McFoy, you have had a long journey, I presume it is the first that you have ever made."

"Indeed it is, sir," replied McFoy; "and sorely I've been pestered. Had I minded all they whispered in my lug as I came along, I had been made of money—sax-pence for me, and sax-pence for every body."

"How did you come from Glasgow?"

"By the wheel-boat, or steam-boat as they call it, to Lunnun; where they charged me sax-pence for taking my baggage on shore—a wee boxy nas bigger than your cupped-up hat. I would fain carry it myself, but they wadna let me."

"Well, where did yo go to when you arrived in London?"

"I went to a place call'd Chichester Rents, to the house of Storm and Mainwarring, Warehousemen, and they must have another sax-pence for showing me the way. They charged me sax-pence for the counting-house, till they took me to a place call'd Bul and Mouth, and put me into a coach, paying my whole fare; sax-pence they must din me for money the whole of the way down. There was first the guard, and then the coachman, and another guard, and another coachman; and wadna listen to them, and so they growled and abused me."

"And when did you arrive?"

"I came here last night; and I only had a bed and a breakfast at the two Blue Pillars' house, for which they extorted me three shillings and sax-pence, as I said here. And then there was the chambermaid hussey and water loon asked me to remember them, and wanted more siller; but I told them, 'I told the guard and coachman, that I had none for them.'"

"How much of your ten shillings have you left?"

"I enquired the first lieutenant, smiling.

"Hoot! air, lieutenant, how came you for to ken that? Eh! it's my uncle Monreith at Glasgow. Why, as I sit here, I canna remember the penny of it I left. But there's a snell here that's no canny; so I maun just go up again into the fresh air."

When Mr. McFoy quitted the gun-room, they all laughed very much. After he had been a short time on deck, he went down into the midshipman's berth; he made himself very unpleasant, quarrelling and wrangling with every body. It did not, however, last very long, for he would not obey any orders that were given to him. On the third day, he quitted the ship without asking the permission of the first lieutenant: when he returned on board the following day, the first lieutenant put him under an arrest, and in charge of the sentry. He was taken to the cabin. During the afternoon I was under the half-deck, and perceived that he was sharpening a long clasp knife upon the after truck of the gun. I went up to him, and asked him why he was doing so, and he replied, as his eyes flashed fire, that it was to revenge the insult offered to the bluid of McFoy. He took hold of me, as he was in the greatest rage, and said, "You damned scoundrel!" "I mean," said he, drawing the edge and feeling the point of his weapon, "to put into the wame of that man with the gold pedge on his shoulder, who has dared to place me here."

(To be continued.)

The Aristocrat: an American Tale. By the author of *Zoe*, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia, 1833.

The very respectable publishers of the *Aristocrat*, have sent us the work for notice.

They have done so knowing our detestation of the present system of puffery, and we must be candid in this case as in all others. We will let this production off more easily than it deserves, and allow it (all the space we have) to speak for itself, by two short extracts.

Mr. Collierly, foreman of a coroner's jury *together*, "How, sir," he exclaimed—opening his *angry eyes*, and *screwing* the corners of his mouth *as far backwards towards his ears* as possible, "Do you pretend, sir, to insinuate a doubt, sir, after all the evidence, sir—a doubt, sir, that the gentleman was murdered and robbed?"

The author speaks, chapter iv. vol. 1. "The guardian angel who watches over our weak resolves, and prevents us from straying beyond the bounds of virtue and safety, and who is said to slumber sometimes upon his post—thus giving an opportunity for the evil spirit to assail and overcome us—is, without doubt, often set to sleep by ourselves, that we may the more cheerily trip after the deceitful fiend who lures us to his toils."!!!

VARIETIES.

Joseph Bonaparte has recently presented to Mr. Lough, a sculptor in London, a splendid gold vase which belonged to Napoleon, as a tribute to the artist's noble and spirited production of "Duncan's Mad Horses." This is such intercourse as should exist among the great in station and in genius of all nations.

John Galt.—We have heretofore noticed Galt's autobiography, which contains a spirited likeness of that author. The last London Literary Gazette says, "With sorrow we state that, so late as last Sunday, a consultation of his medical friends interdicted Mr. Galt from all business and literature. 'My sight,' he answers our enquiry by an amanuensis, 'by the last stroke when I had just finished the memoir, becomes ineffectual. Strange! the mind is yet entire. I have now had nine attacks. I grow proud of them, as an old lady of her years when they exceed four score.' Poor fellow! he may have some comfort in believing that the sympathy of thousands is with him on his bed of sickness and suffering."

The editor of a respectable London critical journal, speaking of newspaper puffs, says, "They are generally more incidental paragraphs, inserted, as a matter of course, for payment—it is the common and acknowledged system; it is easy, therefore, to get a hundred commendatory puffs from the common newspapers and low periodicals." See the wholesale manner in which they are strung together at the end of American books, where they serve the purpose of gulling the ignorant, as well as swelling the size of the book—they might aptly be termed *swells*! "We agree," says some one, "that such things are fair as a mercantile transaction: we only object to the public being influenced by them as literary oracles." It is one of the prevalent errors and evils of our age. "The inferior articles are the puffed miracles of genius, and all other admirable properties."

Sir John Stevenson, the eminent musician and composer, died on the 14th of September, at the age of 74. His share in producing the *Irish Melodies* in conjunction with Moore, will cause him to be long cherished in the popular memory; while some of his more elevated and sacred compositions remain to stamp his name among the foremost in this delightful science.

His death occurred at his daughter's, the marchioness of Headfort.

A new drama has been produced in London, called *The Castle of Lockheim*, founded on Scott's novel of the *Abbot*. It was entirely successful. Miss E. Paton, a younger sister of Mr. Wood, the vocalist, now in this country, is the promising *débütante* of the Haymarket.

A lady named Senzoni has purchased the house formerly occupied by Boccaccio in Italy, which she has restored with the utmost care. In the room which he formerly occupied she has placed his portrait, at full length; and in an adjoining cabinet is a splendid bookcase, filled with the various editions of his works. An old woman who formerly occupied this chamber, having accidentally thrown down a part of the panelling, found a great number of MSS. which she committed immediately to the flames, on account of her dislike of the tendency of Boccaccio's writings, which, it is well known, drew upon him the rebukes of the clergy.

The Russians have produced a "book of the hundred and one" for the benefit of a bookseller named Smiridin. It is embellished with fine engravings. It will give a complete picture of Russian literature. An edition of the Paris "Hundred and One" has been published in Boston, from which much poor matter has been excluded. The original partakes in a great measure of the predominant character of the French literature of the day, namely, infidelity distilled and served up in the various shapes of vice, suicide, the horrible, and the disgusting. We hope the Russian edition is executed in better and purer taste.

The beautiful bronzes found about ten years ago on the banks of the Siris, on the field where Pyrrhus of Epirus defeated the Romans about 280 A. C. are now to be deposited in the British Museum. The subjects are the wars of the Amazons. The proprietor having consented to part with them for \$5000, a subscription has been commenced; the Duke of Buccleugh and Mr. Alexander Baring each gave \$250; and more than \$4000 are already in the hands of the treasurer of the subscription.

Superiority of Public Libraries in France.—Whatever may be the state of the press in France, the extent and munificence of her public libraries must command our admiration. This is the more extraordinary when we consider that the country which produced a Newton and a Locke, names with which those of Malebranche and Descartes can bear no comparison, is very deficient in public libraries. When the King's library shall be added to the Stoaian, Harleian, and Cottonian collections, at the British Museum, the whole will not then amount to one third of the books which are contained in the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris. The following list will appear sufficiently extensive.—In Paris the royal library has above 700,000 printed volumes, and 70,000 MSS. The library of M. de Montmorency has 130,000 printed volumes, and 5000 MSS. The library of St. Genevieve, 100,000 printed volumes, and 2000 MSS. The Magazine Library, 92,000 printed volumes, and 3,000 MSS. The library of the city of Paris, 20,000 volumes. All these are daily open to the public. In the departments there are twenty-five public libraries; with 7,000 volumes, and 100 MSS. The library of the Archduchess Maria Louisa has ceded to Mme. Letitia, the mother of Napoleon, the whole of the property of the late Duke de Reichstadt, including the legacies left him by his illustrious father. Mme. Letitia has since executed a formal act, granting the arms of Napoleon to the Museum of France, and the fortune of her grandson to the French Hospitals.

THE FINE ARTS.

The Academy of Fine Arts is now open for the fall, with a splendid assortment of paintings, just received. Among them several master pieces of the most celebrated painters, are conspicuous. The catalogue presents the names of Rembrandt, Vandyck, Morillo, Caravaggio,

Titian, Teniers, Rubens, Jan Steen, Poussin, Tintoretto, Carlo, Dolei, Da Vinci, and many others of the Italian, Flemish and English Schools. The pictures were originally collected by means of unobscured judgment, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Barry, Raeburn, &c.—The exhibition is open from 8 A. M. until 10 P. M.

Such a collection is a rarity to the connoisseurs of this country, and will no doubt receive the patronage to which its merits are entitled.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The eighth volume of the Library of Romance, consisting of tales called "Faint Hearted Tales of the thirty years' war," by W. H. Harrison, author of "Tales of a Physician." The series has not sustained the reputation expected by the public.

A new eastern historical novel, entitled "Aurazghe, or a tale of Alarichid," is announced as in press in London. Also a new work by Miss Montgomery, author of "Lights and Shadows of German Life,"—This Light and Shadows we have received, and pronounce it good for nothing.

The American Philosophical Society have transmitted to Paris 1000 francs (\$200), as their contribution to the proposed monument to Baron Cuvier to be erected in the *Jardin des Plantes*. This is a proper tribute to the worth of one of the greatest men of our age.

New American Publications.

The eighth volume of Miss Edgeworth's novels. Harpers. No. 16 of the Boy's and Girl's Library, do. No. 71 of the Family Library, Nubia and Abyssinia, do. Vol. 4. of Elliot's Polymathic Magazine, do. Mrs. Bonville's Memoir of Baron Cuvier, do.

London Nights' Entertainments, by Leitch Ritchie, Carey, Elements of Analytical Geometry, by J. R. Young, do. Madden's Infirmitates of Genius, 2 vols. 12mo. do. Canterbury Tales, by Sophia and H. Lee, 2 vols. 12mo. do. A reprint of one of the best books extant on the novel genre. We may soon print a portion of them in the "Library."

The Religious Souvenir for 1834, a very superb Christmas and New Year's visitor. Key and Biddle, Elmira Castle, a Roman Catholic story of the nineteenth century. Boston. Foster on Decision of Character, 18mo.

Dearborn, of New York, has published "Popular Essays on Naval Subjects," the contributions which the author of a Year in Spain," made to the Encyclopædia Americana.

A NEW QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The proprietor of this journal issues this week a prospectus for a new Quarterly Review, to be published under the editorial supervision of Henry Vothake, Esq. Professor of Natural Philosophy, and Lecturer on History, in the University of the city of New York, who is well known as one of the most distinguished literary and scientific gentlemen among our countrymen.

It will be commenced under highly favourable circumstances, which cannot, it is thought, fail of insuring its success. The proprietor trusts it will enlist the best wishes of all those who take a deep interest in the moral and intellectual, as well as the literary and political character of the United States as one great community.

If the "United States Review" has a tendency to elevate our national character, and promote the highest interests of the whole, as it is confidently believed it will, it cannot but have the sympathy of the patriotic in every section of the Union.

MUSEUM FOR NOVEMBER. *Conspicua*.—Plate, Benjamin M. Israeli, Esq.; Taylor's Life of Cowper; Branger; Mrs. Ancher's Character of Goethe; Interior of Southern Australia; Different Importance of Song Writing in England and in France; Denon's Memoirs; Narrative of Voyages along the shores of America; and Washington, by Captain Owen; Macdonald's Voyages to Patagonia; Howitt's Popular History of Priestcraft; Napoleon's Breathing; Story of an Heiress; Some Specimens of Autobiography; Recent Voyages in Upper India; America; Bella in London; On Novels of Present Fancies; Note-Data; Conversations with Lord Byron, No. 10; Memoirs of the Duke of Wellington; Esq. Wm. Williforce, Esq.; The Factory; The Water Lily, by Mrs. Henang; Sonnet.

The Museum is composed of a selection of the best articles from all the Foreign Magazines and Reviews. Among its contributors have been Sir Walter Scott, Southey, Moore, Campbell, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Hemans, Galt, Brougham, Coleridge, Lockhart, Brougham, Canning, Mackintosh, Jeffrey, Hogg, &c. &c.

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TO THE READER.

As the friends of the "Library" increase, applications and enquiries multiply respecting the success and prospects of the work; we embrace the present occasion to answer all who feel interested in the publication.

The subscription list has greatly exceeded our original calculations, and we have had the most flattering testimonials of the successful accomplishment of the object of the publication. The most respectable and unequivocal assurances have been rendered, that the "Library" has served to beguile the leisure hours of thousands, who, without its aid, would have passed their time in comparative idleness, or have been thrown upon those family stock books that have so long been the ruin of the book-case and parlour table, and which, like old acquaintances of limited information, do out the same stories and ideas in monotonous uniformity. Very good books they are, no doubt; but the human mind wants variety; it must be diversified with intellectual novelty, or it stagnates and becomes muddy.

After repeated solicitations we undertook the task of catering for the literary department of the publication, certainly with no exalted ideas of our particular adaptation for the business, but with many misgivings as to the true mode of reaching the public ear, and with considerable hesitation, from a belief that much discrimination was necessary for the accomplishment of the plan. We approached it, however, with the firm determination of bending all our energies, and applying unremitted attention and industry to the object in view.

No one had then assumed the responsibility of picking out from the great mass of books, such as were considered by him the most valuable and improving, or even the most attractive, from actual perusal. The system of judging of the propriety of putting a book to press by the title, or the name of the author, had been carried to the utmost limits of public credulity. In our intercourse with publishers we had frequent occasion to remark that they did not read their own publications! This book was to sell from its attractive title; and that, because the previous work of the same author had been a successful speculation. The contents were rarely scanned, or, if perused at all, were a secondary consideration. We entertained the opinion that the system of paid puffing had overshot itself by constantly disappointing expectation, and determined to pursue an entirely different course—to be governed by the nature and value of the reading matter of books—no matter how obscure an author—no matter how unsuccessful a former effort. A thousand instances were in our recollection where new authors rivalled their predecessors, and where one poor book was succeeded by the reverse from the same pen.*

It was stipulation was necessary to our successful prosecution of the work, that all books of certain kinds should be placed before us for perusal, whether published in Europe or America. The liberality of the publisher, and our own resources, at once placed these

facilities within our reach; and we ascribe the success of the "Library" mainly to this ample scope for selection. On the success of this original plan probably depends the fate of whether persons in secluded situations in an extended territory should have a cheap literary rail-road to bring the best products of varied talents to their doors, or whether they should be excluded from the bright gems of thought—the coruscations of intellect, which, like the northern lights, are continually enlivening the inhabitants of more favoured regions.

The eminent popularity of the publication has proved that we were right in our belief, that there was and is a public taste able and glad to discriminate, and gratified to reward industry in a field entirely new, where, though the path was untrodden, it was not the less embellished by flowers, and scented with sweets. The task, in one sense, was, however, almost hopeless; and we soon perceived serious obstacles were to be encountered. The human family differs less, probably, in the expression of countenance than in the contour of individual mind. Tastes are as various as the leaves or flowers of plants; and even in the same families, the book that one receives as delightful, another considers as poisonous: one esteems novel; another cannot resist anything but the very froth of light reading. The original first five-dollar note received by the proprietor for the "Library" was recalled, because the first book was a novel! Here was dilemma—what was to be done? were we to abandon our course? were we to succumb to one individual, or to one class of individuals, or take a course sanctioned by our own deliberate judgment? We were aware that no periodical at the amazingly cheap rate of this would survive upon any plan but the most catholic and diffusive; and this plan we adopted.

While we have no such fanciful idea as to expect to please all our readers by every book we publish, we can, we believe, appeal with confidence to the character of the works in the different departments, and say to those who are not novel readers, throw the works of fiction aside, and still there remains an ample equivalent for the money paid; the lover of fiction, on the other hand, is supplied with a compensatory repast, previously well prepared, well seasoned, piquant, and reviving; while those who, like ourselves, have no prejudices, but vary their course, and range through the varied field, have the most ample recompense.

Differing materially in its plan from any existing literary periodical, its object is rather to withdraw its readers from the noisy and ephemeral discussion of passing politics, to those arenas where the intelligent of all parties may partake of the same mental pleasures—may pursue the same intellectual enquiries, and alike modify their jarring sentiments. The proprietor and editor are both anxious to fill its pages with the delightful and popular parts of knowledge—the profitable and instructive portion of the belles lettres.

As the publication advanced, there was a strong desire for a medium of inter-communication between the editor and his readers. The cover, which was originally added entirely for the preservation of the numbers, afforded the means of supplying the desideratum; and the space afterwards has been occupied for this purpose,

and the dissemination of the lighter, more varied and constantly recurring literary intelligence of the day. One fourth more printing was thus added.

This addition, making weekly twenty pages, in lieu of sixteen promised, could only have been made with the aid of the extensive patronage received, having in fact long since discovered that, with the great cost of importing London books, and numerous heavy incidental expenditures attending a weekly issue, the work could not have been afforded at the price with the limited subscription originally anticipated of 1500 or 2000; the contract for the year would have been completed, but the work could not have been continued with any prospect of remuneration. Happily the support afforded has established the publication, it is believed, on a permanent basis, and we shall soon enter upon a third volume with most cheering and gratifying testimonials of approbation and efficient support, for which sincere acknowledgments are due.

As the "Library" is published under the impression that it gives emphatically a *quid pro quo*, and cannot be sustained on the usual principles of other periodicals, the publisher has come to the determination, and has acted on it, that those who do not pay cannot receive the work a second year; those, therefore, who have had the publication for a year, and who have not complied with the terms, must not expect a continuance of their weekly visitor.

The above remarks, designed to answer the purpose of a general reply to many queries, have been extended beyond our first intention; and we conclude with the reiteration of our acknowledgments to a generous public for their continued liberal support, and thanks for the kind patronage which our strenuous efforts to please have been variously approved.

UNITED STATES QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The approbation bestowed on the plan of the new Quarterly, has been very general; the prospectus has now been widely circulated, and we have ample testimony that such a periodical was required. The fullest confidence is placed in the ability of the editor, by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. As the edition printed will not exceed the expected demand—those who design to patronise this important literary undertaking, will oblige the proprietor by forwarding their subscriptions at their earliest convenience. The monition is placed on a letter sheet, and printed with an elegant type cast expressly for the Review, may be had at the publication office of this journal. Those friends of the proposed Review, who have names to be added to the list, will please send them to the subscriber.

It is designed to issue the United States Review on fine paper, and in a very superior style of typography.

Subscriptions, Five Dollars a year, received by
 A. WALDIE, No. 6, North 8th St.

Any person having a copy of the "Dominie's Legacy," will find a purchaser by calling at the office of this Journal.

* Captain Hall's Fragments afford a remarkable instance in point.

The Journal of Belles Lettres.

From the London Metropolitan.

PETER SIMPLE.

(Continued.)

I was very much alarmed, and thought it my duty to state his murderous intentions, or worse might happen; so I walked upon deck and told the first lieutenant what Mr Foy was intending to do, and how his life was in danger. Mr. Folio laughed, and shortly afterwards went down on the main deck. Mr Foy's eyes glistened, and he walked forward to where the first lieutenant was standing; but the sentry, who had been cautioned by me, kept him back with his bayonet. The first lieutenant turned round, and perceiving what was going on, ran up very quickly to Mr Foy. He had a knife in his hand; and he had it so sure enough, open, and held behind his back. He was disarmed; and the first lieutenant, perceiving that the lad meant mischief, reported his conduct to the captain on his arrival on board. The captain sent for Mr Foy, who was very obsequious, and when taxed with his intention would not deny it, or even say that he would not again attempt it: so he was sent on shore immediately, and returned to his friends in the Highlands. We never saw any more of him; but I heard that he obtained a commission in the army, and three months after he had joined his regiment, he was killed in a duel, resenting some fancied affront offered to the blood of Mr Foy.

A few days after Mr Foy quitted the ship, we all had leave from the first lieutenant to go to Portoum fair, but he would only allow the oldsters to sleep on shore. We anticipated so much pleasure from our excursion, and some of us were up and went away at five o'clock, sent for fresh beef. This was very foolish. There were no carriages to take us to the fair, nor indeed any fair so early in the morning; the shops were all shut, and the Blue Posts, where we always rendezvoused, was hardly opened. We waited there in the coffee-room until we were forced to leave late in the afternoon, away the dirt, and were never to walk about until she had finished, and lighted the fire, when we ordered our breakfast; but how much better would it have been to have taken our breakfast comfortably on board, and then to have come on shore, especially as we had no money to pay for the dirt, and late in the afternoon is the worst plan in the world. However, we had our breakfast, and paid the bill; then we sallied forth, and went up George street, where we found all sorts of vehicles ready to take us to the fair. We got into one which they called a rickshaw. I asked the man who drove us why it was so called, and he replied, because he only charged a shilling. O'Brien, who had joined us after breakfasting on board, said that this answer reminded him of one given to him by a man who attended one of the hackney coach stands in London.

"Tay," said he, "when you called watermen?" "Watermen!" replied the man, "ay, sir, 'cause we opens the hackney coach doors." At last, with plenty of whipping, and plenty of swearing, and a great deal of laughing, the old horse, whose back curved upward like a bow, from the difficulty of dragging so many heavy and loaded carriages, was at last got out, and walked up to the fair. It really was a most beautiful sight. The bright blue sky, and the coloured flags flapping about in all directions, the grass so green, and the white tents and booths, the sun shining so bright, and the shining gilt gingerbread, the variety of the wares, and the noise and confusion, and the quantity of sweetmeats; little boys so happy, and shop people so polite, the music at the booths, and the bustle and eagerness of the people outside, made my heart quite jump. There was Richardson, with a clown and harlequin, and such beautiful women, dressed in their own ever gold spangles, and in their own waltzes, and looking so happy! There was Flint and Gynnell, with fellows tumbling over head and heels, playing such tricks—eating fire, and drawing rays of light out of their mouths. Then there was the Royal Circus, the horses galloping in and out of the ring, the women standing on their backs, waving flags while the trumpeters blew their trumpets. And the largest giant in the world, and Mr Pasp, the smallest dwarf in the world, and a female dwarf who was smaller still, and Miss Biffin, who did every thing without legs or arms. There was also the learned pig, who could read, and ox, and a hundred other sights which I cannot now remember. We walked about for an hour or two, seeing the outside of every thing: we determined to go and see the inside. First we went into Richardson's, where we saw a most tragical, with a ghastly and a horrible and afterwards a catastrophe, full of tricks and tumbling over one another. Then we saw one or

two other things, I forget which, but this I know, that, generally speaking, the outside was better than the inside. After this, I felt very hungry, we agreed to go into a booth and have something to eat. The booths were ranged all round, and in the centre there was a boarded platform for dancing. The ladies were there already dressed for partners: and the music was so lively, that I felt very much inclined to dance, but we had other things to do, and we went to see Mr Folio's menagerie, and as it was now almost eight o'clock, we paid our bill and set off.

It was a very curious sight, and better worth seeing than any thing in the fair; I never had an idea that there were such strange animals in existence. They were all secured in iron cages, and there was a dealer, with twenty lilies, hung in the centre of the booth, and lighted them up, while the keeper went round and stirred them up with his long pole; at the same time he gave us their histories, which were very interesting. I recollect a few of them. There was, first, a great pig with a long nose, a variety of the hippotamus, which the keeper said was an amphibious animal, as couldn't live on land, and dies in the water—however, it seemed to live very well in a cage. Then there was a kangaroo with a young one peeping out from its pouch. There was also a tiger, and that it brought forth two young ones at a birth, and then took them into its stomach again, until they arrived at years of discretion. Then there was the pelican of the wilderness, (I shall not forget him) with a large bag hanging from its mouth, and put on its back. I might say, this bird feeds its young with its own blood—when fish are scarce. And there was the laughing hyena, who cries in the wood like a human being in distress, and devours those who come to his assistance—a sad instance of the depravity of human nature. There was also a Bengal tiger, only three years old, what grown ten inches every year, and never arrived at its full growth. The one we saw measured, as the keeper told us, sixteen feet from the snout to the tail, and seventeen feet from the tail to the snout; but there must have been a mistake, for I like to see a grown elephant and three lions, and several other animals, which I forget now, so I shall go on to describe the tragical scene which occurred. The keeper had poked up all the animals, and had commenced feeding them. The great lion was growling and snarling over the smaller animals, and mistaking them for food, by some mismanagement, one end of the pole upon which the chandelier was suspended fell down, striking the door of the cage in which the lioness was at supper, and bursting it open. It was all done in a second; the chandelier fell, the cage opened, and the lioness sprang out. I remember to this moment seeing the body of the lioness in the air, and then all as dark as pitch.

What a change! not a moment before, all of us staring with delight and curiosity, and then to be left in darkness, horror, and dismay! There was such screaming and shrieking, such crying, and fighting, and pushing, and fainting, nobody knew what to do, or how to find their way out. The people crowded first on one side, and then on the other, as their fears impelled them. I was very soon jammed up with my back against the bars of one of the cages, and feeling some beast lay on top of me, and feeling a desperate effort to get out, and in climbing up to the top above, and however without losing the seat of my trousers, which the laughing hyena would not let go. I hardly knew where I was when I climbed up; but I knew the birds were mostly stationed above. However, that I might not have the front of my trousers torn as well as the behind, as soon as I gained my footing I turned round, with my back to the bars of the cage, but I had not been there a minute, before I was attacked by something which I dug into me like a pickaxe, and as the hyena had torn my clothes, I had no defence against the teeth of the lioness, and I was soon in a bad way after having received above a dozen stabs, I contrived by degrees to shift my position, until I was opposite to another cage, but not until the policeman, for it was that brute, had drawn as much blood from me as would have fed him for a week. I was so weak and faint, that I could not next encounter, when to my joy, I discovered that I had gained the open door from which the lioness had escaped. I crawled in and pulled the door to after me, thinking myself very fortunate; and there I sat very quietly in a corner during the remainder of the night, and did not stir until the morning, but a few minutes, when the best-actors, as they were called, who played the music outside, came in with torches and loaded muskets. The sight which present-

ed itself was truly shocking; twenty or thirty men, women, and children, lay on the ground, and I thought at first the lioness had killed them all, but they were only in fits, or had been struck down by the lioness. No one was seriously hurt. As for the lioness, she was not to be found; and as soon as it was ascertained that she had escaped, there was as much terror and scrambling away outside, as there had been in the menagerie. It appeared afterwards that the animal had been as much frightened as we had been, and had escaped herself under one of the wagons. It was some time before she could be found. At last O'Brien, who was a very brave fellow, went ahead of the best-actors, and saw her eyes glaring. They borrowed a net or two from the cage, which had large catches to the fair, and threw them over her. When she was fairly entangled, they dragged her by the tail into the menagerie. All this while I had remained very quietly in the den, but when I perceived that its lawful owner had come back again to retake possession, I thought it was time to come out; so I called to my menagerie, who with O'Brien were assisting the best-actors. They had not discovered me, and laughed very much when they saw where I was. One of the midshipmen shot the bars of the door, so that I could not jump out, and the other shot the bars of the door, so that I could not unbolt it again, and got out, when they laughed still more, at the seat of my trousers being torn off. It was not exactly a laughing matter to me, although I had to congratulate myself upon a very lucky escape, and my own misadventures than when I narrated my adventures. The policeman was the worst part of the business. O'Brien lent me a dark silk handkerchief, which I tied round my waist, and let drop behind, so that my misfortunes might not attract any notice, and then we quitted the menagerie; but I was so stiff, I could not walk.

We then went to visit the called Ranelagh Gardens, to see the fireworks, which were to be let off at ten o'clock. It was exactly ten when we paid for our admission, and we waited very patiently for a quarter of an hour, but there were no signs of the fireworks being let off. The fact was, that the police, to whom the gardens belonged, waited until more company should arrive, although the place was already very full of people. Now the first lieutenant had ordered the boat to wait for us until twelve o'clock, and then to return on board; and as we were seven miles from Portsmouth, and the boat was waiting for us, we waited another quarter of an hour, and then it was agreed that as the fireworks were stated in the handbill to commence precisely at ten o'clock, that we were fully justified in letting them off ourselves. O'Brien went out, and returned with a dozen penny rattles, which he nothied in the end. The fireworks were at the posts and stages, all ready, and it was agreed that we should light them all at once, and then mix with the crowd. The oldsters lighted cigars, and fixing them in the notched ends of the canes, continued to puff them up until they were all lighted. They handed one to each of us, and at the same time we all applied them to the match papers, and soon as the fire communicated, we threw down our canes and ran in among the crowd. In about half a minute of they all went in the most beautiful confusion: there were silver stars and rockets, and the air was filled with the smoke of the match and bombs, Grecian-fun and Roman-candles, Chinese trees, rockets and illuminated mottoes, all firing away, cracking, popping, and fizzing, at the same time. It was unanimously agreed that it was a great improvement upon the intended show. The man to whom the gardens belonged ran out of a booth where he had been drinking beer at his ease, while his company were waiting, swearing vengeance against the perpetrators; indeed, the next day he offered fifty pounds reward for the discovery of the offenders, but I think it was truly said, very properly.

The situation, so far as the health of the ship was concerned, as if he was their master. We all escaped very cleverly, and taking another dilly, arrived at Portsmouth, and were down to the boat in good time. The next day I was so stiff and in such pain that I was obliged to go to bed, and I did not get up until the evening. I remained for a week before I could return to my duty. So much for Portoum fair.

It was on a Saturday that I returned to my duty, and Sunday being a fine day, we did not go on shore to see the fair. Mr. Folio, the first lieutenant, did not like going to a church very much, not, I am sorry to say, from religious feelings, but for the following reason—the first lieutenant sat in a pew below, and we were placed in a pew above, where he could not see

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no, or indeed could we see him. We always remained very quiet, and I may say very devoutly, during the time of the service, but the clergyman who delivered the service was so tedious, and had such a bad voice, that we generally slipped out as soon as he began to speak, to eat cakes and tarts and drink cherry brandy, which we infinitely preferred to hearing a sermon. Some how or other, the first lieutenant had scent of our proceedings: we believed that he had just then informed against us. On the following Sunday he served us up a great sermon, in which he said that the partry-cook's was usual, and as soon as we perceived the people coming out of church, we put all our tarts and sweetmeats into our hats, which we then slipped on our heads, and took our station at the church-door, where he was waiting for him. Instead, however, of appearing at the church-door, he walked up the street, and desired us to follow him to the boat. The fact was, he had been in the back-room at the partry-cook's, watching our motions through the green blinds. We were so successful that he never saw us, and we got out of church quite as usual. When we arrived on board the boat, he followed him up the side, he said to us, as we came on deck—"Walk aft, young gentlemen? We did; and he desired us to 'tote a line,' which means to stand in a row." Now, Mr. Dixon," said he, "when that question, we always left one in the church until the text was given, who brought it to us in the partry-cook's shop, when we all marked it in our bibles to be ready if he asked us. Dixon immediately pulled out his bible where he had marked down the leaf, and read the text, which was, 'I will send forth my servants, and they shall be called good cars.' Mr. Dixon, to have heard the clergyman from the partry-cook's shop. Now, gentlemen, hats off, if you please." We all slipped off our hats, which, as he expected, were full of partry. "Really, gentlemen," said he, feeling the different paper of partry in his hands, "I am glad that you are all persons that you have not been to church for nothing. Few come away with so many good things pressed upon their seat of memory. Master-at-arms, and all the ship's boys aft." The boys all came tumbling up the ladders, and the first lieutenant desired each of them to take out of their pocket a good piece of partry, which he then all stationed, he ordered us to go round with our hats and request their acceptance of a tart, which we were obliged to do, handing first to one and then to another till the hats were all empty. What annoyed me more than all was the grinning of the boys at their being served by the first lieutenant, and the ridiculous laughing of the whole ship's company, which had assembled at the gangway.

When all the party was devoured, the first lieutenant said, 'There, gentlemen, now that you have had your lesson for the day, you may go below.' We could not help laughing, though we were not a little disappointed that we could not have been punished so good-humouredly, and in some way or other his punishments were connected with the description of the offence. He always had a remedy for every thing that he disapproved of, and the ship's company were so used to him that they were almost sure that some of my mesalliances were very severe upon the ship's boys after that circumstance, always giving them a kick or a cuff on the head whenever they could, telling them at the same time - 'There's another of those boys who has been brought to me, and I have known what was in reserve for them, they would much rather have left the party alone.

CHAPTER III.

I must now relate what occurred to me a few days before the ship sailed, which will prove that it is no necessary to encounter the winds and waves, or the cannon of the enemy, to be in danger, when you have entered his majesty's service: on the contrary, I have been in action since, and I declare without reservation that I never felt less fear than when I first went on board the one of which I am about to give the history. We were reported ready for sea, and the admiral was anxious that we should proceed. The only obstacle to our sailing was, that we had not yet completed our complement of men. The captain applied to the port admiral, and obtained permission to send recruits on board. I was ordered to go to the recruiting parties on the shore, and to select such as were fit to be sent. The lieutenants, and the oldest midshipmen, were dispatched on shore every night, with some of the

most trustworthy men, and generally brought on board in the morning about half a dozen men, whom they had picked up in the different ale-houses or grog-shops as the sailors called them. Some of them were retained, but most were not. It was a common custom, when a man either enters or is impressed, to send him down to the surgeon in the cockpit, where he is stripped and examined all over, to see if he is sound and fit for his majesty's service; and so the sailors, who were not to be troubled with the doctor, were sent to the surgeon to be rather serious work, as far as I could judge from the accounts which I heard, and from the way in which our sailors, who were employed on the service, were occasionally beaten and wounded, the seamen who were impressed appeared to be in a very bad way. Some of the crew, however, were sent off for the honour of the country, after they were fairly embarked in the ship. I had a great wish to be one of the party before the ship sailed, and asked O'Brien, who was very kind to me in general, and allowed nobody to thrash me out but himself, to let me go with him. He said he would try to get me the night after I had made the request. I put on my dirk, that he might know I was an officer, as well as for my protection. About dusk we rowed on shore, and landed on the Gosport side; the men were all armed with cut-throats, and some peas-blossoms, and the great crowd of sailors, who were waiting to call flogging, did not stop to look at any of the grog-shops in the town, as it was too early, but walked out about three miles in the suburbs, and went to a house the door of which was locked, but we forced it open in a minute, and the landlord, who was a very stout fellow, and the landlady standing to defend the entrance. The passage was long and narrow, and she was a very tall corpulent woman, so that her body nearly filled it up, and in her hands she held a long spit pointed at us, with which she kept at us like a bayonet. The women, and the men, who were not like the sailors, and she made such threats at them with her spit, that had they not retreated, some of them would soon have been ready for roasting. The sailors laughed and stood outside, leaving the officers to settle the business with the woman. I said to O'Brien, 'What say you, husband, 'Be they all out, Jen?' 'Yes,' replied the husband, 'they are all safe gone.' 'Well, then,' replied she, 'I'll soon have all these gone too; and with these words she made such a rush forward upon us with her spit, that had we not fallen back, and hurried out, time had been wanting to have been settled in a very short time; but what can you do with a woman who fights like a devil, and yet claims all the rights and immunities of the softer sex? We all walked away looking very foolish, and O'Brien observed that the old time had been well taken for the sailors, who were the old crew, for he would take their idleness in the rear.

We then fled at other houses, where we picked up one or two men, but most of them escaped by getting out at the windows or the back doors, as we entered by the front door. The men who remained were very favourable rendezvous of the seamen belonging to the merchant vessels, and to which they were accustomed to retreat when they heard that the presaga-rious clouds of a coming storm were gathering. They were therefore indifferent as to the escape of the men, as they knew that they would all go to that place, and confide in their numbers for beating us out, as it was their duty to do. We therefore went on, and were not proceeded without any noise, but they had people on the look out, and as soon as we turned the corner of the lane the alarm was given. I was afraid that they would have fired on us, but as we were not armed, but, on the contrary, they mustered very strong on that night, and had resolved to 'give fight.' The men remained in the house, but an advanced guard of about thirty of them went out to meet us.

Some of our sailors were hurt, but they did not appear to mind what the women did. They rushed on, and then they were attacked by the women with stones and bricks, and they were not hurt. They only laughed, pushing the women on one side, and saying, 'Be quiet, Polly!—Don't be foolish, Molly!

Out of the way, Sukey; we a'n't come to take away your fancy man; with expressions of that sort, although the blood trickled down many of their faces, from the way in which they had been clawed. Thus we attempted to force our way in, but in vain; then, a sailor seized me by the arm, and pulled me towards her; he had not been for one of the quarter-masters, I should have been separated from my party : but just as they dragged me away he caught hold of me by the leg, and stopped me. 'What's the matter, Peg?' cried the woman another, 'and let's have this little midship-mite;' 'I wants a baby to dry nurse.' Two more women came to her assistance, catching hold of my other arm, and they would have dragged me out of the grasp of the quarter-master had he not called out to the sailors to stop. Full of rage, the sailors laid hold of my other leg, and there was such a tussle, (all at my expense,) such pulling and hauling; sometimes the women gained an inch or two of me, than the sailors got it back again. At one moment I thought it was all over with me, and in the next I was again in the hands of the sailors. Full of rage, the women, when they then laughed, although I did not so much as assure you, for I really think that I was pulled out an inch taller, and my knees and shoulders pained me very much indeed. At last the women laughed so much, that they could no longer hold me, and I was dragged away by the sailors. I saw my own sailors there to remain; and after a little more squeezing and fighting, was carried by the crowd into the house. The seamen of the merchant ships had armed themselves with bludgeons and other weapons, and had taken a position on the terrace, where they were made two to one. The sailors of the ship were very brave, but their resistance was very desperate. Our sailors were obliged to use their cutlasses, and for a few minutes I was quite bewildered with the shouting and swearing, pushing and squeezing, collaring and fighting, together with the dust raised up. Which side was the most victorious I do not know. At last, when the time that my breath was nearly quenched out of my body, our sailors got the best of it, so that the landlady and women in the house perceiving, they put out all the lights, so that I could not tell where I was; but our sailors had every one seized his man, and I continued to be carried to the second floor, where they were collected together and secured.

(To be continued.)

The Jews and the Mosaic Law. Containing a Defence of the Revelation of the Pentateuch, &c. By Isaac Leeser. Philadelphia, 1833.

This is the production of a writer who thinks for himself; who is ready and able to give a reason for the "faith that is in him"—who is willing to encounter the disadvantages of public prejudices, and conscientiously and fearlessly to support the cause of his religion and his people against the aspersions of ignorance and the vituperations of malevolence.

The more immediate cause of this publication was an ill-natured article which appeared in the London Quarterly Review, and afterwards published in a New York paper, vilifying the moral and religious character of the Jews. Mr. Leiser undertook their defence; and those of other denominations who feel interested in such discussions, will be gratified in the perusal of the book. If their faith should not be changed, which he does not attempt, they must at least give the author credit for his earnestness and urbanity of manner.

Another work was published some time ago by the same author—"Instruction in the Mosaic Religion"—a delightful manual which both Jew and Christian may well profit by. Either of the works may be had at Carey and Hart's, Chesnut Street.

VARIETIES.

Were a taste for literature to be valued only at its chance of affording some protection against degrading or destructive pleasures, (the blameworthy of the gaming table and the public house,) it could never, even whilst thus negatively appreciated, mount too high. The cause of letters must gain something in the end.

The publisher now-a-days, says the Edinburgh Review, plays Buckingham to the author's Richard. Some few persons of the conspiracy are dexterously disposed here and there in the crowd. It is the business of these hirelings to throw up their cap, and clap their hands, and utter their cries. The rabble at first stare and wonder, and at last join in shouting for shouting's sake; and thus a crown is placed on a head which has no right to it, by the huzzas of a few servile dependants.

Captain Marrat, in his "Twelve Years' Military Adventures," relates the following extraordinary fact:—"Nineteen of the principal conspirators in the Vellore tragedy were executed in various ways; some by hanging, some by being shot, and others by being blown away from guns." It is a curious fact, and well attested by many persons present, that a number of kites, a bird of prey very common in India, actually accompanied the melancholy party in their progress to the place of execution, as if they knew what was going on, and then kept hovering over the guins from which the culprits were to be blown away—flapping their wings, and shrieking, as if in anticipation of their bloody feast, till the fatal flash which scattered the fragments of bodies in the air; when, pouncing on their prey, they positively caught in their talons many pieces of the quivering flesh before they could reach the ground! At sight of this, the native troops employed on this duty, together with the crowd which had assembled to witness the execution, set up a yell of horror."

A capital criticism of Cooper's Headsman has appeared in the New York American. The author is severely handled for his paucity of incident, and improbable narratives, as well as for the insignificance of his female characters, who are mere fac similes of each other—from the Spy onwards. We are gratified to see this—it shows a freedom from the influence of publishers, and an independence of thought too rare among editors.

At the late fire in Boston, a valuable and expensive quarto work of Dr. Fisher on Small Pox, with the plates, was entirely destroyed.

Achille Murat's "Moral and Political Sketch of the United States" has gone through a second edition in London. We are glad to find no bookseller hardly enough to brave its publication in America. It is full of tirades against religion, temperance societies, bible societies, and ministers of religion.

A correspondent quaintly observes, that the success of Walpole's Library speaks volumes in favour of the extent of the reading population of the United States. It need no longer be urged that the patronage for periodicals is small in America.

Theatrical.—Somebody has remarked that the audiences at a theatre are worthy of notice. You go to see a comedy, and find grave people in the pit—you go to see a tragedy, and the box company are all laughing and talking—though the plan of the house makes them sit in tiers. The coffee room in the third tier is truly dramatic.

A book, with the title of Madame la Duchesse de Berry dans La Vendee, has appeared in Paris, and a translation is in the course of publication in London. The work is by General Dermoncourt.

The life of Edmund Keen, from documents furnished by his wife and others, is announced in London.

A most superb and valuable present, from the author, was received by the Library Company of Philadelphia

last week, viz.—the works of the Rev. Charles Simeon, M. A., Senior Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, in 21 large octavo volumes. The arts of printing and binding have been exhausted, in order to render the work as elegant as it could be made—we have rarely seen any single volume of a small Sovereign so neatly done up: without being gaudy, it is rich in the extreme, and well worth a visit to the rooms merely to see it—being a model which we should be glad to see imitated by our book makers. To theologians it must prove most valuable; the following is the exact title:—"Horne Homiletic: or, Discourses (principally in the form of skeletons) now first digested into one continued series, and forming a commentary upon every book of the Old and New Testament; to which is annexed an improved edition of a translation of Claude's essay on the composition of a sermon. By the Rev. Charles Simeon, M. A., Senior Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, London. Holdsworth & Bell, 1832."

New American Publications.

Memoirs of the Court of King Charles the First, by Lucy Aikin. 2 vols. 12mo. Carey, Lea & Blanchard. The Geographical Annual, do. Good for geographers. Tales and Confessions, by Leitch Ritchie, do. The Harpers have published, as numbers sixty-two and sixty-three of their Family Library, the Life of Oliver Cromwell, by the Rev. M. Russell.

Liber Primus, or First Book of Latin Exercises, by Joseph Davis—to which are added Colloques from Erasmus—twelfth edition, revised and corrected—very neat. Boston.

Colloques of Erasmus, with a Vocabulary for classical schools. Edited by Mr. Charles X. Dillaway, Principal of the Public Latin Schools in Boston—with a biographical sketch of Erasmus prefixed—good in every respect.

A subscription book is now carried about for a second edition, revised, of the Gazetteer of the United States. The Harpers have published, as numbers sixty-two and sixty-three of their Family Library, the Life of Oliver Cromwell, by the Rev. M. Russell.

Dr. R. W. Byrne, of Baltimore, has published an "Essay to prove the Contagious Character of Malignant Cholera, with brief Instructions for its prevention and cure." It is contained in an octavo of 156 pages, handsomely printed with large type.

List of New Books published in London to the latest dates.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. XLVII.; Treatise on the Arts and Manufactures of the Ancients, 12mo.—Translations of the Oxford and Cambridge Latin Prize Poems, second series, 12mo.—Insect Histories for Children, 12mo.—Memoir of the late Rev. R. Davis, of Walsworth, by his Son, 12mo.—The Duchess of Berri in La Vendee, 8vo.—Cruikshank's Facetiae, Vol. III, for 1834, 18mo.—Edgeworth's Novels and Tales, Vol. XVIII. (Ormond), completing the work, 12mo.—The Fathers of the Wesley Family, by W. Beal, 12mo.

In the London Press.—The Lives of British Actresses who have intermarried with Noble Families. By Walter Stubbbs, A. M.

Moments of Idleness; or, A Peep into the World which we call Ours.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Among the literary sufferers of the day, who feel the hardship of altered times, is a daughter of the old dramatist O'Keefe, whose pensions and annuities all died with him, and whose works do not fall within the scope of the new dramatic bill. As a last resource, the poor lady is publishing, in London, a volume of her father's MS. Poems, by subscription.

Key and Biddle have in press, and will shortly publish, volume second of their popular "Tales of Romance." Mr. E. Lytton Bulwer and Captain Stanhope, who are travelling together, have quitted Paris for Switzerland, and will remain in Italy till January next. Banim, Grattan, Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Somerville, Lady Morgan, and Mrs. Trespas, are also on their travels. Captain Marrat, Captain Chamier, and Lord F. L. Gower, have been at Paris within a few weeks.

Literary.—A most splendid Annual for the ensuing year, and one that is likely to create quite a new era in art, is announced to appear in October. It is dedicated, by gracious permission, to her Majesty, and is entitled The Sacred Annual. It is illustrated in a manner both novel and elegant. The illustrations consist of highly finished, coloured fac similes of twelve original cabinet pictures of the first excellence, by the most distinguished and eminent living artists, who have painted the pictures expressly for the purpose. Among the subjects are some of the most interesting events of the Jewish Testament; and it is sufficient to mention the justly famed names of Wm. Etty, R. A. John Martin, J. B. Haydon, D. McClise, T. Von Holst, Franklin, Clayton, &c. as the artists to guarantee the talent of the paintings, and to stand to the merit of the undertaking. The work is also embellished with a very curious illuminated Miscellany, copied from an ancient manuscript of the 14th century. The drawings are all mounted on tinted papers, and the binding is most gorgeous—being violet coloured silk velvet, with an antique mosaic gold clasp. John Martin has contributed three of the subjects; and the united efforts of upwards of fifty skillful and competent artists have been in requisition, for many months past, to effect this arduous and truly unique undertaking.—London Paper.

Memoirs of Baron Cuvier, by Mrs. R. Lee, formerly Mrs. T. D. Bowditch, 1 vol. 12mo. New York, Harpers, 1833.

With good opportunities for the task, Mrs. Lee has added another qualification—she is a lady of talents, and has made one of the most agreeable and perfect books of biography which has come into our hands this many a year. We feel much inclined to quarrel with our friend Peter Simple on this occasion—he has occupied our sea room so effectually as to take from us the agreeable task of making a summary of the Life of Cuvier. Mrs. Lee has done it so perspicuously, and surrounded her great subject with so much fascination, that we can only wish each of our readers may buy it without having had their curiosity dulled by extracts. Cuvier, who has "given the creation new names," has carved himself a noble immortality—this little volume contains much that every body ought to know—in fact to be ignorant of which is so culpable, that we sincerely hope it may have an extensive circulation.

Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels.

"The whole narrative is characterised by a manly spirit. They furnish materials so attractive, that they might draw a man to India to feast his eyes with the sight so graphically described. We must now take leave of the Fragments, and thank the author for the entertainment he has afforded us, with the single remark that his merits do not rest solely on his power to amuse, but also on his effective efforts to instruct."—Fraser's Magazine.

"They chiefly exhibit vivid pictures of sea life; and whether the chapter is upon aquatic sports, a man overboard, Sunday on board a man of war, or sailor's pets, we find the graphic talent of the author equally distinguished for general force and technical accuracy. We are sure that while he teaches the old idea how to shoot, there is enough anecdote and interest in his narrations to recommend them to general favour." New Mo.

Notice, Newspaper Prospectus.

As we have to pay postage for newspapers, proprietors of papers who receive the Library, are requested not to send theirs to us, unless when they advertise, or when they are kind enough to notice the "Library." The motive of this, we trust, will be readily understood, when the expense is adverted to.

WALDIE'S SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

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UNITED STATES REVIEW.

In the month of January next will be published No. I. of a new Quarterly Review, to be called "The United States Review," under the editorial supervision of HENRY VETHAKE, Esq.

PROSPECTUS.

It is intended to add one more to the literary journals already published in our country. The field of intellectual labour which it proposes to cultivate is deemed sufficiently ample, and the harvest to be gathered rich enough, to invite an augmented exertion on the part of American writers; and confident hopes are entertained that readers will be found in sufficient number to justify the undertaking.

The proposed journal will be styled the "United States Review." It will be published quarterly, in numbers of about 250 pages each, and will contain reviews of the latest and most important works that may have appeared, either at home or abroad. In both cases, however, the selection, as is usual in all periodical works intended for general circulation—at least for general circulation among the better educated portion of the community—will be chiefly, though not exclusively, confined to literature in its more extended sense, as distinguished from those sciences which can be separated from it without inconvenience, and in which it is possible to attain a high degree of excellence, with little or no pretensions to literary desert. In other words, it is with the philosophy of mind, rather than with the philosophy of matter, that the readers of the "United States Review" will be entertained,—with the exploits of the historian, the orator, and the poet, rather than with those of the mathematician.

The first duty of a critic, as of a judge, is the strictest impartiality. It is as proper to condemn from a regard to the public welfare, him who robs his neighbour of his time, and perverts of his opinions and principles, by the publication of a useless or mischievous book, as to pass sentence on the criminal who perpetrates a theft on his purse, or an act of violence on his person. And as, in proportion to the prevalence of offences against the laws, it is judged expedient to enforce the enactments against offenders with the less forbearance; so, in an age of the multiplication and accumulation of books without end, it behoves the guardians of literature to be unsparing of their censure, where censure may be justly an author's due. But the analogy which has been stated is very far from holding good throughout. While in the one case, the most favourable decision is merely one of not guilty, or, more properly speaking, not proven to be guilty; in the other it is to be determined, with as much care and discrimination as may be practicable, what degree of merit on the one hand, as well as demerit on the other, is to be ascribed to the individual whose conduct is the subject of enquiry. An author does not stand at the bar of a reviewer as a reputed culprit; who, when ac-

quitted of the charge preferred against him, must be content with the simple verdict of not guilty, however praiseworthy in reality his conduct in the matter in question may have been. It is his right to have his merits acknowledged and proclaimed, whatever they may be;—and when there is a willingness and a readiness to do this on every fitting opportunity, and then only, can the claim of a right to condemn be at any time allowed or even tolerated. Such an impartiality as this it will be the endeavour of the proposed journal to maintain.

It may here be asked—Are American writers to be treated thus rigidly? Will not some allowance be made for them because they are American? Is it not incumbent on every one animated with a proper feeling of patriotism to cherish every literary effort of a fellow countryman, especially if he happen to be one who occupies a prominent position in the public esteem, his reputation being then a part of the reputation of the country itself? These questions there is no hesitation to answer in the negative. They imply a wholly inadequate impression of the condition and present prospects of American literature; they tacitly assume it to be in an infant state, instead of having already advanced into at least the first stage of a vigorous manhood; and they betray an exaggerated estimate of the influence of criticism. American literature is no longer a sickly and sorry bantling, that must be kept alive by being ever held on the knee and fed with the milk of encouragement, or the pap of flattery. It can now support itself without a prop, and is capable of digesting even the strong meat of reproof occasionally administered to it by a reviewer, without any danger of sinking under the operation. But, after all, the "United States Review" will be in no little danger of treating our own authors with too great leniency, and of awarding to them an undeserved praise. The reviewers have an anxious desire for the advancement of American literature; and for the honour of their country in general. This feeling may frequently lead them astray, and induce them to do injustice to that literature by commending mediocrity, or covering with the mantle of charity the inferiority of the individual, who may seem for the moment to be its representative. It will, however, be their duty, and their care, to guard against such mistaken charity.

It is perhaps unnecessary to remark that party politics can have no place in the pages of the "United States Review." But Politics and Political Economy, constituting, as they do, two of the most important of the Moral Sciences, and being constituent parts of general literature, cannot be overlooked. They have become more or

less involved in almost every discussion of the time; and restricted indeed would the field of investigation become, were they to be cast aside. They will afford topics of interesting and momentous consideration to the writers for the Review. Yet it is proper to repeat that they will be treated entirely in a scientific and independent spirit; and altogether irrespective of the politics of party. It may be added, that the perfect independence of the Review in this respect, is in a great measure guaranteed by the previous career of the Editor. He has never been engaged in the contentions of party; he has never had a personal interest in the success of any party, other than that which is common to him with every other citizen of the republic; and he neither expects nor desires any such interest.

Besides party politics, all theological questions will be excluded from the Review, for obvious reasons, and also every thing having an exclusively religious bearing, as inconsistent with the professed character of a literary journal. Still it is intended that the work shall have an unequivocal Christian character. By this is meant that its spirit shall be that of Christianity, and that its influence shall tend to promote the cause of religion, as well as of good morals.

Finally, the "United States Review," while excluding the topics above mentioned, will not be timid in expressing and maintaining a decided opinion on every important question that may occur for discussion; and it will endeavour, too, to be consistent with itself in the opinions it may put forth in relation to them; but allowing of a certain discrepancy on minor points, inseparable indeed from the circumstance of the various articles of the Review being the production of different pens.

In consequence of Mr. Vethake's residence being in New York, the editor of Waldie's Library will perform the duties of Junior Editor of the Review, but will not be responsible for its contents or conduct. Communications, &c. may be addressed to Henry Vethake, Esq. New York, or to the publication office, Philadelphia.

TERMS.

The UNITED STATES REVIEW will be published on the first of January, April, July, and October, of each year. The first number, however, may not appear before the 20th of January next.

The subscription price will be FIVE DOLLARS, if paid in advance; otherwise, the price will be SIX DOLLARS. No subscription taken for less than one year.

The Review will be printed on fine paper, with new type, and in the best manner.

Printed, published, and subscriptions received by
A. WALDIE,
No. 6, North Eighth St.

Santa Cruz, which is, we are informed, in north latitude 36° 45'!

To see if other cities had been similarly affected by the dread visitants, we looked for *New York*—no such place to be found in the tables of the United States! *Boston* also among the missing. *Baltimore* not there!—*Albany* omitted!!!!—and *Washington City*—still *not est inventus*!!!! We paused at this, thinking there might be a table where were congregated a goodly array of our principal cities and capitals in a solid phalanx. We therefore examined every table carefully, and as hills have been said to skip, cities might perhaps cut a pigeon wing, or cast a Somerset, choosing new latitudes in this free country;—the *Eagle map*, fresh in our memory, might have flown away with them! Under the head "North America," at last we found some of our lost cities. *Boston* had not been affected, and the "city of the government," was in its true locality; *Albany* too was safe, but *New York, Baltimore, &c.* are still on the piroquette, and may perhaps cease their motion by the time the public demand a third or fourth edition.* In place of these cities we have the exact location of "Dortown," "Chitaloosa," "Keewawoonan," "Coasewatteville," "Oke-fno-o-kee-ne," "Delaware Vills," "Killyvale," "Bordenont," and "Zebulon," places we have carefully stored up with many of equal notoriety, and shall mark on our edition of the *Eagle map*.

In sober earnestness—we do not remember experiencing a greater disappointment than we have met with in this instance. Other annals give something as an equivalent for the purchase money; if not much literary recompense, the engravings generally afford gratification. But in this, what is given? The maps are on too small a scale to be of any practical utility, and though very neat, are not equal to many others that are little heard of. The tables, therefore, alone could be looked to for the immense mass of correct geographical knowledge so pompously announced. The research there has been woful disappointment. Why then declare, in such bombastic terms, the "accuracy" of the information—the "pains and expense" incurred in securing this, when any tyro in geography of twelve years of age could have corrected the tables? Are we to be wheedled out of our money by bold assertions, and such unblushing announcements? The "assurances of accuracy" are literally copied from the English edition of 1831, and the maps and tables appear to be mere transfers without undergoing any revision. Some English blunderer has taken a map, and copied the places he found, without knowing whether *Baltimore* and *Albany* were of more importance than "Oyster Bay," which has its exact locality noted. Who but a blunderer would set down "Salt-works," without any other explanation, at latitude 32° 00, or the "Okihancky," and "Kitefoot Indians," as stationary at certain fixed points, even the minutes being carefully noted? It is a wonder *Black Hawk's* house is not specified, but that will probably appear in the third edition. The tables are in fact ludicrous. We should sincerely have rejoiced to give our meed of approbation to the *Geographical Annual*, for the idea we think is excellent. But it is too glaringly faulty—so much igno-

rance and carelessness are exhibited, that an indiscriminate puff would have been too gross deception. Were this a publication of moderate pretensions, it might have passed unheeded by us, among the numerous works daily appearing and as suddenly extinguished, consigned by public disgust to speedy oblivion. But, having little to warrant the exaggerated encomiums so profusely lavished, nearly all its attractions being extrinsic, and not being correct in any one of its latitudes of the place whence it is promulgated with trumpet mouth, for the credit of the city of Penn we have felt called upon to expose its catch-dollar character;—and our experience entitles us to give the advice—*Examine before you purchase.*

VARIETIES.

Sound.—It has been recently shown by Mr. Savart, that the human ear is so extremely sensible as to be capable of appreciating sounds which arise from about 24,000 vibrations in a second; and, consequently, that it can hear a sound which lasts only the 24,000th part of a second.

M. Ruppell, the Traveller.—No news had been received, for a year and a half, of the celebrated traveller, M. Edward Ruppell, of Frankfurt, so that his friends began to be alarmed for his safety. Letters from him have, however, been lately received, which are dated 20th February, 1833, from Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia, and which came by way of Leghorn. It seems that he went thither by the way of Marsana, on the Red Sea, to Arkiko. He had been exposed to great dangers, both on his journey and during his residence. While he stayed in the country, the throne had thrice passed into different hands, and Gondar was partly plundered. M. Ruppell hoped to reach Egypt again in 1833.

Egyptian Antiquities.—The transport of the Obelisk of Thebes to Paris, in the ship *Luxor*, is stated to cost two millions and a half of francs. *Cleopatra's Needle*, about which a query appeared among our varieties three weeks ago, was offered to be brought to England for £9000; but economy, or some other cause, induced the decision to be abandoned. *Falta la difference!*

Case of Good Remembrance.—An expedition into the interior, undertaken by a Dr. Smith. £600 had been subscribed towards defraying the expense. Sir J. Herschel is on the eve of departure for the same colony, in order to carry on his astronomical observations on the fixed stars, &c. &c. in another hemisphere.

Raphael.—The remains of this prince of painters have been found in the Pantheon, in a perfect state of preservation. His height has thus been ascertained to have been a little above five feet six inches: the skull shown at St. Luke's is, of course, apocryphal.

A Parliamentary Report of the books, &c. in the British Museum, since the last year, contains the following number of volumes of manuscripts up to 1821, was 17,397, besides 16,423 charters, &c.; between that year and 1832 there were added to the former, 3667 volumes, which raised the number to 21,064 volumes of MSS. in the last year. During the same interval, 3670 charters, &c. were added, and these raised the number, in 1832, to 19,093. Of printed books the number of volumes was, in 1821, 115,925, and in 1832, 218,957; the addition 103,032 volumes, with which the library was enriched between those years, arose from five donations of 7000 volumes, the gift of George IV.; 8000 volumes of works on Italian history and topography, by Sir R. C. Hoare, Bart.; donations were also made to the library, in the last year, or books, by the late J. F. Hull and A. Wolley, Esqrs., Rev. T. Kerick, W. R. Stokes, and H. Garney, Esqrs., Viscount Kingsborough, and late Count J. de Fuissape, and the Rev. G. Cox. The parliamentary grant has been much increased of late years. In 1821 it was the sum of 10,007, 14s. 4d., but it was reduced in 1824 to 4847; for this, compensation appears to have been made in 1835, when there was added to a regular grant of 15,416l. a special one of 7500l.: the largest annual grant seems to have been in 1829, 19,129l.; and that for the last year was 16,932l. The museum has, besides, a small income of 1899l. 15s. 6d., arising from funded property; so that, independently of a sum derived from an incidental sale of duplicate books, its income last year amounted to 18,211l. 15s. 6d.

The whole receipts for the year, including incidental receipts, were 19,566l. 2s. 4d., and the whole expenditure 19,573l. 3s. 3d., of which 9935l. 3s. 9d. were paid in salaries, and extra service money, and 4522l. 1s. 3d. in the acquisition of objects of literature, science, fine arts, &c. In 1831 and 1832 the museum sold 12,358 volumes of printed books, which produced a sum of 2043l. 17s. 3d., or about 3s. 3d. per volume.—Times.

List of New Books published in London to the latest dates.

A Dictionary of Practical Medicine, by Dr. Copland, Part II. 8vo.—Russell's History of Modern Europe, new edition, 4 vols. 8vo.—Select Passages from the Georgics of Virgil and Paraphrase of Lucan, by A. W. Wallis, 12mo.—Translations of the Oxford and Cambridge Latin Prize Poems, 2d series, folio 8vo.—The Oriental Annual for 1834, 8vo.—The Prose Works of John Milton, Imperial 8vo.—The History of Herodotus, with Notes by A. Negris, 2 vols. 12mo.—The Landscape Annual for 1834, 8vo.—Twenty Minutes' Advice on the Evils, 18mo.—The Hulsean Lectures for 1832, by Rev. H. Blunt, 8vo.—Sketches in Turkey in 1831 and 1832, by an American, 8vo.—A Narrative of Four Voyages in the Chinese Seas, by Captain B. Morrell, 8vo.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Hoskin & Snowden, of N. Y. have commenced the publication of a French Review, containing extracts from French periodicals.

The fourth number of the Temperance Quarterly is published at Albany.

An office for improving the lives of horses has been established in the French Capital, and proved a profitable concern. This is rather a mercantile sensation of the week, and would be a curious thing to see a horse drawing his own annuity.

New American Publications.

Sketches and Eccentricities of Colonel David Crockett, of West Tennessee. Harpers—Sd trash. The book is said to be written by Mr. French, of Cincinnati. It is conceived and executed in the worst possible taste.

A Life of Aaron Burr is in preparation in New York. What next?

DeKay's Sketches of Turkey have been republished in London, and highly applauded: one critic remarks— "We have never met with a work of so unpretending a size and character, written with more perspicuity or in a better tone of feeling."

Mrs. Celarn's Book of Politics has gone to a second edition at Boston.

"Philadelphia as it is, and the Citizens' Advertising Directory"—a manual containing a general description of the city and environs, list of municipal officers, public institutions, the President's map of Philadelphia. Published by J. P. Gray.

"Broad Grins and Poetical Varieties," by George Colman: a reprint—Carey and Hart.

"The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the year 1834"—Boston: published by M. C. Chittenden, and edited by Mr. J. E. Worcester and Mr. R. T. Paine.

"The Derivation of English Liberty"—published at Haverhill—a pamphlet on the Druidical Religion—a curious investigation strangely applied.

"Baccalaureate Addresses," delivered before the University of Alabama, by Alva Woods, D. D., President of the University—a pamphlet.

Dr. DeKay is preparing a volume of Travels in Palestine and the Holy Land, where he visited Ibrahim Pacha's army, and spent a couple of days with Lady Hester Stanhope, near Sidon.

"The Duchess of Berri in La Vendee," a new book published in London, is characterized as having "a somewhat magnificent title page, scantily justified by the contents of the volume."

Galt has a new work in the press called "Stories of the Study."

Longman & Co. have nearly ready for the press a Dictionary of Materia Medica, comprising also Practical Pharmacy, General Therapeutics, and Medical Jurisprudence, with Toxicology. The work will be uniform with Dr. Copland's Dictionary of Practical Medicine.

* Observe, this is not a second edition of the *Geographical Annual*, but a second edition of the "Family Cabinet Atlas," cooked over for a second course.

VARIETIES.

Thursday last, at 8 in the morning, 35 young pigeons, belonging to the members of a society of pigeon fanciers, at Antwerp, were sent off from Paris, and, notwithstanding the wind and rain, one of these winged messengers reached the dove-cote of its owner, M. Greuninge, at 2 in the afternoon. Before 4, 18 of the birds had arrived. Considering the state of the atmosphere, and the long distance, this result is very remarkable.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

A grain of musk will, it is said, scent a room for twenty years, and at the end of that period will have lost little of its weight.

"A small," says Lady Morgan, speaking of the state of Ireland, "our first and most urgent want is a breathing-time from faction—a moment of repose—a suspension of blood-spilling and destruction of property—of the property of the poor, more than of the rich—a leisure to think, to calculate, to learn and to labour."

A sporting plan—Lord Worcester enquired of Lord Albany what gun-maker he would purchase from, if he intended to sport in his neighbour's preserves? "Why, Egg, for poaching, to be sure," said the witty peer.

Sailing on a Railway.—A friend lately saw a carriage traveling on a railway impelled by a small sail. It moved with considerable velocity, and had a very singular and striking effect. It was on no bridge or other impediments in the way on the Liverpool and Manchester railroad we have no doubt a light carriage, furnished with sails, would traverse the whole line in quarter of an hour, with a moderate wind in the proper quarter.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

There are six different characters by which men are to be distinguished, viz. the brave in battle, the great in his anger, the prudent in his dealings, the sage in his anger, and in adversity, the friend in necessity, the noble-minded man by his actions towards his fellow-creatures.—*Chinese Proverbs.*

The Philadelphia Athenæum has been presented with the private library of John L. Harris, Esq. of Burlington, N. J., consisting of six hundred valuable volumes.

There is now living at Clapham Common a lady who was present at the coronation of George the Third. It may also not be generally known that the widow of the celebrated circumnavigator, Captain Cook, is living at Clapham, and we believe is nearly a hundred years old.

The Journal kept by Miss Fanny Kemble, during her tour of the United States, is likely to be transmitted to England for publication. Miss Kemble's play of the "Swiss of Seville" will probably be produced at one of the winter theatres.

Captain Ross. The news of the return of this intrepid navigator after an absence of four years was received in this city with a degree of interest that it has rarely fallen to our lot to witness. The newspapers contain a short sketch of the facts, which, having been widely promulgated, we need not repeat. We shall look with intense interest for the work which will no doubt be forthcoming, and in the interim must keep up the hope of a publication of Philadelphia, for instance, repeating from a learned punster, that "Ross has got back, if Back has not got Ross."

Engraver's Paper.—The famous French frigate-master and author has, we are told, just taken out a patent for the manufacture of a paper from which writing or printing is not so liable to be effaced. This is about the worst thing that could happen to most writers.

A Lecture.—We observe from Farley's Bristol Journal that Mr. Britton is delivering a course of eight lectures on this important national subject in that city, and are glad to learn that they are attended with the interest which, while it is cultivated, is gratified in the intelligent lecturer, may never be effaced. This is about the worst thing that could happen to most writers.

Wordsworth.—We are sincerely concerned to hear that Mr. Wordsworth's eyes, which have for some time troubled him, have become so bad, that he is compelled to remain in a dark room; and that fears are entertained lest blindness should be the result, and he should thus painfully find, like his great predecessor, "Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

Lithographic Stones.—A quarry of stones, fit for this branch of art, has, it is said, been found near Verdun, in France.

The establishment in this city for the education of the Blind, is one of the most interesting that can be presented to our contemplation. The recent exhibition, in which pupils who had been under tuition but a few months, were shown to have acquired considerable knowledge of reading, arithmetic, geography, music, &c., attracted a large and sympathetic audience, from many of whom contributions in money may be expected for the furtherance of the objects of the institution. It is much to be regretted that the bequest of Mr. Willis now exceeding \$100,000 would have provided only a small loan for the blind; their instruction is not attended to; Dr. Rhineclaud's institute therefore became absolutely necessary, and is likely to be attended with the happiest effects. The proficiency of his poor pupils is exceedingly gratifying. As organists in churches, the blind in Europe have been found peculiarly adapted, and when the funds will admit, we hope a good organ will be at the disposal of the benevolent and indefatigable principal. The various manufactured articles made by the blind prove entirely that they can support themselves, as well as be relieved from the tedium of their life of darkness.

It is now the fashion, says a London paper, to have the paper of rooms varnished, which renders them both impervious to damp, and more lasting.

Mr. POWER.—This distinguished performer has been very successful in this country. He is indeed an actor of the rarest merit, and a gentleman withal, whether on or off the stage. The Baltimore Chronicle, in alluding to the drama, speaks of him in the following just and complimentary terms:—"We were particularly pleased to find the Irish gentleman restored to the stage by Mr. Power. It has been too much the practice with performers, to inculcate the belief that every man who has a touch of the brogue on his tongue must have straw in his shoes. On the contrary there is not a man of the specimen of man, than the real Irish gentleman—and Mr. Power has shown that he has a just conception of the character, and the happy art of truly delineating it. Mr. Power has closed his engagements at the Front street theatre, but we hope he may be induced again to gratify a Baltimore audience."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The fourth number of the Temperance Quarterly is published at Albany.

"The Downfall of the Republic" is the title of a new novel from the pen of John Neal, which is about to appear from the New York press.

We understand, that the memoir and writings of the late Robert C. Sands, are in the hands of the printers, and will issue from the press in the course of the winter.

Miss Leslie has prepared for Messrs. Munroe & Francis, of Boston, a volume with the title "Atlantic Tales."

Messrs. Carey & Hart have published in two volumes, a new series of "Tom Cringle's Log."

In press, and will appear early in December, A History of the Hartford Convention, with a Review of the Policy of the United States Government, which led to the Convention in 1812; by Theodore Dwight, Secretary of the Convention.

Among the new works advertised in London as ready for the press, is one entitled "England and America: a Comparison of the Social and Political State of the Two Nations," in 2 vols. 8vo. to be published by Bentley, New Nations, &c. Also, "The Pilgrims of the Rhine," a tale, by the author of Pelham. This is to be a costly publication, illustrated with many engravings by the first artists.

New American Publications.

Vols. 33 and 34 of the Library of Select novels (Harpers' edition) contain a reprint of Richelieu, a tale of France.

Hints on the Portable Evidence of Christianity; by John Gurney. To which is prefixed an Introductory Essay, by E. Weyland. Published of Brown University, 1840, pp. 220, Boston; published by James Loring.

The brothers Harpers have just published, as the fifth and sixth volume of their theological library, the Life of Archbishop Cranmer, by Charles V. Le Bas, M. A. Lights and Shadows of German Life. 2 vols. 18mo. Carey, Lea & Co.

Mr. E. C. Mielke has published in a neat duodecimo Picken's Traditional Stories and Legendary Illustrations.

tions; the same which appeared in the "Library." They will be popular.

A work which we have not yet seen has been published, entitled "Lectures on the Pariah, by a country parson's daughter."

Prodrome for Lectures in Barton's Therapeutic Institute.

Prodrome of a work to aid the teaching of the Vegetable Materia Medica, by the Natural Families of Plants in the Therapeutic Institute of Philadelphia, by the instructor, Wm. C. Barton.

The Book of my Lady, a melange. By a Bachelor Knight. Key & Biddle, only 50 cts.

Key & Biddle announce that Dr. S. G. Morton's Anatomical Illustrations of Pulmonary Consumption will be published immediately.

Carey, Lea & Blanchard have just issued their edition of General Demourcau's narrative of the Duchess of Berri's adventures in La Vendee. The General has employed to pursue her; and finally arrested her at Nantes.

List of New Books published in London to the latest dates.

The Literary Souvenir, for 1834.—Heath's Pictorial Annual, for 1834.—Livi's Historiarum Libri Quinque Priores, ad 2dam J. Dymock editionem expressit, coravit G. M. Gaus, 18mo.—The Art of Polite Conversation, English and German, by P. Sadler, 18mo.—Costumes et Meurs des Italiens, d'après Pinelli, en 50 feuilles 18mo.—The Landscape Album for 1834, 50 feuilles 18mo.—Travels and Researches in Caffaria, Henderson, 8vo.—The Amulet, for 1834.—Excursions in New South Wales, Western Australia, &c., by Lieut. Borton.—The Amulet, for 1834.—Juvenile Forget-Me-Not for 1834.—A History and Description of Modern Vines, by Cyrus Redding, 8vo.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Some queries respecting the publication of "Zohrab, or the Hostage" in the "Library," may be replied to generally, that we have had a succession of as good books not previously published, and have thus far given it the go-by on that account; besides, it has been extensively circulated, and by publishing it we should probably place it before many copies had been perused it—by all parties.

Q must not feel so over-delicate at mentioning such books as he would recommend us to publish. We are always glad of a hint, or of the loan of a work which we can not come under our notice. Of course, though our arrangements for receiving new books are extensive, we do not get every thing.

Absence and pre-engagements have prevented us from noting an address delivered before the Alumni Society of the University of Nashville, by Washington Barrow, Esq. It is seldom we meet with such a combination of good sense, beautiful style, and practical illustration, as in this here combined. It is astounding to contemplate on the spot recently occupied by an untamed forest, the hall of science, whence issue such souls, whose scientific disposition, an elegant enforcement of the advantages of education, are found in this eloquent address. The cause of mental advancement must prevail, when it finds such advocates as Mr. Barrow. The theme is interesting and important, but neither time nor space will allow us to give an analysis of Mr. Barrow's views. We very heartily recommend the Essay for general perusal.

Geographical Annual.—After the matter of the Journal of the present week was in type we received a long eulogistic letter from Carey, Lea, & Co. respecting their Geographical Annual, & so much of the letter as relates the said work will be published in our next.

conscience thumped me very hard at having even pretended that I'd turn protestant, which I never intended to do, nor ever will, but live and die a good catholic and all my posterity have done before me, and as I trust all my ancestors will for generations to come. Well, I arrived on board, and the first lieutenant was very savage. I hoped he would get over it, but he never did; and he continued to treat me so ill, that I determined to quit the ship, which I did in so soon a manner as never to be missed. I went to the coast, and I told the crew the whole truth of the matter, and he saw that it was true; so he recommended me to the captain of a jackass frigate, who was in want of midshipmen."

"What do you mean by a jackass frigate?" enquired I.

"I mean one of your twenty-eight gun ships, so called because there is as much difference between them and a real frigate, like the one we are sailing in, as there is between a donkey and a race-horse. I tell you the ship was so loaded with ballast, that it would sink if the ship were to lose her ballast taken in, than our captain came to her—a little, thin, spare man, but a man of weight nevertheless, for he brought a great pair of scales with him, and weighed every thing that was put on board. I forgot his real name, but the sailors christened him Captain A-weight. He weighed the powder, the shot, the weight of the ballast, and of the shot, the water, provisions, coal, standing and running rigging, cables, and every thing else. Then he weighed all the men, and all the midshipmen, and all the midshipmen's chests, and all the officers with every thing belonging to them; lastly, he weighed himself, which did not at all surprise me, for I had seen him do it before, and I knew this was for; but he was always talking about centres of gravity, displacement of fluid, and Lord knows what. I believe it was to find out the longitude, somehow or other, but I didn't remain long enough in her to know the end of it; for one day I brought on board a pair of new boots, which I forgot to weigh, and I was told that they weighed as much as the ship's crew; and I was told whether the captain thought that they would sink his ship, or why, I cannot tell, but he ordered me to kick her immediately—so there I was adrift again. I picked up my traps and went on shore, putting on my new boots out of spite, and trod into all the mud and mire that I could find, and I was told that I was as clean as a doornail. And I was told that I was as clean as a doornail until I was tired, as a punishment to them, and I was told that I was as clean as a doornail until I was tired, as a punishment to them, and I was told that I was as clean as a doornail until I was tired, as a punishment to them."

"One day I was in the dock-yard, looking at a two-decker in the basin, just brought forward for service and I inquired who was to be the captain. They told me that his name was O'Connor. Then he's a countryman of mine, thought I, and I'll try my luck. So I called on the captain where he was lodging, and requested to speak with him. I was admitted, and I told him with my best bow that I had come as a volunteer for his ship, and that my name was O'Brien. As it happened, he had some vacancies, and liking my brogue, he asked me in what ship I had served. I told him, and also my mother's name. Being a good fellow, he was turned out of it. I explained the story of the boots, and he made enquiries, and found that it was all true; and then he gave me a vacancy as master's mate. We were ordered to South America, and the trade wind took us there in a jiffy. I liked my captain and officers very much; and what was better, I took good liking to the ship. But my luck was not all that bright, and the luck to remain long in one ship, and that by no fault of mine: at least, not in this instance. All went on as smooth as possible, until one day the captain took us on shore to a ball, at one of the peacable districts. I had a very merry night of it; but my luck would have it, I had the morning watch to keep, and see the boats off and on. Being only a deck-hand, I was off about three o'clock in the morning, just at break of day, to go on board of the ship. I was walking along the sands, thinking of the pretty girl that I'd been dancing with, and had got about half-way to the ship, when three raparoos of Spanish soldiers came from behind a rock, and Spanish ones will do anything. They were only dirty fellows, but they were so to be run through for nothing, so I fought the three and the one that was left. Being only a deck-hand, I finished me. I finished one fellow, but at last they finished me, for a bayonet pressed through my body, and I forgot all about it. Well, it appears—forgive me, can't say any more to the best of my knowledge and belief—that after they had killed me, they stripped me, and took the gold and the silver I had, and with the rest of my body of my comrades. So there I was—dead and buried."

"But, O'Brien," said I

"Whist—hold your tongue—you've not heard the

of it. Well, it had been buried about an hour—but not very deep it appears, for they were in too great a hurry—when a fisherman and his daughter came along the beach, on their way to the boat; and the daughter, who was a very beautiful girl, saw the body lying there. It was clear that she had never trod upon a fishman's nose before, for it surprised her, and she stooped down to see what was there, and not seeing any sign, she tried it again with her foot, and then she sprang off like a deer, and returned very greatly frightened, with a very warm, and still breathing, for the sand had not cooled the blood, and prevented my bleeding to death. The fisherman pulled me out, and took me on his back to the house where the captain and officers were still dancing. I was very much surprised, and I was glad to see the captain, not because I was murdered, for they are used to it in those countries, but because I was naked, which they considered a much more serious affair. I was put to bed, and a boat despatched on board for our doctor, and I was told that he had happened. But I was too ill to move when the ship sailed, which she was obliged to do in a day or two afterwards, so the captain made out my discharge, and left me there. The family were French, and I remained in the house for some time, and I obtained a passage home, during which I learnt their religion, and a very fair allowance of Spanish to boot. When I arrived in England, I found that the prizes had been sold, and that the money was ready for distribution. I produced my name at last, and £167 for my share. So it came at last, I thought I.

I never had such a handful of money in my life; but I hope I shall again, very soon. I spread it out on the table as soon as I got home and looked at it, and then I said to myself, now, Teague O'Brien, will you give me a dollar, or would it do you any harm? Then I thought of Father McGrath and the stool that was thrown at my head, and I was very near sweeping it all back into my pocket. But then I thought of my mother, and of the cows, and of the pig, and the furniture, all gone; and of my brothers and sisters, and of the prairie, and of the country, and of everything farthing away from them, after which Father McGrath would no longer think of not giving me abolition. So I sent them every dollar, only reserving for myself the penny which I had received, amounting to about \$30; and I have never felt more happy in my life than when it was sent in the post office, and I got out of the country. I wrote him a letter to my father at the time, which was to this purpose—

"HONOUR, FATHER,—Since our last parting, at which you threw the stool at my head, missing the pigeon and hitting the crow, I have been dead and buried, but am now quite well, thank God, and want no absolution from Father McGrath, bad luck to him. As for prize-money, the first I have handled since the article served his majesty, and every farthing of which I now send to you, that you may get back your old cows and the pig, and all the rest of the articles seized to pay for fitting me out for my journey. I have no more to say to you of myself: more shame to you for abusing a dutiful son like myself, who went to see at your bidding, and has never had a real good potatoe down his throat ever since. I'm a true O'Brien, tell my mother and don't make it hurt her feelings. I'll be a good boy to my country, though the devil may take Father McGrath and his holy water to boot. I shan't come and see you; as perhaps you may have another stool ready for my head, and may take better aim next time: so no more at present from your dutiful son, O'BARRY."

"About three weeks afterwards I received a letter from my father, telling me that I was a real O'Brien; that if I did not wish to go to him to the contrary, he would break every bone in his body; that they had received the money, and thanked me for a real gentleman as I was; that I should have the best seal of the house next time I come, not for my head but for my tail; that Father McGrath sent me his blessing, and gave me absolution; that I must never do for myself what I ought to do for others; that my mother had cried with joy at my dutiful behaviour; and that all my brothers and sisters, (bating Tim, who had died the day after I left them,) wished me good luck, and plenty more prize money to send home to them. This was a very pleasant man; I had nothing to say about it, except to get another ship, so ahead to the port admiral, and see how it was that I left my last; and he said:—

"That being dead and buried was quite sufficient reason

on for any one leaving his ship, and that he would procure me another, now that I had come to life again." I was sent on board of the guard ship, where I remained about ten days, and then was sent round to join this frigate—and so my story's ended; and there's eight bells striking—so the watch is ended too. Jump down, Peter, and call Robinson, and tell him that I'll trouble him to forget to go to sleep again as he did last time, and leave me here, kicking my heels, contrary to the rules and regulations of the service."

CHAPTER V.

Before I proceed with my narrative, I wish to explain to the reader that my history was not written in after time, when I had obtained a greater knowledge of the world. When I first went to sea, I promised my mother that I would keep a journal of what passed, with my reflections upon it. To this promise I rigidly adhered, and my journals, as you may expect, I have ever since had remained in my possession. In writing, therefore, the earlier part of my adventures, every thing is stated as it was impressed on my mind at the time. Upon many points I have since had reason to form a different opinion from that which is recorded, and upon many others I have since laughed heartily at my folly. But I have not thought proper to alter my narrative, lest the ideas of the period remain rather than correct them by those of dear-bought experience. A boy of fifteen, brought up in a secluded country town, cannot be expected to reason and judge as a young man who has seen much of life, and passed through a variety of adventures. The reader must, therefore, remember that I am not a philosopher, and that the following things which guided me in and between each distinct anniversary of my existence.

We have now been cruising for six weeks, and I find that my profession is much more agreeable than I anticipated. My desire to please is taken for the deed; and although I occasionally make a blunder, yet I am not so much mortified as I should be, if I were attentive to my duty to the best of my ability, and only smile at my mistakes. I also have discovered that however my natural capacity may have been estimated by my family, that it is not so depreciated here; and that by attention and diligence, to make up for a want of natural endowment. There certainly is something in the life of a sailor which enlarges the mind. When I was at home six months ago, I allowed other people to do my thinking for me, and I was very ignorant of the nature of their suggestions; now, to the best of my ability, I think for myself. I am happy with my roommates—those who were harsh upon me have left off, because I never resented their conduct, and those who were kind to me are even kinder than before. At times they are very kind, and I am very exacting, and I am sure I can do, and each day is the forerunner of the ensuing.

The first lieutenant is one of the most amusing men I ever knew, yet he never relaxes from the discipline of the service, or takes the least liberty with either his superiors or inferiors. His humour is principally shown in his various orders, which are always so framed as to inflict the severest punishment upon the party, the manner of inflicting it is invariably a source of amusement to the remainder of the ship's company. I have often thought that although no individual liked being punished, yet that all the ship's company were quite pleased when a punishment look looked upon any individual. The punishment is always as quick as snow, and without displacing him so much as their being sold. It is for that reason that he has such an objection to the use of tobacco. There are spitting-pans placed in different parts of the decks for the use of the men, that they may not dirty their hands with the tobacco juice, but as the first lieutenant has a strong objection to it, but as the mess to which his duty forces to be opposite have their grog stopped if the party is not found out they take good care not only to keep a look out, but to inform against the offender. Now the punishment for the offence is an flogging, and the hands are tied to the mainmast with a large tin can, and a strap is fastened by a strap over the shoulders. All the other boxes on the lower deck are taken away, and he is obliged to walk there, ready to attend the summons of any man who may wish to empty his mouth of the tobacco juice. The other men are so fond for the pleasure of making him run about, that they are always ready to make him run about. Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, calls him "the first lieutenant's preambulating spitting-pan." He observed to me one day "that really Mr. Falcon was

such an *epicure* over his decks, that he was afraid to pudding an anchor on the forecastle."

I was much amused the last morning watch that I lay reading the story of the hammock in the quarter-deck nettings, when one of the boys came up with his hammock on his shoulder, and as he passed, the first lieutenant perceived that he had a quid of tobacco in his cheek. "What have you got there, my good lad?" "A gum-bite,—your cheek is very much swollen." "No," said the boy, "there's nothing at all in the matter." "O, there must be; it is a bad tooth, then. Open your mouth and let me see." Very reluctantly the boy opened his mouth, and discovered a large roll of tobacco leaf. "I see, I see," said the first lieutenant, "your mouth waste overhauling, and your teeth cleaning. I wish we had a dentist on board; but as we have not, I will operate as well as I can. Send the armourer up here with his tongs." When the armourer made his appearance, the boy was made to open his mouth, while the chew of tobacco was extracted with his rough instrument. "There now," said the first lieutenant, "I'm sure that you must feel better already; you never could have had any appetite. Now, captain of the after-guard, bring a piece of old canvass and some sand here, and clean his teeth nicely." The captain of the after-guard came forward, and putting the boy's head between his knees, scrubbed his teeth well with the sand and canvass for two or three minutes. "There, that will do," said the first lieutenant. "Now, my little fellow, your mouth is nice and clean, and you'll enjoy your breakfast. It was impossible for you to have come up with your mouth in such a nasty state. When it's dirty again, come to me, and I'll be your dentist."

(To be continued.)

GEOGRAPHICAL ANNUAL.

The following is the portion of the letter from CAREY, LEA & Co. respecting the Geographical Annual, alluded to in our last.

"You will doubtless be surprised to learn that all the errors, except three of no moment, pointed out by your correspondent, arise out of the haste with which he examined the book, and that a little more time would have enabled him to detect the errors. He had read the preface with any care, he would have seen that it is there stated, that 'out of forty or fifty thousand places twenty thousand have their longitudes and latitudes ascertained.' A moment's consideration would have satisfied him that this referred to the tables, and that the places in the maps constitute the remainder. Here is the key to his error (for we are willing to believe it was an error, and not a wilful misunderstanding) which consisted in expecting to find in the tables all the places given in the maps, when it was not intended any one of them should be given. He will now know, that if he want New York, Boston, Philadelphia or Baltimore, he will find it on the map; and, that if he cannot find a place on the map, he will find it in the table with its latitude and longitude, so as to be able to locate it on the map. In this way we have been enabled to give you nearly 60,000 names of places as compared to the 40,000 in the largest sheet maps of the United States, and the exact position of a place can, we believe, more readily be ascertained than on any, the most expensive map. We believe that no place of importance in the United States has been omitted from the tables (taking usually the places as constructed by one of the most accurate geographers we know; and when he had completed them he made the tables, commencing with places of the first importance and proceeding downwards until he filled the space allowed. That he was enabled to include Doctor-Row and Coates's territories without omitting places of greater importance, is abundant evidence of the extent of information contained in the book. The map of North America has a title independent entirely of those which accompany the map of the United States. On that map Philadelphia is laid down, and it is also in the table, but we doubt exceedingly if another such case occurs in the book, as it was not intended. That table also contains many places which are laid down on the maps of the United States being, generally, the capitals or principal cities of the States. As regards the latitude and longitude of the places usually occupied by the different tribes of Indians, we have only to say, that we believe the great mass of your readers would be of a different opinion from that of the writer of the article.

"We plead guilty to three errors, as follows:

1. "Philadelphia, table 88, should have been Philadelphia, Penn."
2. "The latitude of Philadelphia in table 78, should have been 39° 57' instead of 39° 52', being an error of five minutes."
3. "Bordenton should have been Bordentown."

The writer has asserted,

1. "That places of importance have been omitted."
2. "That others of comparative insignificance have been inserted in their stead."
3. "That the maps and tables of the United States have been copied from the English edition, without revision."
4. "That it is glaringly faulty, showing both ignorance and carelessness."

We presume you must now be satisfied that there is no foundation for any of these assertions, and that they ought to be recalled.

Respectfully yours, &c.

CAREY, LEA & Co."

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1833.

Remarks.

We have inserted the above to show that we are disposed to give fair play to all who may feel aggrieved at our criticisms, but we cannot recall our assertions, nor submit to dictation. We took up the beautiful volume which forms the topic in dispute, with a strong inclination to pass an encomium, the mechanical part was so excellent, and the size so convenient; but on the slight examination we gave to only a few of the tables we found the errors to which the publishers plead guilty, and their note has induced a still farther exploration of the work so forcibly ushered into notice in the preface, which by the way is a literal transcript from the English edition of 1831, with only the omission of the reference to "royal patronage."

The "publishers" have, perhaps, yet to learn that mistakes of latitude and longitude are of the greatest moment to the very lives of their fellow beings. Numerous instances of shipwreck from trivial errors of this kind could be enumerated. A friend has just mentioned one where a whole ship's crew were nearly lost from relying on an almanac; and if a captain would depend upon such authority, how much more likely would he be to receive as correct, a publication which has all the appearance of veracity, and is bolstered up with assurances of accuracy? We were perfectly justifiable, after even a hasty examination, when we found the place of its publication set down wrong twice, to pronounce the work unworthy of patronage.

They have plead "guilty" to the error of not having inserted Tennessee after the important word Philadelphia. The principal city of Pennsylvania being thus twice erroneously settled, let us go to the seat of government. Harrisburg, in plate 85, is located in north latitude 35° 40',

* Who would ever have anticipated such an error as this, as few can be aware that there is a town of this name in Tennessee?

"This we did not state. Our expressions were:—"The assurances of accuracy" are literally copied from the English edition of 1831, and the maps and tables appear to be mere transfers without undergoing any revision." We spoke of the maps and tables in general, and we repeat, that to all appearance the generalities are mere transfers.

§ In regard to an error of "only five minutes" in the location of Philadelphia, we may observe that a friend of ours has determined his own in the interior of the state within one minute, and that by ordinary instruments. We presume all our readers from the charge of thinking that the Indians should be particularised even to the minutes. They occupy at least as much space as a county or a state, and no one would put the exact latitude and longitude of even a whole township.

longitude 89° 10', and in plate 77, north latitude 34° 55', longitude 90° 25' and no state is given!!! Here are two Harrisburgs, neither answering to that of our capital. Do the publishers know in what section of the country they are in? and even if they do, they will plead guilty to two more errors in not inserting the state. The true location of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, is north latitude 40° 16'; longitude 76° 50'.

By Augusta we understand the places of that name in Maine or Georgia. In the Geographical Annual there are two Augustas, and no state whatever given. One is declared to be in latitude 31° 10', longitude 89° 15'. The other 44° 41', longitude 75° 38'. So that the one intended to be located in Maine, would be near Prescott, U. C. and the Augusta, Georgia, should be 33° 28', longitude 81° 54'!

Batavia, without New York or any other state designated.

Beaufort, still no state, is stated to be in latitude 34° 40'. Beaufort, S. C. is really in latitude 32° 31'. Let all captains beware of 2° 9' error in steering for Beaufort!!! See Encyclopedia Americana, where the latitude is stated at 32° 31'. Is there a Beaufort in Tennessee?

Two Dovers occur in the tables but no state affixed to either!

Fredericksburgh, no state mentioned, and said to be latitude 40° 44'. Fredericksburgh, Virginia, is in latitude 38° 34'.

Hartford, the same, and said to be latitude 37° 30', when in fact it is in latitude 41° 48'.

What state are we to be told should have been added?

Knoxville; where the word "Tennessee" would again have been useful, it is omitted entirely. The same with regard to the states in which Mobile, Vincennes, &c. &c. are situated.

Trenton is said to be in latitude 31° 1'. Trenton, New Jersey, is in 40° 14'. What Trenton is it?

Detroit, is said to be in latitude 42° 35', longitude 82° 35'. In the Encyclopedia Americana we have it in latitude 42° 24', longitude 82° 58', which last is correct.

A prayer book was printed in the time of the Puritans in an illegible and worn-out type, on which the printer being complained of, he stoutly replied, that "It was as good as the price afforded; and being a book which all persons ought to have by heart, it was no matter whether it was read or not, so that it was worn out in their hands!!!" So of this annual; it is no matter if there are two Dovers; if you wish to find the latitude of Dover, N. H. you must have it by heart, for on referring to the "authority" you find there are two, and instead of one look you must turn to two plates, and finally to the map to "locate" it. And the same of Augusta, &c. &c. &c. and you will find them both on the maps, judging from analogy, though we are assured "it was not intended any one of them should be (have been) given."

"The map of North America," say the publishers, "has a table independent entirely of those which occupy the map of the United States. On that map Philadelphia is laid down, and it is also in the table, but we doubt exceedingly if another such instance occurs in the book." The publishers have yet to learn, it appears, what is in the tables, and what is not! We will enlighten them. On the slightest possible examination by a tyro of ten years old, he has pointed out the following, which we assure our hypercritics are

really in both!": viz. Nashville, Newbern, Hatteras, fax, Natchez, Savannah, Mobile, Vera Cruz, Wilmington, Natchitoches, Boston, Detroit, Guaymas, Montreal, Cape Cod, Albany, Panama, Arkopolis, St. Johns, New Orleans, Natchez, St. Louis, Guadaluajara, Cape St. Lucas. There is a "Washington," on this table that is very puzzling, having no "Tennessee" or any thing else about it, except latitude 33° 40', longitude 82° 46'. Nashville occurs in two tables—once in latitude 35° 52', longitude 87° 30', and once in lat. 36° longitude 78°. Are they both "Tennessee"? If so, the longitude is wrong in both!

In another place they find it necessary to repeat the assertion "it was not intended any one of them should be given" in both maps and tables, and that "here is the key of the error." The above specimens were found after a search of ten minutes; they are at least inserted by *mistake*, according to their own showing, and are all found in the one plate and map expressly referred to. We really have not patience to go further into this matter, and presume the publishers do not wish it.

If, however, they think there is any further cause of complaint, our columns are open to a temperate vindication.

The importance which the publishers attach to our notice, evinced by the length of their reply, has induced us to devote more space to this discussion than we had intended, or, as we thought, the subject merited. Justice to them, however, required they should be heard—justice to ourselves demands that we should support our position, or confess error. This, as already said, has led into further examination—the result is now public.

As we closed these remarks, the following communication was received from a gentleman remarkable for his accuracy and love of truth; one entirely disinterested, and who has expressed himself in words more dissatisfied with the work than he cared to set down in print. As it fortifies our position we give it publicity.

Communication.

I have examined to a small extent the maps and tables of the Geographical Annual for 1834, published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard. The annexed table will exhibit a portion only of the numerous errors I have detected.

[illegible]

lon, thirteen minutes north. New Orleans, seven minutes north, twelve minutes east. New York, three minutes south and eleven east.

One of the most striking defects in the book, and one which I consider altogether unpardonable, is the omission to designate what town is meant, when there are several of the same name in the same country. In all such cases it is of course to be presumed that the place of most note, and not an obscure village, is intended, and upon this fair presumption I found my strictures. There are four Lexingtons, but nothing is said of the capital of Kentucky. There are two Louisvilles, but nothing of Louisville, Kentucky.

It is very plain that no late authorities whatever have been consulted, at least with respect to the United States, to which I have chiefly confined myself in the examination of this annual.

Indeed, when I find that there is scarcely a correct position given of any one point in the country, it can hardly be deemed worth while to go further, for the value of the work to an American is already quite destroyed.

When there are so many late and approved authorities extant for the latitude and longitude of the principal cities on this continent, it must be mortifying to any Philadelphian to find that not one of them has been consulted in the preparation of a geographical work published by one of her principal booksellers, professing too, as they do in the preface, that no pains have been spared to render it complete and accurate.

I do not hesitate to give it, as my opinion—that such a confused, inaccurate, and undigested mass, under the name of Geography, or of any other science, was never issued from the American press; and the publishers of such a jargon deserve the castigation of all writers who have any influence over the public mind.

VARIETIES.

Extract from the Speech of the Rev. Mr. Whittell before the Members of the British Association:—"We know that the progress of discovery can no more be suddenly accelerated by a word of command uttered by a multitude, than by a single voice. There is, as was long ago said, no royal road to knowledge. We must be content with the shortening the way, because he who wishes to travel along it is the most powerful one; and just as little is there any mode of making it shorter, because they who press forward are many. We cannot all start from our present position, and we cannot accelerate our journey by any and all means, but giving to each his little of the march. Yet something we may do: we may take care that those who come ready and willing for the road, shall start from the proper point and in the proper direction;—shall not scramble over broken ground, when they might have been walking on a straight and level;—shall confidently from an advanced point when the first steps of the road are still doubtful; shall not waste their powers in struggling forward where movement is not progress, and shall have pointed out to them all glimpses of the truth, which they may be able to grasp, which divides us from the next bright region of philosophical truth. We cannot create, we cannot even direct the powers of discovery, but we may perhaps aid them to direct themselves; we may perhaps enable them to see the end of their way, and to persevere in it, successful and willing, so far as it is possible for instruments of a common pitch, to minister to their exertions."

Extract from Mrs. Lee's Memoirs of Baron Cuvier.

No one enjoyed a ludicrous circumstance more than he did; no one was happier at the performance of a comedy; for, when I was living in Paris, a ridiculous interlude was frequently represented on the stage, called *Le Jardin des Plantes*, in which the actors, who were all of the same sex, were brought forward in the most amusing way possible; and such was M. Cuvier's uncontrollable risibility at its performance one evening, that the people in the pit several times called out to him to be quiet, in hopes that M. Cuvier would thereby be enabled to restrain himself. He, however, was so completely overcome by nature, that he could not restrain his questions of innuendo, for which no one could be more sorry than himself, the causes of which were immediately forgotten; and the censure and kindnesses which were afterwards bestowed, seldom seemed to him to diminish the strength of his feelings at his own imperfection. *

“That love of order which so prevailed in great things, was, by M. Cuvier, carried even into the minutæ of life. His dissecting dress, it is true, was not of brilliant appearance, but it was adapted to the occasion; in this he would frequently walk about early in the summer mornings, in the open air, or pace up and down the

galeries of anatomy; but on all other occasions his habits were adjusted with care. He himself designed the patterns of his dresses, and his taste and industry, costs, invented all the costumes of the university. He drew the model for the uniform of the council, which drawing accompanied the decree by which it was established. I was very anxious to see him in his university robes; and having mentioned my wish, he came into my room, where I waited, and showed me all the particulars for a grand meeting. The long flowing robe of rich violet-colored fustet, bordered with ermine up to his height, and concealed the corpulence of his figure; the cap, of the same materials, could not confine his curls; and, brilliant with his ribands and his orders, his whole appearance fully accorded with the interior man.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

*Contents of the December number of the American Quarterly Review:—*Letters of Euler; Life and Opinions of John Jay; Denmark, Sweden and Norway; Judge Story's Commentaries; Sketches of Turkey; Reign of Louis Philippe; Duchess of Berri in La Vendee; Memoirs of Madlle. Andrillon; National Banks—English and American.

A translation of one of Silvio Pellico's tragedies "Euphemio of Messina," is announced as forth coming in New York.

The three gentlemen who lately resigned their places in the University of New York, namely, *Professors Vethake, Mulligan and Torrey*, have published the promised statement of their grounds of complaint against the Chancellor of that institution, in a pamphlet. It is entitled "An Exposition of the Reasons for the Resignation of some of the Professors in the University of the City of New York." Their statement is triumphant as regards the conduct of the chancellor.

Captain Hall's entertaining *Fragments* will occupy a portion of our ensuing number.

A new 'novel' entitled "Trevelyan" by the author of "Marriage in High Life," is nearly ready for publication in London. Also "Second Travels of an Irish gentleman in Search of a Religion, *not* by the editor of Capt. Rock's Memoirs."

A life of Mrs. Hannah Moore, compiled chiefly from family letters, &c., is in preparation.
Nearly ready, "A Tour to the Great Lakes of North America, with notices of the Indians, by Calvin Colton."
The London Geographical Annual for 1834, "to include the latest discoveries and changes that have taken place."

New American Publications.

"Journal and Letters from France and Great Britain," by Emily Willard. Also Tom Cringle's Log, second series. Carey & Hart.

Exercises in Algebra, for Schools, with a key for the use of the Teacher, by Francis J. Grund.

Grund's Chemistry—Elements of Chemistry, with Practical Exercises, for the use of Schools, by Francis J. Grund; author of "Elements of Natural Philosophy," "Popular Lessons in Astronomy," &c. Carter, Hendee & Co., Boston.

Waldemar, a tale of the thirty years war, by W. H. Harrison. The Duchess of Berri in La Vendee, comprising a Narrative of her Adventures, with her secret and private correspondence. Carey, Lea & Co.

Down Easters.—Just received, *The Down Easters*, by John Neal, in 2 vols. Harper & Brothers.
The Life and Writings of Major Jack Downing of Downingsville, away down East in the State of Maine, written by himself, in one vol. 12mo.

An Eulogium on the Life and Character of William Wilberforce, which was delivered at the request of the people of colour of the city of New York, on the 22d October last, by Mr. Benjamin F. Hughes, a man of colour.

THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE, (in addition to Miss Martineau's *Tales*;) will contain all the best matter of the English annals. Twelve numbers will be completed by the end of this year. For one dollar the subscribers will have received nine of Miss Martineau's *Tales*, (the lowest price of which in book form is 35 cents each,) and the whole matter of the *Spirit of the Annals*, the price of which is one dollar—in all more than three dollars worth for one.

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

From the London Metropolitan.

PETER SIMPLE.

(Continued.)

Yesterday I was on the forecastle with Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, who is very kind to me. He had been showing me how to make the various knots and bends of rope which are used in our service. I am afraid that I was very stupid, but he showed me over and over again until I learnt how to make them. Amongst others, he taught me a fisherman's bend, which he pronounced to be the king of all knots; and Mr. Simple, continued he, "there is a moral in that knot. You observe, that when the parts are drawn the right way, and together, the more you pull the faster they hold; and the more impossible to untie them; but see, by hauling them apart, how a little difference, a pull the other way, immediately disunites them, and then how easy they are cast off in a moment. That points out the necessity of pulling together in this world, Mr. Simple, when we wish to hold on, and that's a piece of philosophy worth all the twenty thousand and odd years of my friend the carpenter, which leads to nothing but a brown study, when he ought to be attending to his duty."

"Very true, Mr. Chucks, you are the better philosopher of the two."

"I am the better educated, Mr. Simple, and I trust more of a gentleman. I consider a gentleman to be to a certain degree a philosopher, for very often he is obliged to support his character as such, to put up with what another person may very properly fly in a passion about. I think you are the greater character, and I am a gentleman. In the service, Mr. Simple, one is obliged to appear angry without indulging the sentiment. I can assure you that I never lose my temper, even when I am my rattan."

"Why, then, Mr. Chucks, do you swear so much at the men's saucy that is not gentlemanly?"

"Most certainly not, sir. But I must defend myself by observing the very artificial state in which we live on board of a man of war. Necessity, my dear Mr. Simple, has no law. You must observe how gently I always commence when I am sure to find fault. I do that to prove my gentility; but, sir, my zeal for the service obliges me to alter my language, to prove in the end that I am in earnest. Nothing would move me more pleasure than to be able to carry on the duty as a gentleman, but that's impossible."

"I really cannot say why."

"Perhaps, then, Mr. Simple, you will explain to me why the captain and the first lieutenant swear."

"That I do not pretend to answer, but they only do so upon an emergency."

"Exactly so; but, sir, that emergency is my duty and hourly duty, in the continual working of the ship. I am answerable for all that goes amiss. The life of a boatswain is a life of emergency, and, therefore, I swear."

"I cannot allow it to be requisite, and certainly it is sinful."

"Excuse me, my dear sir; it is absolutely requisite, and not at all sinful. There is one language for the pulpit and another for board ship, and in either situation a man must make use of those terms most likely to produce the necessary effect upon his listeners. Whether it is from long custom of the service, or from the indifference of a sailor to all common things and language, (I can't exactly explain myself, Mr. Simple, but I know what I mean,) perhaps constant excitement may do, and therefore more 'stimulus,' as they call it, to make him move. Certain it is, that common parlance won't do with a common seaman. It is not here as in the scriptures, 'Do this, and he doeth it;' (by the by, that chap must have had his soldiers in tight order);

but it is 'Do this, d—n your eye,' and then it is done directly. The order to do just carries the weight of a cannon shot, but it wants the perilling power. The d—n is the gunpowder which sets it flying in the execution of its duty. Do you comprehend me, Mr. Simple?"

"I perfectly understand you, Mr. Chucks, and I cannot help remarking, and that without flattery, that you are very different from the rest of the warrant officers. Where did you get your education?"

"Mr. Simple, I am here a boatswain with a clean shirt, and, I say it myself, and no one dare gainsay it, a thorough knowledge of my duty. But although I do not say that I ever was better off, I can say this, that I have been in the best society, in the company of lords and ladies. I once dined with your grandfather."

"That's more than I ever did, for he never asked me, nor took the least notice of me," replied I.

"What I state is true. I did not know that he was your grandfather until yesterday, when I was talking with Mr. O'Brien; but I perfectly respect him, although I was very young at that time. Now, Mr. Simple, if you will promise me as a gentleman, (and I know you are one,) that you will not repeat what I tell you, then I'll let you into the history of my life."

"Mr. Chucks, as I am a gentleman I never will divulge it until you are dead and buried, and not then, if you do not wish it."

"When I am dead and buried, you may do as you please; it may then be of service to other people, although my story is not set down upon the fore-end of the boom by the funnel, and I took my place by his side, when he commenced as follows:

"My father was a boatswain before me—one of the old school, rough as a bear, and drunken as a Gogarty. I was a very good boy, but my father was a bad man, and I say no more. My father was invalided for harbour duty after a life of intoxication, and died shortly afterwards. In the mean time I had been, by the kindness of the port admiral's wife, educated at the foundation school. I was thirteen when my father died, and my mother not knowing what to do with me, wished to bind me apprentice to a merchant vessel, but this I refused, and after six months' quarrelling on the subject, I decided the point by volunteering in the Narcissus frigate. I believe that my gentlemanly ideas were innate, Mr. Simple; I never as a child could get the idea of the merchant service. After I had been a week on board, I was appointed servant to the purser, where I gave such satisfaction by my alertness and dexterity, that the first lieutenant took me away from the purser to attend upon himself, so that in two months I was a person of such consequence as to create a disturbance in the gun-room, for the purser was very angry, and many of the officers took his part. It was whispered that I was the son of the first lieutenant, and that he was aware of it. How far that may be true I know not, but there was a likeness between us; and my mother, who was a very pretty woman, attended his ship many years before as a bombast girl. I can't pretend to say any thing about it, but this I do say, Mr. Simple, and many will blame me for it, but I can't help my natural feelings, that I am rather to be pitied than blamed than the 'gilt-edge offspring of a boatswain and his wife. There's no chance of good blood in your veins in the latter instance, whereas in the former you may have stolen a drop or two. It so happened that after I had served the first lieutenant for about a year, a young lord, (I must not mention his name, Mr. Simple,) was sent to sea, by his friends or by his own choice, I don't know which, but I was told that his uncle, who was 'zekative, and had an interest in his death, persuaded him to go. A lord at that period, some twenty-five years ago, was a rarity in the service, and they used to salute him when he came on board. The consequence was, that the young lord must have a servant to himself, although all the rest of the midshipmen had but one servant between them. The captain enquired

who was the best boy in the ship, and the purser, to whom he appealed, recommended me. Accordingly, much to the annoyance of the first lieutenant, (for first lieutenants in those days did not assume as they do now, not that I refer to Mr. Falcon, who is a gentleman,) I was immediately surrendered to his lordship. I had a very easy, comfortable life of it—I did little or nothing; if enquired for when all hands were turned up, I was cleaning his lordship's boots or brushing his lordship's clothes, and there was nothing to be said when his lordship's name was mentioned. We went to the Mediterranean, (because his lordship's mama wished it,) and we had been there about a year when his lordship ate so many grapes that he was seized with a dysentery. He was ill for three weeks, and then he requested to be sent to Malta to a transport going to Gibraltar, or rather to the Barbary coast, for ballocks. He became worse every day, and made his will, leaving me all his effects on board, which I certainly deserved due the kindness with which I had nursed him. Off Malta we fell in with a schooner, bound for Genoa, and the captain of the transport, anxious to proceed, advised our going on board of her, as the wind was light and contrary, and these Mediterranean vessels sailed better in a wind than the transport. My master, who was now sinking fast, consented, and we discharged our ships. The next day he died, and a gale of wind came on, which prevented us from gaining the port for several days, and the body of his lordship not only became so offensive, but affected the superstition of the catholic sailors so much, that it was hove overboard. None of their people could speak English, nor could I speak Maltese; they had no idea who we were, and I had plenty of time for cogitation. I had often thought what a fine thing it was to be a lord, and as often wished that I had been born one. The wind was still and calm, and a merchant vessel ran down to us, that had left Genoa for Gibraltar. I desired the captain of the schooner to make a signal of distress, or rather I did myself, and the vessel, which proved to be English, bore down to us.

"I manned the boat to go on board, and the idea came into my head, that although they might refuse to take me, that they would not refuse a lord. I put on the midshipman's uniform belonging to his lordship, (but then certainly belonging to me,) and went along-side of the merchant vessel; told them that I had left my ship for the benefit of my health, and wanted a passage to Gibraltar, on my way home. My title, and immediate acceptance of the terms demanded for my passage, was sufficient. My property was brought from the schooner; and, of course, as they could not speak English, they could not contradict, even if they suspected. Here, Mr. Simple, I was acknowledged as a slight fall in my early history, which I impart to you in confidence; or otherwise I should not have been able to prove that I was correct in asserting that I had been a servant to your grandfather. But the temptation was too strong to resist. I gave my name to Gibraltar, Mr. Simple, after having served as a ship's boy—clouted here, kicked there, damned by one, and sent to hell by another—to find myself treated with such respect and deference, and my lordship this and my lordship that, every minute of the day. During my passage to Gibraltar, I had plenty of time for arranging my plans. I hardly need say that my lord's kit was valuable; and what was better, they exactly fitted me. I also had his watches and trinkets, and many other things, besides a bag of dollars. However, they were honestly mine, the only thing that I took was his name, which he had no further occasion for, poor fellow! But it's no use defending what was wrong—it was dishonest, and there's an end of it."

"Now observe, Mr. Simple, how one thing leads to another, and declares to you, that my first idea of taking possession of his lordship's name, was to procure a passage to Gibraltar. I then was undecided how to act; but as I had charge of his papers and letters to his mother and guardian, I think—indeed, I am almost sure—that I

should have laid aside my dignity and midshipman's breeches, and applied for a passage went on the commissioner of the yard. But it was fated to be otherwise; for the master of the transport went on shore to report and obtain pratique, and he told them every where that he was a friend to the Admiral. As the Admiral was in England for the benefit of his health. In less than half an hour, off came the commissioner's boat, and another boat from the governor, requesting the honour of my company, and that I would take a bed at their houses during my stay. I was so much afraid to confess that I was an impostor, for I am sure the master of the transport alone would have kicked me overboard, if I had let him know that he had been so confounded polite to a ship's boy. So I blushed half from modesty and half from guilt, and accepted the invitation of the governor; sending the polite verbal refusal to the commissioner, under the plea of there being no paper or pens on board. I had so often accompanied my late master, that I knew very well how to conduct myself, and had borrowed a good deal of his air and appearance. I was a natural taste for gentility. I could write and read; not perhaps so well as I ought to have done, considering the education I had received, but still quite well enough for a lord, and indeed much better than my late master. I knew his signature well enough, although the variety of his names was almost endless to me. However, the die was cast. I ought to observe, that in one point we were not unlike—both had curly light hair and blue eyes; in other points there was no resemblance. I was by far the best looking chap of the two; and as we had been up the Mediterranean for two years, I had no fear of any doubt as to my identity until I arrived in England.

"Well, Mr. Simple, I dressed myself very carefully, put on my chains and rings, and a little perfume on my handkerchief, and accompanied the aide-de-camp to the governor's, where I was met by the governor, the Lady, and my uncle, my guardian, and a hundred other questions. At first I was much confused, which was attributed to bashfulness; and so it was, but not of the right sort. But before the day was over, I had become so accustomed to be called 'my lord'; and to my situation, that I was not even a little vexed by the motions and behaviour of the company, that I might regulate my comportment by that of good society. I remained at Gibraltar for a fortnight, and then was offered a passage in a transport ordered to Plymouth. Being an officer, of course I was free to return home, and my passport to England, I again made up my mind that I would put off my dress and title as soon as I could escape from observation; but I was prevented as before. The port admiral sent off to request the pleasure of my company to dinner. I dared not refuse; and there I was my lord as before, courted and flattered by every body. Tradesmen called to request the honour of my custom; my table at the hotel was covered with cards of all descriptions; and, to confess the truth, I liked my situation so much, and had been so accustomed to it, that I now began to dislike the idea that one day or other I must resign it, which I determined to do as soon as I quitted the place. My bill at the hotel was very extravagant, and more than I could pay; but the master said it was not of the least consequence; that of course his lordship had not provided himself with any just cause of complaint, and he would supply me with money if I required it. This, I will say, I was honest enough to refuse. I left my cards, P. P. C., as they do, Mr. Simple, in all well-regulated society, and set off in the mail for London, where I fully resolved to drop my title, and to assume the name of my mother's master, with the mournful intelligence of his death—for you see, Mr. Simple, no one knew that his lordship was dead. The captain of the transport had put him into thexebeco alive, and the vessel bound to Gibraltar had received him, as they imagined. The captain of the frigat had been sent to the governor's advice from Gibraltar, stating his lordship's recovery and return to England. Well, I had not been in the coach more than five minutes, when who should get in but a gentleman whom I had met at the port admiral's; besides which, the coachman and others knew me very well. When I arrived in London, (I still wore my midshipman's uniform,) I went to the hotel recommended to me, as I afterwards found out, the most fashionable in town, my title still following me. I now determined to put off my uniform, and dress in plain clothes;—my bill was over. I found that I was to appear in the morning made my appearance in a suit of mufli, making enquiry of the waiter which was the best conveyance to Scotland.

"I don't post-hay and four, my lord. At what time shall I order it?"

"O," replied I, "I am not sure that I shall go to-morrow."

At this moment came the master of the hotel, with the "Morning Post" in his hand, making me a low bow, and pointing to the insertion of my arrival at his hotel among the fashionables. This annoyed me; and now that I found how difficult it was to get rid of my title, I became particularly anxious to see William Cluckes, as before. Before twelve o'clock, three of the gentlemen were ushered into my sitting-room, who observing my arrival in that—*—* Morning Post, came to pay their respects; and before the day was over, I was invited and re-invited by a dozen people. I found that I was to be invited to the house of the Earl of the stream, as before at Gibraltar and Portsmouth. For three weeks I was every where; and if I found it agreeable at Portsmouth, how much more so in London! But I was not happy, Mr. Simple, because I was a cheat, every moment expecting to be found out. But it really was a nice thing to be a lord.

"At last the play was over. I had been enticed by some young men into a gambling house, where they intended to fleece me; but, for the first night, they allowed me to win, I think, about 300*l*. I was quite delighted with my success, and had agreed to meet them the next evening; but when I was at breakfast, with my logs crossed, reading the Morning Post, who should come to see me but my guardian uncle. He knew his nephew's features too well to be deceived; and my not recognising him, proved at once that I was an impostor. He must retreat, as I knew the secret, which the Clock place, the wrath of the uncle, the confusion in the hotel, the abuse of the waiters, the police-officer, and being dragged into a hackney-coach to Bow-street. There I was examined and confessed all. The uncle was so glad to find that his nephew was really dead, that he would not resent towards me, as, and after all, I had only assumed a name, but had cheated nobody, except the landlord at Portsmouth, I was sent on board the tender off the Tower, to be drafted into a man-of-war. As for my 300*l*, my clothes, &c. I never heard any more of them; but I was paid for my services by the government of the boat for my bill, and very handsomely he must have paid himself. I had two rings on my fingers, and my watch in my pocket, when I was sent on board the tender, and I stowed them away very carefully. I had also a few pounds in my purse. I was the best looking chap in Plymouth, and I was very well received. After I had been there some little time, I turned the watch and rings into money, and bought myself a good kit of clothes; for I could not bear to be dirty. I was put into the mizen-top, and no one knew that I had been a lord."

"You found some difference, I should think, in your situation?"

"Yes, I did, Mr. Simple; but I was much happier. I could not forget the ladies, and the dinners, and the opera, and all the delights of London, besides the respect paid to my title, and I often sighed for them; but the police officer and Bow-street also came to my recollection, and I shuddered at the remembrance. It had, however, one good effect; I determined to be an officer: if I could, and learnt my duty, and worked my way up to quarter-master, and thence to boatwain—and so on, I might be able to get on, and I was very glad to be so much free since. I formed ideas among my station in life, and cannot help longing to be a gentleman. It's a bad thing for a man to have ideas above his station."

"You certainly must find some difference between the life of a lord in Plymouth and that of a private soldier."

"It's many years back now, sir; but I can't get over the feeling. I can't 'ecoute with them at all. A man may have the feelings of a gentleman, although in a humble capacity; but how can I be intimate with such people as Mr. P. or Mr. Simple, the carriage drivers, and all very ill in their way. Mr. Simple, but what can you expect from officers who boil their 'tators in a cabbage-net hanging in the ship cookers, when they know that there is one third of a stove allowed them to cook their victuals on?"

"I found that three days after this conversation with Mr. Chucks, the captain ran the frigate in shore, and when within five miles we discovered two vessels under the land. We made all sail in chase, and cut them off from escaping round a sandy point which they attempted to reach. Finding that they could not effect their purpose, they ran on shore under a small battery of two guns, which commenced firing upon us. The first shot which whizzed between the masts had, to me, a most terrific sound; but the officers and men laughed at it,

so of course I pretended to do the same, but in reality I could see nothing to laugh at. The captain ordered the starboard watch to be piped to quarters, and the boats to be cleared, ready for hoisting out: we then anchored in front of the battery, and fired at the first. In the mean time the remainder of the ship's company hoisted out and lowered down four boats, which were manned and armed to storm the battery. I was very anxious to go on service, and O'Brien, who had command of the first cutter, allowed me to go with him, on condition that I should carry a musket and two fore-sheets, that the captain might not see me before the boats had shoved off. This I did, and was not discovered. We pulled in abreast towards the battery, and in less than ten minutes the boats were run on the beach, and landed. I could not see the first three guns, as we pulled close to the shore, and then ran away, so that we took possession without any fighting, which, to confess the truth, I was not sorry for, as I did not think that I was old or strong enough to cope hand to hand with a grown-up man. There were a few fishermen's boats close to the battery, and while two of the boats went on board of the vessels, to see if they could be got off, and others were spiking the guns and destroying the carriages, I went with O'Brien to examine them; they were deserted by the people, as might have been supposed, but there was a great quantity of fish in them. I immediately caught a mackerel. O'Brien pointed to a very large skate, "Murther an Irish!" cried he, "it's the very ghost of my grandmother!" well, he has her if it's only for the family likeness. Peter, put your finger into the gills, and drag her down to the bottom. I could not see my finger into the gills, and as the animal appeared quite dead, I hooked my finger into its mouth; but I made a sad mistake, for the animal was alive, and immediately closed its jaws, nipping my finger to the bone, and holding it so tight that I could not withdraw it, and the pain was too great to allow me to pull it away by main force, and tear my finger, which it held so fast. There I was, caught in a trap, and made a prisoner by a flat-fish. Fortunately, I hallooed loud enough to make O'Brien, who was close down to the boats with a large cod-fish, to hear my cry, and he came to my assistance. At first he could not help me, from laughing so much, but at last he forced open the jaw of the fish with his cutlass, and I got my finger out, and my very badly torn indeed. I then took off my garter, tied it round the tail of the skate, and dragged it to the boat, which was all the more difficult, as I could not see my finger into the gills, and as the animal appeared quite dead, it was possible to get the vessels off without unloading—so, in pursuance of the captain's orders, they were set on fire, and before we lost sight of them had burnt down to the water's edge. My finger was very bad for three weeks, and the officers laughed at me very much, saying, that I narrowly escaped being made a prisoner of by an 'old maid."

CHAPTER VI.

We continued our cruise along the coast, until we had run down into the Bay of Arcaupon, where we captured two or three vessels, and obliged many more to run on shore. And here we had an instance how very important it is that a captain of a man-of-war should be a good swimmer, and have a good knowledge of the sea; to be strictly obeyed by his ship's company. I heard the officers unanimously assert, after the danger was over, that nothing but the presence of mind which was shown by Captain Savage, could have saved the ship and her crew. We had chased a convoy of vessels to the bottom of the bay; the water was very fresh when we hauled off, after running them on shore, and the surf on the beach even at that time was so great, that they were certain to go to pieces before they could be got off again. We were obliged to double reef the top-sails as soon as we hauled to the wind, and the weather looked very threatening. In an hour afterwards, the whole sky was covered with one black cloud, which sank so low, as nearly to touch our mast heads, and a tremendous sea, which appeared to have risen up almost by magic, rolled in upon us, setting the vessels on a dead lee, and the night closed in, it blew a dreadful gale, and the ship was nearly buried with the press of canvass which she was obliged to carry, for had we sea-room, we should have been lying to under storm staysails; but we were forced to carry on at a risk, that we might clear off before the sea broke over us. As we lay in the trough, deluged as with water from the fore-castle aft, to the binnacles; and very often as the ship descended with a plunge, it was with such force, that I really thought she would divide in half with the

violence of the shock. Double breaching were now down on the guns, and they were further secured with tackles, and strong cleats nailed behind the trunnions, for we heeled over so much when we lurched, that the guns were wholly supported by the breechings and the tackles, and had one of them broke loose it must have broke right through the lee side of the ship, and she must have foundered. The captain, first lieutenant, and most of the officers, remained on deck during the whole of the night; and really, what with the howling of the wind, the violence of the rain, the washing of the water about the decks, the working of the chain pumps, and the creaking and groaning of the timbers, I thought that we must inevitably be lost; and I said my prayers at least a dozen times during the night, for I felt it impossible to go to bed. I had often wished, out of curiosity, that I might be in a gale of wind, but I little thought it was to have been a scene of this description, or any thing half so dreadful. What made it more appalling was, that we were on a lee shore, and the consultations of the captain and officers, and the eagerness with which they looked out for daylight, and the fact that we had other dangers to encounter besides the storm. At last the morning broke, and the look-out man upon the gangway called out, "Land on the lee beam." I perceived the master dash his fist against the hammock rail, as if with vexation, and walk away without looking back, and looking very angry.

"Up there, Mr. Wilson," said the captain to the second lieutenant, "and see how far the land trends forward, and whether you can distinguish the point." The second lieutenant went up the main rigging, and pointed with his hand to about two points before the beam. "You see two hillocks in the main?"

"Yes, sir," replied the second lieutenant.

"Then it is so," observed the captain to the master, "and if we weather it, we shall have more sea room. Keep her full, and let her go through the water; do you see, quarter-master?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Thus, and no nearer, my man. Ease her with a spoke or two when she sends; but be careful, or she'll take the wheel out of your hands."

It really was a very full sea. When the ship was so close to the young men, you could distinguish nothing but a waste of tumultuous water; but when she was borne up on the summit of the enormous waves, you then looked down, as it were, upon a low, sandy coast, close to you, and covered with foam and breakers. "Now she sends," observed the captain, "and you must pull aft to the binnacle, and looking at the compass; if the wind does not baffle us, we shall weather." The captain had scarcely time to make the observation, when the helm shivered and flapped like thunder. "Up with the helm: what are you about quarter-master?"

"The wind has heaved us, sir," replied the quarter-master, coolly.

The captain and master remained at the binnacle watching the compass, and when the sails were again full she had broken off two points, and the point of land was only a little on the lee bow.

"We must wear her round, Mr. Falcon. Hands, wear ship—ready, oh, ready."

"She has come up again," cried the master, who was at the binnacle.

"Hold fast there a minute. How's her head now?"

"She's N.E., as she was before she broke off."

"Pipe easy," said the captain. "Falcon, continued he, "if she breaks off again we may have no room to wear; indeed, there is so little room now, that I must run the risk. Which cable was ranged last night—the best power?"

"Yes, sir."

"Jump down, then, and see it well double-bitted and secured at thirty fathoms. See it done before—our lives may depend upon it."

The ship continued to hold her course good; and we were within half a mile of the point, and fully expected to weather it, when again the wet and heavy sails dapped in the wind, and the ship broke off two points as before. The officers and seamen were agast, for the ship's head was right on to the breakers. "Luff now, all you can, quarter-master," cried the captain. "Send the men aft directly to the mainmast, there is no time for us: we are going to club-head the ship for there is no room to wear. The only chance you have of safety, is to be cool, watch my eye, and execute my orders with precision. Away to your stations for taking ship. Hands! heave the best power and the mainmast, ready to cut away the cable at the moment that I give the order. Silence there, fore and aft. Quarter-master,

keep her full again for stays. Mind you ease the helm down when I tell you. About a minute passed before the captain gave any further orders. The ship had closed to within a quarter of a mile of the beach, and the heavy surf was now tapping against us, heaving us up and down upon the shore, which presented one continued surface of foam, extending to within half a cable's length of our position, at which distance the enormous waves culminated and fell with the report of thunder. The captain slowly turned his head in silence to the quarter-master at the wheel, and the helm was put down. The ship turned slowly to the wind, pitching and chopping as the sails were spilling. When she had lost her way, the captain gave the order, "Let go the anchor. We will haul all at once, Mr. Falcon," said the captain.

Not a word was said in regard to the fore-braces, which had not been manned; most of them knew, although I did not, that if the ship's head did not go round the other way, we should be on shore, and at the moment the breakers, in half a minute. I thought at the time that the captain meant that he would haul all the yards (once, they appeared to be doing so) on the countenance of Mr. Falcon; and I was afterwards told, that he had not agreed with the captain, but he was too good an officer, and knew that there was no time for discussion, to make any remark; and the next minute the ship was heeled over to the fore-braces, which had been manned; and the ship was heeled round, and the captain gave the signal. The yards flew wind, with a creaking noise, that I thought the masts had gone over the side, and the next moment the wind had caught the sails, and the ship, which for a moment or two had been on an even keel, careened over to her gunnel with its bows. The captain, who stood upon the weather hammock rails, holding by the main rigging, ordered the helm amidships, looked full at the sails, and then at the cable, which was bearing upon the weather bow and held the ship from veering about. At last he cried, "Let go the cable. A few strokes of the axes were heard, and then the cable flew out of the hawse-hole in a blaze of fire, from the violence of the friction, and disappeared under a deluge of water, which struck us as we were now, and hugged us with water fore and aft. But we were not to be alarmed. The ship regained her way, and we had evidently increased our distance from the land."

"My lads," said the captain to the ship's company, "you have behaved well, and I thank you; but I must tell you honestly, that we have more difficulties to get through. We have to wear round this point, say on the weather side, and the ship regained her way, and we had evidently increased our distance from the land. The wind," said the captain to the ship's company, "you have behaved well, and I thank you; but I must tell you honestly, that we have more difficulties to get through. We have to wear round this point, say on the weather side, and the ship regained her way, and we had evidently increased our distance from the land. The wind," said the captain to the ship's company, "you have behaved well, and I thank you; but I must tell you honestly, that we have more difficulties to get through. We have to wear round this point, say on the weather side, and the ship regained her way, and we had evidently increased our distance from the land."

"S.V. by S. Southerly, sir."

"Very well; let her go through the water; and the captain beckoning to the master to follow him went down into the cabin. As our immediate danger was over, I went down into the berth to see if I could get any thing for breakfast, where I found O'Brien and two or three more.

"By the powers, it was as nate as ever I saw done," observed O'Brien; "the slightest mistake as to time or management, and at this moment the flat fish would have been dubbing at our ugly carcasses. Peter, you're not fond of flat fish, are you, my boy? We may thank heaven and the captain, I can tell you that, my lads; but now, where's the chart, Robinson. Hand me down the parallel rules and compass."

"Here we are now, a devilish sight too near this infernal point. Who knows how her head is?"

"I do, O'Brien; I heard the quarter-master tell the captain, S.W. by S. Southerly."

"That's all right, O'Brien," variation 21-4—lee was—rather too large an allowance of that, I'm afraid; but however, we'll give her 21-2 points; the Orinoco would blow to make any more, under any circumstances. Here—the compass—now we'll see;" and O'Brien advanced the parallel rules and compass to the spot where the ship was placed on the chart.

"Bother! you see it's as much as she'll do to weather the other point now, on this tack, and that's what the captain meant when he told us we had more difficulty. I could have taken my bible out that we were clear of every thing, and the wind held."

See what the distance is, O'Brien," said Robinson. It was measured, and proved to be thirteen miles. "Only thirteen miles; and if we do weather, we shall do very well, for the bay is deep beyond. It's a rocky point, you see, just by way of variety. Well, my lads, I'll be thankful for you, and I'll be glad to find that you'll be kept in suspense, for by one o'clock this day you'll either be congratulating each other upon your good luck, or you'll be past praying for. Come,

put up the chart, for I hate to look at melancholy prospects—and, steward, see what you can find in the way of comfort." Some bread and cheese, with the remains of yesterday's boiled pork, were put on the table, with a bottle of rum, procured at the time they spliced the main-brace; but we were all too anxious to get to rest, and one by one returned on deck, to see how the weather was, and if the wind at all favoured us. On deck the superior officers were in conversation with the captain, who had expressed the same fear that O'Brien had in our berth. The men, who could not wait to expect—for this sort of intelligence is soon communicated through a ship—were assembled in knots, looking very grave, but at the same time not wanting in confidence. They knew that they could trust to the captain, as far as his skill or courage could avail them, and sailors are too sanguine to despair, even at the last moment. As for myself, I felt such admiration for the captain, after what I had witnessed that morning, that whenever the idea came over me, that in all probability I should be lost in a few hours, I could not help acknowledge my indebtedness to him, and that it was such a man should be lost to his country. I do not intend to say that it consoled me; but it certainly made me still more regret the chances with which we were threatened.

Before twelve o'clock, the rocky point which we so much dreaded to see, was right broad on the point, and if the low, sandy coast appeared terrible, how much more did this, even at a distance; the black masses of rock covered with foam, which each minute dashed up in the air higher than our lower mast heads. The captain eyed it for some minutes in silence, as if in calculation.

"Mr. Falcon," said he at last, "we must put the mainsail on her."

"She never can bear it, sir."

"She must bear it," was the reply. "Send the men aft to the main sheet. See that careful men attend the bantlines."

The mainsail was set, and the effect of it upon the ship was tremendous. She careened over so that her lee channels were under the water, and when pressed by a sea, the lee side of the quarter deck and gangway were almost adored. The ship was now in a most fiery hour, mad with the stimulus applied; not rising as before, but forcing herself through whole seas, and dividing the waves, which poured in one continual torrent from the forecastle down upon the decks below. The men on the mainmast were quite belated—the sailors were obliged to cling to prevent being washed overboard. The ropes were thrown in confusion, the leeward—the shot rolled out of the lockers, and every eye was fired aloft, watching the masts, expected every moment to go over the side. A heavy sea struck us on the broadside, and it was some moments before the ship appeared to recover herself; she reeled, trembled, and stopped her way as if it had stupified her. The first lieutenant looked at the captain, as if to say, "This will not do." "It is our only chance," answered the captain, to the ap- peal. That the ship went faster through the water, and held a better wind, was certain; but just before we arrived at the point, the gale increased in force. "If any thing starts we are lost, sir," observed the first lieutenant again.

"I am perfectly aware of it," replied the captain, in a calm tone, as if he said before, and you best now be aware, it is our only chance. The consequence of any carelessness or neglect in the fitting and securing of the rigging, will be felt now; and this danger, if we escape it, ought to remind us how much we have to avoid the neglect of our duty. The lives of a whole ship's company may be sacrificed by the neglect or incompetence of an officer when in harbour. I will pay you the compliment, Falcon, to say, that I feel convinced that the masts of this ship are as secure as knowledge and attention can make them."

The first lieutenant thanked the captain for his good opinion, and hoped it would not be the last compliment which he paid him.

"I hope not too; but a few minutes will decide the point."

The ship was now within two cables' lengths of the rocky point; some few of the men I observed to clap their hands, but most of them were silently taking off their jackets, and kicking off their shoes, that they might not lose a chance of escape provided the ship struck. "Twill be touch and go indeed, Falcon," observed the captain, as he lay back, his legs lolling in his seat, close to them, for the last half hour, the mainsail had been set. "Come aft, you and I must take the helm. We shall want nerve there, and only there, now."

The captain and first lieutenant went aft, and took the fore spoke of the wheel, and O'Brien, it is said, made by the captain, laid hold of the spokes behind him. An old quarter-master took his station at the fourth. The roaring of the seas on the rocks, with the howling of the wind, were dreadful; but the sight was more dreadful than the noise. For a few moments I shut my eyes, but anxiety forced me to open them again. As near as I could judge, we were not twenty yards from the rocks at the time that the ship passed abreast of them. We were in the midst of the foam which boiled around us; and as the ship was driven nearer to them, and careened with the wave, I thought that our main yard-arm would have touched the rock; and at this moment a gust of wind came on, which laid the ship on her beam-ends and checked her progress through the water, while the accumulated noise was deafening. A few moments more the ship dragged on, another wave dashed over her and spent itself upon the rocks, while the spray was dashed back from them, and returned upon the decks. The main rock was within ten yards of her counter, when another gust of wind laid us on our beam ends, the foremast and mainmast split, and were blown clean out of the bolt ropes, the ship righted, trembling fore and aft. I looked astern; the rocks were to windward on our quarter, and we were safe. I thought at the time, that the ship relieved of her courses, and again lifting over the waves, was not a bad simile of the relief felt by us all at that moment; and, like her, we trembled as we parted with the sudden reaction, and felt the removal of the intense anxiety which oppressed our breasts.

The captain resigned the helm, and walked aft to look at the point, which was now broad on the weather quarter. In a minute or two, he desired Mr. Falcon to get new sails up and bend them, and then went below to his cabin. I am sure it was to thank God for our deliverance: I did most fervently, not only then, but when I went to my hammock at night.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life and Writings of Major Jack Downing, of Downingsville, away down east in the state of Maine. Written by himself. Boston—Lilly, Wait, & Co.

These amusing letters have been laying on our table for some days without our having space to notice them. It must be a good joke that makes a whole nation laugh; and such is the queer idea of embodying a fictitious character, who, with abundance of wit, touches upon matters of such a public and local nature, as to interest every body. We presume both political parties have laughed at them, and for their information we may state that the present publication contains, besides a droll life of the major, and a number of letters which appeared before the writer had attracted sufficient notice to make his way into the generality of the newspapers, so that the most devoted admirer of Jack will find here new food for laughter.

There are two Major Downings; the original is the editor of the Portland Courier, by general belief; the second, but quite his equal, and so-called only because he commenced later in the day, is a Mr. Davis, a merchant of New York—he corresponds with the New York Daily Advertiser, and a few of his letters are in this volume, under the title of "Some of Major Downing's letters which he never wrote." The volume is well printed, and has some fair wood cuts—including a likeness of the major, and "A View of Downingsville from Uncle Joshua's Barn-yard."

The world is a cracked ball; it rattles, but does not ring.

There are men who never go wrong, because they never entertain any sensible project.

VARIETIES.

Geographical Anecdote.—A contemporary of Selden gives an anecdote of the puritanical divines, which shows how admirably that learned man amused himself at their ignorance. They were discussing the distance between Jerusalem and Jericho, with a perfect ignorance of sacred or ancient geography; one said it was twenty miles, another ten, and at last it was concluded to be only seven, for this strange reason, that fish was brought from Jericho to Jerusalem market! Selden observed, that "possibly the fish in question was salted," and silenced these acute disputants.

Roses.—In Gazepore roses are planted in fields, containing hundreds of acres, for the purpose of preparing their precious essence, the *atta gool*. It requires 200,000 roses to produce the weight of a rupee in attar, yet a quart of the strongest rose-water (*goudabee paunee*) may be purchased for one shilling.—*Asiatic Journal*.

A Babal has just been added to the Menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes; an animal from the interior of Africa, having the body of a camelopard and the head of a cow.

Ellen Tree is said to be by the English papers the best looking woman and the best comic actress in existence. It is reported that she of late has felt the *Kran* sensation of love.

Mr. and Mrs. Long Wellesley have separated, she in great pecuniary want, and he living at Calais, at the cost of 30,000*fr.* a year.

We are informed that Hamlet has been placed in the hands of an eminent composer, by the talented double lessee, Mr. Bunb. Madame Pasta is engaged to play Hamlet, and Madame Malibron will appear as the ghost.

The furniture of the Duchesse de Berry at the Castle of Baye, is in possession of a coral maker at Bordeaux, who is making his fortune by selling it.

The wealthy Russian Count Demidoff, has given 20,000*fr.* for M. Delacroix the painter's Death of Lady Jane Grey.

Henry Jones Theatre has been entirely "re-decorated and refurnished," as the advertisements say.—The prevailing colour is a light pink with lemon stiles, and the ornaments are of burnished silver.

From Goethe's Posthumous Works.

Modern poets pour a great deal of water in their ink. The greatest difficulties are found where they are least expected.

In the works of man, as in those of nature, their purpose and design are the proper objects of our attention.

The greatest good that we derive from history is that it awakens enthusiasm.

Literature is a fragment of a fragment. Of all that ever happened, or has been said, but a fraction has been written; and of this latter but little is extant.

Shakespeare is dangerous to budding talent,—he compels it to reproduce him, while it fancies it is producing itself.

Wisdom exists only in truth.

The smallest hair casts its shadow.

There are not always groves where there is water, but where we hear them croak we may be sure the latter is not far off.

Many knock at random on the wall with the hammer, and fancy they hit the nail on the head every time. Historical writing is a way of getting rid of the past.

What we do not understand we do not possess.

Foresight is simple, retrospection manifold.

One who feels not love must learn to flatter, or he will never succeed.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

T. Hood has announced his Comic Annual this year in his usual quaint way; purporting to be a letter found in the post office without subscription, and of which the following is the copy:—

"My dear sir,—You are perfectly and naturally right. The Comic Annual ought certainly to clear out in time for the trade winds to carry it through the Strait of Paternoster. It is far better, in that latitude, to have a safe than to be rocking. You may safely advertise that the Comic will leave your dock, *outward bound*; and if you should call it A. I., it would sound no worse to the 'Subscribers at Lloyd's.' My literary rigging, except a few lines, is all standing, and the blockmakers have done their part. This season's motto would rather Diddishin, but it will come appropriately from a street that is named after the feet. With regard to my novel, the shell of 'Tylicy Hall' is

completed, and the whole building, in one story, is expected to be printed and paped very early in December. You can treat in the meantime with parties who may be disposed to occupy themselves with the premises; and a reading lease for a term of ninety-nine years will not be at all objected to.—My dear sir, yours very truly,

T. HOOD.

"Lake House, Wanstead, October 1, 1833."

With numerous Embellishments by Lane and Slater, a new Musical Annual, entitled *The Musical Keepsake*.

Hamden in the Nineteenth Century, or Colloquies on the Errors and Improvement of Society.

Another *Numeral* publication, the Sacred Classics, or Cabinet Library of Divinity, with an original Introductory Essay to each Author; edited by the Rev. R. Cattermole, B. D. and the Rev. H. Stebbing, M. A.

A Treatise on the Preservation and Improvement of the Hair, by a member of the College of Surgeons.

A Catechism of Whist, compiled from "Bell's Life in London."

New American Publications.

Scarcely any thing of interest has been published since our last Journal, and we have devoted so much space to the story of Peter Simple, that we can only mention "The Sketch Book of Fashion," and "The Naval Officer," by the author of Peter Simple. We shall bring up our "lee way" next week.

We have many indications of a wish that we should publish more of Peter Simple every week. It may be as well to state, that the story originally appeared in the London Metropolitan in monthly parts much as we are publishing it. In that periodical it has lately been discontinued, in order that a book edition may have a chance of selling with the conclusion exclusive in its pages. The book edition has not yet appeared in London; as soon as it is received, we shall proceed more rapidly, and conclude it as soon as the limits of our Journal will admit.

An American edition, in two small volumes, has been published; the second carries the story to where it closes in the Metropolitan, but of course no further.—The price of these volumes is \$1.25, equal to three months' subscription to this publication! in which it could have been inserted at a cost to subscribers of only about 37½ cents, and still less in its present shape. The author has done with his pen all that Matthews effected with the aid of dress, scenery, and music—he makes one laugh in spite of oneself.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Three more numbers will conclude the second volume of the "Library," when, as we have previously announced, all who have not made payment will be struck from the subscription list, and their accounts placed in the hands of collectors, at the rate of \$6. As it is believed that a sufficient *quid pro quo* has been given, no hesitation is felt in making a demand for payment, the terms of which were explicit and have been more than complied with.

To those who have punctually discharged the small due for the two volumes, the proprietor returns sincere acknowledgments, and begs the same operation may be repeated for the forthcoming volumes; we have as good materials left as we have furnished, and increasing facilities, by which we hope to give general satisfaction.

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

From the London Metropolitan.

PETER SIMPLE.

(Continued.)

We were now comparatively safe, in a few hours completely so, for strange to say, immediately after we had weathered the rocks, the gale subsided, and before morning we had a reef out of the topsails. It was my forenoon watch, and perceiving Mr. Chucks on the forecastle, I went forward to him, and asked him what he thought of it.

"Thought of it, sir?" replied he. "Why I always think bad of it, when the elements would let my whistle to be heard; and I consider it hardly fair play I never care if we are left to our own exertions; but how is it possible for a ship's company to do their best, when they cannot hear the boatswain's pipe? However, God be thanked, nevertheless, I make better Christians of us all! As for that carpenter, he is mad; just before we weathered the point, he told me that it was just the same 27,600 and odd years ago. I do believe that his death-bed, (and he was not far from a very hard one yesterday, that he will tell us how he died so many thousand years ago of the same complaint. And that gunner of ours is a fool. Would you believe it, Mr. Simple, he went crying about the decks, 'O my poor guns! what will become of them, if they break loose?' He appeared to consider it of no consequence if the ship and ship's company were lost, provided that his guns were safe landed on the beach. As for Dupart, said I, at last, allow me to observe in the most delicate way in the world, that you're a d—d old fool. You see, Mr. Simple, it's the duty of an officer to generalize, and be attentive to parts, in consideration of the safety of the whole; but I do not care for any of them in particular, but because the safety of the ship depends upon her being well found. I might just as well cry because we sacrificed an anchor and a cable yesterday morning, to save the ship from going on shore."

"Very true, Mr. Chucks," replied I.

"Private feelings," continued he, "must always be sacrificed for public service. As you know, the lower deck was full of water, and all our cabins and chests were afloat; but I did not think then about my skins, and look at them now, all blowing out in the fore-rigging, without a particle of starch left in the collars or the frills. I shall not be able to appear as an officer just to do for the whole of the cruise."

"As he said this, the coopers going forward, passed by him and jostled him in passing. "Beg pardon, sir," said the man, "but the ship lurches."

"The ship lurches, did it?" replied the boatswain, who I heard was not in the best of humours about his wardrobe. "Mr. Cooper, my boy, Cooper, why has heaven granted you two legs, with joints at the knees, except to enable you to counteract the horizontal deviation? Do you suppose they were meant for nothing but to work round a cask with? Hark, sir, did you allow me just to scrub your pig's hide against it? Let me see, Mr. Cooper, it is your duty to inebriate, that when you pass an officer, it is your duty to keep at a respectable distance, and not to soil his clothes with your rusty iron jacket. Do you comprehend, sir? Will this make you recollect it in future?" "The ratin was raised, and he came into the shower of blows, until the coopers, who were going into the head. "There take that, you contaminating, dirty-debbling, gimblet-carrying quintessence of a bung-hole!" "Very true, Mr. Simple, for interrupting the conversation, but when duty calls we must obey."

"Very true, Mr. Simple, for interrupting the conversation, but when duty calls we must obey."

"A few days afterwards, a cutter joined us from Ply-

mouth, with orders for the frigate to proceed forthwith to Gibraltar, where we should learn our destination. We were all very glad of this; for we had quite enough of cruising in the Bay of Biscay; and as we understood that we were to be stationed in the Mediterranean, we hoped to exchange gales of wind and severe weather for fine breezes and a bright sky. The cutter brought out our letters and newspapers. I never felt more happy than I did when I found one put into my hands. It is necessary to be far from home and friends, to feel the real delight of receiving a letter. I went down into the most solitary place in the stowage, that I might enjoy it without interruption. I cried with pleasure before I had read the contents.—For my eldest brother, Tom, was dead of a typhus fever. Tom! when I called to mind what tricks he used to play—how he used to borrow my money and never obey him, because he was my dear brother—I shed a torrent of tears at his loss; and then I reflected how miserable my poor mother must be, and I cried still more.

"What's the matter, spooney?" said O'Brien, coming up to me. "Who has been licking you now?"

"Nobody," replied I; "but my eldest brother, Tom, is dead, and I have only one other about three years old."

"Well, Peter, I dare say that your brother was a very good brother; but I'll tell you a secret. When you've lived long enough to have a beard to scrape at, you'll know better than to make a fuss about a brother. But you're a good, innocent boy just now, so won't thrash you for it. Come, dry your eyes, Peter, and never mind it. We'll drink his health and long life to him after supper, and then never think any more about it."

I was very melancholy for a few days; but it was so delightful running down the Portuguese and Spanish coast, the weather was so warm, and the sea so smooth, that I almost forgot my brother's death sooner than I ought to have done, but my spirits were cheered up, and the novelty of the scene prevented me from being very curious. Every one, too, was so gay and happy, that I could not well be otherwise. In a fortnight we were anchored in Gibraltar Bay, and the ship was stripped to reef. There was so much duty to be done, that I did not like to ask to go on shore. Indeed Mr. Falcon had refused some of my messmates, and I thought it better not to ask, although I was very anxious to see a place which was considered so extraordinary. One afternoon I went on board after the gangway as the people were at supper, and Mr. Falcon called up to me and said, "Well, Mr. Simple, what are you thinking of?" I replied, touching my hat, that I was wondering how they had cut out the solid rock into galleries, and that they must be very curious."

"That is to say, that you are very curious to see them. Well, then, since you have been very attentive to your duty, and have not asked to go on shore, I will give you leave to go to-morrow morning, and stay till gun-fire."

I was very much pleased at this, as the officers had a general invitation to dine with the mess, and I could obtain leave being requested to come, I was enabled to join the party. The first lieutenant had excused himself on the plea of there being so much to attend to on board, but most of the gun-room officers and some of the midshipmen obtained leave. We walked about the town and fortifications until about five, and then we proceeded to the barracks. The dinner was very good, and we were all very merry; but after the evening had been brought in, I lapsed away with a young fellow, who took me all over the galleries and explained every thing to me, which was a much better way of employing my time than was the others did, which the reader will acknowledge. I was at the officers' port before gun-fire—the boat was there, but no sailers made their appearance. The gun fired, the draw-bridge was hauled

up, and I was afraid that I should be blamed; but the boat was not ordered to shoot me; it was waiting for commissioned officers. About an hour afterwards, when it was quite dark, the sentry pointed his arms and challenged a person advancing with, "Who comes there?" "Naval officer, drunk on a wheel-barrow," was the recovered his arms, singing in return as "Pass, naval officer, drunk on a wheel-barrow—and all's well." Upon which the sentry appeared a soldier in his fatigue dress, wheeling down the third lieutenant in a wheel-barrow so tipsy that he could not stand or speak. The sentry challenged again, and the answer was, "Another naval officer, drunk on a wheel-barrow," upon which the sentry replied as before, "Pass, another naval officer, drunk on a wheel-barrow—and all's well." This time, however, and so they continued for ten minutes, challenging and passing, until they wheeled down the remainder of the party, with the exception of the second lieutenant, who walked arm and arm with the officer who brought the order for firing the draw-bridge. I was much shocked, for I considered it very disgraceful; but I afterwards was told, which certainly admitted of some excuse, that the mess were notorious for putting up with any of their guests to leave the table, and that they were all safely put in bed, and I am glad that they were; but I could not help acknowledging that an observation made by one of the men, that the officers were handed into the boat, "I say Bill, if them were seen, it's precious twisting we should get to-morrow at six bell."

CHAPTER VII.

The ship remained in Gibraltar bay about three weeks, during which time we had refitted the rigging fore and aft, restored and cleaned the hold, and painted outside. She never looked more beautiful than she did, when in obedience to our orders we made sail to join the admiral. We passed Europa Point with a fair wind, and at sunset we were sixty miles from the rock, yet it was distinctly to be seen, like a blue cloud, but the outline perfectly correct. I mention this, as perhaps my reader would not have believed that it was possible to see land at such a distance. We steered for Cape de Galle, and the next day were close in shore. I was very much delighted with the Spanish coast, mountain upon mountain, till upon hills, covered with vines nearly to their summits. We might have gone on shore at some places, for at that time we were friendly with the Spaniards, but the captain was in too great a hurry to join the admiral. We had very light winds, and a day or two afterwards we were off Valencia, nearly becalmed. I was on the gangway, looking through a telescope at the houses and gardens round the city, when Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, came up to me. "Mr. Simple, oblige me with that glass a moment, I wish to see if a building still remains there, which I have some reason to remember."

"What were you ever on shore there?" said I.

"Yes, I was, Mr. Simple, and nearly stranded, but I got off again without much damage."

"How do you mean, were you wrecked, then?"

"Not my ship, Mr. Simple, but my peace of mind I was for some time; but it's many years ago, when I was first made boatswain of a corvette; (during this conversation he was looking through the telescope) there it is," said he, "I have it in the field. Look, Mr. Simple, do you see a small church, with a spire of glazed tiles, shining like a needle?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, then, just above it, a little to the right, there is a long white house, with four small windows—below the grove of orange trees."

"I see it," replied I, "but what about that house, Mr. Chucks?"

"Why, thereby hangs a tale," replied he, giving a

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high, which raised and then lowered the frill of his shirt at least six inches.

"I'll tell you, Mr. Simple. With one who lived in that house, I was for the first, and for the last time, in love."

"Indeed! I should like very much to hear the story."
 "So you shall, Mr. Simple, but I must beg that you will not mention it, as young gentlemen are apt to quibble and I think that being quizzed hurts my authority with the men. It is now about sixteen years back, we were then on good terms with the Spaniards, as we are now I was then little more than thirty years old, and had just received my warrant as boatswain. I was considered a well-looking young man at that time, although lately I have, to a certain degree, got the better of that."

"Well, I consider you a remarkably good-looking man now, Mr. Chucks."

"Thank you, Mr. Simple; but nothing improves by age, that I know of, except rum. I used to dress very smart, and 'cut the boatswain' when I was on shore—and perhaps I had not lost so much of the polish I had picked up in good society. One evening I was walking in the Plaza, when I saw a female ahead, who appeared to be the prettiest moulded little vessel that ever cast my eyes on. I followed in her wake, and examined her; such a clean run I never beheld—she went, too, in all her rigging—every thing so nice!

"

stowed under hatches. And then she sailed along in such a style, at one moment lifting so lightly, just like a frigate, with her topsails on the caps, that can't help going along. At another time, as she turned a corner sharp up in the wind—wake as straight as an arrow—no lee-way. I made all sail to sheer along side of her, and when under her quarter, examined her closely. Never saw such a fine swell in the counter, and all trim—no ropes towing overboard. Well, Mr. Simple, said to myself, 'D—n it, if her figure had and could be copied off by the same builder, she's perfect.' So

he snatched his head, and yawned a little—caught a peep at her through her veil, and saw two black eyes—as bright as beads, and as large as damsons. I saw quite enough, and not wishing to frighten her, I dropped asterisks. Shortly afterwards she altered her course, steering for that white house. Just as she was abreast of it, and I playing about her weather quarter, the priests came by in procession, taking her to know somebody who was dying. My little boat was towed by the topgallant-sail out of respect, as other nations used to do, and ought now, and she bowed to them, whenever they pass the flag of old England.”

“How do you mean?” enquired I.

"I mean that she spread her white handkerchiefs which fluttered in her hand as she went along, and knelt down upon it on one knee. I did the same, because I was obliged to leave to, to keep my mistress from seeing me. I was not in the least in a hurry. When she got up, I was on my legs also; but in a hurry, I had not chosen a very clean place, and I felt that, when I got up again, that my white jean trousers were in a shocking mess. The young lady was round, and, being so comfortable, she was not in the least in a hurry to leave the house, while I stood there like a fool, first looking at the door of the house, and then my trousers. However, I thought that I might make it the means of being acquainted with her, so I went to the door and knocked. The young lady came to the door, and her father, came out. I pointed to my trousers, and requested him in Spanish to allow me a little water to clean them. The daughter then came from within, and told her father how the accident had happened. The old gentleman, who was a very English officer, and a very good Christian, and appeared to be a very sensible man, asked me very politely to come and sent an old woman for some water. I observed that he was smoking a bit of paper, and having very fortunately found a couple of dozen of real Havana cigars in my pocket, (for I had a great quantity of these cigars, which I had bought in the city of Mexico,) I took them out, and begged his acceptance of them. My eyes glistened at the sight of them, but he refused to take more than one; however, I insisted upon taking the whole bundle, thinking that I should have more to send to my dear friends, and that I might make it up with him. He then requested me to sit down and the old woman brought some sour wine, which I declared was very good, although it made me quite sick afterwards. He enquired of me what I did for a living. I told him that I was a physician, and that I was a Catholic, for they call us heretics, Mr. Simple. The daughter then came in without her veil, and she

preference, but I did not look at her, or pay her any attention after the first salutation, I was so afraid of making the old gentleman suspicious. He then asked me what I was—what sort of officer I was—captain or lieutenant? I answered that I was not, again, but with an air of contempt, as if I was something better. What was I then? I did not know the Spanish for boatswain, and I told him the truth, I was of the condition of a private soldier. That the young officer in Spanish called *corredor*, which means a corrector in English, or one who punishes. Now I thought that quite near enough for my purpose, and I replied that I was the corrector. Nov. Mr. Sanguino, in consequence of the conditions of the sequence, so they imagined that I must be the name, and they appeared to be pleased. The young lady then enquired if I was of good family, whether I was a gentleman or not. I replied that I was, and she said that she would be my mother-in-law when my sgar was finished; I then rose, and thanked the old gentleman for his civility, begged that I might be allowed to bring him a few more sgar, and then took my leave. The daughter opened the door, and I kissed her, and refrain from taking her hand, and kissing her.

"Where's Mr. Chucks? call the boatswain there for ward," hallooed out the first lieutenant.

"Here I am, sir," replied Mr. Chucks, hastening aft and leaving me and his story.

"The captain of the maintop reports the breast back stay much chafed in the serving. Go up and examine it," said the first lieutenant.

"Yes, sir," replied the boatswain, who immediately went up the rigging.

"Yes, sir," replied I; and thus our conversation was broken up.

The weather changed that night, and we had a succession of rain and baffling wind for six or seven days during which I had no opportunity of hearing the remainder of the boatswain's history. We joined the fleet off Toulon, closed the admiral's ship, and the captain went on board to pay his respects. When he returned, we found out through the first lieutenant, that we were to remain with the fleet until the arrival of another frigate, expected in about a fortnight, and that the admiral had promised that we should have a cruise. The second day after we had joined, we were ordered to form part of the in-shore squadron, consisting of two line-of-battle ships and four frigates. The French fleet used to come out and manoeuvre within range of the

batteries, or if they proceeded further from the shore they took good care that they had a leading wind to return again into port. We had been in shore about a week, every day running close in, and counting the French fleet in the harbour, to see that they were safe, and reporting it to the admiral by signal, when one fine morning, the whole of the French vessels were perceived to hoist their topsails, and in less than an hour they were under weigh, and came out of the harbour. We were always prepared for action, night or day.

shot, and indeed often exchanged a shot or two with the batteries when we reconnoitered; the in-shore squadrons could not, of course, cope with the whole French fleet, and our own was about twelve miles in the offing, but the captain of the line-of-battle ship who commanded us, however, was, as I have said, a man of great nerve, and, hence, to us, hope to us, an Jff in defiance, hoping to entice the French further out. This was not very easy to do, as the French knew that a shift of wind might put it out of their power to refuse an action, which was what we wanted. We would avoid and what we were so anxious to bring about. I say that, because I was not so very anxious about it. To tell the truth, I was not so very anxious, for I was not afraid, but I had an unpleasant notion that at the noise of a cannon ball, which I had not expected to hear. However, four of the French frigates

yards sail towards us, and hoove to, when within five miles, three or four line-of-battle ships following them as if to support them. Our captain made signal for permission to close the enemy, which was granted, we hauled down our pennants, and those of another frigates. We immediately made all sail, beat to quarters, put out our flag, and opened the magazines. The French line-of-battle ships perceiving that only two of our frigates were sent against their four, have to attack the nearest distance from their frigates, as ours are of battle size and other frigates of smaller force. In the mean time our main fleet continued to work in shore under a powerful fire from the French main fleet also gradually approached the detached ships. The whole scene presented me of the tournaments I had read of: it

a challenge in the lists, only that the enemy were two to one; a fair acknowledgment on their parts of our superiority. In about an hour we closed so near, that

superiority. In about an hour we closed so near, that the French frigates made sail and commenced firing. We reserved our fire until within a quarter of a mile, when we poured our broadside into the headmost frigate, engaging with her on opposite decks. The Sea-

grate, exchanging with her on opposite sides. The Sea-horse, who followed us, also gave her a broadside. In this way we exchanged broadsides with the whole four and we had the best of it, for they could not load so fast as we could. We were both ready again for the frigates as they passed us, but they were not ready with their broadside for the Sea-horse, who followed us very closely, so that they had two broadsides each, and we had only four in the *Diomedé*, the Sea-horse not having one. Our rigging was cut up a great deal, and we had six or seven men wounded, but none killed. The French frigates suffered more, and their admiral per-

French frigates suffered more, and the admiral, perceiving that they were cut up a good deal, made the signal of recall. In the mean time we had both tacked, and were ranging up on the weather quarter of the sternmost frigate; the line-of-battle ships perceiving this, ran down with the wind, two points free, to support their frigates, and our in-shore squadron made all sail to support us, nearly laying up for where we were.

But the wind was what is called at sea a soldier's wind, that is, blowing so that the ships could lie either way, so as to run out or into the harbour, and the French frigates, in obedience to their orders, made sail for their fleet in shore, the line-of-battle ships coming out to support them. But our captain would not give it up, although we all continued to hear the French line-of-

battle ships every minute—we ran in with the frigates, exchanging broadsides with them as fast as we could. One of them lost her fore topmast, and dropped astern, and we hoped to cut her off, but the others shortened sail to support her. This continued for four or five minutes, when the French line-of-battle ships were not more than a mile from us, and our own commodore had made the signal of our recall, for he thought that we should be overpowered by the enemy. But the sea-horse, who saw that the French were not so strong, and that we should be victorious, did not repeat it, and our commodore, who was a brave man, did not see it, and ordered the ships to continue the action. We were now within half a mile of the enemy, and our commodore, who was a brave man, did not see it, and ordered the ships to continue the action.

tain was determined not to see it, and ordered the signal man not to look that way. The action continued, two of the French frigates were cut to pieces, and complete wrecks, when the French line-of-battle ships commenced firing. It was then high time to be off. We each of us poured in another broadside, and then wore round for our own squadron, which were about four miles off, and rather to leeward, standing in to our assistance.

And we wound our main topmast, which had been badly wounded, full over the side, and the French perceiving this, made all sail, with the hope of capturing us; but the Sea-horse remained with us, and we threw up in the wind, and raked them until they were within two cables' lengths of us. Then we stood on for our own ships; at last one of the line-of-battle ships, which sailed as well as the frigates, came abreast of us, and poured in a broadside, which brought every thing about our ears, and I thought we must be taken; but on the contrary, although we lost several men, the captain said to the first lieutenant, "Now if they only wait

little longer, they are nabbed as sure as fate." Just at this moment, our own line-of-battle ships opened their fire, and then the tables were turned. The French attacked and stood in as fast as they could, followed by the in-shore squadron, with the exception of our ships which was too much crippled to chase them. One of their frigates had taken in tow the other, who had lost her topmast, and our squadron came up with her very fast. The English fleet were also within three miles

standing by and the French fleet standing out, to the assistance of the other ships which had been engaged. I thought, and so did every body, that there would be a general action, but I was otherwise deceived. The English, finding that she could not escape, cast her off, and left her to her fate, while we to haul down her colours to the commodore of the first squadron. The chase was continued for three whole days, and then the fleet returned to its station with the prize, which proved to be the *Narcisse*, of thirty-gun, Captain Lo Pelletreau. Our captain obtained a great deal of credit for his gallant behaviour, and the men would, some of their severity. I think the action cured me of my fear of a cannon ball, for during the few days we remained with the fleet, we seldom were fired at, when we reconnoitred the enemy's ships. I was, indeed, very much surprised, when I was expected, that I should, and we had permission to part company,

But before I proceed with the history of our cruise

shall mention the circumstances attending a court martial, which took place during the time that we were with the fleet, our captain having been recalled from the in-shore squadron to sit as one of the members. It was the midshipman appointed to attend the pig, and he was the Englishman who had been taken from the whole of the time that the court was sitting. Two seamen, one an Englishman, and the other a Frenchman, were tried for desertion from one of our frigates. The Englishman was acquitted, but the French frigate had left their ship before the trial, so that the frigate had no part in this privateer, and found them on board as part of her crew. For the Englishman, of course, there was no defence; he incurred the punishment of death, to which he was immediately sentenced. I may say that the Frenchman, when we consider that the seamen are taken into the service by force, but there could be none for fighting against his country. But the case of the Frenchman was different. He was born and bred a Frenchman, and of fighting in the gun-boats at Cadiz, where he had been made a prisoner by the Spaniards, and expecting his threat to be cut every day, had contrived to escape on board of the frigate lying in the harbour, and entered into our service. He was, therefore, his life nearly two years in the frigate before he could find an opportunity of deserting from her, and returning to France, when he joined the French privateer. During the time that he was in the frigate, he bore an excellent character, and was very useful. On his arrival at Gibraltar he had been offered, and had received the bounty. When the Englishman was asked what he had to say in his defence, he replied, that he had been born, and that American ship, when the bounty. But this was not true.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Naval Officer; or, Adventures in the Life of Frank Mildmay. 2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart, 1833.

This work by Captain Mearns, the author of *Peter Simple*, to which it bears considerable likeness in some respects, though broader and with less wit. It is a representation of a character of deceit and dissimulation; defects which the author himself confesses to be his own words he says, "Like a beautiful snake, whose poison is concealed under the gold and azure of its scales, my inward man was made up of pride, revenge, deceit and selfishness, and my best talents were generally employed in the art of dissimulation." The book designed to be useful, but we cannot commend it to those who would not wish to be initiated in scenes of no doubtful character. The author shows his talent, but his hero is so unamiable as to make us revolt from the character. The story is a reproduction of much of the *Peter Simple* history, reproduced with a difference of names and scenery.

The Domine's Legacy; consisting of a Series of Tales illustrative of the Scenery and Manners of Scotland.
2 vols. 12mo. Philadelphia, Carey, Lea & Blanchard, 1833.

The *Dominie's Legacy* is a work of some age, say by Andrew Picken, author of *Lady Barbara*, and the *Priors of Lawford*, printed by us recently. Some of the stories are good—the Love Match is excellent—but there is far less of nature and delicate pathos than in the *Priors of Lawford*, and as a whole the work is strikingly inferior. We were so much pleased with the legends which we read in the *Illustrated London News*, that we desire to reproduce the *Dominie*, which we read a number of years since, and have to thank a friend for the loan of an English copy. It does not, however, equal our reminiscences of its excellences. A next American edition has since been laid on our table from the press of Carey, Lea & Blanchard, which no doubt will find many readers. The tales are short. Two more of the kind are in the *Illustrated* in the second volume, "My Married Life," and "The Widow," are mere repetitions of much the same story.

The Sketch Book of Fashion. By the author of *Mothers and Daughters*. 2 vols. 12mo. New York, Harpers, 1893.

A very heartless subject;—the theme of countless novels and tales. These two volumes continue the oft repeated strain, but have the advantage of giving short

sketches, avoiding the tedious filling up which were erst deemed so necessary by the zealous novel artists who catered for the shelves of Circulating Libraries, (not for our select and popular affair, for we introduce none such) and are written in a style of respectable pretensions. The *soi-disant* fashionables will read them for their title, and they will answer very well, as we can testify, *pour passer le temps* of a snowy evening.

The Paradise within the reach of all men, without labour, by powers of Nature and Machinery. Addressed to all intelligent men. By J. A. Etzler. 12mo. pp. 215. Pittsburg, 1833. Etzler & Reinhold.

The term "march of intellect," has become so commonplace, as scarcely to be allowed in our recent authorities; but we must be permitted to revive it on the present occasion, inasmuch as Mr. Etzler has stolen a march upon all the intellects of his predecessors, and we apprehend his successors also. What think you, ye labourers with the spade and the pen, have been accomplished in the *brain* of this western luminary?—truly nothing short of the greatest happiness of the human species, and all, as he expresses it, by the use of "machineries!" He out-Owens Owen himself, and bids fair if he can get his machineries into operation, to be the greatest benefactor of his race. He shows in this neat little book, "that there are powers in nature, sufficient to effect in one year, more than hitherto all men on earth could do in many thousands of years, and that those powers may be applied to all human labour;" and he moreover shows "the system of establishments for it," without any prospect of taking out a patent, but for the mere pleasure of benefiting his fellow men.

That we may not be accused of misinterpreting our erudite authority, we quote his own programme first, and shall then proceed briefly to his mode of operating:—

FELLOW-MEN!

I promise to show the means for creating a paradise within ten years, where every thing desirable for human life may be had for every man in superabundance, without labour, without pay; where the most beautiful nature, the most fertile soil, the most useful form of which man is capable; where man may live in the most magnificent palaces, in all imaginable refinement of luxury, in the most delightful gardens; where he may accomplish, without his labour, in the space of ten years, what he now needs ten thousands of years; he may level mountains, sink valleys, create lakes, drain lakes and swamps, intersect every where the land with beautiful canals, with roads for transporting heavy loads of many thousands of tons, and sailing floating islands, he may cover the ocean with floating islands, moveable in any desired direction with immense power and celerity, in perfect security and in all comforts and luxury, bearing gorgeous palaces, thousands of families, producing all the pleasures and sweet enjoyments of life, and covering the interior of the globe, from pole to pole in a fortnight; he may provide himself with means unheard of yet, for increasing his knowledge of the world, and so his interest in it, and may enjoy a life of constant and increasing enjoyment unknown to man; he may free himself from almost all the evils that afflict mankind, except death, and even put death far beyond the common period of human life, and finally render it less afflicting; mankind may be taught, and raised up, as it were, to a far higher scale of being."

And now for the means:—

"The powers are chiefly to be derived 1) from wind, 2) from the tide, or the rise and fall of the ocean caused by the gravity between the moon and the ocean, and 3) from the sun-shine, or the heat of the sun, by which water may be transformed into steam, whose expansive power is to operate upon machineries, though by a contrivance different from that actually in use."

The waves of the ocean are also powers to be applied, but as they are caused by wind, they are included in

the power of wind. Each of these powers requires no consumption of materials, but nothing but the materials for the construction of the machineries.

I shall begin with *agricu*

The first object is here to clear the ground from all spontaneous growth and stones.

1) A machine of large size is to move along, and while moving, to take the trees of all sizes with their roots out of the ground, to cut them in convenient pieces, to pile them up, and to take all stones out of the

2) A second machine is to follow, for taking up the piles of wood and stones, and transporting the same to the places of their destination; this machine may carry thousands of tons at once.

(3) The wood removed to its places for final use, is then to be formed into planks, boards, beams, rails, pieces for fuel and for any other purpose, by a simple contrivance, from whence it is to be removed to the places where it be wanted; this is done by one machine, which may also cut stones of any size.

4) The first leontion machine, with a little alteration, is then to level the ground perfectly, in planing it, filling the excavations or taking off the elevations of ground until all is level. If the ground is very uneven, consisting of hills and valleys, terraces, winding roads, then up to the top in elegant shapes.

The same machine may make any excavation or elevation, cut canals, ditches, ponds of any size and shape, raise dams, artificial level roads, walls and ramparts, with ditches around fields, and make any other work on their plot, and also paths with elevated borders.

5) The same machine, with some other little alteration, is to give to the ground its final preparation for receiving the seed; it tills the ground, in tearing the soil up to any required depth, refilling on the soil, and the same, sifting all the ground in any way required.

6) The same machine may take good fertile ground from one place to some other, for covering at any required depth, poor soil with fertile soil of the best mixture.

7) The same machine, with a little addition, may reap any kind of grain or vegetable, thrash the seed out in the same time, grind it to meal, or press it to oil, it may also cut or prepare any other vegetable for final use in the kitchen or bakery.

8) Another small machine may sink wells and mines to any required depth and in any direction, and take the contents of the same up to light, it may be in earth, rocks, swamps, or water."

Here is a most effective machine, which will demolish at one fell swoop, all the Yankee contrivances in the patent office in Washington; this notice, it is hoped, will prevent all our mechanics from incurring any expense hereafter, in taking out certificates of their inventions. The land machineries are to be moved by the wind and the "sunshine." The author says of "wind power."

"In order to form an idea near the reality in nature, how much power of wind there may be at our disposal, we must ascertain, by a deduction from experience and observations, how large we may construct and expose surfaces to the effects of wind, and how close they may be brought together without intercepting the wind and diminishing its power materially. We know by experience, that ships of the first and second rate are 200 feet high. We may, therefore, equally on land oppose to the wind surfaces 200 feet high, and a mile (or 5,280 feet) long; the same would then contain 1,060,000 square feet. Suppose the surface intersects the direction of the wind in a right angle, by some contrivance, and receives consequently the full power of the wind at all times. The average force of the wind being equal to one horse's upon a square of 100 square feet, being equal to one horse's upon a square of 100 square feet, the total power, this surface divided by 100, or 10,000 horse's power, would be equal to the power of 10,000 horses. Now, allowing the power of 1 horse to be equal to 100 men, the power of 10,000 horses is equal to 1,000,000 men. But as men cannot uninterruptedly

work, and want about half of the time for sleep and repose, the same power would be equal to 200 000 men's. Imagine such an other surface just behind or before the former at 1 mile's distance, parallel to the first and in the same circumstances. This second surface would then receive the same power of wind again as the first for the distance being 25 times greater than their height, the sea line could not intercept the wind from the

other in any considerable degree, both lines would receive the full power of wind, as soon as the direction of it would deviate from the horizontal more than about 2 degrees. It may be easily observed, that the wind will generally strike the ground in the direction, and therefore admit of a closer approach of such parallel surfaces. That the wind is the ground, and the disturbance and rise of the waves on it?—If the sea could not be affected by it and would remain smooth for ever. But such is never the case. The least breeze ruffles the surface of the water. And it is too well known, to what size and powerful effects the waves may be raised by wind. Moreover, experiences in navigation testify, that vessels of the first rank sailing at a average of about 200 feet high, trees, &c. included, at their windside, at a distance of one mile, will suffer any considerable diminution of wind. Now, if we find the power of wind to be at the end of every mile equal to 200,000 men's power, and so for every mile in breadth; it follows, that every one square mile affords such a power.—What an immense power!

The most populous countries in the world contain in average from 100 to 200 individuals on every square mile, of which hardly one half is able to work, or to be counted for full labour to work. But suppose even 100 full hands to work on 1 square mile, the power of wind within their places of habitation will be 2000 times greater. Yet we will get a more proper conception of this power, in extending this comparison over the whole globe. The surface of the whole globe is about 200,000,000 square miles. According to the foregoing statement of 200,000 men's power for every 1 square mile, the whole extent of the wind's power over the globe amounts to about 200,000,000 times 200,000, i. e., 40,000,000,000 men's power. The number of men on earth could hardly be counted for full hands to work, that is 500,000,000; consequently, the power of wind is 80,000 times greater than all the men on earth could effect with their forces, when the wind is used to the height of 20 feet.

What a gigantic, awful power is this! 80,000 times greater than all men on earth could effect by the united exertions of their nerves!—at the least calculation.—Suppose, then, one half should be lost by friction of the machinery, or more, we need not economise with such an immensity of power, let but one eighth of it be used, it would amount still to 10,000 times the power of men on earth. But if 10,000 times more can be done, it would amount, consequently, can be effected as much as hitherto in 10,000 times more of what awful grandeur may not the human race exalt themselves?

One of his greatest conceptions is, that power may be stored up for future use. He says much on this subject, but we can only quote one specimen:—

"But the manner, which I shall state hereafter, to apply this power, is to make it operate only for collecting or storing up the power in a machine, which may take out of this store of power, at any time, as much power for final operation upon the machineries as may be stored up for the intended purposes. The power stored up is to reach the intended purposes, and may do so long after the original power of wind has ceased. And though the wind should be at intervals of many months, we may have by the same power a uniform perpetual motion in a very simple way."

The whole sea is to be covered with floating islands bearing palaces, and the inhabitants while they are sailing about "without motion like ships," are to catch fish by "machineries" to supply the land-lubbers without any cost whatever! but the great thing is, that these islands as they rise and fall with the tides, shall, by means of levers, "build palaces," and so forth, for those on land, without giving them any trouble! and our author declares solemnly, "all such things and many others, which may seem now but extravagant fancies, require nothing but the raw material for their construction, and these are to be found in plenty." One machine island is certainly to sail to Europe, in four days. "The island may be covered with fertile soil in the highest cultivation, buildings, and every thing that men may want

for their enjoyment and commodity. There will be no motion felt like on ships. May this idea," he continues, "be considered as a more fancy or as something that only a remote posterity may live to see! No, it is within our reach, *within less than ten years.*" Beware, oily ship builders, how you invest your money in ships of the present construction!

"The powers of Philosophy
Can light on metaphysics bring;
Can touch on metaphysics, and
And causes trace unto their spring."

The best part of this production, and by far the most potent of the author's "machineries," is his sunshine steam engine. The heat is to be generated on the Archimedes plan; looking glasses are to concentrate the rays of the sun, and being placed on pivots, when the engine once gets in motion, it will move them, so as to keep pace with the diurnal motion of that "planet." As an objection might, however, arise that they would not work in the night, or on rainy days, the author is beforehand with the incredulous, and has two remedies for such interruptions:

"1) By enveloping the boilers with stuffs that keep the heat the longest in themselves, for instance, a coat of red hot iron or other hot metal, enveloped in the thick coat of clay, loam, sand, or other earthen material. We might thus continue a heat sufficient to boil water for many hours after the sun had ceased to shine, without consuming any material.

2) By contriving a reacting power, caused by the power of the steam, of which hereafter will be given the description, and by which many days, and even many months the power of steam, caused by the sun, may react at will, and thus be rendered perpetual and matter how often or how long the sun-shine may be interrupted.

The interruption of sun-shine, in this application, is therefore immaterial."

There's "machineries" for you; in the language of Mr. Etzler, "to what awful grandeur may not the human race exalt themselves," and individuals, it would appear, may do likewise. He sums up the sunshine business thus:—

"The power of steam is therefore subject to no limits, its requisites being sun-shine, water, and solid stuffs for confining and applying the steam, of which there is no limit, no materials being consumed.

The generating of steam-power is not the only mode to be made of turning mirrors; they may be applied also to various other purposes of great importance, as I shall show hereafter.

I have asserted too much, when promising to show, that there are powers in nature million times greater than the whole human race is able to effect by their united efforts of nerves and sinews."

In "part second" of the volume, he gives a description of things as they are "at present," and as they will be "by the new means." Our quotations here might be extended very beneficially, "in ten years," is too delightful to promulgate extensively, without spoiling people for every day things as they now are. That children will grow up by the aid of "machineries," "most cleanly and beautifully dressed," is a consummation which will procure Mr. E. many a dozen subscribers. We promise him half a subscription paper as large as one of his land sails.

"The children grow up without trouble, in all the innocence, intelligence, cheerful and playful temper, natural to their age, with blooming health and countenances, most cleanly and beautifully dressed, and exhibiting thus to the eyes of their parents the lovely attributes of angels. This is no more than what the arrangements stated warrant.

Whatever is to be known of man, children may have learned at the age of 8—10 years, by mere beholding, handling, and examining the things exhibited to them, in the palace and gardens, just with no more trouble, neither to the teacher nor to the children, than they have now their mother-tongue.

Men have there an equal chance for learning. They will learn there in one year more than the most learned could learn in all his life. And there will be much and that of the present, as there is now between the most learned and the most ignorant.

The knowledges are made beneficial to the highest possible degree for every human being at once."

This valuable work closes with a petition to Congress, for aid in the commencement, and one to the President, in which he threatens to sell to the first bidder, European or American. It is to be appended, that the wisdom now in Washington, is too deeply engaged in politics, to see their true interests in this matter, and that if the daily papers do not soon take up the subject, the projected benefits to this country will be entirely lost.

THE UNITED STATES REVIEW.

The UNITED STATES Quarterly Review is now in press, and will, no doubt, be ready on or before the latest day fixed upon, viz. the 25th of January. Hereafter it is designed to issue it on the first of the regular months of publication.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Nesle's "Down Easters" is pronounced on all hands to be an intolerable boulderdash; we agree entirely in this opinion.

"Contributions to Geology," is the title of a new volume issued by Isaac Lea. It contains descriptions and a systematic index of some new tertiary fossils from near Claiborne, Alabama. T. Conrad has also a new volume of the same locality with ability and science.

"An Address delivered before the Union Literary Society of Miami University, by the Hon. Thomas Ewing," has been forwarded us by some unknown friend, and is a masterly production, every way creditable to the author, a senator in congress from Ohio.

"Occasional Discourses," by the Rev. Dr. Wayland, President of Brown University.

"The Farmer's Register," published at Richmond, Va., has reached its seventh number, and continues to impart useful knowledge.

The United States Military and Naval Magazine, No. 4.

Mr. Montgomery Martin has in the press (dedicated by special permission to the king) a complete and elaborate national work on the Colonies of the British Empire, which has occupied the author several years in preparing, and has personally visiting the colonies to collect information. Volume the first, comprising the British possessions in Asia, will appear in January.

Mr. E. C. Mielke will publish in a few days, collections of fragments, 2d and 3d series, in two handsome duodecimo volumes.

The Earthquake of Caracas, valuable particularly on account of its display of national habits and manners, will occupy a portion only of the ensuing number.

New American Publications.

The Note Book of a Country Clergyman. Harpers. The Boy's and Girl's Library, Vol. 18. Harpers. The Domino's Legacy. Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 2 vols. 12mo.

A pamphlet of 34 pages on the Effect of Incorporated Coal Companies upon the Anthracite Coal trade of Pennsylvania. By George Taylor, of Pottsville. Tales of Romance, Second Series. Key & Biddle. 1 vol. 12mo.

Dr. S. G. Moxton's work on Consumption, with superb coloured engravings. Key & Biddle. 1 vol. large octavo.

Livingston's Penal Code for Louisiana. J. Kay, Jr. & Co.

The United States Dispensary. By George B. Wood, M. D. and Franklin Beebe. 1 vol. large octavo, an admirable work.

for it—it had made me discontented and unhappy even since. Dearly have I paid for my spree; for there's nothing so miserable as to have ideas above your station in life, Mr. Simple. But I must make sail again! It was three hours with Seraphina before her father came down. He was very angry at first, because she had anchored for above a minute. I was on my knees, roving and swearing, kissing her feet and kissing her hand, till at last I got to her lips, working my way up as regularly as one who gets in at the haunch-hole and crawls up the cabin windows. She was very kind, and she smiled, and she said, "I am glad you are so much in love with me," and she kissed me on the forehead, and she was angry—frowning till I was in despair, and then making me happy again with her melting dark eyes beaming kindly, till at last she said that she would try to love me, and asked me whether I would marry her. I answered yes, and she said, "You may indeed I felt as if I could, only at the time the thought occurred to me where the rhino was to come from, for I could not live, as her father did, upon a paper sugar and a piece of melon per day. At all events, as far as words went, it was a settled thing. When her father came down, he was very angry, and he said, "That moment arrived, and that his daughter was in her own room; so she was, for she ran away as soon as she heard her father knock. I made my bow to the old gentleman, and gave him the sears. He was serious and stern, but he thought me a sensible girl, and good natured, and in a few minutes Donna Seraphina, (thus called after a Donna in Spain), came in, saluting me ceremoniously, as if I had not been kissing for the last hour together. I did not remain long, as it was getting late, so I took a glass of the old gentleman's sour wine and walked off, leaving my dear friend to go on alone, and the young lady paying me little or no attention during the train that I remained, or at my departure."

"Well, Mr. Chucke," observed I, "it appears to me that she was a very deceitful young person."

"So she was, Mr. Simple; but a man in love can't see, and I'll tell you why. If he wins the lady, he is so much in love with himself as with her, because he is so proud of his conquest. That was my case. If I had had my eyes, I might have seen that she who could cheat her old father for a mere stranger, would certainly deceive him in his turn. But if love makes a man blind, vanity, Mr. Simple, makes him blinder. In short, I was an ass."

"Never mind, Mr. Chucks, there was a good excuse for it."

"Well, Mr. Simple, I met her again and again, until I was madly in love, and the father appeared to be aware of what was going on, and to have no objection. However, he sent for a priest to talk with me, and I told him again said that I was a good catholic. I told him that I was in love with the young lady, and would marry her. The father made no objection on my promising to remain in Spain, for he would not part with his only daughter. And there again I was guilty of deceit, first in making a promise I did not intend to keep, and then in saying I was a catholic. Honesty is the best policy, Mr. Simple, in the long run, you may depend upon it."

"So my father has always told me, and I have believed him," replied I.

"Well, sir, am ashamed to say that I did worse for the priest, after the thing was settled, asked me whether I had confessed lately. I knew what he meant, and I told him that I had not, and that I never would on my knees; but as I could not say a Spanish enough for that, I mumbled, jumbled something or another half Spanish and half English, and ended with putting four dollars in his hand for *carita*, which means charity, and he said that he would pray for me, and that if he might have been at the beginning, and gave me absolution, although he could not have understood what my crimes were; but four dollars, Mr. Simple, will pay for that. I told him that I was a Quaker, and he said come the winding up of this business. Seraphina told me that she was going to the opera with some of her relations, and asked me if I would be there; that the captain of the frigate and all the other officers were going to the opera, and that she would like to see me. Mr. Simple, although Seraphina's father was so poor that a mouse would have starved in his house, still he was of good family and connected with those who were of good family, and he had a great number of friends, fifteen or fifteen long names, which I forget now. I refused to go with her, as I knew that the service would not permit a boatswain to sit in an opera box, when the captain and first mate were there. I told her that I was not to go, and she said that I was a Quaker, and that the captain went on shore; and thus, as you'll see,

Mr. Simple, by mistaking myself a man of consequences only to be more mortified in the end. After she had gone to the opera, I was very uncomfortable; it was afraid that the captain would see her, and take a fancy to her. I walked up and down outside until I was so full of love and longing for her, that I could not get any more rest. I knew what she was about, soon discovered her in a box with some other ladies, and with them were my captain and first lieutenant. The captain, who spoke the laudable language, was leaning over her, talking and laughing, and she was smiling at what he said. I resolved to leave them alone, and to appear no more. I was told that I had told her a falsehood; but they appeared so intimate, that I became so jealous I could not quit the theatre. At last she perceived me, and beckoned her hand; I looked very angry, and left the theatre cursing and swearing. My appearance, however, pointed me out to the captain, and asked him who I was. He told me I was not exactly an officer, and why anything but a gentleman in short, Mr. Simple, I was *blown* upon; and, although the captain said more than was correct, as I learnt afterwards through the officers, still I deserved it. Determined to know the truth, I remained outside till the opera was over, and then I went in, and found the captain and first lieutenant were walking with the party, so that I could not speak with her. I walked to a posada, (that's an inn,) and drank seven bottles of rosolio to keep myself quiet; then I went on board, and the next morning I was sent to the governor's office, and was under arrest for being intoxicated. It was not long before I was released; and you can't imagine what I suffered, Mr. Simple. At last I obtained leave to go on shore, and I went to the house to decide my fate. The old woman opened the door, and then calling me a scoundrel, she told me that she had seen me at the opera. Scarpina came to the window, and waving her hand with a contemptuous look, said, 'Go, and God be with you, Mr. Gentlemen.' I returned on board in such a rage, that if I could have persuaded the gunner to have given me a ball cartridge, I should have shot myself dead. I was so much affected by this, that I could not laugh at it by every body in the ship, for the captain and first lieutenant had made the story public.'

"Well, Mr. Chucks," replied I, "I cannot help being sorry for you, although you certainly deserved to be punished for your dishonesty. Was that the end of the

"As far as I was concerned, it was, Mr. Simple; but not as respected others. The captain took my place, but without the knowledge of the father. After all, they neither had great reason to rejoice at the exchange."

"How so, Mr. Chucks—what do you mean?"

"Why, Mr. Simple, the captain did not make an honest woman of her, as I would have done; and the father discovered what was going on, and one night the

captain was brought on board run through the body. We sailed immediately for Gibraltar, and it was a long while before he recovered.

"What was that?"

"Why he lost his boatswain, Mr. Simple; for I could not bear the sight of him—and then he lost, (as you must know, not from your own knowledge, but from that of others,) a boatswain who knew his duty."

"Every one says so, Mr. Chucks. I'm sure that our captain would be very sorry to part with you."

"I trust the every captain has been, with whom I've sailed, Mr. Simple. But that was not all he lost, Mr. Simple; for the next cruise he lost his masts; and the loss of his masts occasioned the loss of his ship, since which he has never been trusted with another, but is laid on the shelf. Now he never carried away a spar of any consequence during the whole time that I was with him. A mast itself is nothing, Mr. Simple—only a piece of wood—but fit your rigging properly, and then a mast is as strong as a rock. Only ask Mr. Faulkner, and he'll tell you the same; and I never met an officer who knew better how to support a mast."

"Did you ever hear any more of the young lady?"
 "Yes; about a year afterwards I returned there in

another ship. She had been shut up in a convent, and forced to take the veil. Oh, Mr. Simple! if you knew how I loved that girl! I have never been more than polite to a woman since, and shall die a bachelor. You can't think how I was capsize'd the other day, when I looked at the house; I have hardly touched beef or

pork since, and am in debt two quarts of rum more than my allowance. But, Mr. Simple, I have told you this in confidence, and I trust you are too much of a gentleman to repeat it; for I cannot bear quizzing from young midshipmen."

I promised that I would not mention it, and I kept my word ; but Mr. Chucks has been dead some years, and I consider that I am freed from the condition. Nobody can quiz him now.

We gained our station off the coast of Perpignan ; and as soon as we made the land, we were most provokingly driven off by a severe gale, for one storm is so like to another ; but I mention it to account for a conversation which took place, and with which I was very much amused. I was near to the captain, when he sent for Mr. Doball, the carpenter, who had been up to examine the maintop-sail yard, which had been reported as sprung.

"Well Mr Doball," said the captain."
"Sprung, sir, most decidedly ; but I think we'll be
able to mitigate it."

"Will you be able to secure it for the present, Mr. Doball?" replied the captain rather sharply.

"I wish that you would use common phrases when you speak to me Mr. Doball. I presume by mitigate, you mean to say that you can secure it. Do you mean so, sir, or do you not?"

"Yes, sir that is what I mean, most decidedly. I hope no offence, Captain Savage; but I did not intend to displease you by my language."

"Very good, Mr Doball," replied the captain ; "it's the first time I have spoken to you on the subject, recollect that it will be the last."

"The first time!" replied the carpenter, who could not forget his philosophy; "I beg your pardon Captain Savage, you found just the same fault with me on this quarter-Jack 27,672 years ago, and——"

"If I did, Mr. Doball," interrupted the captain, very angrily, "depend upon it that at the same time I ordered you to go aloft, and attend to your duty, instead of

"If you go ahead, and attend to your duty, instead of talking nonsense on the quarter-deck; and although, as you say, you and I cannot recollect it, if you did not obey that order instantaneously, I also put you in confinement, and obliged you to leave the ship as soon as she returned to port. Do you understand me, sir?"

"I rather think, sir," replied the carpenter, humbly touching his hat, and walking to the main rigging, "that no such thing took place, for I went up immediately, as I do now; and," continued the carpenter, who was incurable, as he ascended the rigging, as I shall again in another 26,672 years."

"That man is incorrigible with his confounded nonsense," observed the captain to the first lieutenant. "Every mast in the ship would go over the side, provided he can get any one to listen to his ridiculous theory."

"He is not a bad carpenter, sir," replied the first lieutenant."

"He is not," rejoined the captain; "but there is a time for all things."

Just at this moment the boatswain came down the rigging.

"Well, Mr. Chucks, what do you think of the yard? must we shift it?" enquired the captain.

"At present, Captain Savage," replied the boatswain, "I consider it to be in a state which may be called precarious, and not at all permanent; but, with a little human exertion, four fathom of three inch, and half a dozen tenpenny nails, it may last, for all I know, until it is time for it to be sprung again."

"I do not understand you, Mr. Chucks. I know no time when a yard ought to be sprung."

"I did not refer to our time, sir," replied the boatswain, "but to the 27,672 years of Mr. Dobali, when—"

"Go forward immediately, sir, and attend to your duty," cried the captain, in a very angry voice; and

then he said to the first lieutenant, "I believe the warrant officers are going mad. Who ever heard a boatswain use such language—'precarious and not at all permanent?' His stay in the ship will become so, if he does not mind what he is about."

"He is a very odd character, sir," replied the first lieutenant; "but I have no hesitation in saying, that he is the best boatswain in his majesty's service."

"I believe so too," replied the captain; "but—well, every one has his faults. Mr. Simple, what are you

"I was listening to what you said, sir," replied I, touching my hat.

Newton Foster, a Novel. By the author of *Pet Simple*.
The Naval Officer, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. Carey, Lea & Co. We shall endeavour to notice this production soon.
James Montgomery's Lectures on General Literature and Poetry, being No. 64, of the Family Library.

An excellent work, from which we have already made frequent extracts. *Haipers.*

Flint's History and Geography of the Valley of the Mississippi. Third edition. Boston. Carter, Hendee & Co. A well known and valuable work.

Memoirs of the Rev. Elias Cornelius, D. D. By B. B. Edwards, with a portrait.

The American Almanac for 1834, published at Boston. This is a remarkably accurate work in its latitudes and longitudes, as well as in its other varied information. Captains and landmen need not fear to follow it. It is cheap, and we need not say, worth an ocean of "Geographical Annals," with the city of Trenton two hundred miles from land, making a voyage to the north pole, after the manner, no doubt, prescribed by Mr. Etzler in his "Paradise within the reach of all men."

Italy, a poem. By Samuel Rogers. A very handsome edition. T. T. Ash, Philadelphia.

BOOK CLUBS.

There is one subject connected with literature in this country, to which we would invite the attention of individuals in every section, but more particularly in those districts which are remote from book marts. The establishment of literary clubs, whether in the form of reading rooms, or libraries, has such a powerful influence on the character of a neighbourhood, that every man who desires to become a public benefactor should turn his attention and use his influence to that effect.

There is no kind of difficulty in accomplishing the formation of such clubs; they may commence with ten or even five dollars, and rise to greater results as taste and means increase. It is one of the great advantages of printing, that one impression may serve hundreds of eyes—and the fact that the bulk of books can be re-lashed but once or twice, affords a strong argument in favour of making the money one has to expend in literature, go the greatest possible lengths; the more we become familiar with books, the more does our pleasure in their perusal increase. The marked difference between a society possessing mental resources, and one without, is alluded to forcibly by both Madden and Bulwer; and no words are necessary on our part, to enforce the argument in favour of consulting other sources of mental food, than the constant converse of men, who, to borrow the expression of Goldsmith, have travelled over each other's minds, till they know every inch of the road; we cannot in such society half so effectually strike out great and new thoughts, as by intercourse with the works of those who have varied experience under various circumstances, and in different views. Think of the difference in knowledge between the inhabitants of a city or village, where the young men pass their leisure in wandering from the hotel to the corner of the street, and then back again, and those of a town, where a good Athenæum or Library is established. In the one, the ideas are circumscribed to a knowledge of county politics and scandal—to the topics of newspaper accidents, or the rapidity of the new mail coach; in the other, the boundless regions of knowledge, of history, biography, and fiction, all that the great minds of every age and nation have contributed to the general stock, is accessible;—the strong difference between such societies needs no comment.

We have in Philadelphia, an extensive Library, and a well ordered Athenæum; there is a distinction in the utility of the two institutions which we would point out—the Athenæum is exclusively accessible to gentlemen, while the Library is visited and shares owned indifferently

by both sexes; from an Athenæum, books are not to be taken home;—it is the main object of the Library to loan books for family reading, and we think it much the most desirable model for imitation. A gentleman of leisure may become so much attached to his newspapers and periodicals, as to spend much of his time among them, while his family may be totally deficient in mental resources; but if he took his reading home, all would more or less participate. Another advantage of throwing a common stock into a fund for the purchase of good books is, that they gradually accumulate, and form a valuable collection, while newspapers, &c. designed to answer a temporary purpose, become in time little but useless lumber. The head of a family who subscribes his four or five dollars a year to a Library, is not only adding to his own enjoyments, but is laying up a stock of happiness for his children and successors. We make these remarks, without intending any invidious comparison between books and newspapers—the latter are popular enough to withstand a more vigorous shock than we could give them, if we were disposed to bend all our energy to the attack.

A plan for a supply of books which we have known practised in a country neighbourhood of several families, above the necessity of labouring all the time for a support, is worth mentioning. They threw what money they had to spare in that way, into a common purse, for the purchase of literature, and at the expiration of certain periods, such works as no member of the club desired to retain, were resold, as opportunity offered, and the proceeds again expended. The process was a simple one, and answered the purpose admirably of furnishing each household six or eight times as much reading as by the common routine of each supplying themselves singly.

We can well remember our surprise and pleasure on visiting the city of Lexington, Kentucky, in 1819, at finding there a large reading room, the tables of which were supplied not only with the best periodicals and books of America, but many of the best from Europe. The tone of society was evidently elevated by this resource from ennui, and if we mistake not, the seed thus sown, has ripened into a permanent effect on the mind of that excellent community. The extent of this country, the isolation of many of its towns and villages, calls for similar institutions in ten thousand situations, and they must surely will spring up in the course of time. We would fain see that time hastened, and if the foregoing observations should call one small literary book club into existence, we shall not have laboured in vain; we hope yet to see so many that they alone would warrant a publisher in printing an edition of every really good book, as well as to authorise the publication of such a "Library" as ours, at least as often as every day in the week.

State of Medicine in New South Wales.—Of the mode employed in curing diseases I know but little, and am induced to think they trust very much to nature. The most ridiculous, not to say disgusting, piece of quackery that ever came under my observation, was a pretended cure for the headach. The wife of the patient took a bowl of water, and then drawing a slip of opossum skin across her gums until they bled, expectorated into the bowl. As soon as she thought there was sufficient blood, she gave the bowl to her husband, who immediately swallowed the contents, which he believed to be an infallible cure!—*Bretton's New South Wales.*

LITERARY PRICE CURRENT AND REVIEW OF THE MARKET.

Annals, Toy Books, and so forth, have been brisk during the week past, and we have considerable sales to report. Prices are now on the decline and the market depressed. There are, however, a few hundred copies of the London annals left in first hands.

Poetry and Novels.—At present we may report small sales in verse strictly imaginative. Stock of English and American light, and twenty manuscripts would comprise the whole in first hands. The only transaction within our knowledge is a sale of Willis Gaylord Clark's Poem, of old and new crop.

Feathers.—Good geese are scarce; a small parcel from the "Down Eastern," is reported to be but indifferently cured. Borrowed plumes abundant. Fashionable goods are in some demand by the trade, but in general, dealers are cautious. See quotations in the daily prints.

History.—Nothing doing. A lot of New Jersey was announced as below, but has not arrived. In general, purchasers have sought for something more suitable to the season, and we cannot expect an improvement for some time.

Geography.—A lot of Flint's brand has been received, and prices measurably better, is supposed will meet with ready sales at former quotations. Stock of former brands, abundant, are dull, and not much doing. Dealers touch the Geographical Annual but lightly since our last.

Commercial Books.—From Boston we have to note the "Book of Commerce by sea and land," and fair retail sales are reported.

Reviews.—The only arrival is the *American Quarterly*, with rather more than an average freight. The well built *United States* is in the office—captain and crew all well. She will be up in the course of January, with her flag at the mast head, and exhibit her manifold art; it is whispered that she has a valuable cargo from favourite ports.

Light Reading.—Waldie's brands continue in request. In December a good business has been done, and prices, though it is supposed they ought to advance, remain the same. Captain Mary's is now sought after; in other descriptive operations very limited.

Periodicals.—The pressure in the money market, which is intolerable, makes it particularly incumbent on dealers to resist. We note several kind communications on this subject, and look confidently for more. It is the duty of those interested to keep up the price of publishers' spirits, the stock of all kinds of which might safely be increased. A word to the literary, who are presumed to prefer low to high prices.

German Book Trade.—At the Leipzig Michaelmas fair, say the newspapers, 2372 new works were brought forward, with the names of 423 booksellers; 756 publications and a fraction of each.

A pleasant Hint.—A correspondent in the *London Mirror* states a belief, that none of the family of Lambton ever died in their beds. He requests to know if this be true, and kindly notices that "Lord Durham is the head of that ancient house!"

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The "Library" will be continued to those who have paid for the past year, and those who wish to discontinue will please to inform us to that effect. We must respectfully request this to be done free of postage, as the aggregate amount of this expense is very heavy.

THE UNITED STATES REVIEW.

Edited by HENRY VETHAKE, Esq., late Professor in the University of New York.

The first number of the UNITED STATES REVIEW is now in press, and will be published in the course of the next month. The acknowledged abilities of the editor, and his uncompromising principles, will, it is believed, give this Review a character for independent discussion, and a candid and liberal criticism, that will tend to advance the literary reputation of the country.

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The Journal of Belles Lettres.

From the London Metropolitan.

PETER SIMPLE.

CHAPTER IX.

And now I have to narrate an event, young as I was at the time, will be found to have seriously affected me in after life. How little we know what to-morrow may bring forth! We had regained our station, and for some days had been standing off and on the coast, when one morning at day-break, we found ourselves about four miles from the town of Cotte, and a large convoy of vessels coming round a point.

We made all sail and stood on, and they anchored close in shore, under a battery, which we did not discover until it opened fire upon us. The shot struck the frigate two or three times, for the water was smooth, and the battery nearly level with it. The captain tacked the ship, and stood out again, until the boats were within range, and then he pulled up the anchor and stood on to the battery. O'Brien, who was the officer commanding the first cutter on service, was in his boat, and I again obtained permission from him to smuggle myself into it.

"Now, Peter, let's see what kind of a fish you'll bring on board this time," said he, after we had shoved off, "or by the 5th will not let you off quite so easy." The men in the boat all laughed at this, and I replied, "That I must be more seriously wounded than I was last time, to be made a prisoner. We ran on shore amidst the fire of the gun boats who protected the convoy, by which we lost three men, and made for the battery, which we took without opposition, the French artillery-men running out as we ran in. The directions of the captain were very positive not to remain in the battery a minute after it was taken, but to board the gun-boats, leaving only the small boat, for the captain was aware that there were troops stationed along the coast who might come down upon us and best us off. The first lieutenant, who commanded, desired O'Brien to remain with the first cutter, and after the cutter had spiked the guns, the officer of the boat was to shove off immediately. O'Brien and I remained in the battery with the armoured, the boat's crew being ordered down to the boat to keep her afloat, and ready to shove off at a moment's warning. We had spiked all the guns but one, when all of a sudden a volley of musketry was poured upon us, which killed the armoured, and wounded me in the leg above the knee. I fell down by O'Brien, who cried out, "By the powers, here they are, and one gun not spiked." He jumped down, wrenched the hammer from the armoured's hand, and seizing a nail from the bag in a few moments he had spiked the gun. At this time I heard the tramping of the French soldiers advancing, when O'Brien threw away the hammer, and lifting me upon his shoulders, cried, "Come along Peter, my boy," and made for the coast as fast as he could; but he was too late, he had not got half way to the boat, before he was collared by two French soldiers, and dragged back into the battery. The French troops then advanced, and kept up a smart fire; our cutter escaped, and joined the other boats, who had captured the gun-boats and conveyed with little opposition. Our large boat had carronades mounted in their bows, and

soon returned the fire with round and grape, which drove the French troops back into the battery, where they remained, enjoying at our mercy under cover, until most of the vessels were taken out: those which they could not man were burnt. In the mean time, O'Brien had been taken into the battery, with me on his back; but as soon as he was there, he hid me gently down, saying, "Peter, my boy, as long as you are under my charge, I'd carry you through thick and thin; but now that you are under the charge of these French buggars, why let them carry you. Every man his own bundle, Peter, that's fair play; so if they think you're worth the carrying, let them bear the weight of ye."

"And suppose that they do not, O'Brien, will you leave me here?"

"Will I leave you, Peter! not if I can help it my boy; but they would leave you, never fear them; prisoners are so scarce with them that they would not leave the captain's monkey if he were taken."

As soon as we were clear of their musketry, the commanding officer of the French troops examined the guns in the battery, with the hope of reaching them, and was very much annoyed to find that every one of them was spiked. "He'll look sharper than a napier before he finds a clear touch-hole, I expect," said O'Brien, and he was right. And as I must observe, that O'Brien showed great presence of mind in spiking the last gun, for had they had one gun to fire at our boats towing out the prizes, they must have done a great deal of mischief to them, and we should have lost a great many men; but in so doing, and in the attempt to save me, he sacrificed himself, and was taken prisoner. When the troops ceased firing, the commanding officer came up to O'Brien, and looking at him, said, "officer!" to which O'Brien, nodded his head. He then pointed to me—"officer?" O'Brien nodded his head again, at which the French troops laughed, as O'Brien told me afterwards, because I was what they called an *enfant*, which means an infant. I was very stiff, and faint, and could not walk. The officer who commanded the troops left a detachment in the battery, and prepared to return to Cotte, from whence they came. O'Brien walked, and I was carried on three muskets by six of the French soldiers—not a very pleasant conveyance at any time, but in my state excessively painful. However, I must say, that they were very kind to me, and not a great deal or something more, would have wounded leg, for I was in an agony, and fainted several times. At last they brought me some water to drink. O, how delicious it was! I have often thought since, when I have been in good company, and people fond of good living have smacked their lips at the claret, that if they could only be wounded, and taste a cup of water, they would then know what it was to feel grateful. In about an hour and a half, which appeared to me to be five days at least, we arrived back at the town of Cotte, and I was taken up to the hospital, where the commanding officer of the troops, and who had often looked at me as I was carried there from the battery, saying "pauvre enfant!" I was put on a bed, where I again fainted away. When I came to my senses, I found a surgeon had bandaged my leg, and that I had been undressed. O'Brien was standing by me, and I believe that he had been crying, for he thought that I was dead. When I looked him in the face, he said, "Peter, you baste, how you frightened

me: had luck to me if ever I take charge of another youngster. What did you have dear for?"

"I am better now, O'Brien," replied I: "how much I am indebted to you; you have been made prisoner in trying to save me."

"I have been made prisoner in doing my duty, in one shape or another. If that fool of an armoured hadn't held his hammer so tight after he was dead, and if it was of no use to him, I should have been clear enough, and so would you have been; but however, all this is nothing at all, Peter; as far as I can see, the life of a man consists of getting into scrapes, and getting out of them. By the blessing of God, we've managed the first, and by the blessing of God, we'll manage the second also; so be smart, my honey, and gettelf for although a man may escape by running away on two legs, I never heard of a boy who hopped out of a French prison upon one."

I acquiesced in the offered hand of O'Brien, and looked round me; the surgeon stood at one side of the bed, and the officer who commanded the troops on the other. At the head of the bed was a little girl about twelve years old, who held a cup in her hand, out of which something had been poured down my throat. I looked at her, and she had such a pity in her face, which was remarkably handsome, that she appeared to me as an angel, and I turned round, as well as I could, that I might look at her alone. She offered me the cup, which I should have refused from any one but her, and I drank a little. Another person then came into the room, and a conversation took place in French. "I wonder what they mean to do with us," said I to O'Brien.

"Whist, hold your tongue," replied he; and then he leaned over me, and said, in a whisper, "I understand all they say; don't you recollect, I told you that I learnt the language after I was killed and buried in the sand, in South America?" After a little more conversation, the officer and the others retired, leaving nobody but the girl and O'Brien in the room. "It's a message from the governor," said O'Brien, as soon as they were gone, "wishing the prisoners to be sent to the jail in the citadel, to be examined; and the officer says, (and he's a real gentleman, as far as I can judge,) that you're but a baby, and badly wounded in the battle, and that it would be a shame not to leave you to die in peace; so I presume that I'll part company from you very soon."

"I hope not, O'Brien," replied I; "if you go to prison, I will go also, for I will not leave you, who are my best friend, to remain so strange. I should not be half so happy, although I might have more comforts in my present situation."

"Peter, my boy, I'm glad to see that your heart is in the right place, as I always thought it was, or I wouldn't have taken you under my protection. We'll go to prison, together, my jewel, and I'll fish at the bare with a bag and a long string, just by way of recreation, and to pick up a little money to buy you all manner of nice things; and when you get well, you shall do it yourself, mayhap you'll get a better luck, as Peter your namesake had, who was a fisherman, before you. There's twice as much room in one of the cells, as there is in a midshipman's berth, my boy; and the prison yards, where you are allowed to walk, will make a dozen quarter decks, and no need of touching your

bat out of respect when you go into it. When a man has been cramped up on board of a man of war, where midshipmen are stowed away like pichards in a cask, he finds himself quite at liberty in a prison, Peter. But somehow or another, I think we mayn't be parted yet, for I heard the officer, (who appears to be a real good fellow, and who I like very much,) say to me, "Come with me to the other, that he'd ask the governor for me to stay with you on parole, until you were well again."⁷ The little girl handed me the lemonade, of which I drank a little, and then I felt very faint again. I laid my head on the pillow, and I found having left off talking I was soon in a comfortable sleep. In an hour I was awakened by the surgeon, who told me I was now attended by the surgeon. The officer addressed O'Brien in French, who shook his head as before.

"Why don't you answer, O'Brien," said I, "since you understand him?"

"But is that honest, O'Brien?"

"Is it honest, you mean? If I have a five pound note in my pocket, and don't choose to show it to every fellow that I meet—is that dishonest?"

"To be sure it's not."

"Well," replied I, "if you wish it, I shall of course say nothing; but I think that I should tell them, especially as they are so kind to us."

During this conversation, the officer occasionally spoke to the surgeon, at the same time eyeing us. I thought, very hard. Two other persons then came in to the room; and of them addressed O'Brien in a bad English, saying, that he was interpreter and would answer him a few questions. He then enquired the name of our ship, number of guns, and how long we had been cruising. After that, the force of the English fleet, and a great many other questions relative to them; all of which were put in French by the persons who came with him, and the answers translated, and taken down in a book. Some of the questions O'Brien answered correctly; and some he answered wrongly; and to some, he asserted what was not true. But I did not blame him for that, as it was his duty not to give information to the enemy. At last they asked my name, and rank, which O'Brien told them. "Was I noble?" he said," replied O'Brien.

"First say so," O'Brien interrupted I.

"Peter you know nothing about it, you are grand son to a lord."

"I know that, but still I am not noble myself, although descended from him; therefore pray dont say so."

"Bother! Peter, I have said it, and I won't unsay it besides, Peter, recollect it's a French question, and in France you would be considered noble. At all events it can do no harm."

"I feel too ill to talk, O'Brien; but I wish you had not said so."

They then enquired O'Brien's name, which he told them; his rank in the service, and, also, whether he was noble.

"I am an O'Brien," replied he, and "pray what's the meaning of the O before my name, if I'm not noble?" However, Mr. Interpreter, you may add, that we have dropped our title because it's not convenient." The French officer burst out into a loud laugh, which surprised us very much. The interpreter had great difficulty in explaining what O'Brien said; but as O'Brien told me afterwards, the answer was not down *doubtless*.

They all left the room except the officer, who then to their astonishment, addressed us in good English: "Gentlemen, I have obtained permission from the governor for you to remain in my house, until Mr. Simps is recovered. Mr. O'Brien, it is necessary that I should receive your parole of honour, that you will not attempt to escape. Are you willing to give it?"

O'Brien was quite amazed; "Murder an' Irish," cried he; "so you speak English, colonel. It was not very genteel of you not to say so, considering how we've been talking our little secrets together."

"Certainly, Mr. O'Brien, not more necessary," replied the officer, smiling, "than for you to tell me the new understood French."

"O bother!" cried O'Brien, "how nicely I'm caught in my own trap! You're an Irishman, sure?"

"I am of Irish descent," replied the officer, "and my name, as well as yours, is O'Brien. I was brought in this country, not being permitted to serve my own country, and retain the religion of my forefathers. I may not

be considered as a Frenchman, retaining nothing of my original country, except the language, which my mother taught me, and a warm feeling towards the English whenever I meet them. But to the question, Mr. O'Brien : will you give your parole ?”

"The word of an Irishman, and the hand to boot," replied O'Brien, shaking the colonel by the hand; "and you're more than doubly sure, for I'll never go away and leave little Peter here; and as for carrying him on my back, I've had enough of that already."

"It is sufficient," replied the colonel. "Mr. O'Brien, I will make you as comfortable as I can; and when you are tired of attending your friend, my little daughter shall take your place. You'll find her a kind little nurse, Mr. Simple." I could not refrain from tears at the colonel's kindness; he shook me by the hand, and

elling O'Brien that dinner was ready, he called up his daughter, the little girl who had attended me before, and desired her to remain in the room. "Celeste," said he, you understand a little English; please enough to tell me what you are doing, and how you like your work, to amuse myself when he is asleep." Celeste went out, and returning with her embroidery, sat down by the head of the bed; the colonel and O'Brien then quitted the room. Celeste commenced her embroidery, and her eyes were cast down upon her work. I was unable to look at her, and I was not at all surprised before she was a very beautiful little girl; her hair was light brown, eyes very large, and eyebrows drawn, as if with a pair of compasses; her nose and mouth were also very perfect; but it was not so much her features as her expression, her countenance, her air, so beautiful, modest, and, at the same time, intelligent. When she smiled, which she almost always did when she spoke, her teeth were like a row of little pearls.

"Nothing, I thank ye," replied I; "I only want to go to sleep."

"Then—say—your eyes," replied she smiling; and she went to the window, and drew down the blinds to darken the room. But I could not sleep; the remembrance of that had come to me a few hours wounded, and agonized, thought of my father's death, and their anxiety; with the prospect of going to a prison and close confinement, as soon as I was recovered, passed in succession in my mind, and together with the actual pain of my wound, prevented me from obtaining any sleep. I was so restless, that I called the surgeon to ascertain whether I slept, or wanted anything, and then as sofly retired. In the evening the surgeon called again; he felt my pulse, and directing old appliers to be removed, he bled me, and I fell asleep. I was becoming more painful, the colonel, Mr. Burt, and I, although I had considerable fever, that I was doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances. But I shall not dwell upon my severe suffering for a few days, as I have already said, and I shall only say how carefully I watched the progress of my illness, and little Celeste, during my peevishness and irritation, arising from pain and fever. I felt grateful to them, but particularly to Celeste, who seldom quitted me for a moment, and who gradually recovered, and I tried all she could to amuse me.

As soon as I was well enough to attend to her, we became very intimate, as might be expected. Our chief employment was teaching each other French and English. I took the advantage of me in acquiring a language before we met, and she of me in acquiring a language, and both were very desirous to communicate their apprehension, she very soon began to talk English fluently, long before I could make out a short sentence in French. I was, however, as it respects my chief employment, very ignorant, and she was very ignorant, and I learnt it very fast. In five weeks I was out of bed and could limp about the room; and before two months were over, I was quite recovered. The colonel, however, was not so easily satisfied, and he gave me a great deal of work to do, and a sofa during the day, but at dusk I stole out of the house and walked about with Celeste. I never passed such a happy time as the last fortnight; the only drawback to my contentment was, that I was obliged to exchange it for a prison. I was more easy about my father and mother, as O'Brien had written to me, assuring them that I was doing well; and besides, a few days after my confinement, I received a letter from my father, in which he told me that he had sent a flag of truce to inquire if we were alive or made prisoners; at the same time Captain Savage sent on shore all our clothes, and two hundred dollars in cash for our necessities. I was very much surprised to hear of them, they were sure to hear from Captain Savage

that I was doing well. But the idea of parting with Celeste, towards whom I felt such gratitude and affection, was most painful; and when I talked about it, poor Celeste would cry so much, that I could not help joining her, although I kissed away her tears. At the end of the week, the surgeon could no longer withhold his report, and he ordered me to be ready in two days to march to Toulon, where we were to join another party of English prisoners, to proceed with them into the interior. I must pass over our parting, which the reader may imagine was very painful. I promised Celeste to write her, and she promised that she would answer my letters. I then kissed her, and gave her hands with Colonel O'Brien, thanking him for his kindness, and, much to his regret, we were taken in charge by two French cuirassiers, who were waiting at the door. As we preferred being continued on parole until our arrival at Toulon, the soldiers were not at all particular in their search. I then turned round to look back, O'Brien and I going first, and the French cuirassiers following us in the rear.

(To be continued.)

For the Journal of Belles Lettres

Illustrations of Pulmonary Consumption, its Anatomical Characters, Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment: with twelve plates, drawn and coloured from nature. By Samuel George Morton, M. D.

We congratulate the American profession of public health on the appearance of this work, and are induced to call the attention of the readers of this journal to its highly interesting pages, without any intention of presenting an analysis of its contents; this would prove too technical for the general reader. Still it is desirable that the general public should be made acquainted with elements, such as are unquestionably displayed by the author, should not be confined to the narrow limits of the profession, and there are points in connection with the subject of this treatise that come home to the bosom of every one. It is a book which will make you as happy as to have sighed over the drooping energies of a near friend or relative, threatened with dissolution by the dreadful inroads of pulmonary consumption. The increasing prevalence of this distemper is daily illustrated by the mortality it inflicts. And, alas! it is too true that the disease is almost always fatal. I related to your light upon this interesting subject!

The great merit of the work before us consists in its truly practical character; the author has evidently had no favourite theory to support. Facts have not been distorted or viewed through the eye of prejudice. Truth has been the object of all his enquiries; and although some may occasionally differ from him in the deductions he has drawn from some of the facts stated, a general soundness of reasoning pervades the work.

Dr. Morton has possessed uncommon facilities for the study of pulmonary diseases. The station of physician to the Philadelphia Almshouse hospital, he afforded him opportunities of prosecuting morbid anatomy, never possessed in private practice. The patient and persevering manner in which he has pursued these enquiries "for the last six years," have enabled him to make important additions, to our knowledge, of the pathology of consumption. This part of the subject is illustrated by eighteen beautiful coloured lithographs executed by A. Rider, with the care and fidelity of a master hand.

If it were only on account of these drawings, the work would address itself particularly to country practitioners, whose opportunities of making post mortem examinations are necessarily very limited. We venture to assert, that no gentleman can take it up and study the subject, without obtaining correct ideas of the present state of our knowledge upon this obscure part of pathology.

The work is an octavo of about one hundred and eighty pages. It is written in a chaste, laconic, and unpretending style.

The first chapter contains "a brief view of those morbid conditions of the lungs and their appendages which usually co-exist with phthisis," and is chiefly designed to enable the observer to distinguish tubercular matter from the morbid changes that accompan

The two succeeding chapters are devoted to the pathology of consumption. This subject is ably treated by the author, and it would afford us pleasure, to make some extracts, but the character of this journal obliges us to refer the professional reader to the work itself. We should have been glad if Dr. Morton had ex-

tended his remarks upon the causes of consumption, more particularly in this country. Geographical situation and individual peculiarities, have unquestionably much to do with its great prevalence amongst us. And, although enquiries into the former may expose causes of this nature which human ingenuity cannot avert, extended investigations upon the latter subject will doubtless lead to results of incalculable benefit to the community.

After some general remarks upon the peculiar temperaments of individuals predisposed to this disease, our author observes, "A large proportion of consumptive patients are able to trace the first appearance of disease, to some exposure to cold or wet, an increase of coldness of dress, &c. followed by a cold which was neglected, until the symptoms became severe, complicated, and unmanageable." These, we believe to be the most prolific causes of consumption.

When we reflect that these causes too common have their seat in the follies of the age, we sigh for the culpable thoughtlessness of society, and the misery it inflicts. Can a delicate female expect to indulge in the many extravagances of what is called fashionable life, without a sacrifice of health and youthful vigour? We think every day's experience answers this question, and every day's anxiety that from this cause ladies generally suffer. Though it would be far from our desire to curtail their happiness or diminish in the slightest degree, their opportunities of rational enjoyment, we must confess that the cause of humanity would dictate many modifications in the present habits of society.

The good sense of every lady must tell her, that when she exchanges her comparatively warm and appropriate winter dress, for the light garb of the ball room, she exposes herself to the inroads of consumption. But fashion, we are told, requires it; and this modern Moloch demands unlimited obedience!

"A slight cold," contracted by the folly alluded to, or other causes, is considered by the majority of individuals of but little consequence. We would, however, advise all against the adoption of such a hasty view. In the treatment of consumption, the most judicious practitioner, and in some individuals is induced by such slight causes, that the closest discrimination is required to discover its approach. Nothing can be more improper than the common practice of resorting to the apothecary, or other ex-professionists, for the treatment of such trifling colds, &c." Cough mixtures are very generally improper in the commencement of what are usually called colds. Remedies of an opposite character are generally resorted to by the physician; and he only is able to judge of the peculiarities which each case presents in its course.

We cannot leave this chapter, without quoting the following pertinent remarks of our author. "There is another source of consumption, the more to be deplored because it is sanctioned by the tyranny of fashion: I allude to the custom of tight lacing. It is well known, that, regular practice if commenced in younger life, and persisted in, greatly diminishes the lateral diameter of the chest, and necessarily cramps the lungs, deranges their functions, and disorganises their structure. In those who are predisposed to consumption, I cannot but think it a most judicious recommendation." Morton illustrates this position by a very interesting case, in which it was found by post mortem examination, that the ribs had actually been turned in upon the lungs. We must refer to the case, p. 59.

The chapter on symptoms, is graphical and very interesting. Our author's remarks upon hæmoptysis, are highly important to the physician. We must, however, pass over this, and the two succeeding chapters, which are entirely too technical for the general reader.

"Signs of phthisis derived from percussion and the stethoscope," this is a most important chapter, and although the author has not entered very elaborately into the subject, he has given us a clear and lucid description of auscultation. We applied particularly to pulmonary consumption. The discovery of the stethoscope signs of disease is one of the greatest triumphs of modern practice, and whilst it reflects imperishable lustre upon its distinguished author, its benefits will doubtless extend to the remotest posterity.

After some explanatory remarks as to the use of the stethoscope, Dr. Morton observes, "With these indications, we at once apply the stethoscope as a more accurate means of diagnosis." This instrument, with which I first became acquainted at the clinical lectures of Dr. Laennec, its celebrated inventor, is

certainly among the most important acquisitions to modern medical art. To assert that, by its aid, we can distinguish all the minute morbid conditions of which the lungs are subject, is more than my experience will sanction; but that it is an unequivocal resource in all considerable lesions of these organs, and especially in those attendant on consumption, there can be no doubt. In this, as in all other cases, it is in our art, skill is the offspring of experience. And it would be unwise and unreasonable in the learner, to charge his errors to the instrument. The stethoscope requires great and persevering attention; and if, with these pre-requisites, its results sometimes appear or disappear, it is not to be ascribed to the instrument, but most every means of diagnosis with which we are acquainted.

"In forming a judgment, therefore, in diseases of the lungs, the physician should avail himself of every resource to information—percussion, stethoscopic signs, and the history of the symptoms, both as detailed by the patient himself, and manifest to observation."

The concluding chapter is on the treatment of consumption, and abounds with judicious and important remarks. The following extract will show the arrangement the author has adopted in discussing this subject. There is certainly no malady which assumes so many Protean forms, and is attended by such diversified complications. Hence I have felt at a loss how to methodise my views on this subject, so as to avoid repetition and prolixity. It has occurred to me, however, finally, to divide the treatment of some of the more prominent symptoms of consumption; then to examine separately the merits of those articles of the materia medica, that have been found most efficacious in its treatment; and finally, to devote a few separate observations to clothing, diet, climate, and sea-bathing.

By this arrangement, our author has rendered his remarks clear and perspicuous. We shall venture to make a few desultory extracts from this interesting chapter, which we think are calculated to instruct the general reader.

"The treatment of hæmorrhagic symptoms, he very justly observes. "It is a common practice with some physicians, to bleed indiscriminately in all cases of hæmoptysis,—a plan that has hurried thousands of patients to their graves, by destroying the last remains of strength. How important then is an accurate knowledge of the causes producing the hæmorrhagic condition of the lungs, at the time the hæmorrhage occurs."

Our author thus objects to the pernicious practice of applying cold to the surface, with a view to the arrest of hæmorrhage. "Once for all, most perfectly, the practice of applying cold to the surface of the body to relieve pulmonary hæmorrhage: it is contrary to every principle of pathology; and without materially checking the flow of blood, drives still greater quantities of it to the lungs, thus increasing the hæmorrhagic congestion, and rendering the recurrence of the disorder more alarming than its onset."

Dr. M. complains of an evil often met with in practice: he says, "It has been aptly remarked by Dr. Keen, that the coldness of the chest, a chief symptom of phthisis, constitutes a great barrier to efficient practice, for we can scarcely persuade a patient that he is in danger when he suffers no pain, and scarcely any positive inconvenience; and yet, under these very circumstances, a fatal malady may be undermining the system."

In our author's "observations on various medicines, and remedial measures, employed in consumption," we are glad to find that he confines himself to such as experience and a correct pathology would recommend, and that he does not recede to the innumerable imaginary remedies that have been employed in this disease.

This chapter concludes by an interesting summary of the present state of our knowledge upon the relative merits of the different climates that have been recommended to the consumptive patient. Dr. M. seems to favour the opinion, that the climate of many of the West India islands is most congenial to cases of this kind.

In conclusion, we are glad to have it in our power to record a very common error, that genuine tubercular consumption is always incurable. In some instances, patients recover under the most appalling circumstances, and we quote from the "concluding observations" of Dr. M. the following remarks, illustrating this fact. "The consumptive patient is radically cured there can be no question, as in case 28,

wherein an abscess had existed in each lung, and yet was cured by the spontaneous resources of nature. Again, in 17 present is an example of a radical cure of consumption of one lung, by an almost total annihilation of its structure."

"It may be said, that it is not in the power of art to imitate these spontaneous cures: but granting this position, art may at least promote them. For example, if, by the use of the stethoscope, an isolated abscess be detected in either lung, and the parenchyma around it remains healthy, we may sometimes, by maintaining the vigour of such a constitution, enable it to bear the process of suppuration, and at the same time prevent the extension of disease."

It would be unjust in us to complete this notice, without a passing compliment to the enterprising publishers, Messrs. Key & Biddle, who richly deserve commendation for the mastery execution of the work. We are informed that they have been put to unusual expense and difficulty on this occasion, which they have met with corresponding liberality. They have done most ample justice both to their author and the public, and we hope to see many more such specimens elicited by the patronage they merit.

VARIETIES.

Among the items of expenditure of the British Association for the promotion of science, of £50 for making lenses of rock salt, to ascertain if an approach to perfection can be made through this substance in an article so essential to astronomy.

On the last day of the late meeting the Marquis of Northampton congratulated the Association on its high state of prosperity, which numbered among its members almost every distinguished man of science in the country, and the number of whose members now amounted to nearly 1,500. There were also many distinguished foreigners who had this year honoured them with their presence. The Marquis then, in an occasion there were to be more, and that the three great principles of religion, science and commerce, would unite all men in one common fraternity. Men were made to assist each other, and they were taught by their religion to love their neighbours; and he would not be least to say, that he felt that the more they took home with them those words, as expressive of the sentiments of Englishmen, and he hoped to hear no more of any nation as our national enemy, since man by science and religion were made to be the enemy, but his friend. He said, "I feel that the more perfect of science was to teach a man his ignorance; yet true as this was, there were persons who doubted the expediency of even taking the first step towards instruction, and diffusing that blessing throughout the land. There are (says the reporter, in one of the most beautiful bursts of eloquence, embodying, in allusion to Rascallas one of the finest similes we ever heard, and which we much regret being unable to repeat in the precise words of the speaker)—there are those who, abiding in the happy valley of their ignorance, dream not for a while of any thing beyond. But a thirst for knowledge arises, and man climbs the hills by which he is surrounded. He reaches the summit, and how glorious the vision that rewards his toil! He sees the vast expanse of the breathing and animated world around him; he sees the sun and the moon, the immeasurable extent; he sees the splendid, the busy, the crowded cities of his fellow-men glittering in every direction; and in the distant horizon his vision is only bounded by other Alps rising to the heavens, and tempting him to explore them. Does he pause to reflect on the vastness that traverses that space and to pass these new mountains? He does; and the love of knowledge increases with every step he takes, with every acquisition. He may live a thousand years, and still be taught how much he has to learn: and his life ends in the pursuit of the beyond Alps, and opens to his contemplation that *Eternity* in which all must end. (A deep expression of delight ran through the senate house at the conclusion of this affecting illustration).—London Literary Gazette.

An improved Parallel Ruler, the invention of James Manning; which has been introduced with great peculiarity consists in an arch, which, as the ruler is extended or closed, passes over a graduated scale. Independent of its general utility in practical mensuration, it will be found of great assistance to architectural draughtsmen, who will find it more accurate than the ordinary drawing, which require such an instrument, in much less time, and with greater precision, than with those commonly in use.

PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

The custom of requiring payment in advance for periodical publications, though plausible excuses may exist for non-compliance, has very strong and cogent reasons for its support. In a broad view, the subscriber risks, at the utmost, only the amount of a single subscription, while the publisher has at a large amount of capital. As the proprietor of the "Library" feels sincerely desirous to have as few conflicting opinions as possible between himself and his numerous supporters, he begs briefly to state his views on the subject for their consideration.

An individual applies his capital and credit, his time and talents, to the establishment of a periodical, which he has based on a sure footing for the fulfilment of his part of the contract. All the responsibility and risk are concentrated in himself—to him each subscriber can make direct application for the correction of any delinquency; and, being established in a city, he can readily be found. Not so with subscribers, who may be scattered over nearly the whole continent. If one neglects to pay, where is the remedy? He resides in a remote district—takes the "Library," for instance, for a year. At the end of this period a bill is forwarded, which brings an answer, on which postage probably is to be paid, saying the money shall be remitted soon.

Some months more elapse, and another application is made—the expense of employing an agent to collect becomes perhaps incurred—the subscriber becomes refractory, and refuses payment. What remains but the alternative of losing the amount, or the harassing and degrading resort to a law-suit? Multiply this by hundreds or thousands, and see, resting the merits of the question even on this consideration alone, whether the proprietor of an established periodical has not valid grounds for asking payment in advance from those who are strangers to him. These general views are of course meant for particular application, and intended to imply that we attach a definite meaning to the caption—*payment in advance*. We do not wish to magnify or blazon forth our endeavours to comply with the originally proffered terms. Our subscribers are the judges—but we wish none to subscribe who are not satisfied, or who cannot, or do not intend to pay. Plain language is best. We have no ambition for a large list of non-paying subscribers—the larger the heavier the tax. Most of the expense attendant on the publication of the "Library" must be paid weekly; and the profits, even when all pay, are very moderate. If a heavy list of delinquent subscribers hang on the books, the cash account will soon be found in the vocative. This work has met with that patronage which fully guarantees its success—payment therefore at the earliest convenience by individual subscribers will form an aggregate which will lighten very materially our labours, and enable us to do more and more justice to the work.

These remarks, which have more than usual force from the present disorganised state of the money market, are submitted with all due respect; they are given as the simple expression of our ideas on a subject of considerable consequence to us—should they meet with corresponding sentiments in all our readers, many of whom have practically evinced their approval, the consequence would be to enable us to "go on our way rejoicing," meet all our engagements with ease and comfort—and by the absence of pecuniary anxiety, leave us more at leisure to promote

the variety and enhance the attractions of the "Library."

ADAM WALDIE.

We have made up the concluding number of the present volume of a variety of miscellaneous matter, which may all be read without fatigue or ennui. "The Priest and the Mulberry Tree" is taken from Mr. Peacock's *Crotchet Castle*, a wild, incoherent satirical novel, which has never been published in America, and probably never will be, as it is not worth the time we have employed in reading it. Casanova's escape from the leaden prisons of the Inquisition is well translated, and of great interest. *Arthur St. John* is from a series of *Family Portraits*, published in the London Magazine; the author is unknown to us; it comprises the essence of a long modern novel, and is well written. "My Sister Kate," from the *Domine's Legacy*, ranks among the better sort of tales from that work. "The Way to be Happy," is an appropriate conclusion to our volume, we would wish the good sense of Willmetton were more generally diffused in society. Having now closed the volume, we feel as if we had space to move in, and shall recommence the publication of entire works; of these we have several in store, which we are only astonished have not yet been reprinted.

Prospectus of the second volume of The Albion.

The second volume of the Albion will commence on the first Saturday of the ensuing year, 1834.

This Journal, which embodies the News, Politics, and Literature of Europe, more particularly of Great Britain, has been established nearly twelve years, and has obtained a reputation and circulation far surpassing the most sanguine expectations of its founders. This success, which has enabled the Proprietor, on three separate occasions, to improve, enlarge, and embellish the work, and to throw into its pages such an increased quantity of political, literary and scientific matter, as to render it in the estimation of its friends, one of the most efficient weekly journals in the English language.

In its details the Albion will be found to embrace—Notices and copious extracts from all the new publications of value, issuing from the British Press—the Debates in both Houses of Parliament, with the most remarkable speeches at length—and the general intelligence of the British Empire, the Continent of Europe, and other parts of the globe. In its lighter portions will be found the most amusing and agreeable Tales of the British Periodicals, which are so remarkable for their lively and sparkling style, and the diligence and care that has drawn forth the most unqualified approbation. Any thing that tends in the remotest degree to shock female delicacy, or to offend national affection, is carefully excluded, by which means the paper becomes an associate and a most respectable social intellectual families; and may be found in the drawing rooms and on the tables of the most literary persons on the North American Continent.

Poetry, History, Biography, Music, and the Drama, receive distinct and proper attention, while Scientific and Geographical Discoveries, Voyages, and Travels, &c. &c. are faithfully recorded. The wit and anecdote of the great European World—the London and Parisian Fashions, and a weekly summary of the miscellaneous intelligence of the day, complete the *miscellany*.

Each yearly volume contains about five-and-twenty pieces of new and fashionable English, French, Spanish, and Italian Music, together with frequent maps, plans, sketches, [and diagrams illustrative of subjects treated of in the general scope of the work. At the end of each volume is a Table of Contents, and a copious and well-arranged Index are presented to each subscriber. The Albion is published every Saturday morning in quarto form, on a large imperial sheet of exceedingly fine paper, printed with beautiful type, at Six Dollars Per Annum, payable in advance.

Office, No. 78 Cedar Street, near Broadway, New York.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

We have received the remainder of *Peter Simple*, and shall publish it now as rapidly as our pages will admit, to the exclusion occasionally of matter which it is desirable to insert.

James Kay, Jr. & Co. have in press, "Recollections of Places and Persons in the West," by H. M. Breckenridge, a narrative of the author's history of the last war, Voyages to South America, &c. We look for this work with some impatience.

Mr. Daniel Treadwell is said to have been appointed Rumford professor in the Harvard university.

Baron D'Haussez is now employed in Italy in writing an account of his recent tour through Germany.

Recent London Publications.

"A Dictionary of Materia Medica, comprising also Practical Pharmacy, General Therapeutics, and Medical Jurisprudence, with Toxicology."

A Treatise on Field Fortification, and other Subjects connected with the Duties of the Field Engineer," by Capt. J. S. Macaulay.

The "Language of Flowers," with illustrative plates. Roman Coins, from the earliest period of the Roman Coinage to the extinction of the empire under Constantine Palaeologus, with Observations on some of the most remarkable," &c., by J. Y. Akerman.

The third and concluding volume of "Col. Hodges' Narrative of the Expedition to Fort Snelling."

"The Sacred Classics, or Cabinet Library of Divinity, with an original introductory Essay to each author," edited by the Rev. R. Pattemole, B.D., and the Rev. H. Stebbing, M.A.

An Essay on the Roman Villas of the Augustan Age, their Architecture, Disposition and Enrichment, and the remains of Roman Domestic Edifices discovered in Great Britain." By Thomas Moule.

New American Publications.

Fin Money, a play, by the authoress of the *Manners of the Day*,—Manners, and Daughters, &c. in two volumes, 12mo. Carey & Hart.

Livingston's Code of Louisiana, 1 vol. 8vo.

Mr. Thomas T. Ash has published an elegant edition of *Italy*, a poem by Samuel Rogers, author of the *Pleasures of Memory*, &c. The literary merits of the work are too well known to need particular mention, and this truly beautiful American copy is fitted to delight the eye and flatter the pride of the veteran poet himself. There are twelve mezzotint engravings by Sartain.

History of the Hartford Convention, with a review of the Policy of the United States' Government, which led to the War of 1812. By Theodore Dwight, Secretary of the Convention.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Those who desire to have their volumes of the "Select Circulating Library" neatly bound, can have them attended to by leaving them at the publication office. Missing numbers to a limited extent can be supplied; those at a distance who request this, will please do so without putting us to the expense of postage. A very few complete copies remain on hand, which will be sold at a reasonable price; they are particularly calculated for private and circulating libraries, and as but a small number are for sale, those who desire to possess them must apply at an early day. So much book printing cannot be had at the same price in this, or any other country.

A. WALDIE.

It is with great reluctance that we apply the rule to discontinue sending the library to those who have not paid at the end of the year, as we are satisfied many have not paid from mere inadvertence. But as we cannot designate these, and as distinctions would be invidious, the rule is made absolute, to prevent selected individuals from offence. Those who wish to continue their subscription, will readily be gratified, on remitting the amount of subscription; and although six dollars may be demanded for the past year, according to the printed terms, yet the subscription will be taken in full for the past and the following year.

A. V.







